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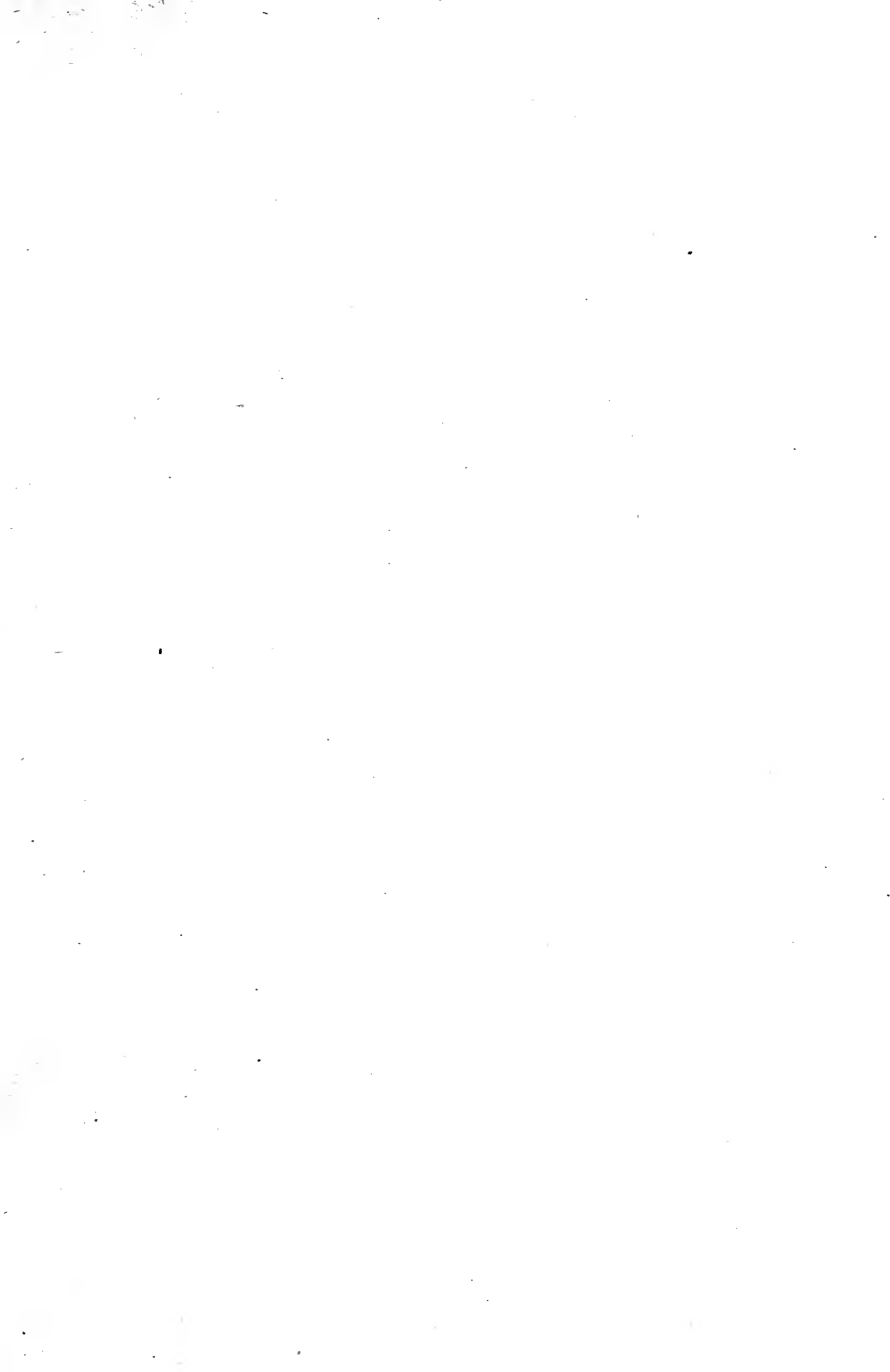
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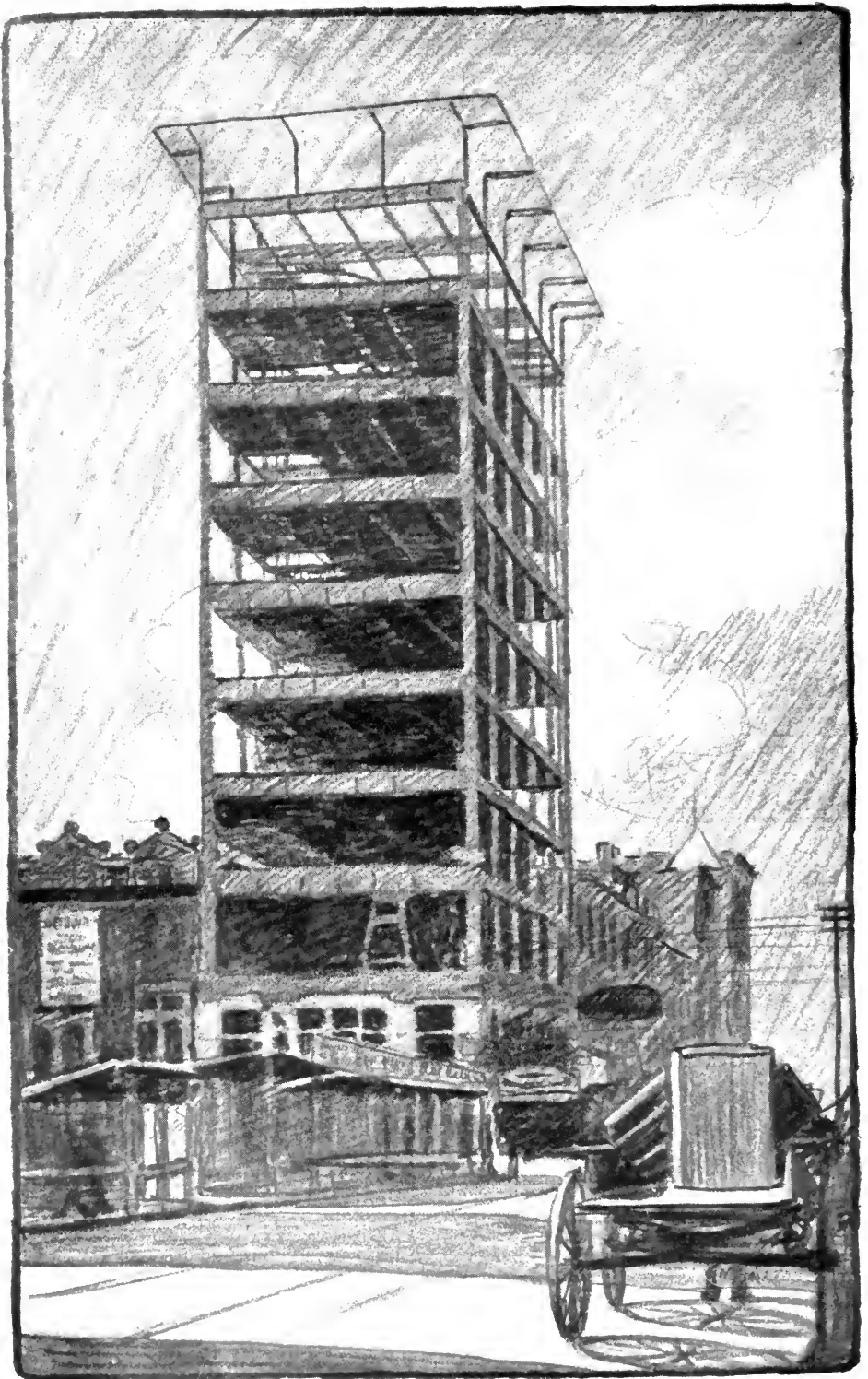
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MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXIII

Toronto November 1911

No 1

The Black Canadian

by

Britton B. Cooke



TO be perfectly honest with ourselves, there is no such thing as a Canadian. "Canadian," so far, is merely a geographical and political term. There are English Canadians and French Canadians, Galician Canadians, Icelandic Canadians, Russian Canadians, Yellow Canadians, Red Canadians, Black Canadians, and so on. The only thing common to them all is their residence within certain boundaries and under a common Government. The simplest division that can be made is the division of color. Roughly speaking, one might divide all Canadians into two classes, white and the others. The predominant elements in Canada are of the former color.

In, say, twenty generations there may be produced a real Canadian, that is to say a man in whose blood is such an admixture of all nationalities that it would puzzle anyone to say from which of the old nations he came, and men would be compelled to admit that he was of a new race—the Canadian race. To-day we geographical Canadians who are in reality Irish, French, Scotch, Dutch and English, etc., are being melted down, as the old saying goes, toward the making of the *Ultimate* Canadian. Each generation must be subjected to the same process. By the intermarriage of the various races which now constitute Canada, and by the inter-communication of different race ideals and traditions, the *Ultimate* Canadian is being formed,—or in other words a



A FAMILY GROUP.

This, and the photographs which follow, were obtained for this article from the Southern States, in order that the Canadian might be able to see some typical pictures of negro life in those parts of America from which the current of immigration towards our own Alberta recently set in. This is a characteristic family in Washington, D.C. Observe the number, the range of ages, the stalwart figures—and the ill-conditioned appearance of the array.

Canadian race is being bred. And now, in this year 1911 and in the next few years to come, we are importing the stock from which the great Canadian farm—for it is little more—is to be peopled, the stock which is to beget the Ultimate Canadian, the Ultimate master of this country.

It is true that there are influences which tend to prevent the proper mixing of the Canadian elements. The French Canadian lives so much to himself, and the English Canadian is so often such a jealous and unsociable brute, that the two races mix only a little. If this is to continue, and if none of the races is to merge itself with the others, the word "Canadian" will continue to be a geographical and political term. There will never be, in short, a Canadian race. One of the problems of Canada is to encourage the inter-mingling process. And in order that this may be done Canadians must be

careful to let into this country only those elements with which it is possible to merge the other elements. In British Columbia it has already been settled that the yellow man cannot be accepted as a factor in the breeding of the ultimate Canadian. It should now be decided whether or not Canada is to permit the immigration of the colored people from the Southern States into this country. Is it desirable that there should be admitted an element which will either remain always apart from the other Canadians, or which will place in the blood of the ultimate Canadian, a tinge of the Ethiopian?

In 1901 there were 17,437 persons of negro origin in Canada. They were divided among the different parts of Canada as follows: British Columbia, 532; Manitoba, 61; New Brunswick, 1,368; Nova Scotia, 5,984; Ontario, 8,935; Prince Edward Island, 141; Quebec, 280; Saskatchewan, Alberta, and other parts of Can-



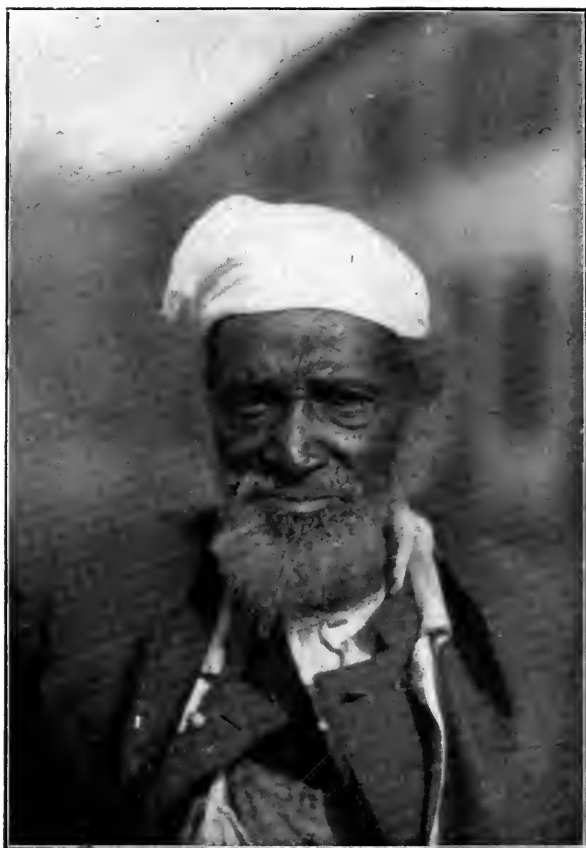
A SPINSTER AND HER CABIN.

The lady smokes. This is no serious objection, but there is a general air of neglect about the place and nonchalance about the evident proprietress that is not re-assuring when this person is looked upon in the light of a possible Canadian Mother. A few dollars, a little encouragement—and this person might, under some circumstances, be led to trek northward and, as some colored man's wife, become the mistress of Canadian acres, and to some small extent, Canadian destiny.

ada 136. These numbers are by no means alarming. But they applied ten years ago. The same facts are not yet available from the new census returns, but there is every reason to believe that the numbers of colored persons in this country have very greatly increased, and what makes the situation much more worthy of thought, is the fact that there has commenced a movement of colored people from the United States to the homesteads of the western prairies. Some time ago reports reached all parts of Canada that large numbers of negro settlers had applied for, and had received permission to enter Canada. There was considerable discussion among Canadians. Inquiries were made at Ottawa as to whether the Law could not be invoked to prevent these people from entering this country, and it was said that the Law was inadequate.

Since then the Government has been changed. A new Minister of the Interior has been appointed. And we venture to ask whether it would not be wise to enact some measure tending toward the discouragement of this sort of immigration.

In writing on such a subject as this MacLean's Magazine has no desire to say anything which might promote discord between the white people and the colored people in this country. Persons of fair minds cannot fail to admit that there are good citizens whose skin is dark and that in any search for examples of intelligence and industry the colored man is no longer to be ignored. The work of Booker T. Washington is a distinct honor to his race. But this very fact, and the fact that the standard of education and morality among the colored people has been raised makes it seem only the more desirable that the



"OLD UNCLE JO"

Uncle Jo' is well-known as one of the oldest figures in his native city. He, as it happens, is 105 years old and at the time the picture was taken was still doing his duty as a night watchman and janitor, carrying in one hand a broom, in the other a lantern and, attached to a loose belt, made of a trunk strap, an alarm clock—for company. He represents a good type of negro.

negro should work out his salvation in the country which first brought him to America, and in a climate more suitable for his race, rather than come to Canada and there become the basis for future race problems.

Canadians must take a certain amount of pride in the fact that Canada was a place of refuge for these people in the days of slavery, and that many a poor beaten black man, or heart-broken negress found safety on Canadian soil. The story of the "under-ground railway,"—how philanthropic men and women, assisted

the run-away slaves to reach Canada—is very romantic. Old Dr. King's attempts to found a negro colony in Kent and Essex, and his success in the work of raising the standards of living among these people, make a most interesting story. But when one pursues the subject and inquires what has become of that colony and what has been the record of the colored race in Canada, the facts are not encouraging.

Dr. William King was a famous abolitionist. The freeing of the slaves was to him a life study. After living in the



TYPICAL OLD "AUNTY."

This type of colored woman is fast passing. She is a relic of "befo' d' wah." In those days she was the delight of the children and a mistress of the culinary art. With freedom and the bankruptcy of her former owner, came hard times. Aunty has relapsed into a state of "waiting." She is not an objectionable type but this type has few qualities to recommend it as desirable for Canada.

Southern States and seeing the slave trade in all its hideous forms, he became an ardent champion of the negro, and subsequently came,—bringing a number of freed slaves with him—to Canada, there to operate the Canadian end of an underground railway system. He established himself in Kent county. Of dark nights and in stormy weather it was he or his agents who set signal lights for the landing of the boats which carried the negroes from the American side into Canada, either across Lake Erie or across the Detroit River. He was a poor man. The

white people in Kent and Essex County resented his importations and many times threatened to drive out the refugees by violence. But the "under-ground railway" continued in operation, the negroes continued to arrive in mysterious ways, and Dr. King carried on his agitations for the betterment of the negro tirelessly. In time a number of prominent English and American abolitionists furnished him with funds wherewith to purchase six thousand acres of ground in Kent County, for the establishment of the negro families. The project was carried through. The ex-



"WASHIN' ON D' LINE."

Washing is the means of many a colored man's support in the South. Not that he does it himself, on the contrary, he is often the travelling agent who secures the orders and takes home the work for his 'Mandy—and who lives upon the earnings.

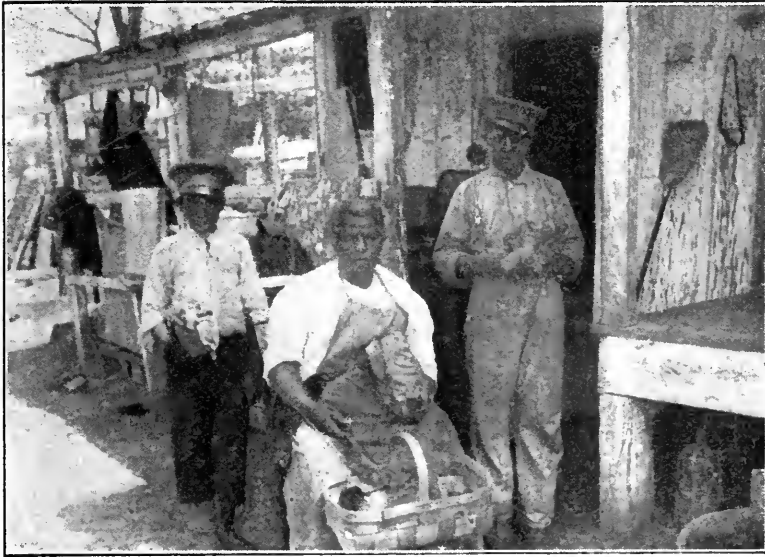
slaves were given plots of land and encouraged to make an independent living. Many succeeded.

But the inevitable hankering of the negro for company and "fun" came to

the surface in time. The old slaves, under the stimulus of their new found freedom and their new opportunities, "made hay." But the second generation and some of the first began to desert the farms and to find their way to the cities and towns, much in the fashion that water runs down hill. Of course, there were exceptions, those who became leaders of their kind, who studied for teaching professions and served to check the down-grade movement. Many of the original refugees returned to the United States to fight for the North against the South, and afterwards went back to assist their own people in the South after the Emancipation. Others returned to the Southern States because they preferred the balmy airs of that climate to the more rigorous seasons in Canada. To-day, in Kent and Essex counties, in Ontario, there are thousands of colored people, but most of them have drifted from the farms to the cities and there tend to make an element of "odd-jobs" hunters.



A THATCHED CABIN.



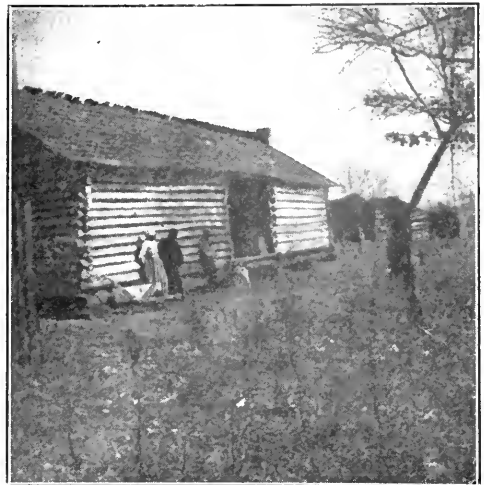
A COLORED COOK.

Canadian housewives have been heard to remark that if the servant problem became much worse they would send South for colored cooks. If so, their husbands must increase their earnings. The colored cook was bred in days of plenty and in ways of extravagance.

Everyone knows that the Canadian cities have no need for this class of citizen. There are too many white men of similar inclination. But even the lazy white man can be assimilated. The black man must continue to be a separate element in any community. In Ontario to-day there are very few negroes engaged in farming. You will find them doing white-washing, or "odd jobs," or in a few cases, working as skilled laborers. The demand for porters in the railway service, for cooks, in-door servants, and porters gives many of them employment.

Everyone knows the out-standing characteristics of the negro. In the Southern States he is very unpopular. Northerners cannot understand the bitterness which the face of the colored man calls forth in a Southern white man. In the North where there are fewer negroes and where the climate is less easy we have not had the same examples of viciousness which have perhaps had something to do with the at-

titude of the white man in the Southern States. In Ontario the negro has seldom been called before the Law on a serious



A STRANGE SUBURBAN DWELLING.



"THE NIGGER QUARTER!"

Does Canada want such "quarters?" Such poor, poverty-stricken clusters of weak-kneed houses and drunken shacks? There is a "negro quarter" not unlike the Southern picture in a Nova Scotian town. White people pass it in fear. Mothers frighten the children by pointing to its gloomy shadow across the commons which separate it from the rest of the town. It is the abode of little more than innocent shiftlessness, but such places are adapted to the breeding of vice and crime.

charge. His offences are usually light ones. He is inclined to be religious and in Chatham, Ontario, supports three large churches. He is good natured and willing to work at whatever he is set to do. But underneath everything lies a tendency to

"shiftlessness" which diminishes his worth as a citizen.

In Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, there have been race riots in connection with a negro colony there. Planted there in the old days of slavery in the United States these



A NEGRO'S FARM YARD!



A SELF-RESPECTING DWELLING.



A HOME IN A SUNNY LAND.

From such happy-go-lucky dwellings, where "winter" and "summer" are mere casual terms, Canada has received a number of new citizens. Are they likely to be happy in a cold country? Or likely to thrive? Is it not more probable that they may become charges upon the community, after their resources are gone?

people have gradually developed into a community which apparently has not the approval of the white people of Yarmouth. Not so very long ago this disapproval took the form of a riot in which the colored people were compelled to keep away from the main street of the place. We are not concerned with the rights or wrongs of that incident, but it serves to show that there has been friction, and that there will always be the danger of friction where these people are.

The colored man is good natured and easy going. In politics he is a negligible quantity. He is liable to be indifferent to everything but "the fun of the thing." In labor troubles he is either indifferent or vicious, although he may have a tendency to get into trouble much in the same way that a small boy plays with matches in order to enjoy the excitement. His sense of humor, his sentimentality, his emotionalism and his lack of initiative and executive ability may perhaps be overcome by education, of which many of them have taken advantage. But there remains the danger that the succeeding generation will lapse into the old negro

traits, traits that are not the sort which will give Canada the type of citizen she requires.

One would hesitate to suggest that any legislation be enacted which might be interpreted as narrow-minded, or harsh, or the mere out-cropping of racial prejudice. And yet it seems fair not only to Canada but to the colored man himself that any immigration movement setting in from the Southern States to Western Canada, or any other part of Canada for that matter, should be checked. There are the two reasons: first that the colored man is nine times out of ten unsuited to the development of the highest sort of citizenship in Canada, that his sense of humor and predisposition to a life of ease render his presence undesirable in Canadian cities, that he will drift from the farm into the city eventually, and that he is liable to cause race troubles; and secondly, that he cannot be assimilated as can the white races, and if he is assimilated, he must leave a tinge of the colored blood in the *Ultimate Canadian Race*—a race which should be bred from the best "stock" that can be found in the world.

The Methodist Chieftain:

Rev. Dr. Carman

By

J. T. Stirrett

EDITOR'S NOTE:—One of the great men of Canada is the chief of the Methodist Church in this country. His figure was very prominent in the recent Ecumenical Conference in Toronto. He has many friends and some enemies—a sign of his very greatness. He is the autocrat of the Methodist Church and yet a benevolent autocrat. He believes utterly and absolutely in himself, in the goodness of his motives, and the rightness of his views. He will admit of no gainsaying.

He is a welcome relief from the vacillating type of man, the man of petty distinctions, fine hair-splitting, and delicate posing. Reverend Dr. Carman is a stranger to that sort of thing. In his positiveness, his directness, power of will and tenacity of purpose he is a match for the greatest bankers, merchants and railroad builders of the day.

The world at large may know only his more rugged side. The stories of his brusqueness and his scathing wit circulate more easily than do the instances of his tenderer nature. That he has this side, too, all those who know him can testify. A thousand secret kindnesses are every year recorded somewhere to the credit of old Dr. Carman. A smaller man might trade upon them: Dr. Carman prefers to win his way by fighting.

“COME in!”

The invitation was issued in such stentorian tones, that I entered the office of Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, expecting to see a man of stature, a man still in the prime of life.

In front of a desk, placed near a window, sat a very little and very old man,

bolt upright. His clerical hat was jammed tightly on his head. He was alone in the room and appeared to be doing nothing. No correspondence was spread before him, no ponderous volumes were open for perusal, no busy typewriters were clicking off letters. He turned his head squarely around, in a quick bird-like manner, without moving his body, and peered.

through a pair of thick-lensed glasses at the intruder, waiting in morbid anticipation of the unexpected.

In a silence pregnant with possibilities, the writer stated the nature of his errand. The eyes of the General Superintendent did not relax their stare into futurity—which must have been many miles behind the journalist and beyond the approaches to the door. But if you can imagine a frozen gargoyle coming to life and being transformed into a sprightly old gentleman, you can appreciate the change which came over him when he learned that the visitor wanted information in regard to the welfare of the Methodist Church. He went into action with both hands. One dropped into a drawer and emerged with some strange looking slips of paper, covered with hieroglyphics and bound together with an elastic band. Another opened a book, filled with figures, underlined. After twenty feverish minutes, the visitor departed, convinced that there was nothing about the Methodist Church that was unknown to the General Superintendent; yet a backward glance showed the little man again sitting like a human ramrod, with his hat on more firmly, if that were possible, staring at his desk, smiling to himself and apparently doing nothing whatever.

Like all able and prominent men, Dr. Carman has loyal friends and bitter enemies. The former eulogize him as "The Grand Old Man of Methodism," "the defender of the faith," "the bulwark of Wesleyism" and "the foe of those who would mutilate the scriptures." The latter denounce him as "the Methodist Pope," "the modern heresy hunter," "the narrow-minded ecclesiastical tyrant," and "the decadent survivor of a past age."

Nothing has advertised him so much as his famous attack upon the Rev. George Jackson, who, in 1909, delivered a lecture to an unsophisticated audience of Y. M. C. A. men in Toronto, containing what the General Superintendent believed was an atheistic attack upon the book of Genesis. Jackson was a Scotch minister who was attached to Victoria College, Toronto, and had a high reputation as a Biblical student and critic. It was not long before Methodism and the public were divided into Jacksonites and Carmanites, or ecclesiastical Liberals and Conservatives;

and the newspapers, religious periodicals and pulpits flamed with the controversy over Genesis until the combatants were silenced by exhaustion.

Without making any attempt to choose between these extremes, the consideration of Dr. Carman's life may perhaps do something to quench the raging fires of religious discord with the healing waters of understanding and appreciation.

He was born in 1833 on a farm in Dundas County where the village of Iroquois now stands. "Not on a farm," he objects,—"a swamp! The first thing I remember was hopping about the logs in it." If any one has a right to assume the title "Canadian" he has that right. His parents, and his maternal and paternal grandparents were of United Empire Loyalist descent and marched to Canada with Sir John Johnson's army. Little wonder that he is militant. Consider his ancestry. His maternal grandfather was Colonel Peter Shaver, Tory and Loyalist. His paternal grandfather was Captain Michael Carman, likewise Tory and Loyalist. Both these men, staunch friends; and bitter enemies of the American Republic, settled upon the land given them by the British Government in the County of Dundas. The land of Colonel Shaver was about three miles from the present village of Iroquois and that of Captain Carman was part of the municipal site.

When Albert Carman's father became engaged in the lumber business at Trenton, Ontario, his son's occupation of log-hopping was changed to conflicting with the rudiments of education. Later when one of his uncles founded a grammar school at Iroquois, young Carman returned to continue his studies. Having absorbed all the knowledge this institution could give him, he went to Victoria University, which was then situated at Cobourg. It is interesting to learn that he entered with the intention of studying law, for which his mind is peculiarly adapted. "However," he says, "in that day, Victoria had *religion*, not *shaky theology*, and I was converted and decided to enter the church." His decision was unfortunate for the bar, which was deprived of a remarkable legal brain, and fortunate for Methodism, which enlisted his ability, energy and enthusiasm.

Rumor, with one of her many tongues, declares that in those days at Victoria, when his aspirations were legal rather than ecclesiastical, the present General Superintendent of the Methodist Church was the leader in several of the maddest pranks perpetrated by students in the history of the institution. Questioned on this point, Dr. Carman replied: "Nonsense! I was the meekest child on earth." This statement is good proof that he was not. Had he attempted, after the fashion of most graduates, to create the impression that as a student he had been particularly devilish, one would have been more ready to believe him, but his humility breeds suspicion.

After graduating from Victoria in 1854, he became a school master and conducted the Iroquois Grammar School till 1856, when he was ordained a travelling preacher of the Methodist Church. For just one year he was a circuit rider, making up his sermons as he rode through the woods, expounding the vivid gospel of John Wesley. Then he exchanged the saddle for the professional chair, and joined the staff of Albert College in 1857. At the end of one year he had demonstrated his inability to remain long in a subordinate position and was elected principal. Not content with his own array of military ancestors, Dr. Carman, in 1860, married a soldier's daughter, Miss Mary Jane Sisk, whose father was Captain James Sisk, of Belleville. He did not come into special prominence until 1874, when he was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the General Conference of that denomination. The year 1883 saw the union of the three Canadian branches of Methodism and Dr. Carman was the presiding officer of the committee which considered its feasibility. He was appointed the first General Superintendent of the amalgamated bodies and has maintained his position in that office up to date, a period of twenty-seven years.

How has he done it? There are three principal reasons: First, he is a fighter, by reason of the proclivities of his forefathers; secondly, there is no branch of that highly developed science, ecclesiastical politics, which is hidden from him; thirdly, he is one of the ablest men Canada has produced in the last twenty years

The soldier's instinct tells him that there is a time when the controversies of committees must be stilled and the army of the church placed in fighting formation. Then he says to it: "Attention!" "Line up!" "Silence in the ranks!" He is strong on silence. His attitude is that a successful, many-headed organization, like the hydra-headed monster of antiquity, exists only in fables, and that progress along any line requires the stern hand of a dictator. Not long ago he was presiding at a missionary conference at Ottawa. At a tense moment in the proceedings, a score of men persisted in speaking, though out of order, and the meeting threatened to get beyond control. The General Superintendent suddenly brought down his gavel on the desk with such force that it left a mark in the wood.

"I want you to know that I am chairman of this meeting," he thundered, "and that I must be obeyed."

There was immediate silence. They had forgotten, but they did not forget again.

If a man wants to carry things with a high hand he must have two personal qualities: a rugged sense of humor with which to veil, in times of stress, the harshness of his actions; and a dash of romance in his composition. Rollo, the Norse hero, overwhelmed the western coast of France and forced an audience with the French King. It follows in the story that Rollo must bow his head to the ground. He strides forward and bends his giant body, while his followers growl at his humility. But Rollo's hand goes under the French King's temporary throne and grasps its foundations. A tug and a strain and over it topples backwards, treating the assembled thousands to a view of kingly soles, uplifted. How the Norsemen roared with delight at the mighty jest of Rollo the Dauntless! Human nature seems to demand that if you kill a man you must do it with a pleasing display of sprightliness. So with Dr. Carman. He is a Rollo. He goes out before lunch and cracks the skull of an ecclesiastical opponent but he contrives to accomplish the feat in such a lusty manner, and accompanies it with so much of the rough hard hitting humor of the soldier, that his violence almost becomes a virtue. Meanwhile, the thousands of good



THE METHODIST CHIEFTAIN: REVEREND DR. CARMAN.

people who never think at all, but who are anxious to be entertained, merely listen to the whacks of his cane on the head of the unfortunate victim, and say, "Well, the old man is at it again. He'll keep the wicked in the straight and narrow way or put them out of the way altogether."

Before they have time to consider, he furnishes the element so necessary to leadership, by undertaking a spectacular journey, or presiding over an especially stormy conference, or preaching a sermon of more than usual brilliance. He is always breaking out in a new place. He recuperated from his strenuous combat with the Jacksonites in 1909 by going on a 6,000 mile journey to visit conferences at Edmonton, Regina, and all over Nova Scotia.

"Isn't that a strenuous itinerary for one of your age?" he was asked as he was leaving.

"Why?" he demanded. "I'm only seventy-six! There was a man died in Nova Scotia the other day at the age of a hundred and seven. What's the use of talking about being old?"

Dr. Carman does not turn a monkish eye upon vigorous amusements.

"Baseball was my favorite game when I was young," he will tell you. "I was catcher for our team, but I was not as good as another fellow we had. When the pitcher delivered the ball, this chap could snatch it from in front of the batter before he could swing his bat on it."

"Then," he continues, "I was very fond of fishing, and threw many a line into the St. Lawrence. I also indulged in hunting, but I never bagged such game as Roosevelt."

It has always been a matter of debate whether the State or the church has produced the greatest politicians. Dr. Carman is a statesman. He loves the game, with all its strategy, and deep, quiet planning. When one thinks of it, he is just a bit like "Uncle Joe" Cannon. He has the same astute sense of the value of appearing to be one of the people. His homely sayings, his pithy, biting, rugged wit, are natural, no doubt, but no one is better aware than he how they smooth out knots in the skein of life and keep the ordinary man from thinking too deeply upon the manner in which he is governed. Shortly after the Union of 1883, he presided over the new Conference. Among those who had not

been Methodist Episcopalians there was opposition to him and a vigorous attempt was made to oust him from the saddle. While this conspiracy was gathering supporters, Dr. Carman arrived and took the chair. Inside the first few minutes, there was a stormy scene. The conspirators tried to tangle him in the rules of order and hoped by displaying his supposed incompetency, to secure his defeat. He grasped the situation and put his back to the wall. Three times during the morning session, the revolutionists made their attack, and three times they were voted down by the hastily but skillfully mobilized forces of the General Superintendent. At lunch the rebels acknowledged defeat and congratulated the victor.

Dr. Carman prefers information which he secures himself. When he was principal of Albert College, the authorities were unable to discover how several of the students in residence were able to appear on the streets at hours when they were supposed to be in their rooms. Dr. Carman thought over the matter and proceeded to investigate on his own account. One dark night he took his position behind some trees near a certain wing of the college building. Presently, several students came quietly along the path and gave a signal. A window on the upper storey opened and a basket, secured by a long rope, descended. One by one the students mounted heavenwards. The basket came down for the last, but Dr. Carman stepped forward and the waiting student disappeared at great speed. The principal stepped into the basket, and was hauled aloft, and caught the truants red-handed. If he had been an ordinary man, students possessing spirit would have let go the rope as soon as his head appeared above the sill. But they did not drop Carman. If they had his ecclesiastical denunciations would have withered ten acres of grass.

An example of his political sagacity and diplomatic skill occurred at the General Conference at Victoria in 1910. Sir Wilfrid Laurier happened to enter the Conference Room, informally. Dr. Carman greeted him warmly, but managed to remind his audience of Sir Wilfrid's remark that one of his predecessors had been "the Great Sir John A. Macdonald." Perhaps it was diplomacy, and again, it

might have been the Carman blood, Tory to the last corpuscle.

In the Conference chair this remarkable man combines the icy mind of the judge with the courage, discipline and strategy of the general. He knows no difference in rank when he rules a conference with his rod of iron. The pulpit sees him a living jet of spiritual flame, preaching the supernatural gospel of early Methodism—a second Hildebrand, ablaze with the certainty that the church must govern the temporal powers of the earth. Yet as General Superintendent, he must be a competent business man. He has under his jurisdiction 340,000 church members, 377,499 Sabbath School children, 3,672 churches, 3,590 Sabbath Schools, publications with a total circulation of 363,000, 12 colleges, and real estate valued at \$28,389,115. He is a pursuer of mysteries, a prober into secrets, an intellectual prowler in search of things concealed, and nothing related to Methodism escapes his candid eye. Whatever faults men may allege, he has not the great one of Hypocrisy. Writing in the Methodist magazine, he says! "It is natural and it is right that we should be most easily and most intensely interested in what immediately concerns ourselves." He was intensely interested in his own personal advancement. The highest office in the gift of the church became his. What he has he will hold till Death bids him let go. Fortunately, the Methodist Church seems willing to leave him undisturbed. At the General Conference, held in Victoria last year, he was re-elected for a term of eight years, on the first ballot, and by a vote, out of 173 out of 284. In these days, when the modern young men not only push old men out of the way, but jump on them and kick them when they are down, it is refreshing to see this very old man whom no one can push aside or jump on, and who can, if necessary, perform these operations himself with great celerity and despatch. Latter day Biblical students and ecclesiastical diletantes, stand out of the way of the Doctor, or he will blast you with his favorite quotation from John Wesley: "Philosophers, always the pests of religion."

Go into his home, after seeing him on the platform or hearing him in the pulpit, and you may be surprised to find no dic-

tator, no Hildebrand, no Fiery Cross of Methodism, but a nice old man, who will chat about ordinary things in a hard-headed, worldly fashion, without any "side," or assertiveness, or odor of sanctity, but with tolerance, and swift flashes of humor, and little touches of keen sympathy and understanding.

And yet, how severely he will flay an opponent! How wantonly he will hold him up, shivering and naked, to the scorn of the world. How unscrupulously he will bring to play the steam hammer of church machinery to crack the smallest rebel nut. Is there a latent streak of cruelty in him, or is he merely the cruellest of all things—a zealot convinced of the righteousness of his cause. Or is he the soldier, sacrificing tolerance to the iron law that discipline must be maintained at all costs? Read from his denunciation of Professor Jackson if you wish to estimate the relentlessness of his will, the vigor of his mind, and the chastity and elegance of his diction:

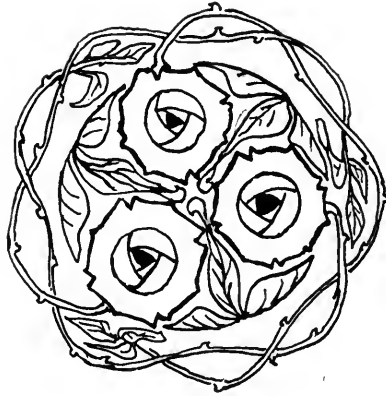
"What does he (Jackson) make of the Christian faith? A thing of a moment, a bursting bubble on a rolling tide, thin and dark at the top, just ready to break before our eyes? Or is it a well and logically compacted system of the being of the Eternal God and His attributes as revealed to us? His Purposes and His acts?"

"When a man affirms that the opening chapters of the Bible are mythical, legendary, I am inclined to ask what does the man mean? Does he mean that the solid positions and sublime acts solemnly recorded are mythical and legendary, or does he mean that the literary garb is mythical, legendary, or that the rhetoric is more exuberant than his historic sense would justify? The record of sure and certain facts is not a myth, a fancy, a legend, no matter how gorgeous or how simple the rhetoric. Surely it cannot be that we are sent to teach truth from a book filled with vain chimeras, misconceptions and lies. The old, solid, 'reductio ad absurdum' hems in this flighty higher criticism, so called, at every point. If the trouble is with the dress, the rhetoric after Oriental style, thinly veiling what is better veiled than emblazoned, it is not the first time, nor will it be the last, when an adventurous man of prurient desire gets tangled up in the drapery. But if he

means the origin of the universe, the creation and origin of the human race, man's clearly implied relationships as moral and spiritual being to his Father God, the origin of sin, the most clearly self-evident fact with which we have to deal with this hour, in man's voluntary transgression and alienation from God, he surely is not dealing with myths and legends, but with

the absolute certainties that are with us in our moral and spiritual constitution and relationships this very day."

Call this the vicious cry of the heresy hunter or the inspired creed of a defender of the Christian faith, according as your religious sympathies are liberal or conservative, but it has this pre-eminent merit—it is Carman!



SILENCE

My life is tremulous with a long, deep thought,
 Pervading all my past, and all the sweet,
 Uncertain present—and the future fraught
 With hopes vague, mist-like, gathered 'round thy feet.

As far stars gleaming through dark pines at night,
 Rouse yearnings half of rapture, half of pain,
 So in my dreams, thine eyes of wondrous light,
 Thrill me to waking, and despair, again.

Oh, could I break the silence with one word—
 To thy great heart—one whisper, holding all
 The piteous longings that the nights have heard—
 The emptiness my out-stretched arms recall!

—Amy Campbell.

The Power of Suggestion*

By

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

EDITOR'S NOTE:—One man in the English speaking world, once decided to turn his ability as a writer into a means of making the common man and the ordinary woman of this world—better. He had in mind no religious idea, no health fad, no mania for morality. He aimed merely to write in good plain English those things which he observed and which he believed could be made the source of inspiration to those who read them.

For years this man has been writing these "inspirational talks," not the "heart to heart" variety of sentimental writing which has made certain publications for women, a laughing stock; but a sound, manly virile, crisp discussion of things. To-day Dr. Marden, the writer of the following article, is recognized as the master of this kind of work. His books have been publicly endorsed by Queen Victoria, by Theodore Roosevelt of the United States, by Lord Avebury, (Sir John Lubbock,) Mr. Gladstone and King Humbert of Italy, John Wanamaker, Marshall Field, and other great business men. Men and women everywhere, have come to appreciate Dr. Marden's work, because through him they have learned new lessons concerning themselves and their neighbors and their work. He has stimulated efficiency in all classes of men from the unskilled laborer to the president of the company.

MacLean's Magazine has purchased the Canadian rights from Dr. Marden, whereby the Canadian reader secures these writings—short, crisp and pointed—regularly, in this magazine. The articles are copyrighted by the MacLean Publishing Company in Canada, and the following is the first of the series.

RECENTLY a lady wrote for advice to a physician who advertises to treat patients by mail. The physician diagnosed the case as cancerous blood and wrote the woman that she was likely at any time to develop a real cancer. The

effect of the shock upon her was almost like receiving her death warrant.

Think of a man pretending to be a physician, injecting such a horrible picture into the mind of a patient he never saw! Think of its influence upon the

mind and physical functions of the patient. The constant terror of a horrible disease, the watching for and anticipating the terrifying symptoms, is nothing less than perpetual torture.

Not long ago a New York physician, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, gave his prognosis as to the probable outcome of a mad dog bite upon a patient. He foretold the probable time in which the horrible symptoms would appear, outlined the course of the fatal disease, and predicted when death would be likely to overtake the sufferer.

Think of the horrible experience of the patient who might read the physician's prediction in the paper. Could anything be more terrible than to fill a patient's imagination with such fearful prospects? Even if the dog had not been mad, the victim would probably have developed the characteristic symptoms, for it is well known that many people have died with all the symptoms of hydrophobia when it was found afterwards that the dog which had bitten did not have hydrophobia at all. This, in fact, was the case with a patient in a New York hospital quite recently.

Vast multitudes of people have died from fear of diseases they had a terror of, such as smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, etc., long before there was any physical possibility of their getting the disease. The terror of horrible diseases has killed more people than all the wars in the world's history.

Physicians little realize what implicit faith their patients have in them, and how they are affected by their diagnoses and predictions. Often in a hospital, when a physician gives an unfavorable prognosis, the patient sinks rapidly. How the patients watch every motion of the physician when making his visit, and weigh every word he utters! If he looks hopeful, they rally; if they see despair in his face, they sink.

Faith in one's physician is a powerful curative suggestion. Many patients, especially those who are ignorant, believe that the physician holds the keys of life and death.

The possibilities of healing power in the affirmative suggestion that the patient is going to get well are tremendous. The coming physician will constantly reassure

his patient verbally, often vehemently, that he is absolutely bound to recover; he will tell him that there is an omnipotent healing force within him, and that he gets a hint of this in the power which heals a wound, and which refreshes, renews, and recreates him during sleep.

It is almost impossible for a patient to recover while people are constantly reminding him how ill he looks. His will-power together with all his physical recuperative forces could not counteract the effect of the reiteration of the sick suggestion.

Suggestion has a powerful influence upon health. In innumerable instances people have been made seriously ill, sometimes fatally so, by others telling them how bad they looked, or suggesting that they had inherited some fatal disease.

A prominent New York business man recently told me of an experiment which the friends of a robust young man made upon him. It was arranged that each one should tell him, when he came to work, that he was not looking well, and ask him what the trouble was. They were to say it in a way that would not arouse suspicions, and note the result. At one o'clock this vigorous young man had been so influenced by the suggestion that he quit work and went home, saying that he was sick.

There have been many interesting experiments in the Paris hospitals upon patients in a hypnotic trance, wounds being inflicted by metal suggestion. While a cold poker was laid across their limbs, for example, the subjects were told that they were being seared with a red-hot iron, and immediately the flesh would have the appearance of being severely burned.

I have known patients to collapse completely at the sight of surgical instruments in the operating room. I have heard them say long before they took the anesthetic that they could actually feel the cutting of the knife.

Patients are often put to sleep by the injection into their arms of a weak solution of salt and water, which they are led to think is morphia. Every physician of experience knows that he can relieve pain or other distressing symptoms simply by the suggestion of water disguised to look like medicine or by bread pills.

Many a physician sends patients to some famous resort not so much for the

waters or the air as for the miracle which the suggestion in the new environment will perform.

Even quacks and charlatans are able, by stimulating the hope of those who are sick, to produce marvelous cures.

The mental attitude of the nurse has much to do with the recovery of a sick person. If she holds the constant suggestion that the patient will recover; if she stoutly affirms it, it will be a wonderful rallying help to the forces which make for life. If, on the other hand, she holds the conviction that he is going to die, she will communicate her belief, and this will consequently depress the patient.

We are under the influence of suggestion every moment of our waking lives. Everything we think, feel, see, hear, read is a suggestion which produces a result corresponding to its own nature. Its subtle power seems to reach and affect the very springs of life.

The power of suggestion on expectant minds is often little less than miraculous. An invalid with a disappointed ambition, who thinks he has been robbed of his chances in life and who has suffered for years, becomes all wrought up over some new remedy which is advertised to do marvels. He is in such an expectant state of mind that he is willing to make almost any sacrifice to obtain the wonderful remedy; and when he receives it, he is in such a receptive mood that he responds quickly, and thinks it is the medicine which has worked the magic.

Many a sick room is made a chamber of horrors because of the depressing suggestion which pervades it. Instead of being filled with sunshine, good cheers, and encouragement, it is often darkened, God's beautiful sunshine is shut out; ventilation is poor; everybody has a sad, anxious face; medicine bottles and surgical apparatus are spread about; everything is calculated to engender disease rather than to encourage health and inspire hope. Why, there is enough depressing suggestion in such a place to make a perfectly well person ill!

What people need is encouragement, uplift, hope. Their natural resisting powers should be strengthened and developed. Instead of telling a friend in trouble, despair, or suffering that you feel very sorry for him, try to pull him out

of his slough or despond, to arouse the latent recuperative, restorative energies within him. Picture to him his God image, his better self, which, because it is a part of the great immortal principle, is never sick and never out of harmony, can never be discordant or suffer.

The suggestion which comes from a sweet, beautiful, charming character is contagious and sometimes revolutionizes a whole neighborhood. We all know how the suggestion of heroic deeds, of great records, has aroused the ambitions and stirred the energies of others to like achievements. Many a life has turned upon a few moments' conversation, upon a little encouragement, upon the suggestion of an inspiring book.

Many men who have made their impress upon history, who have left civilization a little higher, accomplished what they did largely because their ambition was aroused by suggestion; some book or some individual gave them the first glimpse of their possibility and enabled them to feel for the first time a thrill of the power within them.

The suggestion of inferiority is one of the most difficult to overcome. Who can ever estimate the damage to humanity and the lives wrecked through it! I know men whose whole careers have been practically ruined through the constant suggestion, while they were children, that they would never amount to anything.

This suggestion of inferiority has made them so timid and shy and so uncertain of themselves that they have never been able to assert their individuality.

I knew a college student whose rank in his class entitled him to the highest recognition, whose life was nearly ruined by suggestion; he overheard some of his classmates say that he had no more dignity than a goose, and always made a very poor appearance; that under no circumstances would they think of electing him as class orator, because he would make such an unfortunate impression upon an audience. He had unusual ability, but his extreme diffidence, timidity, shyness, made him appear awkward and sometimes almost foolish—all of which he would undoubtedly have outgrown, had he not overheard the criticism of his classmates. He thought it meant that he was mentally inferior, and this belief kept him back ever after.

What a subtle power there is in the suggestion of the human voice! What emotions are aroused in us by its different modulations! How we laugh and cry, become indignant, revengeful, our feelings leaping from one extreme to the other, according to the passion-freighted or love-freighted words which reach our ear; how we sit spellbound, with bated breath, before the great orator who is playing upon the emotions of his audience, as a musician plays upon the strings of his harp, now bringing out tears, now smiles, now pathos, now indignation! The power of his word-painting makes a wonderful impression. A thousand listeners respond to whatever he suggests.

Some natures are powerfully affected by certain musical strains; they are immediately lifted out of the deepest depression and despondency into ecstasy. Nothing has touched them; they have just merely felt a sensation through the auditory nerve which aroused and awakened into activity certain brain cells and changed their whole mental attitude.

George Eliot, in "The Mill on the Floss," gives voice to what some of us have often, doubtless, felt when under its magic spell. "Certain strains of music, she says, affect me strangely that I can never hear them without changing my whole attitude of mind for a time, and if the effect would last, I might be capable of heroism."

A tight-rope walker was so ill with lumbago that he could scarcely move. But when he was advertised to appear, he summoned all his will-power, and traversed the rope several times with a wheelbarrow, according to the program. When through he doubled up and had to be carried to his bed, "as stiff as a frozen frog."

There is no one principle that is abused to-day in the business world more than the law of suggestion. Everywhere in this country we see the pathetic victims of those who make a business of overpowering and controlling weaker minds. Thus is suggestion carried even to the point of hypnotism, as is illustrated by unscrupulous salesmen and promoters.

If a person steals the property of another he is imprisoned, but if he hypnotizes his victim by projecting his own strong trained thought into the innocent, untrained, unsuspecting victim's mind, overcomes his objections, and induces him

voluntarily to buy the thing he does not want and cannot afford to buy, perhaps impoverishing himself for years so that he and his family suffer for the necessities of life, no law can stop him. It would be better and should be considered less criminal for a man to go into a home and steal articles of value than to overpower the minds of the heads of poor families and hypnotize them into signing contracts for what they have really no right and are not able to buy.

Solicitors often command big salaries because of their wonderful personal magnetism and great powers of persuasion. The time will come when many of these "marvelous persuaders," with long heads cunningly trained, traveling about the country, hypnotizing their subjects and robbing them of their hard-earned money, will be regarded as criminals.

On the other hand, suggestion is used for practical good in business life.

It is now a common practice in many concerns to put into the hands of their employes inspiring books and to republish in pamphlet form special articles from magazines and periodicals which are calculated to stir the employes to new endeavor, to arouse them to greater action and make them more ambitious to do bigger things. Schools of salesmanship are using very extensively the psychology of business, and are giving all sorts of illustrations which will spur men to greater efficiency.

The up-to-date merchant shows his knowledge of the power of suggestion for customers by his fascinating show-windows and displays of merchandise.

The restaurant keeper knows the power of suggestion of delicious viands upon the appetite, and we often see tempting dishes and articles of food displayed in the window or in the restaurant where the eye will carry the magic suggestion to the brain.

A person who has been reared in luxury and refinement would be so affected by the suggestion of uncleanness and disorderliness in a cheap Bowery eating-place that he would lose the keenest appetite. If, however, the same food, cooked in the same way, could be transferred to one of the luxurious Broadway restaurants and served upon delicate china and spotless linen with entrancing music, the en-

ture condition would be changed. The new suggestion would completely reverse the mental and physical conditions.

The suggestion of the ugly suspicions of a whole nation so overpowered Dreyfus during his trial that it completely neutralized his individuality, overbalanced his consciousness of innocence. His whole manner was that of a guilty person, so that many of his friends actually believed him guilty. After the verdict, in the presence of a vast throng which had gathered to see him publicly disgraced, when his buttons and other insignia of office were torn from his uniform, his sword taken from him and broken, and the people were hissing, jeering, and hurling all sorts of anathemas at him, no criminal could have exhibited more evidence of guilt. The radiations of the guilty suggestions from millions of people completely overpowered his mentality, his individuality, and, although he was absolutely innocent, his appearance and manner gave every evidence of the treason he was accused of.

There is no suggestion so fatal, so insinuating, as that of impurity. Vast multitudes of people have fallen victims to this vicious, subtle, fatal poison.

Who can depict the tragedies which have been caused by immoral, impure suggestion conveyed to minds which were absolutely pure, which have never before felt the taint of contamination? The subtle poisoning infused through the sys-

tem makes the entrance of the succeeding vicious suggestions easier and easier, until finally the whole moral system becomes saturated with the poison.

There is a wonderful illustration of the power of suggestion in the experience of what are called the Stigmatists. These nuns, who for years concentrated all of their efforts in trying to live the life that Christ did, to enter into all of His sufferings, so completely concentrated all of their energies upon the Christ suffering, and so vividly pictured His wounds in their imaginations, that their thought really changed the chemical and physical structure of the tissues and they actually reproduced the nail marks in the hands and feet and the spear wounds as in the side of the crucified Christ.

These nuns devoted their lives to this reproduction of the physical evidences of the crucifixion. The fixing of the mind for a long period of time upon the wounds of the hands, feet, and the side with the awful suffering were so vivid, so concentrated, that the picture was made real in their own flesh. In addition to the mental picturing, they kept constantly before them the physical picture of the crucified Christ, which made their mental picture all the more vivid and concentrated. The religious ecstasy was so intense that they could actually see Christ being crucified, and this mental attitude was out-pictured in the flesh.

STRENGTH

A snatch of song from your open door,
On the morning air, as I go my way,
And my heart forgets its troubles sore,
And I hum your song the live-long day!

My tired feet on the homeward way,
Grow light and swift as I see you there,
Beneath the porch where the wild vines stray,
With the rose of sunset on your hair!

—A. C.

Eton College

By

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Editor's Note:—The following article is written by an Etonian, Captain Leslie T. Peacocke. Everyone knows of Eton; it is one of the world's institutions, just as Oxford and Cambridge are. In England one may visit Eton and gain a very superficial idea of the place, or at home one may take down "Tom Brown" and imagine that Eton is very much the same as the school which is therein described.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as Premier of Canada, attended the Imperial Conference in London last summer, he and his fellow colonial Premiers were feted wherever they went, among these places being Eton. Sir Wilfrid went to Eton for the week-end of June 4th and there beheld all the boys of the famous school at their concluding exercises.

The Canadian cannot fail to recognize the pre-eminence of Eton as a school. Many Canadians would not be averse to sending their sons to this old training school. It is said, and upon good authority, that if Canadians must give their sons foreign education they would do much better to send their sons to some English public school, giving them their later university training in Canada, rather than send them to a Canadian school and then to an English university.

WELLINGTON declared that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton; a statement, many have argued, vouchsafed by a biased old Etonian, for it was in that ancient school on the banks of Father Thames that the Iron Duke received his earlier education.

To those, however, who were acquainted with the personnel of his army, the statement does not appear to be void of truth, for the games and exercises indulged in on those historic playing fields no doubt tended to harden and imbue with endurance the men who led the troops of every

branch of the service on that fateful day. It was a fact that was harshly commented on at the time that the Duke of Wellington favored the old Etonians somewhat unduly and promoted them to a higher rank on every possible occasion.

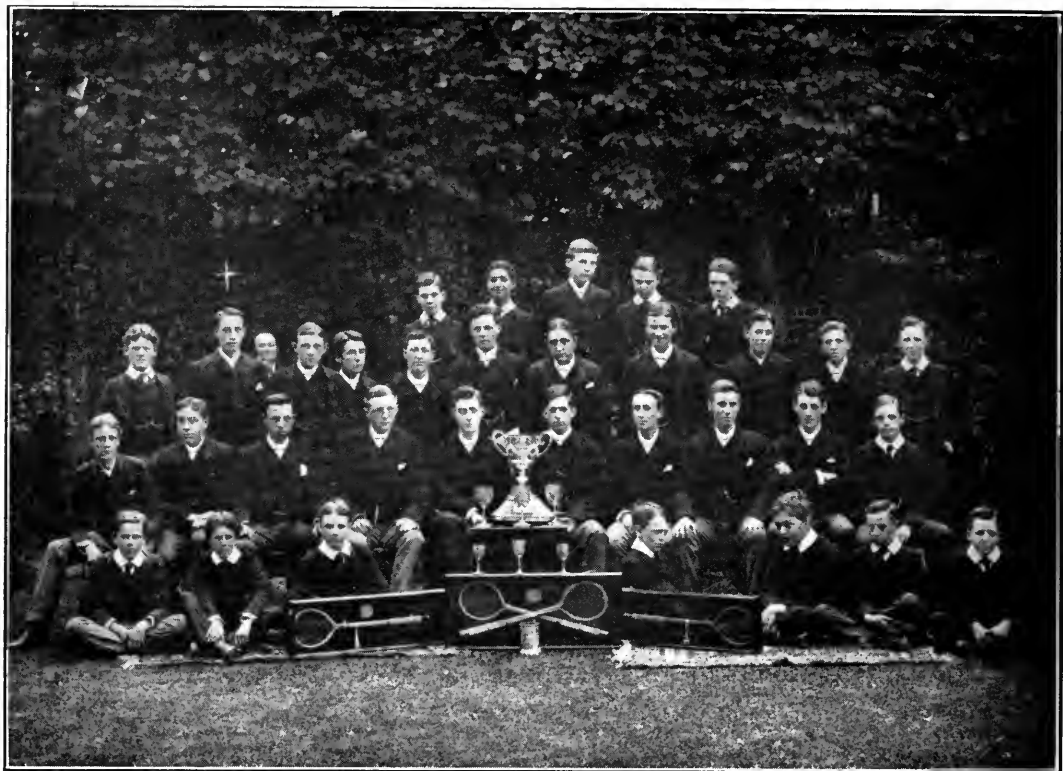
Sentiment may have prompted him in this to a large extent, also the fact that they were the scions of the highest nobility in the land, no other English school, at that period, being deemed worthy of harboring the youths of the wealthy and aristocratic class.

The school was founded by King Henry VI. in the fourteenth century, and was



THE BOQUET.

The Englishman has a sense of personal dignity which the Canadian and the American lack. Perhaps they do not take themselves as seriously as the Old Countryman, or it may be that they have different ways of expressing this same sense. At all events, the Englishman believes that even a schoolboy should be kept aware, but not "conscious," of the fact that he is a gentleman. The Eton boy dons his formal attire as easily as a Canadian youth would crawl into a sweater. His morning coat and high hat, covering and surrounding, as they do, the face and figure of a mere boy, are set off with peculiar charm. One would not say that Canadian schoolboys should dress in the same manner, but there is at least more grace and dignity in those garments than in the exaggerated and unlovely "New York cuts" so dear to a certain class of Canadian.



A "HOUSE" GROUP AT ETON COLLEGE.

The above is a characteristic group. As a matter of fact, it is Reverend Frank Tarver's house group of 1883. This picture includes H. Phillipson, captain of the Eton cricket eleven, and afterward captain of Oxford University cricket eleven; the Duke of Newcastle, Viscount Garioch, Lord John T. Lynne, Honorable T. A. Bressey, David Sassoon, R. J. Hoare, George Bancroft, Count de Hero, Earl of Longford, and the writer of the accompanying article. From this photograph it can be seen that there is a distinction about "Eton" that is not readily found elsewhere in the world.

exclusively patronized as the seat of learning by the sons of the nobles who surrounded the King at Windsor Castle, within a mile of which imposing pile the antique towers and spires of the college throw their picturesque shadows on the Thames.

The number of the scholars, naturally, rapidly increased, as it became the ambition of every man of rank and fashion within the kingdom to place his sons, or at least the eldest and the prospective head

of the house, where they would consort with the sons of those who were the acknowledged rulers of the land, until the number of those seeking admission became so great that the powers controlling the college were forced to call a halt and fix a limit to the number of pupils allowed to be in residence at the one time.

They fixed the limit at 1,000, and above that number it has never been allowed to go, so that at the commencement of each school term, of which there are three, the



SPEECH DAY AT HARROW.

The straw hat in a picture such as this is out of place. One can see that even the women of the place pass hurriedly, as though they recognized the domain of schoolboy, and knew that the precincts of such a dignitary should not be invaded by mere petticoats. It is evident from the photograph that an event in the chapel is pending or has just been concluded. There is, however, despite the Eton jackets, the white waistcoats and the "toppers," an underlying similarity between these young gentlemen and groups of Canadian boys at Upper Canada or Ridley—or outside the country schoolhouse in the back-country of Manitoba.

number of new pupils entering the school is exactly the same as the number who have vacated the school for good.

The waiting list is large, and parents have to enter their sons' names when they are at an early age, which entries are duly considered by the board controlling the college, preference being given to those socially prominent and as most likely to be congenial to their fellows.

It is on account of this strict exclusiveness, perhaps, that Eton has been widely

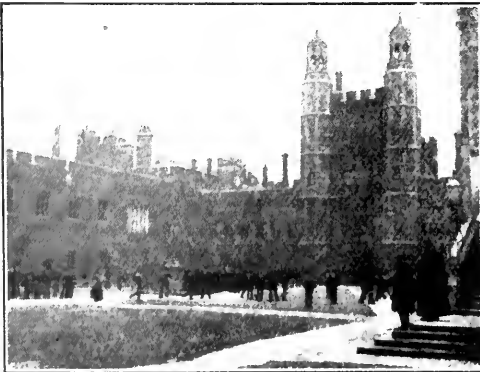
advertised as the "School of Snobs," but such misnomer has been solely actuated by jealousy, because if there is any place on earth where democracy is practically demonstrated, it is most surely at Eton College.

The boys there have created their own code of ethics and carry them out so thoroughly that those in authority have given them full sway in that direction, and so well has the scheme worked out that rarely indeed have they had to interfere with

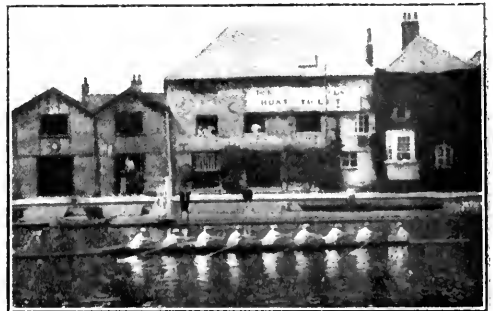


TOSSING THE PAN-CAKE.

This picture was taken last summer during Sir Wilfrid's visit to Eton. It shows "Tomlinson," of Westminster school, as the victor in the ancient and honorable contest. "Tomlinson" established his victory by securing the biggest piece of pan-cake—the unfortunate pan-cake having been tossed among the "multitude" according to the rules of the game.



The "Head" Calling the Roll.



The Eton "Eight" of 1900.

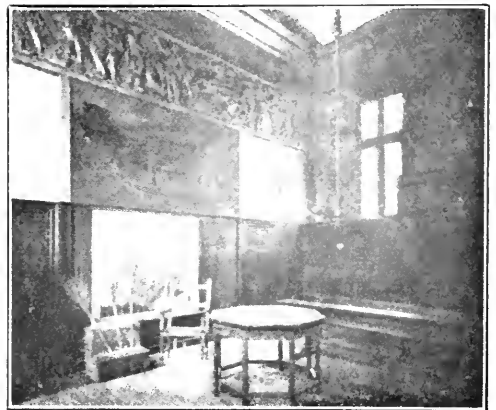


BOYS SHOWING THEIR FRIENDS AROUND THE SCHOOL.

Visitors are supposed, according to the creed of the Eton boy, to be considered somewhat of a bore, unless, of course, they happen to be that sort of visitor which is associated with hampers and subsequent orgies of eating. Mothers and sisters are more or less of a nuisance. They ask such innocent questions and take "a man's" most off-hand answer as being the gospel of truth, and never seem to know when it is time to stop asking "a man" questions.



An Eton Boy's Study.



The Head Master's Class-room.



THE CAPTAINS!

The captains of all the various boats are in this photograph shown lined up beside the captain of all the boats. The figure in the centre on this occasion is C. E. V. Buxton. He carries the umbrella. It has been said that the English race is deteriorating and that there are not as good Englishmen in this generation, physically speaking, as in the last. From this photograph, and from the picture of Buxton, in particular, there seems, however, little cause for alarm, as yet.

the social laws laid down by the pupils under their control.

A system of "fagging" was inaugurated centuries ago and has been rigidly maintained, and as a social leveler no better means could have been devised. Each boy entering the school, no matter what his rank, be he a prince of the royal blood, duke, earl or commoner, must put in his period of fagging and must submit to that servile condition until by his own efforts in class work he shall have raised himself

out of what is termed the "lower school."

By hard work and diligent attention to study, a boy may accomplish this in the space of one year, but this is very rarely accomplished, and two years' service as a fag is the experience of the majority of Etonians. They then emerge from fagdom into a somewhat nebulous position known as the "middle school," where they cease from fagging, but are not yet permitted to rank as fag masters, to reach which coveted status they must have pass-



"THE MONARCH!"

"The Monarch" is a ten-oared boat used by the Etonians. Our photograph shows the craft at the head of the river. In the background are the smaller craft and the spectators. Many a boy who fumbles with an oar in the old "Monarch"—one can see from the picture that their strokes are not pretty—becomes a crack oarsman, and in time, perhaps at Oxford or Cambridge, rows with the big crews, whose accomplishments become the talk of the whole sporting world.

ed into the "upper school" and have proved themselves worthy and capable of handling with discretion the youngsters allotted to their service.

To the Canadian or American youngster this system of fagging may appear cruel and humiliating, but carried out as it is at Eton, it is not so in the least. It quickly takes all conceit out of boys whose social prominence might otherwise make unduly arrogant, and is a great deterrent

to bullying by the larger and stronger boys.

The pupils take up their terms of residence in a number of "houses," each of which is in charge of a house master, who also conducts classes in the school proper, and each house accommodates about forty boys. The senior boys in each house who have reached the upper school are entitled to employ as servants the youngsters of the house who are still in the lower school, and at the beginning of each



SHYING COCOANUTS.

At the rural fair in Canada we have such noble games of skill and chance as throwing baseballs at "niggers," throwing for cigars, and so on. The Eton equivalent is the "cocoanut shie." It costs so much a "shie," and the rewards vary. The game affords an excellent excuse for the spending of pocket money, especially since a boy may perhaps be able to display before his fellows his bowling prowess.

school term these fag masters angle for their fags by a tossing of coins, the old and tried fags being naturally preferable to the boys who have to be broken into service.

If the fags in the house outnumber the fag masters, as they invariably do, then the senior boys are entitled to two fags each, and the junior fag masters must content themselves with one slave to do their bidding. The fag's duties are clearly defined. He must prepare his master's breakfast and tea, sometimes cooking those

meals to the best of his ability, or if his fag master's pocket money permits the luxury, he will order and carry them from the restaurants in the town, or the "sock shops," as the Eton boys call them, and it is indeed a curious sight to see the hundreds of youngsters in silk top hats and Eton jackets scurrying from house to town and back again with the loaded trays of delicacies.

A fag must learn to make toast, boil and scramble eggs, grease the football boots, run messages and deliver them cor-



THE BOYS WHO MADE SPEECHES.

The trio in this photograph were the lucky, or unlucky, men who were compelled to make speeches on the fourth of June. They are (from left to right) Mr. H. W. Fletcher, the Honorable G. W. Grenfell (son of Lord Desborough), and Mr. Smith Golder.

rectly, brush and fold clothes and keep his master's room in spick and span condition. An indifferent fag will soon learn that indifference does not pay, because his master is empowered to administer corporal punishment, and a sound spanking with a toasting fork or a liberal amount of kicking delivered on the right spot becomes irksome if too frequently invited.

The fag master, on his part, is not allowed to abuse or unduly bully his fag, and must act more or less as his protector. The fag has the privilege of reporting him if he considers himself badly treated and the case is heard "in camera" by the senior fag masters of the whole school, who

decide the case on its merits, but woe be to the fag who complains without just cause! It is a serious step for a youngster to take, because if he sustains his case his fag master will be deprived of his privilege of employing a fag forever, and if he loses his case he is delivered again to the tender mercies of the boy against whom he has registered the complaint. In such a case his term of fagdom is not apt to prove entirely blissful!

By this means the boys are imbued with a sense of obedience to those in authority over them and having to serve a period as servants themselves are more capable of understanding the feelings of those



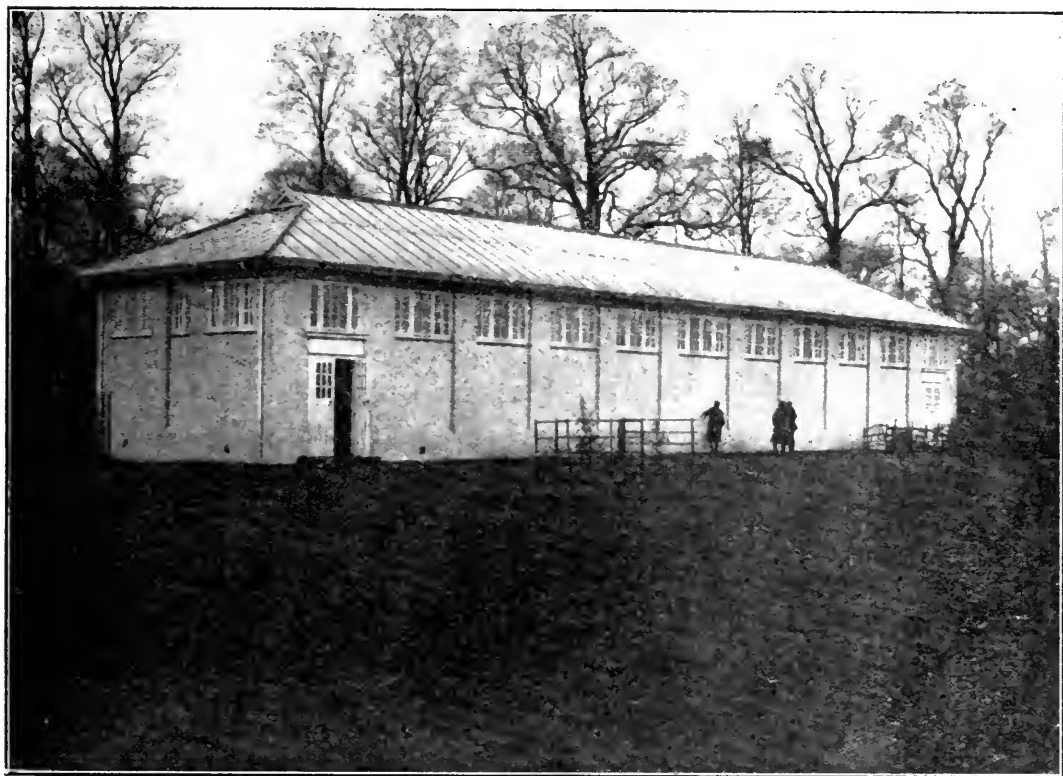
THE UNEMPLOYED AT ETON.

Charity at Eton is something apart from the school life. The boy is taught liberality of mind, and in that sense, charity. But of the actual conditions of the poor, of real suffering, they, of course, cannot be expected to know anything. There is, however, something very striking in the above picture, showing, as it does, the grown man, the man who in his poor unlearned way has already had many an experience with the hard side of Existence, coming in contact with the young gentlemen of Eton. It is perhaps not probable, but it is possible, that the problems of England, as well as the battles of England, are being, to distort the old saying, solved within the precincts of the old school.

who may be subservient to them in after life and of treating them in at least a human manner.

The boys take their breakfasts and their teas in their own rooms, the house master providing each boy, daily, with one small loaf of bread, two pats of butter and two small pitchers of cream, and one pound of sugar and a quarter of a pound of tea, weekly.

Any such food beyond this which he may desire for those two meals, he must provide out of his own pocket money. The midday dinner is partaken of in the house diningroom, where a butler in livery caters to the wants and pours the thin school beer, which is practically non-intoxicating and is euphoniously termed "swipes." This mild beverage is also served at the late supper, which, at 8.30, is



THE NEW COVERED CRICKET FIELD.

The "Drybobs," as cricketers are termed at Eton, are now able to play cricket all year round. The building, of which the above is an excellent illustration, is designed especially for the purpose. Like everything else in England, this covered cricket field is built to last for "ages." In its substantial execution it matches Eton itself, perfectly. The lighting of the building is so arranged as to make playing conditions indoors as much like actual out-of-doors conditions as possible. The ventilation is practically perfect.

likewise consumed in the house dining-room, and consists of cold meats, bread and butter, cheese, and a suet pudding, indifferently sprinkled with raisins, and commonly known to schoolboys throughout the English-speaking world as "spotted dog."

The majority of the boys being the sons of wealthy parents, the sums allowed as pocket money are usually sufficient to permit them to indulge in all sorts of delicacies from the "sock shops," and a breakfast consisting of strawberries and cream,

ham and eggs, broiled kidneys and fish, with a bag of candy on the side, is not by any means an infrequent trayload for a perspiring fag to carry with cautious tread from the "sock shop" to his hungry master. The tea and toast he will have to prepare with his own hands, and when his master is served, and not before, he will be permitted to see to his own wants, and lucky, indeed, does he consider himself if he can find time to gulp his loaf and pot of hastily-brewed tea before the chapel bell has ceased its ringing, ere

which he must find himself seated in that place of worship, except he be of other than the Episcopal faith, which is, of course, the fashionable English church, and the majority of the pupils belong to that denomination, although there is always a fair sprinkling of Roman Catholics, some Jews—the Rothschilds and Sassoons have sent their sons to Eton—princes and maharajahs from India, and princes and young grandees from continental Europe, who follow, naturally, the religions of their fathers.

The learning and preparing of lessons is done largely in the boys' own rooms, and in the study of the house tutor, who is, more often than not, the house master himself. His study is usually situated in the basement of the house, and is officially styled the "pupil-room," but more popularly and vulgarly referred to by the pupils as the "puppy-hole."

The lessons, when learned, are rehearsed and gone over in the various classrooms, and there also the lessons for the following day are set. Each Saturday afternoon, and each alternate Tuesday are half-holidays, and every saint's day is recognized as a full holiday, and, needless to say, is eagerly looked forward to. To the Eton boys the saints are indeed blessed! The pupils are thoroughly grounded in Latin and Greek, and also in the modern languages. There is an army class where those boys who are anxious to make the military calling their profession may prepare themselves for the competitive examinations, which may enable them later to enter the military college of Sandhurst or the Royal Academy at Woolwich.

If a boy chooses to devote himself to study there is no school in the world where he can make quicker progress than at Eton, and that many do avail themselves of their opportunities is evidenced by the fact that the majority of sound English statesmen have first whetted their appetites for political discussion in the debating society of this historic school.

Such names as W. E. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Wellington, Marlborough, A. J. Balfour, the Marquis of Salisbury, Tufnell, the Duke of Devonshire, Tennyson, Winston Churchill and his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, Earl Spencer, Lord Curzon and many hundreds of others

equally capable, will attest the statement and go far to refute the cry often made by graduates of other places of learning, that the school of Eton is a bad one for study.

Athletic games are very strenuously indulged in, and the boys are encouraged in every way to make themselves proficient in them. The summer term is devoted to cricket and rowing on the River Thames, but it is rare, indeed, that a boy will indulge his tastes in both. He must elect to be either a "Dry Bob" or a "Wet Bob," as they there term respectively the votaries of the cricket field and the river, and must place himself under the guidance of the boys most proficient along those lines in his own house, as there is great competition among the various houses in every line of outdoor sport. The winter term is given up to football, and to following the school beagles; a pack of hounds, somewhat smaller than foxhounds, which the boys follow on foot, and which chase the nimble hares with good success through the surrounding country. Some of the senior and most wealthy boys will follow the royal stag-hounds from Windsor, but not many parents allow their sons this luxury, as it entails keeping a horse or two in stables for which an enormous rent is charged.

Racquets, "fives" or handball, rifle practice and paper chases comprise the chief sports during the spring or easter term. The college likewise boasts a volunteer corps, which any of the boys may join, and the strength of the battalion is well kept up to a quota of about 300. The masters and some of the senior boys comprise the officers, and the acting adjutant is an officer of the regular army, seconded from his regiment for that purpose. The uniform of the school battalion is gray, faced with light blue, and the army rifle of latest pattern is employed for drills and practice on the rifle range.

Each boy lives separately, in his own room, the furnishings of which he may augment to suit his own taste, and many of the boys display their love of comfort and luxurious surroundings, rivalling in many instances the cosy boudoirs of the most fashionable ladies.

Between the hours of school and on holidays they are allowed to seek their pleasures in various directions, the only places strictly prohibited being the hotels

and saloons or "public houses" as they are called in England, the railway stations, and certain streets in Windsor that bear an unenviable reputation.

Smoking is, of course, prohibited, as is every form of petty vice, and the punishments inflicted are generally found to be quite adequate.

An allotted number of lines of Latin or Greek verse, with their properly accentuated stops and breathings are meted out in so many hundreds for minor offences or for indifferent work in class, and any offence of more serious nature, which is not yet serious enough to warrant expulsion from the school, is dealt with by the head master in his class room, where an imposing array of freshly-picked birch rods and the ancient wooden block—on which the boys kneel to receive the full benefit of the birching—strike terror to the erring ones who are summoned to his presence.

This birching, or "swiping" as the boys call it, is an impressive ceremony, and is carried out in such a way as to leave a lasting impression on the recipient of the dozen or more severe strokes which the head master delivers with the full force of his strong right arm and with, no doubt, extreme relish.

The birches, being fresh and green, are covered with prickly buds which tickle and score the juvenile skin to an alarming degree, and that the birchee may receive the full benefit of the head master's efforts, a boy is posted at each side of the block to sustain the kneeling offender in a steady and contrite position and keep his disarranged clothing from intervening between the exposed skin and the carefully aimed strokes.

After the ceremony the birch is presented to the boy by the head master's butler, to whom he tips half a crown for the souvenir, which he, no doubt, treasures as a hard-earned relic.

Those of the pupils who do not seek to enter the military colleges when their school education is completed almost invariably enter at once into the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge and form the backbone of all that is most manly in those ancient seats of learning.

The proximity of the royal castle at Windsor has always kept the little town of Eton in a flourishing condition, and the sight of royal personages on horse or afoot is no uncommon one to the pupils there in residence.

The drive through the picturesque town was ever a favorite one with the late Queen Victoria, whose pony carriage was invariably greeted with delight by the youngsters, who never failed to claim their ancient privilege of removing the ponies from the shafts of the carriage and of drawing their sovereign with much cheering and reverence through the confines of the town.

The old Queen dearly loved her Eton boys, two of whom had the honor of saving her life by fearlessly seizing the maniac who sought it with a six-chambered revolver in the streets of Windsor, but was overpowered and disarmed by the two boys after he had fired one shot and missed her.

Her Majesty tendered a reception to the whole school, at the castle, in recognition of their bravery, and filled the hearts of the boys with love, loyalty and pride by wearing an Eton-blue silken scarf inscribed with the school motto: "Floreat Etona."

A TRINITY

I love the dainty cigaret,
 And yet,
 I'd rather far
 Have a cigar.
 But then to pick contentment ripe,
 Give me a pipe.

—J. P. H.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER XXII *Continued.*

"It's all right, Berna," I said; "I don't believe him, and if a million others were to say the same, if they were to thunder it in my ears down all eternity, I would tell them they lied, they lied!"

A heaven-lit radiance was in the grey eyes. She made as if to come to me, but she swayed, and I caught her in my arms.

"Don't be frightened, little girl. Give me your hand. See! I'll kiss it, dear. Now, don't cry; don't, honey."

Her arms were around me. She clung to me ever so tightly.

"Garry," I said, "this is my wife. When I have lost my belief in all else, I will believe in her. You have made us both suffer. As for what you've said—you're mistaken. She's a good, good girl. I will not believe that by thought, word or deed she has been untrue to me. She will explain everything. Now, good-bye. Come, Berna."

Suddenly she stopped me. Her hand was on my arm, and she turned towards Garry. She held herself as proudly as a queen.

"I want to explain now," she said, "before you both."

She pulled from her bosom a little crumpled note, and handed it to me. Then, as I read it, a great light burst on me. Here it was:

"DEAR BERNA:

"For heaven's sake be on your guard. Jack Locasto is on his way north again. I think he's crazy. I know he'll stick at nothing, and I don't want to see blood spilt. He says he means to wipe out all old sores. For your sake, and for the sake of one dear to you, be warned.

"In haste,

"VIOLA LENNOIR."

"I got it two days ago," she said. "Oh, I've been distracted with fear. I did not like to show it to you. I've brought you nothing but trouble, and I've never spoken of him, never once. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, little girl, I understand."

"I wanted to save you, no matter at what cost. To-night I tried to prevent you going out there, for I feared you might meet him. I knew he was very near. Then, when you had gone, my fear grew and grew. There I sat, thinking over everything. Oh, if I only had a friend, I thought; some one to help me. Then, as I sat, dazed, distracted, the phone rang. It was your brother."

"Yes, go on, dear."

"He told me he wanted to see me; he begged me to come at once. I thought of you, of your danger, of some terrible mishap. I was terrified. I went."

She paused a moment, as if the recital was infinitely painful to her, then she went on.

"I found my way to his room. My mind was full of you, of that man, of how to save you. I did not think of myself, of my position. At first I was too agitated to speak. He bade me sit down, compose myself. His manner was quiet, grave. Again I feared for you. He asked me to excuse him for a moment, and left the room. He seemed to be gone an age, while I sat there, trying to fight down my terror. The suspense was killing me. Then he came back. He closed and locked the door. All at once I heard a step outside, a knock. 'Hush! go in there,' he said. He opened the door. I heard him speaking to some one. I waited, then you burst in on me. You know the rest."

"Yes, yes."

"As for your brother, I've tried, oh, so hard, to be nice to him for your sake. I liked him; I wanted to be to him as a sister, but never an unfaithful thought has entered my head, never a wrong feeling sullied my heart. I've been true to you. You told me once of a love that gives all and asks for nothing; a love that would turn its back on friends and kindred for the sake of its beloved. You said: 'His smile will be your rapture, his frown your anguish. For him will you dare all, bear all. To him will you cling in sorrow, suffering and poverty. Living, you would follow him round the world; dying, you would desire but him.'—Well, I think I love you like that."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"I want to bring you happiness, but I only bring you trouble, sorrow. Sometimes, for your sake, I wish we had never met."

She turned to Garry.

"As for you, you've done me a great wrong. I can never forget it. Will you go now, and leave us in peace?"

His head was bent, so that I could not see his face.

"Can you not forgive?" he groaned.

She shook her head sadly. "No, I am afraid I can never forgive."

"Can I do nothing to atone?"

"No, I'm afraid your punishment must be—that you can do nothing."

He said never a word. She turned to me:

"Come, my husband, we will go."

I was opening the door to leave him forever. Suddenly I heard a step coming up the stairs, a heavy, hurried tread. I looked down a moment, then I pushed her back into the room.

"Be prepared, Berna," I said quietly; "here comes Locasto."

CHAPTER XXIII

There we waited, Garry and I, and between us, Berna. We heard that heavy tread come up, up the creaking stairway, stumble a moment, then pause on the landing. There was something ominous, something pregnant in that pause. The steps halted, wavered a little, then, inflexible as doom, on they came towards us. The next instant the door was thrown open, and Locasto stood in the entrance.

Even in that brief moment I was struck by the change in him. He seemed to have aged by twenty years. He was gaunt and lank as a starved timber wolf; his face was hollow almost as a death's head; his hair was long and matted, and his eyes burned with a strange, unnatural fire. In that dark, aquiline face the Indian was never more strongly revealed. He limped, and I noticed his left hand was gloved.

From under his bristling brows he glared at us. As he swayed there he minded me of an evil beast, a savage creature, a mad, desperate thing. He reeled in the doorway, and to steady himself put out his gloved hand. Then with a malignant laugh, the fleering laugh of a fiend, he stepped into the room.

"So! Seems as if I'd lighted on a pretty nest of love-birds. Ho! ho! my sweet! You're not satisfied with one lover, you must have two. Well, you are going to be satisfied with one from now on, and that's Jack Locasto. I've stood enough from you, you white-faced jade. You've haunted me, you've put some kind of a spell on me. You've lured me back to this land, and now I'm going to have you or die! You've played with me long enough. The jig's up. Stand out from between those two. Stand out, I say! March out of that door."

She only shrank back the farther.

"You won't come, curse you; you won't come, you milk-faced witch, with your great eyes that bore holes in me, that turn my heart to fire, that make me mad. You won't come. Stand back there, you two, and let the girl come."

We shielded her.

"Ha! that's it—you defy me. You won't let me get her. Well, it'll be all the worse for her. I'll make her life a hell. I'll beat her. You won't stand back. You, the dark one—don't I know you; haven't I hated you more than the devil hates a saint; hated you worse than bitter poison? These three black years you've balked me, you've kept her from me. Oh, I've itched to kill you times without number, and I've spared you. But now it's my call. Stand back there, stand back I say. Your time's come. Here's where I shoot."

His hand leapt up and I saw it gripped a revolver. He had me covered. His face was contorted with devilish triumph, and I knew he meant to kill. At last, at last my time had come. I saw his fingers twitching on the trigger, I gazed into the hollow horror of that barrel. My heart turned to ice. I could not breathe. Oh, for a respite, a moment—Ugh! . . . he pulled the trigger, and, *at the same instant, Garry sprang at him!*

What had happened? The shot rang in my ears. I was still standing there. I felt no wound. I felt no pain. Then, as I stared at my enemy, I heard a heavy fall. Oh, God! there at my feet lay Garry, lay in a huddled, quivering heap, lay on his face, and in his fair hair I saw a dark stain start and spread. Then, in a moment, I realized what my brother had done.

I fell on my knees beside him.

"Garry, Garry!" I moaned. I heard Berna scream, and I saw that Locasto was coming for me. He was a man no longer. He had killed. He was a brute, a fury, a devil, mad with the lust of slaughter. With a snarl he dashed at me. Again I thought he was going to shoot, but no! He raised the heavy revolver and brought it crashing down on my head. I felt the blow fall, and with it my strength seemed to shoot out of me. My legs were paralysed. I could not move. And, as I lay there in a misty daze, he advanced on Berna.

There she stood at bay, a horror-stricken thing, weak, panting, desperate. I saw him corner her. His hands were stretched out to clutch her; a moment more and he would have her in his arms, a moment—ah! With a suddenness that was like a flash she had raised the heavy reading-lamp and dashed it in his face.

I heard his shriek of fear; I saw him fall as the thing crashed between his eyes; I saw the flames spurt and leap. High in the air he rose, awful in his agony. He was in a shroud of fire; he was in a pool of flame. He howled like a dog and fell over on the bed.

Then suddenly the oil-soaked bedding caught. The curtains seemed to leap and change into flame. As he rolled and roared in his agony, the blaze ran up the walls, and caught the roof. Help, help! the room was afire, was burning up. Fire! Fire!

Out in the corridor I heard a great running about, shouting of men, screaming of women. The whole place seemed to be alive, panic-stricken, frenzied with fear. Everything was in flames now, burning fiercely, madly, and there was no stopping them. The hotel was burning, and I, too, must burn. What a horrible end! Oh, if I could only do something! But I could not move. From the waist down I was like a dead man. Where was Berna? Pray God she was safe. I could not cry for aid. The room was reeling round and round. I was faint, dizzy, helpless.

The hotel was ablaze. In the streets below crowds were gathering. People were running up and down the stairway, fighting to get free, mad with terror, leaping from the windows. Oh, it was awful, to burn, to burn! I seemed to be caged in flames that were darting at me savagely, spitefully. Would nobody save me?

Yes, some one was trying to save me, was dragging my body across the floor. Consciousness left me, and it seemed for ages I lay in a stupor. When I opened my eyes again some one was still tugging at me. We were going down the stairway, and on all sides of us were sheets of flapping flame. I was wrapped in a blanket. How had it got there? Who was that dark figure pulling at me so desperately, trying to lift me, staggering a few paces with me, stumbling blindly on? Brave one, noble one, whoever you be!

Foolhardy one, reckless one, whoever you be! Save yourself while yet there is time. Leave me to my fate. But, oh, the agony of it to burn, to burn . . .

* * * * *

Another desperate effort and we are almost at the door. Flames are darting at us like serpents, leaping kitten-like at our heels. Above us is a billowy canopy of fire soaring upward with a vast crackling roar. Fiery splinters shoot around us, while before us is a black pit of smoke. Smooth walls of fire uprear about us. We are in a cavern of fire, and in another moment it will engulf us. Oh, my rescuer, a last frenzied effort! We are almost at the door. Then I am lifted up and we both tumble out into the street. Not a second too soon, for, like a savage beast foiled of its prey, a blast of flame shoots after us, and the doorway is a gulf of blazing wrath.

* * * * *

I am lying in the snow, lying on a blanket, and some one holds my head.

"Berna, is that you?"

She nods. She does not speak. I shudder as I look at her. Her face is like a great burn, a black mask in which her eyes and teeth gleam whitely. . . .

"Oh, Berna, Berna, and it was you that dragged me out . . . !"

* * * * *

My eyes go to the fiery hell in front. As I look the roof crashes in and we are showered by falling sparks. I see a fireman run back. He is swathed in flame. Madly he rolls in the snow. The hotel is like a cascade of flame; it spouts outward like water, beautiful golden water. In its centre is a wonderful whirlpool. I see the line of a black girder leap out, and hanging over it a limp, charred shape. A moment it hangs uncertainly, then plunges downward into the roasting heart of the pit. And I know it for Locasto.

* * * * *

Oh, Berna, Berna, I can't bear to look at her. Why did she do it? It's pitiful, pitiful. . . .

The fire is spreading. Right and left it swings and leaps in giant strides. Sudden flames shoot out, curl over and roll

like golden velvet down the black faces of the buildings. The fire leaps the street. All is pandemonium now. Mad with fear and excitement, men and women rave and curse and pray. Water! water! is the cry; but no water comes. Suddenly a mob of terror-goaded men comes surging down the street. They bring the long hose line that connects with the pump station on the river. Hurrah! now they will soon have the flames under control. Water, water is coming.

The line is laid and a cry goes up to turn on the water. Hurry there! But no water comes. What can be the matter? Then the dread whisper goes round that the man in charge of the pumping-station has neglected his duty, and the engine fires are cold. A howl of fury and despair goes up to the lurid heavens. Women wring their hands and moan; men stand by in a stupor of helpless agony. And the fire, as if it knew of its victory, leaps up in a roaring ecstasy of triumph.

There we watched, Berna and I, lying in the snow that melts all around us in the fierce, scorching glare. Through the lurid rift of smoke I can see the friendly stars. Against that curtain of blaze, strangely beautiful in its sinuous strength, I watch the black silhouettes of men running hither and thither like rats, gutting the houses, looting the stores, tearing the hearts out of the homes. The fire seems a great bird, and from its nest of furnace heat it spreads its flapping wings over the city.

Yes, there is no hope. The gold-born city is doomed. From where I lie the scene is one long vista of blazing gables, ribs and rafters hugged by tawny arms of fire. Squat cabins swirling in mad eddies of flame: hotels, dance-halls, brothels swathed and smothered in flame-rent blankets of swirling smoke. There is no hope. The fire is a vast avenger, and before its wrath the iniquity of the tenderloin is swept away. That flimsy hive of humanity, with its sins and secrets and sorrows, goes up in smoke and ashes to the silent stars.

The gold-born city is doomed. Yet, as I lay there, it seemed to me like a judgment, and that from its ruins would rise a new city, clean, upright, incorruptible. Yes, the gold-camp would find itself. Even as the gold, must it pass through the fur-

nace to be made clean. And from the site where in the olden days the men who toiled for the gold were robbed by every device of human guile, a new city would come to be—a great city, proud and prosperous, beloved of homing hearts, and blessed in its purity and peace.

"Beloved," I sighed through a gathering mist of consciousness. I felt some hot tears falling on my face. I felt a kiss seal my lips. I felt a breathing in my ear.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she said. "I've only brought you sorrow and pain, but you've brought me love, that love that is a dazzling light, besides which the sunshine is as darkness."

"Berna!" I raised myself; I put out my arms to clasp her. They clasped the empty air. Wildly, wildly I looked around. She was gone.

"Berna!" Again I cried, but there was no reply. I was alone, alone. Then a great weakness came over me. . . .

I never saw her again.

THE LAST.

It is finished. I have written here the story of my life, or of that portion of it which means everything to me, for the rest means nothing. Now that it is done, I too have done, so I sit me down and wait. For what am I waiting? A divine miracle perhaps.

Somehow I feel I will see her again, somehow, somewhere. Surely God would not reveal to us the shining light of the Great Reality only to plunge us again into outer darkness? Love cannot be in vain. I will not believe it. Somehow, somewhere!

So in the glow of the great peat fire I sit me down and wait, and the faith grows

in me that she will come to me again; that I will feel the soft caress of her hand upon my pillow, that I will hear her voice all tuned to tenderness, that I will see through my tear-blinded eyes her sweet compassionate face. Somehow, somewhere!

With the aid of my crutch I unlatch one of the long windows and step out on to the terrace. I peer through the darkness and once more I have a sense of that land of imperious vastitudes so unfathomably lonely. With an unspeakable longing in my heart, I try to pierce the shadows that surround me. From the cavernous dark the snowflakes sting my face, but the great night seems good to me, and I sink into a garden seat. Oh, I am tired, tired . . .

I am waiting, waiting. I close my eyes and wait, I know she will come. The snow is covering me. White as a statue, I sit and wait.

* * * * *

Ah, Berna, my dear, my dear! I knew you would return; I knew, I knew. Come to me, little one. I'm tired, so tired. Put your arms around me, girl; kiss me, kiss me. I'm weak and ill, but now you've come I'll soon be well again. You won't leave me any more; will you, honey? Oh, it's good to have you once again! It seems like a dream. Kiss me once more, sweetheart. It's all so cold and dark. Put your arms around me. . . .

Oh, Berna, Berna, light of my life, I knew all would come right at last—beyond the mists, beyond the dreaming; at least, dear love, at last!

THE END.

TO-MORROW

Thou vagrant morrow, whose joys, like bags of gold,
Are tied to rainbow hopes of hours yet untold,
A truth I've found that thou canst not gainsay:
The joys are but the shades cast by Life's
yesterday.

—Mary Germaine.

Some Canadian Anecdotes

By

Captain C. Frederick Hamilton

Editor's Note:—The writer of the following article is one of the leading Conservative writers in Canada. His editorial despatches from Ottawa to the leading Conservative papers were always the most feared utterances against the Government. Captain Hamilton was through the Canadian west last summer with Premier Borden. The following article consists of a few of the humorous things he heard in the plains country.

LAST summer I made a rapid journey over the prairies on a political mission. During the scamper I accumulated certain anecdotes of the West. Herewith I lay them before the reader.

A number of years ago, when settlers from the United States began to pour into Southern Alberta, two elderly farmers, newcomers to Canada, former dwellers in the United States, were selected by the Attorney-General's department and made J. P.'s. They were highly respectable and well-meaning old parties; but the administration of justice was new to them. It so fell out that the first person haled before the two was a man who had been caught stealing a boat on the Milk River. The case occasioned them great perplexity. Nearby there worked a young man who had studied law in Eastern Canada, had passed his examination, and lacked only the money necessary to pay the fees requisite for being called to the bar. To him one of the Justices repaired. He had a cheap copy of the Criminal Code; the whole extent of the library with which the Attorney-General's department had fitted them out.

"I don't know what offence to try this man for," complained the Justice. "I've looked all through the index. I've looked under 'B' for boat and I've looked under 'S' for stealing. I can't find a word on the subject."

The prospective lawyer offered earnest sympathy and grave counsel. "What you need is books," he declared emphatically. "It's a shame that the Department does not give you more," and he pressed law books of his own upon the Justice and indicated lines of research. The J. P. thanked him and withdrew for study. Next day he reported to the prospective lawyer, radiant.

"I've got it," he proclaimed. "I sat up till 3 o'clock this morning reading those books. And at last I found it. I got the passage that just fits the case."

"Good," said the professional adviser. "What is it?"

"Piracy on the high seas," was the jubilant reply.

"Excellent," cried the lawyer-to-be. "I knew that all you needed was to have the proper books. Now go on and try him."

So they tried him. They convicted him. Having convicted him, they looked up the penalty. And they found it was death!

"Never," said their unofficial adviser (who told me the tale,) "did I see two men more startled." They were dreadfully perturbed. Once more they sought expert advice.

"What I suggest," said the budding lawyer, "is that you remand the man and keep him in close custody; and write a report to the Attorney-General, setting forth the facts, explaining that unquestionably the crime comes under that clause, and that unquestionably the law provides the death penalty for the crime, but stating that in view of the extreme gravity of the punishment, you deem it wise to defer passing sentence until you have consulted him." This commended itself to the Justices. They were not skilled with the pen, and after some efforts they deputed their adviser to draw up the document. He made it a very long report, a very grave report, and he concluded by laying the situation before the Attorney-General and asking his advice.

The Attorney-General at that time was F. W. G. Haultain. He treated the situation beautifully. Back came a thoroughly serious letter, praising the J. P.'s for their zeal and discretion; acquiescing in their view of the law; but agreeing as to the gravity of the punishment. After saving their face, after making it clear that the Pirate of the Milk River must not be hanged, Mr. Haultain with great dexterity recommended a way out. So far as I could gather, the culprit was released on suspended sentence of death.

In 1908 a Conservative politician whom I know discomfited an opponent in a singularly ingenious manner. There is a certain public man in the prairie country, a Liberal, who has a high reputation as a platform speaker. He is what is known here as a "whirlwind orator," but he has a weak spot in his armor. He has for each campaign only one speech and one set of anecdotes; so that it becomes necessary for him ever to move on, and he can by no means speak twice in the same place in the same campaign. My Conservative friend knew this. On one occasion he found himself at an important meeting pitted against this man, who was

much his senior in age and experience. He had to precede him; but he had heard him speak once or twice before, and knew what his speech was. So he faced the audience, and told them that as he had to speak first he could not tell what Mr. M— would say, and so must have recourse to answering a speech which he had heard the said Mr. M— make a night or two before. He then told in advance what that speech would be. "At this point in his argument," he would say, "Mr. M— related this story—" and he would give the anecdote in full. In fine, he laid before the electors what Mr. M—'s arguments would be and told all his stories! The "whirlwind orator" was absolutely nonplussed. He had no reserve stock; he floundered utterly; the audience saw his plight and enjoyed it mercilessly; what was to have been the principal Liberal speech of the meeting was ruined. I believe that the trick is not new; but it worked, and the man who played it assured me that he had not heard of it before.

Listen now to a story of Canada's most popular tribunal at work. The unofficial legal adviser in the matter of the Milk River Pirate is an official adviser now; he has been called to the bar, and is practising law in Northern Alberta. To him repaired, seeking legal help, an elderly Scotch homesteader, a bachelor, who lives alone in a "shack," contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific main line. This man had a grievance. The railway had taken part of his farm for its right of way, and had duly paid him for it; the grievance did not lie there. What annoyed him was that the railway people had piled some clay on a patch of his ground, close to his house. He protested, and the railway authorities taught him a few things about circumlocution offices. When the final department to which his case was transferred got careless and advised him to communicate with the original one with which he had dealings, his patience gave out. The Railway Commission, headed by J. P. Mabee, the chairman, was to sit in Edmonton, and he wished my friend to lay his case before it. It turned out that the old man's objection was based on aesthetic grounds. The railway's legal advisers showed a disposition to settle the matter by buying the plot of ground on which the clay of offence had been heap-

ed; but the complainant refused to consider such a solution for a moment. He wished it removed, because it spoiled his view. That was his whole case.

My friend considered the matter, and then spoke. "Look here," he said, "you don't need me or any other lawyer. I am an expensive man; I'll charge you fifty or seventy-five dollars a day. All you need do is go to Judge Mabee, and tell him your story, and he'll do the rest."

Would the Scotchman agree? Not a bit of it. It was his first lawsuit, and he was bent on enjoying every ounce of it, including the luxury of an expensive lawyer. The day came, and the case was called by the Chairman. Now the lawyer in the case was a man of parts, well aware that there are times to say much, and times to say little, and times to let others do the talking for one. He stated the case in the fewest words possible and then called the complainant. The old man ambled forward, his hand in his pocket. He extracted a piece of wrapping paper on which he had drawn a sketch of the positions of the railway, his shack, and the heap of clay.

"It's like this, Judge," he said earnestly. "That's my farm. That's where I live. That's where I'll die. I spent all my time there. And there's that d——d dump of clay—blue clay, do you ken, Judge, at my verry back doorr. It's the last thing I see at night. It's the first thing I see in the morning. And I want it moved."

The railway had been offering to buy the land for \$50. Chairman Mabee gave the railway six weeks in which to remove the clay, and ordered it to pay the old man \$75 compensation. And the dauntless litigant joyfully gave \$50 to the lawyer who had won his case by keeping quiet, and joyfully went home with the order and \$25 in his pocket. I am aboriginal enough to avow my liking for this story. It illustrates why the Railway Commission, with its chairman's power of appreciating a human situation, is a power in this country.

It is hard to talk of the prairie country now and not, sooner or later, light upon the subject of reciprocity. At Lloydminster, as many people know, there is a considerable settlement of English people, who went there about 1903. Many of

these men were free trade Radicals when they were in England. They retain many of their political habits, and in particular they insist on conducting political meetings after the English method. Most western Canadian audiences are strangely dumb; the people sit silent and listen, and it is hard for a speaker to judge as to the impression he is making. But these Englishmen heckle. During his tour of the prairie this summer, Mr. R. L. Borden spoke in Lloydminster, and the Englishmen questioned all the Conservative speakers very sharply. At the conclusion of the meeting a local Conservative leader, who was personally acquainted with these men, held a private meeting, with a dozen or so of the leading men. At the public meeting one of the speakers had been G. H. Perley, M.P., a very wealthy lumberman, chief whip of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. He laid stress on the fact that during the negotiations which led to the conclusion of the reciprocity agreement the Canadian representatives had had no statistics as to comparative prices, etc., whereas the Americans had had ample information. The hecklers questioned him closely on the subject, and then, when he began to quote Canadian prices furnished by the American statistical authorities, challenged him to explain how the Americans could possess such information when it was not furnished by the Canadian authorities.

"The Americans," rejoined Mr. Perley, "know more about our country than we do ourselves. They have men over here investigating. A short time ago I had one of them in my office questioning me about the pulp and paper business—I happen to be interested in that."

The subject dropped for the moment. But these Englishmen had marked the information so accidentally dropped. The reciprocity agreement would confer immediate benefits upon the owners of pulp limits, and these men knew it. They broached the subject at the after-meeting.

"Look here," said one of them, turning suddenly upon the Conservative politician who was dealing with them. "About your man Perley. What is he?"

The upholder of Conservative principles submitted that he was a wealthy business man who had entered politics, that he

was chief whip and a person of importance in the party, etc., etc.

"Yes, yes," said the seeker after knowledge; "but he's in the pulp and paper business. Reciprocity would help *him*. He should be for it."

"Help him?" exclaimed the Tory; "My dear man, reciprocity would put \$25,000 a year into Perley's pocket. And he's fighting it tooth and nail because he thinks it would hurt the country as a whole. And we have another Tory M.P. (he named him) to whom it would mean \$75,000 a year. And he is doing his best to beat it."

"But, but——" said the delegates, who have been subjected to Liberal assurances that Eastern protectionists are monsters of sordid avarice—"we don't understand. Surely these men should be for it."

"My dear fellow," said the Tory, leaning forward and tapping his interlocutor's chest, "would the British Empire be what it is to-day if *every* Englishman had taken that view?"

That clinched it. Score for the Tory.

This story became known, and an Eastern Liberal newspaper of profound discrimination rebuked Mr. Perley for rejecting the gift of wealth on the ground that he showed great lack of consideration for his workmen, in depriving them of the additional wages. Thus our Liberal controversialists have erected for our rich men a deadfall which catches them either coming or going. Advocate a course which will benefit your pocket, and you are moved by sordid avarice. Oppose it, and you are a cold-hearted, selfish brute, regardless of your employees.

But I have not done with my Lloyd-minster friends. The after-meeting ran along for some time, and then the Conservative challenged his friends. "Now," he said, "what about it? How do you like our man?"

Bear in mind that last summer Sir Wilfrid Laurier visited the prairies, was tackled in determined fashion by numerous delegations of farmers with free trade views, and won wide attention by his display of terminological agility. Mr. R. L. Borden, following him this summer, met much the same sort of delegations, and answered with a directness and bluntness which furnished a piquant contrast to his rival's ingenuities. The Englishman

who was the spokesman of the party was a free trade Radical—a very frank, straightforward man. He took the question seriously.

"I like your man Borden," he said reflectively. "I like him. Of course, he's wrong on a lot of things—absolutely wrong. But I like him. What I especially liked was that he took such care—such elaborate care—to make sure that nobody could possibly misunderstand his position. Now Sir Wilfrid—he took such damnably good care to make sure that nobody could possibly understand his position."

From the present to the past. The late Nicholas Flood Davin was famed for his recurring bursts of epigrammatic frankness. A certain portion of the "cow country" was included in his vast constituency, and in the local centre of this special region was a local issue. It was the non-existent lock-up. Sometimes it was necessary to arrest a man; then there was no place in which to confine him, and this was awkward and was felt to be a hardship. So it was Davin's business as member to secure the building of a lock-up. And he had neglected it. And an election was toward, and he had to speak in the place. The meeting took place in the hotel; a crowd of cowboys sat before him on the floor, and he spoke—he was a very eloquent man. The cowboys are described in the anecdote as having been rather a rough lot. Suddenly the eloquence was interrupted. "But, Mr. Davin—about the lock-up."

"The lock-up? Ah, yes, the lock-up." He checked up and peered about the semicircle of faces before him. Apparently they did not impress him favorably. "The lock-up. Yes, you shall have the lock-up. And God knows you need it."

Let us have a more modern story of campaigning. In a certain election held a certain period ago—I am of set purpose indefinite—one party was very hard up for funds, and the other had—well, it had enough. There was a certain polling place favorable to the poverty-stricken party; the electors, who were "foreigners," i.e., persons whose mother tongue was neither English nor French, would vote right, but looked upon a supply of drinks as a necessary and proper perquisite. The scrutineer of the poor, but not necessarily honest, party had no supply of the neces-

sary ammunition; the scrutineer of the affluent party had abundance. Let us call them X and Y. Y, arriving with his bottles, cast about for a safe place of deposit. He selected a stable, procured the owner's permission, and hid the supplies in the oat bin. X, the hard-up one, went prospecting about—we have in Eastern Canada an excellent word, “snooping,” which exactly fits it; and he learned the fact afore stated. He was not so short of funds as to be unable to accept an opportunity; he flew to the farmer, offered him five dollars for the rent of that stable for one day, and closed the bargain. He seized the key, rushed to the stable, locked the door—and spent a happy and profitable day in serving out Y's whisky. The result was almost entirely satisfactory; there were eighteen voters who lived in the subdivision, and of these seventeen voted as X wished, and only one obstinate man voted Y-fashion. The last X saw as he drove home that evening was the one solitary Y partisan being pursued over the prairie by the indignant X man. There is a human side to elections.

All the campaign stories do not live out West. Here is a political anecdote of Eastern Canada—how far East it is situated I refuse to reveal. In the late Parliament sat a certain wealthy M.P., who was a non-resident; he committed the offence

of living in a city, whereas he represented a rural riding some distance away. To remedy this drawback he had recourse, among other precautions, to a rather curious expedient. He divided the constituency into areas and for each subdivision he appointed a standing representative of his interests—organizer, lieutenant, or something of the sort. One of the duties laid upon this local henchman was to report to the member all domestic events; then the member would hasten to write to the family concerned a letter which should be warmly cheerful, gravely consolatory, sympathetic or whatever the occurrence demanded. Thus the constituents would lay to heart the brooding watchfulness of their M.P. It was a beautiful scheme, but it went wrong. Some miserable wretches on the other side corrupted certain of these local lieutenants. As a result of these machinations, the perfidious ones sent the statesman false information; and the consequence was that the unfortunate M.P. sent into the constituency quantities of the most dreadfully *mal apropos* letters. Imagine congratulating a childless household upon the birth of a non-existent son! Such was the pitfall digged by over-organization. And thus, when the campaign began, the poor M.P. found that he had an undue number of fences to mend.

A SONG OF INVITATION

O, Canada! From thee, from thee,
 There comes a sweet-toned melody—
 From breeze-swept plain and snow-crowned peak,
 From shadowed vale and wooded steep,
 From billowed hill and inland sea
 And long-lapped coast—this harmony:

Come, here lies hope, thou weary guest;
 Thou seekest for the past redress—
 Come lave in morning dews of youth
 Thy saddened brow. Here, clothed in Truth,
 White-breasted Opportunity
 Extends her waiting gifts to thee;
 Here, midst the new, 'lies hope for all
 Who will but follow at her call.

—Ethel Burnett.

The Lure of the Fine Bank Building

By

W. Arnot Craick

Editor's Note:—Compare the Bank of England or any of the Old Country banks with the average Canadian bank, and you will observe, on the part of the Canadian bank, a much more elaborate standard of building and standard of interior equipment. Even in the United States one finds the banks housed, on an average, much more simply than in Canada. The reason for this lies in the fact that the very banks of this country, the most conservative of our institutions, have come to realize that where there are two men in the same business—two banks in the same town—there must be a constant struggle between the two for the business of the place. In ordinary business, the competitors have recourse to the advertising columns of various publications, but the Bankers' Association has set a ban upon this medium, and the natural necessity for advertising has found expression in architecture. All over Canada the "Green Temple" bank has been scattered. Sometimes the design is good; sometimes very bad. Such as it is, it is the one form of advertising in which our banks indulge.

WHEN the president of the First National Bank of Chicago, which occupies one of the handsomest bank buildings in America, accompanied by his youthful son, was being shown, one day, over the Bank of England by a faithful old official of that famous institution, the boy remarked, "I don't think this is anything like as good as *your* bank, father. It's such a gloomy old place!" Before the father answered, the old guide retorted, "Banks that are not very sound always have to put on an extra appearance, young sir."

If the old man's estimate of the case be true, then the banks of Canada must be in a dangerous condition, for outwardly, at least, they make a very fine show. It is remarked by visitors to the Dominion

that the banks of this country have been prodigal in their expenditure on the erection of handsome buildings. Of course, one might well expect the head offices of the institutions in Montreal and Toronto to be impressive, but to find the branches located in small towns and cities so splendidly housed is surprising.

The banking business of Canada is today in the hands practically of twenty-nine banks, which have received charters from the Government. They are known as chartered banks. Their capital ranges all the way from \$14,400,000 in the case of the Bank of Montreal, to \$301,300 in the case of the smallest bank—the Weyburn Security Bank. Among them they have between two and three thousand branches placed all over Canada, with a



THE SECOND BANK IN THE EMPIRE.

This is a view of the head office of the Bank of Montreal, in the City of Montreal. As everyone knows, this bank is ranked as second, in the British Empire, only to the Little Old Counting House in Threadneedle Street—The Bank of England. Time has already laid its softening touch upon the stonework of the Bank of Montreal, making it stand in contrast to most Canadian bank buildings in this respect.



A BANK IN GOWGANDA

The mining camp at Gowganda lake, in Northern Ontario, was first heard of late in the fall of the year. A certain mining promoter, now resting in an American prison, so advertised the district in which he was interested that the "rush" began even that winter, and claims were staked out in the snow. The Bank of Commerce was quick to take advantage of the rush. It hurried men to the shore of Gowganda lake and had established the bank in a tent while yet the rush was on. Subsequently the bank moved into the log structure, which may be distinguished in the photograph by the verandah and the steps leading to it.

few situated in the United States, Mexico and the West Indies. The Canadian Bank of Commerce holds the record as having the largest number of branches—in Canada and outside Canada.

Restricted in the character of their investments by the Banking Act, under which they operate, and with superfluous funds at their disposal, many of the banks have turned their attention towards erecting substantial and impressive buildings, which would not only provide permanent quarters for their business, but would serve as an advertisement as well. In some cases, notably in that of the Traders Bank of Canada, which has the distinction of owning and occupying the tallest office building in the British Empire, they have not only erected buildings for their own use, but have provided offices on the upper floors of them for tenants as well.

The dawn of the fine building era in bank architecture has been coincident with an important change in banking methods. Not so many years ago banks in Canada adopted a very superior attitude towards the public. They gave the impression that in taking and caring for the people's money they were doing their customers a great favor. The banks' employes were often accused of being arrogant in bearing and "snobbish" in manner. To-day there is a marked difference. The spirit of competition has set in and from being outwardly indifferent to the public, bankers have begun to cultivate their good graces. They make no secret of it that they want the people's savings and they do all in their power to influence them to deposit their money with them. In this campaign of luring the public into



— AND A CITY BANK'S BRANCH.

There is a decided difference between the log shanty, which the Bank of Commerce is shown as occupying in Gowganda, and the above more pretentious building, which is intended to "lure" the depositor from the city districts. The miner needs no "lure." In a mining rush the small matter of bank quarters is ignored, but in a city where other "lures" stand side by side with that more-to-be-desired "lure"—the bank's!—the housing of the institution is a considerable factor in its chances for success. The above cut shows only a small city branch, and yet, while the real estate investment is no doubt a sound one for the bank, the substantial appearance and dignified air of the building tends to encourage the depositor, and stimulate thrift.

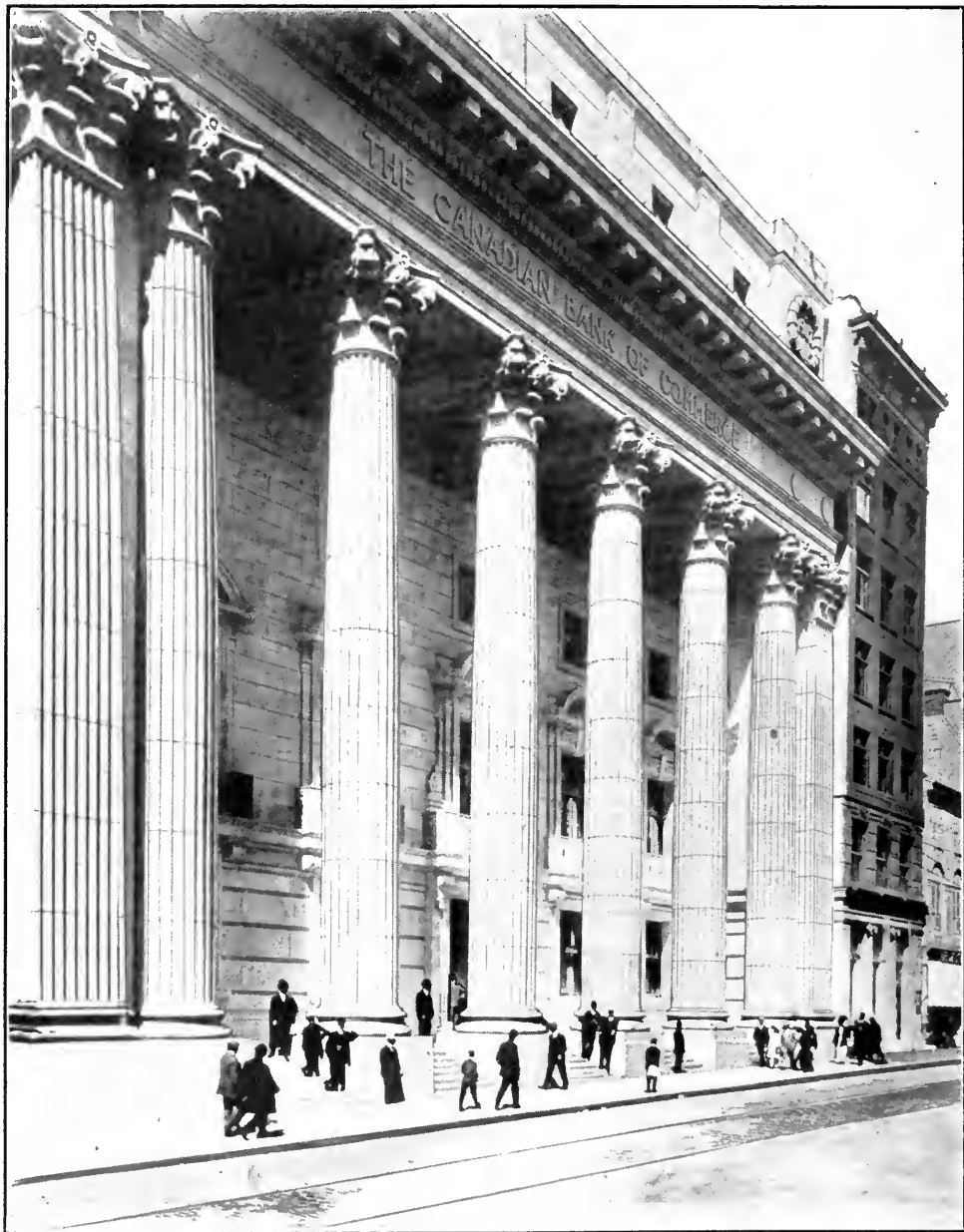
the banks, fine premises play an important part.

Notwithstanding the dictum of the old guide in the Bank of England, a fine-looking and substantial building in Canada, at all events, is consistent with substantial character. It conveys an idea of solidity and strength and leads the depositor to believe that his money is absolutely safe there. The bright and polished interior with its marble floor, its mahogany furniture and its shiny brass fittings, so frequently to be found in Canadian banks, enhances the impression, while the humble operative or factory hand who comes in to deposit his dollar, is, perhaps, a little gratified by the courteous attention bestowed upon him by the clerks.

The growth of the amount of deposits in Canadian banks as a result of this careful fostering of the field, is noteworthy. In 1890, the total deposits of all the chart-

ered banks were only \$153,000,000. To-day the Bank of Montreal alone has deposits in its keeping of \$150,000,000, while the Canadian Bank of Commerce has over one hundred million dollars. When there is so much to be had and such a rapidly expanding field for investment, it is not to be wondered at, that the banks are doing all in their power to secure the country's spare cash.

There is, however, a circumstance which has led the banks to adopt fine buildings. Formerly, when a bank wished to open a branch in a town, it was customary to rent a shop for the purpose, preferably one situated on a central corner, and by rearranging its interior, fit it for banking purposes. In time, the bank outgrew its place of business and, because it could not afford to leave the location, it was forced to buy the property, tear down the old building and put up a new one in its



AN IMPOSING FRONT IN MONTREAL.

This is the big Montreal branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the largest Canadian bank, with headquarters in Toronto. It stands not far from the head office of the Bank of Montreal, and its interior, that is to say, the general banking room, is quite as dignified and generally imposing as is the interior of the Bank of Montreal.



THE TALLEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE EMPIRE.

The head office of the Traders Bank has up until now enjoyed this title without any danger of dispute.



AN ORNAMENT TO THE TOWN.

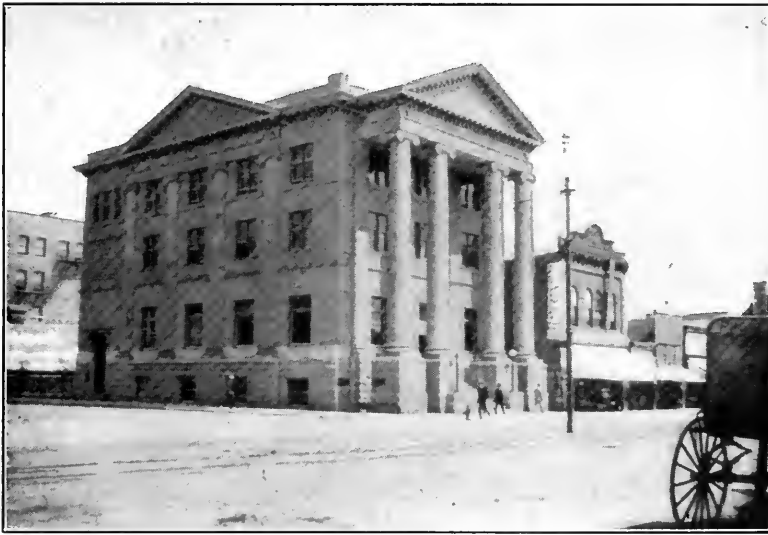
This, the Walkerville branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, is more like an art gallery or a public library than anything else. This is not to say that the bank is improperly housed; on the contrary, no one can deny that such a structure not only reflects credit upon the bank, and upon the town in which it is situated, but must have some effect in raising the standard of architectural appreciation in the country.

place. When this is done, it was always advisable to erect a building that would be large enough for future expansion as well as a credit to the town.

Another circumstance is one which applies principally in the West, where towns crop up like mushrooms in a night. The average western town is exceedingly self-conscious and the action of a bank in putting up a good building is considered evidence of its faith in the future of the town and its willingness to identify itself

with the fortunes of the community. As a result, in many a western municipality, the bank building is the most imposing structure on the main street and one that will long be pointed to with pride by the inhabitants.

There are, of course, still other motives which govern a bank in its building policy. The comfort of its staff has sometimes a good deal to do with the matter, and, while, the average Canadian bank is by no manner of means a philanthropic institu-



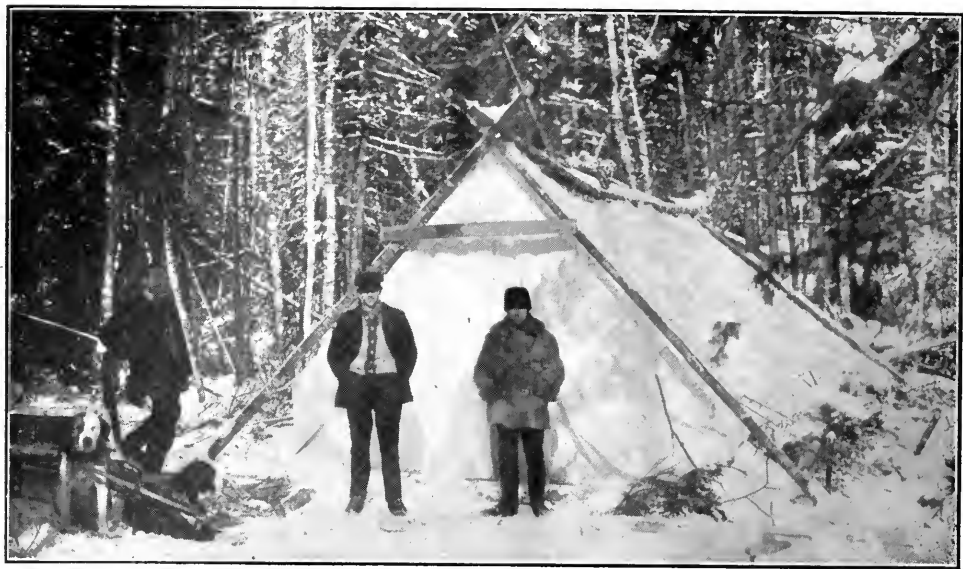
AN EDMONTON EDIFICE.

It cannot be said that this building is a pretty one, nor even one in which the architectural principles are sound. The building is, however, substantial and weighty, if nothing more. It is, when you look at it a second time, nothing more than a large block of masonry, on the front of which has been placed a "pillar treatment." This "pillar treatment" is being just a trifle overdone. It seems that people are raising many kinds of buildings and adding "pillars" as carelessly as they would add chimneys.



A BANK AT ELK LAKE.

The old-fashioned logs are not as ugly as the pioneer Canadian probably thought them. They are at least picturesque and substantial, without appearing to be striving for "effect." The tarpaper affair next door is not, one must admit, to be commended.



BANKING IN A SPRUCE FOREST.

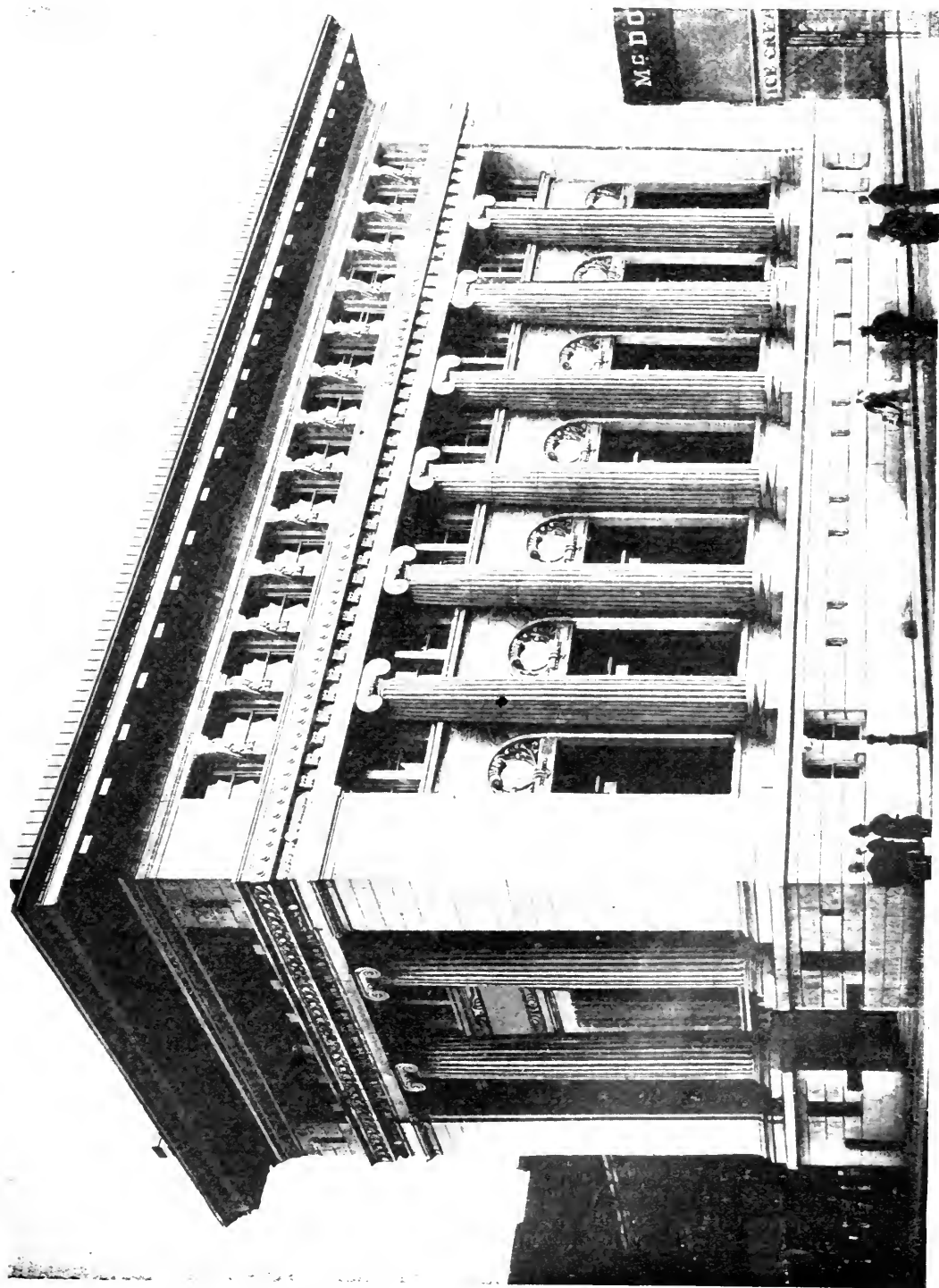
There is no lure about a bank of this description, either for the possible investor or the bank's agents and employees. There are rough characters in regions such as that where the above picture was taken, and canvas is not such a deterrent as it might be. Observe the means of travel in the left foreground.

tion, it must be admitted that it takes good care of the health and welfare of its employees. When leased premises are unsatisfactory from this standpoint, there is little hesitation in providing more suitable quarters. In the West especially, where conditions are crude and the life is rough, it is oftentimes impossible for the eastern bank clerks to secure comfortable and agreeable living quarters. Unless the bank helps out by supplying accommodation in the bank premises, the clerks are forced to put up with most unpleasant and disagreeable surroundings. So the bank puts up a good building and there the clerks find suitable quarters.

It is a somewhat difficult matter to arrive at the amount of money which Canadian banks have expended in bank premises, for the reason that the Government returns on this point are quite obviously incorrect. For instance, the Bank of Montreal carry their buildings at the value of \$600,000 on their balance sheet, whereas the beautiful head office building

alone probably cost over a million dollars. At the last annual meeting of the bank, however, the president made the statement that the total value of the 147 bank buildings owned by them was between seven and eight million dollars.

In the case of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the figure given in the Government returns, viz: \$2,660,228 represents only about half the actual value of their property. The balance is vested in a species of holding company, known as the Dominion Realty Company, Limited, which constructs and owns the bank's smaller buildings. The company provides a certain percentage of the total cost of the land and buildings, which it acquires and leases to the bank, by issues of bonds which are readily salable to outside investors. The rentals paid by the bank are sufficient to retire the bonds in fifteen years. The remainder of the cost of the properties is provided by the bank purchasing shares in the Realty Company.



THE BANK OF COMMERCE IN VANCOUVER

The Letter-Thief and The Law

By

Dr. J. D. Logan, Ph D.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*When you, or the man who lives next door to you, drops a letter into a post-box, you are registering the fact that you have confidence in human nature,—that you believe human nature, as a rule is good. You may have written the most precious or the most dangerous facts in that letter. Yet there is nothing between those written facts and EXPOSURE, but a flimsy piece of paper and—the trustworthiness of human nature.*

But there is The Letter Thief. You, or the man next door, or I, might be letter thieves if we were placed in the same circumstances. The Letter Thief is an ordinary man—tempted. To deter the impulse of The Letter Thief stands the Law. In the following article, Dr. Logan has presented the result of the studies he has been able to make along this line.

NOT one in a thousand among the educated Canadian citizens can name the indictable offences that under the Criminal Code of Canada are punishable with life imprisonment. Nay, more; it is a safe wager that not one in a thousand of our lawyers can name them—off-hand. The present writer casually asked a dozen of the more prominent lawyers of Toronto to detail the list of such indictable offences, and they all replied, hesitantly: "Why, there is Murder—and Robbery—and Rape—and Arson, and—Oh, there's a great many of them!" With the exception of a crown appointee, not one of these gentlemen named as punish-

able with life imprisonment the crime of stealing letters from His Majesty's mails in Canada.

Now, the fact that anyone properly indicted for such crime against the laws of the Dominion of Canada, and found guilty before a rightful judge, after trial by jury, may receive a penal sentence of life imprisonment or of imprisonment for a term not less than three years, is a sociological phenomenon by itself that requires special explanation and justification. Such extreme punishment for a crime which, on the face of it, does not appear so heinous as some others, is either an injustice or a unique paradox.

We may readily understand why rape, arson and certain forms of robbery should be punishable with exceedingly heavy penalties, with life imprisonment, or, conceivably, even with death. Not only are these three specially heinous crimes against the human person and property, but often they are attended with wilful homicide, or with manslaughter, of individuals, or with great loss of life and property. "Lynch law" has its scores of victims annually in the Southern States, where the white women are too frequently violated revoltingly by the black males. In most robberies "gun play" is provided for as a possibility and not infrequently eventuates with homicidal results. Arson may issue in the death of individuals, as indeed it has done and may have been planned to do, or it may start a wide-spreading conflagration that destroys a village, town or section of a city, and incidentally encompasses the death of many innocent and law-abiding citizens.

Each of these three crimes is so heinous, so abhorrent, so damnable from the point of view of the inviolable "natural right" of every human individual to life and the pursuit of happiness that their awful possibilities demand very heavy penalties in the Criminal Code to serve as effective deterrents, and, conceivably, in actual punishment might justly require the sentence of life imprisonment, or even death as adequate retribution? We do not, in short, feel that there is any essential injustice in meting the severest penalties under the statutes to those found guilty of crimes that may involve murder or manslaughter.

On the other hand, until we understand what serious consequences for ill to the person and property of private individuals, to the conduct of business, general and governmental, and to public order, may, and often do, result from the theft of letters from the mails in transit or in the post offices, we do feel that there is unreasonable severity, if not total injustice, in the heavy penalty possible to be meted to one found guilty of a crime which, on first view, does not appear extraordinarily felonious. Yet the Criminal Code of the Dominion of Canada (Revised Statutes, Sec. 364) is explicit and unmistakable in the matter. It reads:

"Everyone is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to imprisonment for life or for any term not less than three years, who steals—

"(a) a post letter, bag, or

"(b) a post letter from a post letter bag, or from any post office, or from any officer or person employed in any business of the post office of Canada, or from a mail, or

"(c) a post letter containing any chattel, money, or valuable security, or

"(d) any chattel, money, or valuable security from or out of a post letter."

Immediately on reading this statute law we are struck with the paradox of it all. Imagine the astonishment of one who, being ignorant of the statute, received a sentence of even three years' imprisonment for stealing a post letter which, say, contained no money, cheque, or negotiable security. Would he not recall many instances of men who had stolen thousands of dollars, wrecked banks, and impoverished or ruined scores of people, but who, when brought to justice and found guilty of a heinous felony, received a sentence relatively less heavy than his own—let us say five years in a penitentiary, where, in contra-distinction from himself, they would, in view of their family connections or social or business status in the past, be treated, as far as possible, like gentlemen and be given employment of such a light or refined nature as would mitigate their degraded lot and reconcile them to prison walls and prison fare?

Nay, more; would he not remember the frequent reports in the press of how bank clerks and other trusted employes guilty of thefts were "sent down," as the phrase goes, for a few months or a year or two at the most, because a humane and just judge knew the close propinquity of their peculiar temptations, and felt that a short sentence would in all likelihood work reformation in them? Assuredly he would charge no injustice on the part of his judge, once he was informed by the court that the judge was compelled to impose sentence according to the statute; yet he, as we, too, at present, would be at loss to explain the severity of the statute penalty.

To resolve the apparent paradox in the

relatively heavy penalty for stealing post letters, whether containing money, valuable securities or not, forms an interesting and instructive essay in social ethics and psychology. Fortunately the matter bends to popular treatment and familiar illustration.

The theft of post letters by stampers, sorters, and carriers is regarded by the Post Office Department and by the Judiciary as the meanest and the most perfidious of all felonies. These two epithets—"meanest" and "most perfidious"—apply, be it clearly understood, more to the moral perceptions and character of the thief than to the theft itself as a crime against society. This distinction is too important not to be signalized, fully explained, and aptly illustrated.

Suppose, as has actually happened, that a post office employe steals a mail bag which contains, say, 200 letters, and secretes it until he has opportunity to open it and to search each letter for money. Suppose that he has opened every letter, but has found no money in any of them, save the last, which, as it happens, is from a poor laborer to his aged and poorer mother, and which contains a single paltry dollar. Finally, suppose that amongst those 200 letters there are (I am selecting three *real* cases) a letter from a man lying in a hospital, which was intended to apprise his family or friends of his dire circumstances or of his approaching death; also a letter from a wandering son, long lost to his parents, telling them that he wants to see them and the old home again and that he will come to them if they, for their part, will send him by return mail a letter promising welcome to their unfilial prodigal; and, further, a letter from an estranged sweetheart to her lover, stating that unless the two are united again she will destroy her life.

Now, note the fell consequences of a seemingly insignificant deed. Lonely dying men, wandering home-sick prodigals, and broken-hearted maidens with suicidal intent, who write letters to ameliorate their bodily and mental estate, are common realities of this world. Our letter-thief opened 200 stolen letters to obtain, as it happened, a paltry dollar, and thereby not only deprived a poor woman of the means of sustenance, but also, because he was compelled totally to destroy the

remaining 199 letters, amongst which were the three specially noted, kept these highly important letters from being delivered to the persons vitally concerned with their contents and thus caused a man to be buried in "the potter's field," a repentant son to remain forever separated from loving parents, and a distracted maiden to take, as the melodramatists say, her young and beautiful life. Can we, then, more fittingly describe the moral perceptions and sensibilities of the letter-thief than as altogether mean, or his crime than as the meanest of all felonies?

His crime is, too, the most perfidious of felonies. We all know with what contempt we regard a trusted companion whom we have accidentally discovered to have been reading our unsecreted letters, especially our family correspondence, and those epistles which contain the inmost revealments of our hearts. Anyone who would break the trust, the faith, which, peculiarly in this instance, one gentleman implicitly reposes in another, is, in the literal Latin meaning of the term, perfidious—faithless through and through.

In this moral regard the situation is precisely the same for one guilty of the theft of a letter from the mails as for one guilty of surreptitiously reading another's private correspondence. There is a propinquity of unsecreted letters, an implicit trust, and a breach of that trust.

The Post Office Department and its mails service are the most important Public Utility and Convenience for the general conduct of business and the enhancement of social and spiritual life among the institutions of man. The absolute safety and security of the post office service are logical implications of its function as a public convenience. Post office employes are under oath and bond to promote that function and to safeguard that service by strict personal honesty. On the part, then, of one who is a specially trusted public servant, the stealing of letters from the mails is such a base violation of oath of office and such a fatal breach of a paramount trust that the crime is rightly regarded as the most perfidious of felonies.

How base and how fatal is such a felony may be seen in the light of two special considerations. In general, theft which involves a breach of trust is, in the sight of

the law, more to be condemned and punished than is common theft as such. A simple case in point is the following, taken from a Toronto daily newspaper:

"FOR BREACH OF TRUST."

"John A—d, an employe of the Eaton store, was sent to jail for three months by Judge Denton, in county judges' criminal court yesterday morning, for theft of \$1 from the Eaton Company. The sentence was on account of the breach of trust."

That seems a rather heavy sentence for what, at least under ordinary circumstances, would appear a vulgar and petty theft. In Judge Denton's view its implications made it much more than a petty theft. In the first place, the thief took a "mean advantage" of his trusting employer; in the second place, the thief impugned, in the eyes of his employer's customers, the latter's reputation for "square dealing," and vitiated, or threw doubt on the security of, a system of payment which the employer had devised as a convenience to expedite business between himself and his customers. It was as if the employer had taken John A— into his confidence and said to him: "Now, Mr. A—, you're an upright young man. You want to get ahead. I want a man to take charge of an important branch of my business. I've selected you from a dozen others for the job. I believe you'll prove the right man in the right place—an important position of trust. You're on your honor to make good, I have faith in you, and feel sure you will." Forthwith, Mr. A—, with total disregard for his own self-respect, and with base ingratitude to his employer, pilfers a paltry, filthy "one case note," which, if he really needed it, he could easily have borrowed. In Judge Denton's view A—'s theft was a despicable betrayal of trust and, no doubt, a symptom that A— was a "crook" at heart.

Applying this point of view to the theft of letters from the mails, we must remember that post office employes are under special oath and bond to fulfill a position of public trust. To steal a letter from the mails, when one is thus bound to absolute personal honesty, all the more adds to the perfidy of the felony.

The second aspect of A—'s deed requires some orienting, before its character is applied to the theft of post letters. It

was said that A—'s theft threw doubt on the security of a convenience devised to expedite business between his employer and the latter's customers. It happens that a customer who paid to A—, say, \$1 for goods bought at the store of A—'s employer, is, under the system of payment, afforded protection against being defrauded of the \$1 paid over to A—, and that the employer of A— is also virtually so protected.

On the other hand, a man who sends money through the mails has no protection guaranteed him, save the presumed security of the mails, implied in the equally presumed honesty of letter-stampers, sorters, and carriers, but which, in fact, is not obvious, and, on psychological grounds, is not highly probable. In this matter the views of Colonel George T. Denison, who, as Magistrate of the Toronto Police Court for many years, has dealt with many important cases of postal thefts, are enlightening and convincing. In an interview with present writer, Col. Denison said in his incisive, colloquial manner of speech:

"The stealing of a letter, containing money, from the mails, affects everyday life—shakes the confidence of the public. The public can't protect themselves against that kind of theft. If A. mails money, say, a dollar, to B., and B. says he never got the letter, what is A. going to do about it? Both he and B. are out a dollar, or all B. can do is to take A.'s word that he sent the money and call the account square. No doubt, that will satisfy A., but B. is still out a dollar, and, what is worse, B. may come to believe that A. is a shyster, or A. may think that of B., and consequently the confidence the two had in one another in their business relations may be wrecked forever. Indeed, the theft of a letter by a post office employe might cause other men to suspect the integrity of their fellows for years, and make bitter enemies—quite unjustly. It's worse than forgery. Men can guard themselves against the forger, but not against the letter-thief."

Col. Denison thus signalizes a dastardly element in the perfidy of a post office employe who steals a letter from the

mails. The letter-thief is despicable in that he takes a mean advantage of the trusting Department to which he has pledged absolute fidelity, and also of the trusting Public, for whose convenience the Post Office Department was created. Nay, more; the letter-thief is dastardly in that he takes advantage of the Public when employing a medium of business and social service from villainy in which the citizenry of a country are defenceless.

We are now ready to answer the question: Why does the Post Office Act, under the Criminal Code of Canada (R.S. Sec. 364) provide such severe penalty for those found guilty of the theft of post letters? This Act was passed to safeguard the security of His Majesty's mails service in Canada as a paramount Public Convenience for the despatch of all business and for the enhancement of social life. The answer is two-fold.

The penalty for stealing post letters is severe, first, to signalize the fact that the Post Office Department and the Judiciary regard the crime as so perfidious a breach of public trust and as so fatal to the conduct of business and social life that its dire heinousness must, by extreme means, be indelibly impressed on the conscience of society. The penalty is severe, secondly, to provide as adequate as possible a deterrent from committing the heinous felony of stealing post letters.

If the penalty acts as a virtually sure deterrent, then its severity is morally, as well as practically, quite justified. A consultation of the Report of the Postmaster-General for the year ended March 31, 1910, proves that relatively to the thousands of persons employed in the mails service of Canada and to the hundreds of millions of letters received, transported, and delivered by the service, the number of offences annually against the Post Office Act under the Criminal Code is so few as to be virtually nil. In that year (Report cited, page xiii.) the estimated number of letters posted in Canada was 466,550,000, of which 10,465,000 were registered letters, and, therefore, likely to have contained money and negotiable securities. Yet out of all those millions of letters, or thousands of registered letters, there were only 77 cases of abstracted or lost letters containing money, and of these only 6

(or 8, if we count the last three distributively) are described in the Report of the Postmaster-General as thefts (Cp. Appendix H., pp. 2—4). That is to say: inevitable liability to a very heavy penal sentence, even life imprisonment, for stealing post letters has proved a sure deterrent from such felonies, and thus justifies the provision of the Post Office statute in the Criminal Code.

An interesting commentary on the necessity of severe penalty for postal thefts was furnished the present writer by an officer of the British Postal Secret Service who was recently in Toronto. "The penalty," he said, "in England for the theft of post letters was, until some years ago, as heavy as it is in Canada. But under the wave of humanitarian feeling which swept over Britain, the terms of imprisonment were reduced, sometimes to a period of a year or so, sometimes even to a few months. The result has been to increase the number of offences of this kind in England, and now the Post Office Department and the Judiciary are advising that the former severer penalties be again provided for by statute for the sake of their deterrent force. There is no disregard of essential humanity in this demand, but postal thefts have become so relatively frequent in England that extreme statute penalties must be re-enacted in order absolutely to safeguard the security of the British mails service."

Summing up: we conclude that the severe penal sentences for postal thefts are imposed as the just desert for a most base and perfidious felony and as an effective deterrent from deeds that if not practically reduced to zero, would destroy the usefulness of a supreme public convenience, and, with it, the warp and woof of the social fabric. Let, therefore, those humanitarians who, in their logic, think that the part is greater than the whole, and those penologists who, in their advocacy of the short-term sentence and the parole, think only of the suffering wrong-doer and forget the necessity of the law-abiding public, remember this: What, on first view, seems an inhuman social paradox, namely, the extreme penalty for theft of post letters, turns out to be a necessary means for that Ideal Enhancement of Life, which is the intrinsic end and justification of human existence.

One Touch of Nature

An Indian Love Story

By

Venour Davidson

AS Drummond dressed for polo he noticed through the transparent reed blind the stalwart figure of a native soldier in spotless undress, waiting in a corner of the veranda.

"That is Sepoy Ujagar Singh; what is his business here?" he asked his bearer.

"He wishes to make petition to your honor," replied the servant.

"This is neither the place, nor the time, nor the manner for petitions," snapped the young man with a frown. "However—"

"Well, Ujagar Singh, what is it?" he asked with some impatience, when breeched and booted he emerged on the veranda.

"I make urgent petition for leave," said the man in a low eager voice. "It is in the matter of my marriage."

"Now you know perfectly well," interrupted Drummond sternly, "that you have no right to come to me like this. The order is for you to apply to the Native officer of your company, who will bring you before me in due course. I will not listen to you."

"Your honor, it is no use," replied the man sullenly. "The Subadar Sahib refuses to bring me up. He has his own reasons, and thence arises great injustice. If leave is not granted, I shall desert. The matter is of great urgency."

"Don't talk like a fool!" said Drummond sharply. "Now look here! If the Subadar Sahib does not bring you before me at Durbar to-morrow, I will send for

you to come shooting with me in the afternoon. Then I will listen. Enough for the present."

For some time Drummond had had his eye on the clean, smart, good-looking young sepoy, who, in the three brief years of his service, had made himself remarked for industry, keenness and intelligence. He had, in fact, made a mental note of him for early promotion.

At the informal orderly room held in the regimental lines on the following morning he paid rather more attention than usual to the undercurrents of affairs. It was the Hindu month of marriages, and many young soldiers were asking for leave. He saw Ujagar Singh hovering on the outskirts of the throng of applicants. He saw him once and again repulsed by the Native officer with a rough gesture and a sharp word.

"These then are all the cases for today," he finally said to the latter with a searching glance.

"These are all, sir," was the reply.

"There is one more thing," added Drummond, when the business of the hour was concluded. "I am going quail shooting this afternoon and want two men as beaters. Send that youngster from No. 4 Section, a Chauhan Rajput of Sirsa district, Ujagar Singh, I think, and another man. Let them be at my bungalow at four o'clock."

Drummond sent his sais and the other beaters on, and detained Ujagar Singh to carry his gun and walk beside his pony

for the two or three miles that separated them from the appointed spot outside cantonments.

"Now what is the difficulty?" he inquired kindly, when they were off and alone.

"My marriage is fixed for the last day of the month," began the youth in troubled tones. "As our custom is, from her childhood I have been betrothed to Rohini, daughter of Sarup Singh, headman of Khemganj. But there is a plot against us, Sahib. For the Tehsildar of the Khemganj division has cast eyes on the maiden, and would take her as second wife. Therefore Sarup Singh would gladly break his contract with us, if excuse can be found. To this end the Tehsildar has written to the Subadar of my company, who is his kinsman, that by every means he hinder my obtaining leave. Likewise Sarup Singh refuses to postpone the date, except on heavy payment, which, the old rogue well knows, my father is at present unable to make. For he indeed has had many expenses in connection with my sister's marriage, and the promotion to Native officer of my brother in the cavalry. It is tyranny and injustice, Sahib! If I am not there by the appointed day I shall lose her. And, on the name of Kama, I will not lose her," he added passionately, "for she is beautiful as the lotus-flower!"

"Indeed; and how can you know that?" interposed Drummond quietly. "You cannot have seen her since she was a child?"

"She was a very beautiful child," replied the young man in obvious confusion. "Nay, Sahib, why should I deceive you? You are flesh and blood like myself, and these customs of ours are not binding to men with youth in their veins. Only last year I saw her, yea, and held her in my arms, and knew her for my bride to be. But verily, Sahib, the first time it was a stroke of chance. The Ghaggar was coming down in mighty flood when my brother and I ferried across from our homestead on the opposite bank, and delivered the whole household of Sarup Singh from the rising waters. Thereafter many evenings I crossed, and found opportunity of meeting her in the fields, all without thought of wrong. And I say again, Sahib. I will not lose her."

"It is not for me to blame you, Ujagar

Singh," said Drummond gently. "But I have been looking at the company roll. You are not really entitled to leave under ordinary circumstances. The Subadar is within his rights, and must be allowed some discretion. Still I will help you all I can. You must write an application to the Deputy Commissioner of your district, that he enjoin postponement without penalty. I will have it backed by the Colonel Sahib and forwarded at once. It is a request that is sure to be granted."

"Alas, I fear not, Sahib. Will it not be handed over at once to the Tehsildar who will report that it is inadvisable? For indeed the Dipty who is now set over us is not as the Sahibs of former days, who were our father's rulers, counsellors and friends. He does not know us, he does not come among us, he does not speak or understand our tongue, and his decrees are the decrees of the Tehsildar or of his own Munsif.* Now tell me, Sahib, of what order are these young men to whom the Government hands us over. White they may be, but assuredly not of the same jat † as the old Sahibs. Foolish folk say that there are none of the old sort left, and that therefore they can do as they will."

"Foolishness, indeed," replied Drummond non-committally. "You may be very sure that they would be the same if they had the chance. It is but the vogue of the moment, which would make them writers rather than rulers. But this much is certain, Ujagar Singh, that they fulfil the will of the Great Lord Sahib, and that it is neither your place nor mine to question it. There is one more thing, however, I can do for you. I will write to Tremayne Sahib, police officer of your district. He is my friend, and possibly can influence the Dipty Sahib."

"Ah, fool that I am to have forgotten Tiramain Sahib," exclaimed the other eagerly. "Now that is a real Sahib. And I have hopes he will remember the lad, son of Zamindar Daulat Singh, who now and again carried his gun for him. But surely my father will have approached him in the matter."

"Well, Ujagar Singh," pronounced Drummond finally, "this is all we can do for the present. You write your application for postponement, and I will write to

*Court Clerk

†Caste

Tremayne Sahib. You've got three weeks yet, and you must have patience for a few days. I may be promising more than I can perform, but I am inclined to say that I will see you through this." He waved aside the other's incoherent thanks and protestations as they overtook the rest of the party, and entered on the business of the moment.

* * * * *

"Your protege's account of the position is substantially correct," ran the reply from Tremayne received within the week. "I remember the youngster well; he once at some risk saved a favorite spaniel of mine which was in difficulties in some deep and dangerous weeds. Would willingly do anything in my power to help the lad or his father—a good old chap. As regards Williams, the D.C., I am on delicate ground. In many matters he is my superior authority, and this is one of them. I have little doubt that, in a case like the present, he would take the word of the Tehsildar rather than mine, if I were to offer it, which I will not. He is, let us say, an irreproachable theorist, and it were best to leave it at that. Between ourselves, he never moves far from a metalled road, and thence or thereabouts he occasionally addresses those whom it may concern, or who care to listen, in flowery Urdu periods, which might just as well be so much French to ninety-nine per cent. of his charge. (You know the archaic sort of Hindi your fellows talk.) I have been told his reports are the envy and despair of the Province, and they will doubtless in due course, earn him translation to a sphere where such talents will have fitting scope.

"Now I have gone somewhat minutely into this matter. I have warned the Tehsildar, and the girl's father that I see their game, am keeping my eye on them, and will bowl them out if I see the shadow of a chance. But as matters stand, I have no hesitation in predicting that your application for postponement will fail without the payment demanded, which I admit—and execrate—as exorbitant and unjust. Therefore I say the only alternative is to produce your candidate at the psychical moment, which, to satisfy dramatic fitness, and possibly my sense of mischief, should be the last unexpected instant.

"Of course I have no doubt your C.O. would give the man leave as a special case on your representation; but if, as you say, you wish to avoid the appearance of interfering with the Subadar's authority, why should not you yourself come to me on ten days' leave and bring the youngster with you in some capacity. Thus the design need scarcely be known till your actual departure, and the news will not reach here. Meanwhile I myself will tell the boy's father to count on consummation, and will have it conveyed to the girl.

"Dear old chap, I shall be delighted to have you with me for a few days. What a gay old time we had together during Lucknow Cup week last year! Bring a spear and a rifle; we may be able to rout out a pig together, and there are swarms of buck—some good heads, too—within an evening stroll. I have got a sort of houseboat on the Ghaggar in that neighborhood, and will send a cart to meet you at the wayside station of Khariāl. Thus the bridegroom's arrival will not be known until we wish it.

"This is quite a long screed for me, but I have taken an interest in the case, and shall delight in putting a spoke in this particular wheel. Have no doubt you'll be able to manage your share so shall expect you during the last week of the month."

* * * * *

The dusk was closing in on one of the last evenings of May, when a crawling branch train deposited Drummond and a couple of servants at a small sleepy station on the borders of Bhikalmir. Tremayne was waiting outside with a smart country-bred pony in a bamboo dog-cart, and soon had his friend seated beside him and bowling swiftly along a rough moonlit country track, while the others followed with the luggage in a more deliberate bullock wagon. A few miles away on a river bank, a spacious open tent, pitched under a clump of mango trees, revealed the twinkling lights and glistening appointments of a dinner-table laid within, while in the water below a cumbrous country boat, roughly fitted with awnings, swung at its moorings. They had finished their dinner before an insistent and crescendo creaking announced the arrival of

the baggage, and Drummond bade Ujagar Singh present himself.

The young sepoy stood before them in punctilious salute, but with a deprecating smile that sought for recognition in the eyes of Tremayne. A plethoric spaniel rose slowly, sniffed and wheezed at the skirts of his coat, and at last rose on her hind legs and fawned upon him.

"It appears that old Rani has not forgotten her debt to thee, Ujagar Singh," said Tremayne with a smile. "But assuredly I should not have known thee for the Chokra* of three years gone. For lo! thou art now a man, and soon to be head of a household."

"By your honor's kindness and condescension," murmured the other.

"Rather by that of your own Sahib," replied Tremayne. "Well, we've done our part, and now the stage is ready for you. Your father has warned Sarup Singh to have the marriage meats prepared, and the priest in readiness. It only remains for you to ride on the appointed day to the house of your father-in-law, to claim your bride and take her home. When you have her in your father's house I fancy you can keep her safe, even though you have to leave her in a day or two. And now, when the Sahib can spare you, I expect you would wish to go home? You can take the small dug-out, and make your way down the river: but I should advise you to lie close till the day after to-morrow. It is not impossible that an accident might happen to you."

The young man saluted again with a grin of gratitude, but seemed to linger still and hesitate to speak.

"I fear greatly to trespass further on your honor's kindness," he blurted out on encouragement; "but would your two lordships so far honor my father and myself by riding with us to Khemganj on the day of fulfilment. It is not protection we seek," he added proudly, "but rather to show the neighbors that the house of Zamindar Daulat Singh has still the friendship and trust of the Sahibs as of old. It is granted? Then your honors are kind indeed. I go in great obligation."

"Well, well," commented Tremayne wearily. "We are a couple of meddling busybodies. Old Daulat Singh asked

my influence in the matter, but I shouldn't have seen my way to do anything if you hadn't interested yourself. If I went in this sort of Quixotism I should have no time for anything else. Have you any idea, old chap, how many, let us say, middlemen there are in a district—excellent instruments under control, but utterly unscrupulous without it—who are ever ready to pounce on and profit by the smallest lack of supervision? Can you imagine the number of cases somewhat parallel, that never see the daylight? There are many injustices I could avert if my advice were asked. The only alternative, as in the present instance, to meet plot with counterplot, intrigue with artifice, for which I have neither temper, time, nor taste. Still, for once, the means have served to secure the happy end, and—the rest of the action passes out of our hands, and behind the scenes."

But there was an unexpected little epilogue of which those two were the sole and select audience. With some amusement in their hearts, a dawn or two later, they had joined the rude cavalcade of relations and retainers in the triumphant progress to the house of Sarup Singh at Khemganj. The latter's countenance had fallen at sight of Tremayne, who, before leaving, flung him an ironical pleasantry which did not altogether restore his confidence. In the course of the afternoon in camp they had caught across the water snatches of melody and merriment from the bridal procession then wending its way to the house of the bridegroom.

They had strolled with their after-dinner cheroots to a little distance from the lighted tent, when something took shape from the shadows, a handsome strippling stood before them, and spoke a rapid sentence or two in a stealthy undertone.

"Well I'm blowed! Unprecedented! The land of surprises! A *denouement* indeed!" were some of the muttered phrases that expressed the amazement of his hearers.

For the lad had conveyed that his brother, Ujagar Singh had got his bride in a boat below the steep bank, and wished to present her to the Sahibs, if servants could be kept out of the way.

"Neither is this one of our customs," began the young sepoy sheepishly, as,

*Lad

after approaching noiselessly across the fretted leafy tracery, he stood with radiant smile, one hand resting lightly on the shoulder of a slim, shapely, shrouded figure at his side; "but surely no Rajput before was wedded with such honor. Also it is the wish of Rohini to declare all that her heart is full of, and truly her will is mine. Unveil, therefore, beloved, and speak thy mind. That is the great Police Sahib of our district, and this is my own Sahib of the regiment."

Such moonlight as filtered through the foliage discovered a little, oval, olive face proudly poised on a form of striking symmetry. The delicate chiselled features bore the unmistakable stamp of race, the abiding heritage of the pure Rajput and the outcome of their rigid rules of mating.

"My lords," she began dauntlessly in a voice that struggled for boldness and rippled with laughter and tears, "knowing of your great kindness and courtesy, I take no shame, but rather honor in thus revealing myself to your presence, and avowing our obligation. And to you, Sahib, I say," addressing Drummond,

"that my man's life is yours, yours to spend or to spill, as is that of all the sons that shall be born to us. And so it shall be in our house until your honor be Commander-in-Chief. And ever shall I pray to Rati that when the auspicious hour comes some gracious and beautiful lady may make your life as full and fruitful as you have made mine."

The equivalent of "bless you my children!" was pronounced in all sincerity, and as the twin forms melted into the darkness, and the dip of oars died away in the distance, the young men threw themselves back in their chairs with a little sympathetic laughter that served to stifle a sigh.

"So the only thing for us to do," suggested Tremayne after a pause of silence only broken by the lapping of the river, "is to drink their healths in one more peg, and then to bed, if we're going to hunt up that pig at daybreak to-morrow:

"For marriage is always somewhat sad
To those outside the door:
Still, Love is only a dream, and Life
Itself is little more."



THE WATERFALL

Merry and bright,
Sparkling with light,
 Diamonds, pure dewdrops of joy;
A gay, happy tinkle,
A fresh, little sprinkle,
 The streamlet, the river's small toy.
Murmuring a song,
As running along,
 It leaps into space, and then falls,
With loud, laughing cries,
O'er the boulders it flies,
 That project from those smooth, stony walls.
Then with a splash,
A jump and a dash,
 It lands at the foot, in a pool.
And thinking it best,
It stays there to rest,
 And lies in the willow's shade, cool.

—Margaret Osborne.



What Makes the West Different?

By

Aubrey Fullerton

EDITOR'S NOTE:—No one denies that the West is different from the rest of Canada, but the difficulty is to know wherein the difference lies. There is, of course, the difference in climate, in topography and so on. But there is also a difference between the Westerner and the Easterner. Place twin brothers in two places: one in Ontario, one in Saskatchewan. In three years they are different in a thousand ways, different in the way they look at life, the way they spend money, or live or work. Mr. Fullerton's article may not explain everything in this connection but it gives food for thought,—interesting thought—about one's country.

IT is easier to feel distinctions than to define them. Everyone knows, by experience or by hearsay, that the West is different, but to lay one's hand on the secret of the difference is not so simple a matter as it would seem. Even where the West most resembles some other place, or its life is most like some other life, there are subtle differences, and its very resemblances heighten its contrasts. The West knows that it is different, and is glad of it. But precisely what are its differences?

A globe-trotter who was doing the West a few years ago spent fifteen minutes in Moose Jaw, between trains. It was a

rainy day, the streets were muddy, and he walked the length of one block and back to the train. It happened that in that time he met but one person, a homely man with red hair. In the story of his tour, as it afterwards appeared in print, he said that "every time he was in Moose Jaw it rained, and every person he saw in the town was homely and red-haired." That man may have thought he had found the secret of at least one town's individuality, but he hadn't. Generalities, to be safe, must go deeper than the surface.

The western country itself is the first and most apparent distinction. It is an



RAW MATERIAL FOR THE MAKING OF CANADIANS.

This picture was taken in the street close to the C.P.R. depot at Winnipeg. It is not an uncommon scene in that city, in fact quite the reverse. These women and children have already, since the taking of the picture, passed into the "crucible" of the West to be melted down into—Canadians. Some day the great-great-grand son of the small Ruthenian boy in the picture, shall go to pick a wife and someone may happen to say, what race is he? And the answer shall be, not "Ruthenian" but Canadian—which means, a mixture of the best.

unusual kind of country, rolled out flat in one part, piled up high and rough in another. This neighboring of contrasts is unique. It is a question of origins. Nature was very busy away back in the early Sometime when the West was being made, and the movements that went on, with no one to see, shaped the destiny of the country of to-day and to-morrow. There is a connection between the black prairie soil and history, and between the Rockies and the hoary Past.

There is a piece of every other province in the provinces and territories of the West. In places the West is like the East, reproducing here and there its general features and its natural lay-out. But, in addition, there is a distinctive West-ness

that Manitoba and British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, all possess. They have touches of the East, but they have something else. To find the like of that "something else" one would need to visit the Argentine, Southern Siberia, Switzerland, and the Dakotas; and even there would be some characteristics unaccounted for.

Part and parcel of the country is its climate. It makes the West what it is as much as do the prairies and the hills. It colors the life of the people, it tints the landscape, it grows the crops. The West's climate is its very own, and unmatched. These are its marks: long days and summer twilights, prairie sunsets, mountains that range from semi-tropic to polar, the



THE MODERN PLAINSMAN.

These are modern inhabitants of the Canadian West—two parents and a child. The parents are Galicians but the child is a Canadian.

electrical air of the plains, the soft expansive flavor of the harvest-time, the ringing frostiness of the prairie winter, the pleasant greenness of the coast country. Summer or winter there is a mystery about it; and there is a power about it. Men like it or dislike it, as the case may be, but in either case it grips them.

Now this climate of the West is not a fixed quantity. Covering, as it does, a quarter of the continent, it changes with the miles. It has its surprises, too. By rule of latitude, the far North should be dead and cold all the year through, but in fact there are gorgeous wild flowers on the summer shores of the Arctic, while winter in the Peace River country is fre-

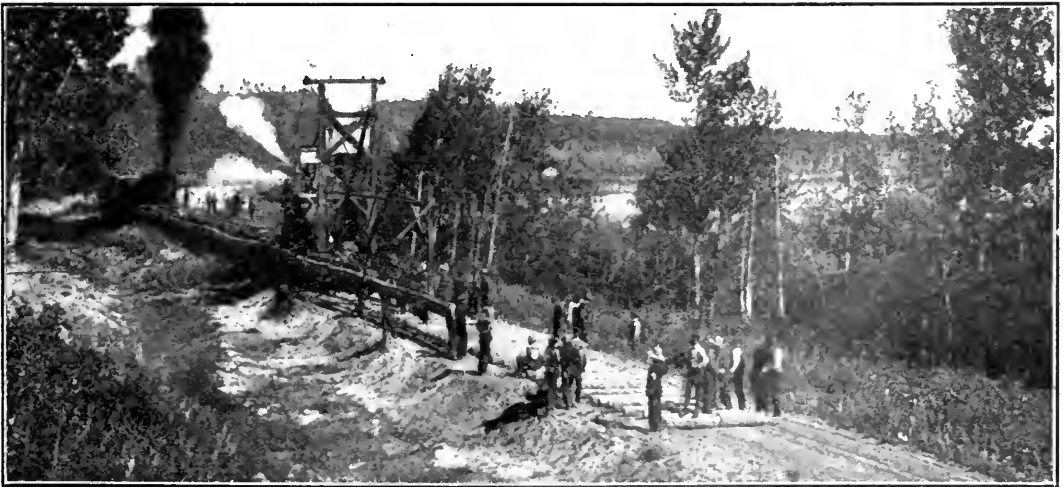
quently milder than it is five or six hundred miles south. To be sure, the Western climate goes sometimes to extremes. It is foolish to deny it. But there is a staple climate, which has its own ways and wiles, its wonders and witcheries, and all in all it makes the West different.

Of one of the Western cities it was said by a skilful paragrapher once upon a time that it was "bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the west by the everlasting hills, on the south by eternal sunshine, and on the east by the tramp of incoming multitudes." Boundaries of this kind are possible only of places that are geographically and climatically unique. But the last of these happy figures



THE ANCIENT PLAINSMAN—

In most cases the Indian has diminished from a terrible figure that once dominated the plains, to a curiosity, a man who does odd jobs. Only in a few parts of the West are there still the old noblemen of the plains, trapping and hunting, leading a wild fearless life.



—AND WHAT DROVE HIM OUT.

The track-laying machine is at work in a score of places in the plains country. Everywhere it goes it leaves the twin track. Everywhere it goes—the Indian goes ahead. Always retreating from the oppression of civilization.



THE AMERICAN INVASION.

If you have travelled much in the West and have slept in small town hotels, you have heard the sound of the American Invasion—the sound of the farm wagons laden with household effects, with tired horses and sleepy drivers, arrive in the town to rest on their way to the new farms they have chosen instead of the old farms south of the boundary. Sometimes these wagons, conveying the effects of the ex-American settler, travel in long processions, sometimes singly.



THE OLD RED RIVER CART.

This picture recalls the brave men who first had faith enough to settle in the Northwest. Men who went there some years ago "with thirteen cents" in their pockets are now wealthy men, leading citizens and fathers of contented families.



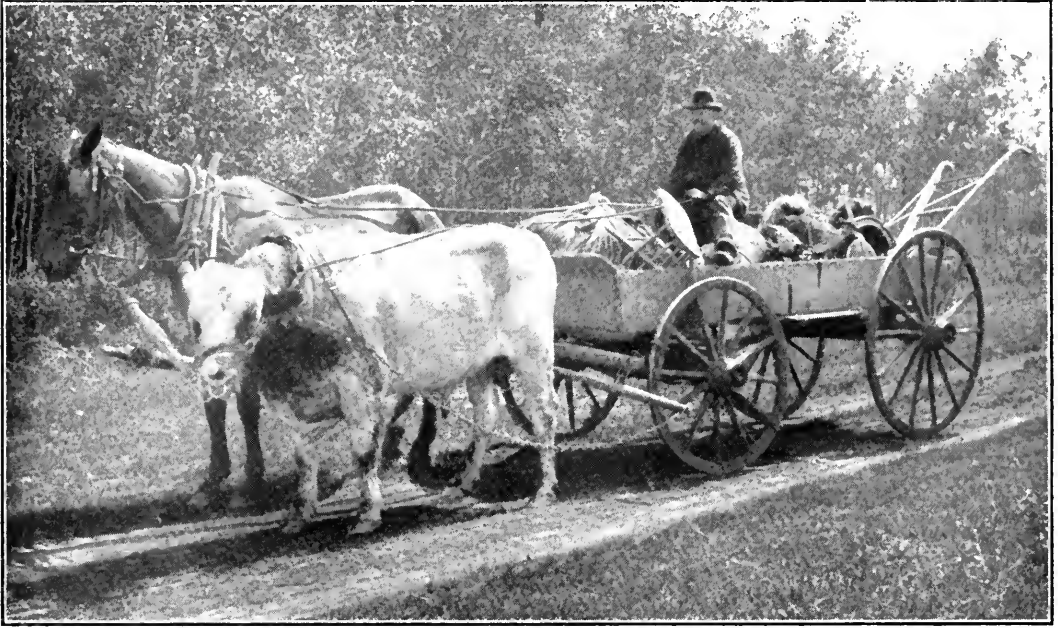
THERE ARE NO SIGN POSTS ON PRAIRIE ROADS.

The way to their new farms may be uncharted, and touched by no known trail. From town to town the wagons travel across the boundary, and up towards the north where nobody ever ventures but the Indian, the explorer and "Stripes," the mounted policeman. How they finally find their way—only the immigration authorities know. In some places the prairie is like the sea where one cannot mark one locality from another without "taking the stars" and the sun.



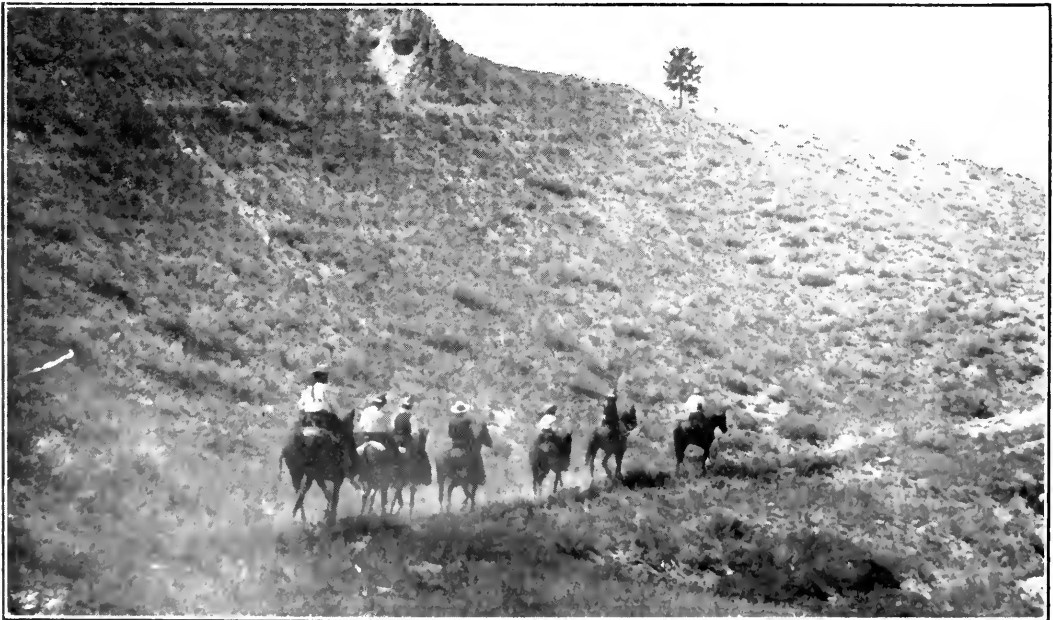
—AND THE MODERN PRAIRIE SCHOONER

These are part of the everyday life of some towns,—weird processions of wagons and cows and horses, with men, women, and children gathered inside the great wagons, probably sleeping.



THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

and an original solution for it is sometimes found in the West.



THE ROMANTIC METHOD

in the eyes of the Easterners is to travel on horse-back.



CROSSING A WESTERN RIVER

with the equipment for a homestead lying on the other side.



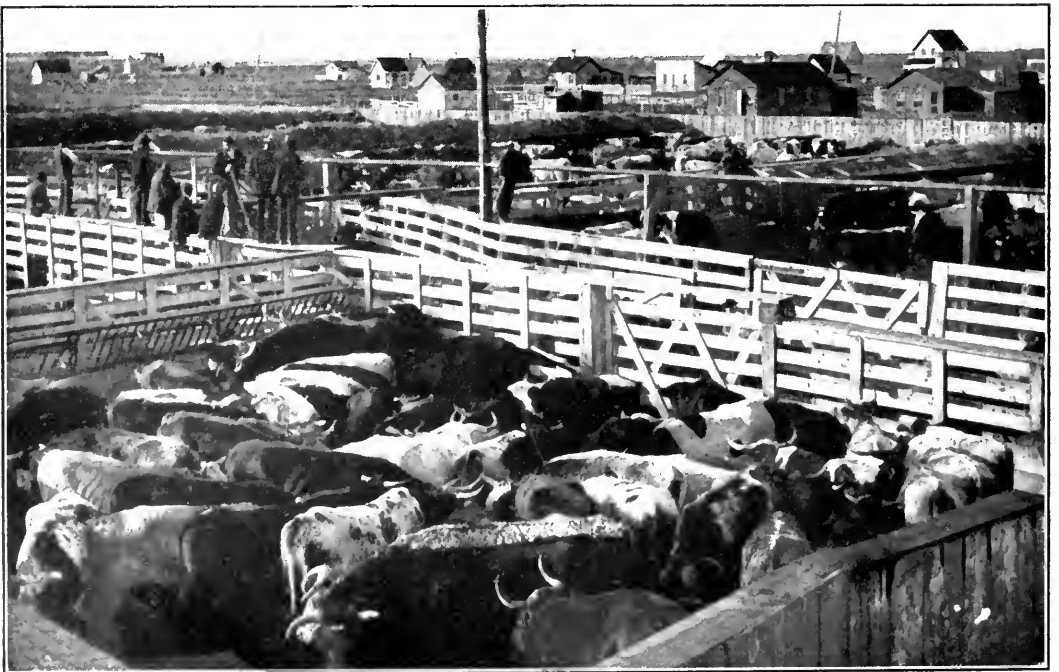
"MOVING" ON THE PRAIRIE.

Observe the team of horses and the team of oxen—and the calves as outriders.



WESTERN OCCUPATIONS.

Branding "doggies" and "broncho-busting" are the least prosaic features of the range business in the West, although the herding and shipping of the grown cattle is no small matter.

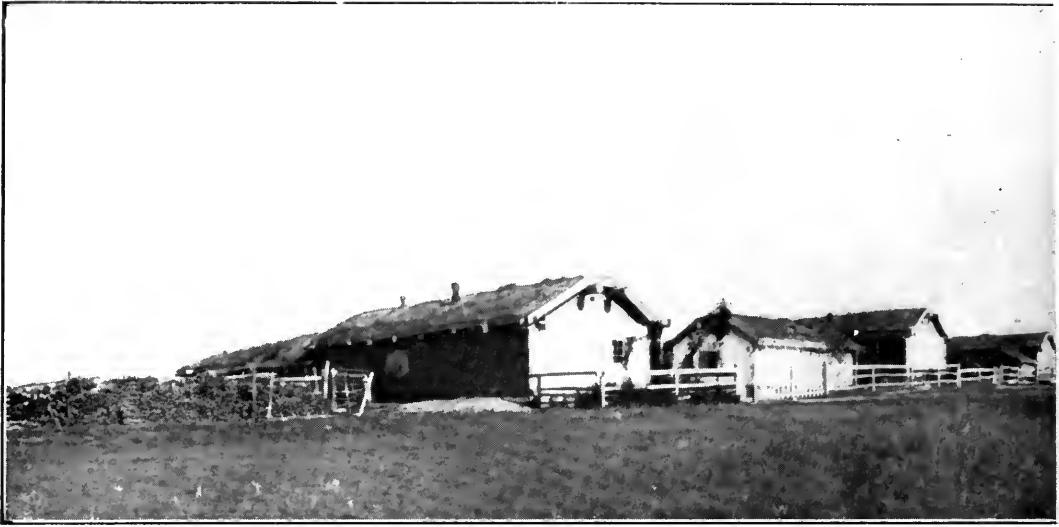




—AND EXCEPTIONAL CASES.

Women do not work in the fields generally, although the newly arrived immigrants' wives sometimes make an exception as in the above pictures. Neither is all plowing done with oren.





A TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR VILLAGE.

It is sometimes said that the West is not as interesting as the East is monotonous, but if one looks for the beauty of the plains it is to find the long, low sweep of prairie flung out against the horizon with simple dwellings in a peaceful village lying out under the high



WHERE THE PRAIRIE ENDS AND MOUNTAINS BEGIN.

A typical Western mining town's main street.



AGAINST THE LONG, LOW HORIZON.

East, or the Pacific Coast country. Easterners say that the prairie be found. There is a wonderful charm even in this picture, show-before, behind and to the left and right; and in the low-roofed, Western sky.



A WESTERN HOMESTEAD.

The prospect is not, it is true, very cheerful, but it is only the beginning of greater things.

points to another, and this time a personal uniqueness.

The people of the West are the chiefest of its outward differences. They are more varied than the climates, more picturesque than the mountains. Nowhere else in all the world can be found such an assortment of human beings, such differentiations of the human element. It would seem that the country fastened upon even its first inhabitants some of its own characteristic divergences, for the Indians and Eskimos of the West and Western North are different from their kinsmen in the East. The pioneer white men who came next developed, in a peculiar and very marked degree, the brand of the West. And in these latter days, human nature in all its shades and lights has been poured into and spread over the four provinces until its very mixedness makes it different from any other aggregate of human nature in the world.

The "tramp of the incoming multitudes" is not poetry alone. There is fact for it. Nor is this movement of people merely a stage in the process of land settlement: it is a chapter in world history and a study in world psychology. Can you explain it—the drawing, the gripping, the tearing-up, the moving, the settling-down, the new living? To know the real inside workings of even the average immigrant mind, before and after, would be as entertaining as a day with Dickens and as instructive as a course in sociology.

It is saying a little too much to say, as has been said, that forty different languages may be heard in the course of a walk on the streets of Winnipeg. Such an achievement, at least, would require very good walking and very sharp hearing. But it would be quite within the fact to say that at one point and another throughout the city, in open and in secret, forty or more different tongues are spoken in the course of a day. The Englishness of Winnipeg is still predominant, but it has its Babel, as has every other city in the West. The whole West, indeed, is a Babel.

The lay of the land, the feel of the air, and the look of the people are outward differences. They are the distinctions seen or felt, but they are, after all, only the occasions of other and more vital differences below the surface. There is an in-

termediary difference, however, that is partly outward and partly inward, bridging between the two. It is the West's business.

Business in the West is growing visibly. The wonderful development of trade and commerce is apparent even to those to whom the human interest of the immigration movement does not appeal. It is a great game, and bold moves are being made by the men who are playing it. What makes it different from the business game in the East is its twin support; the two natural conditions of land and wheat. The hunger for land and the hunger for bread are admirable business feeders, and from these two universal appetites has grown an extensive commerce, which the West is peculiarly fitted to carry because it is laid off so generously and mixed so richly. Other enterprises, great and small, have clustered around these parent enterprises; they are of much the same ilk as elsewhere, but land and wheat are the West's distinctive stock-in-trade.

These combined agencies at work, then, produce the life of the West, which is the really significant differentiation. Their interchanges and co-relations are a veritable maze, difficult enough to follow in the process but more plainly discernible in the result. "The life of the West" means more than is covered by the external conditions of land, weather, people, and work. It is the native quality of the people acted upon and re-molded by the influences of land, weather, work, and neighbors, that gives us the spirit of the West, which means the spirit of the Western people. This is the real West, and if one can get at it he will find it to be the real difference of the West. It cannot be found by superficial looking. Fair judgment of Western life and spirit requires experience of it.

It is a large life. The bigness of the country, the wideness of the sky, the greatness of the work, impel the Westerner to larger thoughts and bolder habits. Men who came to the West ten or twenty years ago made much of its 'freedom' and the absence of petty restrictions; but as time goes on the general freedom is rightly being narrowed by the demands of society. Still, there is a freshness in the air and the life that convention has not yet spoiled, and it helps to emphasize the

largeness of things. He is a poor Westerner who does not realize in some measure the magnitude of the task involved in the opening up of the country and the assimilation of its many peoples; and the knowledge that this work is going on around him gives to his own work, consciously or not, a new importance and a larger interest. There is not so much of this sense of largeness in the Eastern provinces, whose history is more nearly made and whose skylines are closer set.

The West is democratic, as a natural result of its freedom. There is a disposition to give every man a chance, and frequently a second chance. If he makes good, his place is assured; if not, he goes out. Men have come to the West with bad pasts and, finding this willingness to give them a trial, have been put on their mettle and have made good. Social lines are not so closely or tightly drawn. A man's a man. And still there are conventions and artificialities; in time the West will very likely lose some of its democracy.

It is a busy life in the West. The amount of work to be done is tremendous, and much of it urgent. Seemingly things are never finished. Twenty hours of summer daylight do not find us any better caught up than in ten hours in the winter. "So much to do" is everyone's cheerful complaint. Leisure is a dream which many have forgotten and which some could not now enjoy were it to be had. There is no explanation for it but that there is more to be done than in the East, for everywhere, and in all walks of life, one hears the same; not enough time, no time at all. The West is very busy, and genuinely so. It takes too much time to make-believe.

Let it not be thought that this is an unpleasant condition. We of the West rather like it. To be sure, it would be delightful if a greater amount of leisure were possible, but the period of leisure is coming some day, just as the period of culture is already at hand. Meanwhile there is a great satisfaction in doing things, and they who grumble a little at bed-time waken the next morning as willing as ever to go at it again. The West begins the day's work a little later, perhaps, than the East, but it works longer and more strenuously.

Life of this kind begets nerves, of course. The West is nervous. The busyness of the people is one contributing factor to this, and another is an outward condition; the dryness and keenness of the air. The men and women who are doing things in the West are living at high pressure, and it is not to be wondered at that break-downs come now and then. Yet the breaks are surprisingly few, after all. The zest of the life itself and the tonic of the wide spaces and the open skies keep the workers nerved and braced. A good many of them have found the secret of the second wind. The work of the West is done with a great outlay of nervous energy, and the life is electric, but a type of men is being developed that will be capable of unusual effort. It is too early yet to say just what the permanent Western type will be, but as now making it will at least be energetic, high-strung, and big-hearted. Here is where nature and man work together: the same natural conditions that make human energy necessary make it possible.

The West is markedly different by reason of its prevailing optimism. Its people are incurably hopeful and consistently confident. Nothing will make them doubt the future of their country or of its possibilities. This unflinching assurance was very well characterized by a visitor from the East who said that "the West was not so much a place as a state of mind, of enthusiasm, of hope, of optimistic spirit that could not be quenched." And, indeed, it is no place for the man who cannot command a supply of enthusiasm. Some such have come, but they have gone again, for the West is not congenial, in spirit or atmosphere, to the misanthropes. Its hopefulness may seem at times to be unreasoning and unfounded. Be it said, however, that thus far there seems to be justification for any degree of intelligent optimism. Men who refuse to be stampeded by occasional alarms come out safely in the end. Even during the temporary depressions, when money has been among the unattainables, there has been very little sacrificing of property interests. Landholders have shown their faith in the country in season and out of season, and their persistence has been contagious.

Mistakes have been made, and failures have followed, but it is fairly safe to say

that they have not been the fault of the West. Everybody knows that he is in a growing country, where things are sure to get better and bigger as time goes on; and this fact alone serves to keep up the spirits to the optimistic point. It makes men venturesome and aggressive. The Easterner wants to see before he leaps; but the Westerner leaps whether he sees or not, believing that he will strike safely somewhere. And usually he does. The conservative Easterner is more frequently trapped and gold-bricked than is the venturesome Westerner. Optimism that dares is reasonably safe, and that of the West is the bold, daring optimism of vigorous youth.

Youth has its disadvantages, however, and to it are chiefly due the weak points in the life of the West; for it will not do to paint that life in uniformly rosy colors. The West lacks certain desirable qualities because of its newness. The very fact that it is new means that it lacks that charm of the past in which old Quebec, for instance, is so rich. Storied associations do not linger about our Western cities as they do about the cities of the East, and our country villages have none of that delightful tradition out of which novels and poems are made. It would be refreshing at times to see something mossy, but instead one sees things new and crude. Newness has an interest, an expectancy, a hopefulness, but it not often has beauty, and, treasonable though it may be, one tires now and then of the glaring new and longs for the refreshing old.

The West has always believed in education. It believes in culture, too, but is only beginning to find time for it. There is an over-emphasis upon material interests. Getting and gaining are much with us, and many do not hesitate to proclaim their get-rich-quick philosophy. Yet this is probably nothing more or less than a weakness of youth. And even so, the idealist is side by side with the trafficker, and his influence is being felt, if his voice is sometimes not being heard. Vice is more open, but no deeper, than in the East. Law is respected.

At times the West is somewhat boastful. Its pride cannot always be repressed. But is not boastfulness a failing of youth? And is it not a good-natured failing, at

that? Our boasting is of large and generous kind, characteristic, and spicy. The railway conductor who kept a brakeman on the rear platform to name the new towns that sprang up as the train went past had the enthusiasm of a good Western booster and the spirit of a good Western citizen.

The very fact of its plastic condition explains the West's greatest opportunities—the opportunity for personality. The man who has personality can make himself felt in a new and growing community far more greatly and effectively than in a community whose life is already set and whose society has permanently formed. Never in Canada's history were there such opportunities, not merely for the man of business as such, but for the man of character who has it in him to make an impress upon the new national life now in evolution.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that the West is different both outwardly and inwardly, and despite the points of resemblance. Such differences as are due to the country's youth will be lessened as time goes on, and the years will bring with them a levelling between West and East. Costs of living, social conditions, and conventions, political sentiments, and business methods are all approximating. Moreover, there are exceptions to the differences. Not all Westerners are living a large life: some are as small and mean as the proverbial village gossip in the East. Not all Westerners are busy: some are loafers. Not all Westerners are hopeful; some are discouraged and disappointed. The West is not all new: parts of it have a history; it is not all rich: there are extremes of luxury and penury; it is not all of any one kind or another, for nature and human nature always vary.

But with all due allowances and exceptions, there is a something left over which constitutes the difference of the West. Its life, its spirit, is different. It gives and takes, makes and is itself made, until a Western type, distinct and unique, is produced from its refining-pot. The influences toward this result are many, intricate, and elusive, and it does not yet clearly appear what the final issue will be; but the process is fascinating. And when all is said and done, the West will still be different.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Kitchener in Egypt

WE reprint herewith an article dealing with Egypt, written by "W." in the *Contemporary Review*. If the writing is not brilliant, the facts are valuable. Canadians who pretend to talk of their share in the British Empire, cannot go far astray in reading so interesting an article on England's (and the Imperialists would say "Our") task in Egypt. Lord Kitchener is the new pro-consul. His appointment is the *raison d'être* for the article.

The death of Sir Eldon Gorst at the early age of fifty has led to the appointment of Britain's third Pro-Consul in Egypt, and a new epoch is about to begin on the banks of the Nile. There is every prospect that the Anglo-Egyptian administration, like a machine that is somewhat out of order, will be rapidly overhauled, cleaned, and set to work once more at an accelerated pace. There is not very much the matter with the machine, and there is every likelihood that the new Agent will quickly be able to set it running as it never run before.

The good sense of the Home Government in appointing Lord Kitchener to the vacant office is highly to be commended. His prestige in Egypt is enormous. In the opinion of the natives he is an embodiment of stern justice and kindly sympathy. He represents the military power of England; and he is hailed by the natives as the creator of the Egyptian army, the conqueror of the Dervishes and of the Boers, and as the Command-

er-in-Chief of all the British forces. Many of the Arabic papers are rejoiced at the appointment. Al-Ahram, for example, writes: "If we are to be ruled, let us be ruled by a manly man. Lord Kitchener's appointment should be welcomed, since he is so well known to us. His justice in the army is proverbial, and Egypt is hungry for justice."

Lord Kitchener's reputation will alone overcome the majority of the difficulties which beset the diplomatic path in Egypt. He will not be subjected to the insults of the native press so freely as was Sir Eldon Gorst; for, whereas a diplomat with what sometimes appeared to be democratic tendencies cannot be expected to retaliate, a mighty soldier whose word seems to be law to Britain's world-encircling armies, is not a person to be trifled with. His appearance at any Government office will set the knees of every dishonest clerk knocking together, whereas that of Sir Eldon Gorst merely aroused a soapy interest. And the General Assembly or Councils of Ministers will, at the outset, pay the respect to Lord Kitchener which they were only beginning to show to Sir Eldon after four hard years. The task of governing Egypt, which, thanks to the events of these last years, would now be a simple one to any strong man with a reputation, will be for Lord Kitchener a sympathetic and interesting labor, giving him time to study the great problems of the Mediterranean and to raise British military prestige from the Bosphorus to Fez. It

has been rumored for a long time that Lord Kitchener was anxious to be Britain's representative either in Cairo or at Constantinople, as he is of opinion that the Mediterranean will be the centre of the next great outbreak of hostilities; but there is no reason to suppose that he will make Egypt but a pawn in a greater game, or that he will not give his best attention to the interesting problem of governing the Nile Valley to the satisfaction both of Imperialists and of Radicals.

We have lately heard a good deal about the "muddle" in Egypt; we have listened to the numerous complaints of dissatisfied officials; and we have been told that the country is gone to the deuce. Now, actually, there is no real muddle. There are numerous things which are wrong and out of order, sufficient, in fact, to have given Mr. Roosevelt some justification for his remarks at the Guildhall; there are a great many Departmental hitches and obstructions; and there are several large matters which are encumbering and frustrating the Government as a whole, as, for example, the question of the Capitulations. But the situation is not confused; the forward movement of the country is merely hampered by the ill-working of the machine, and matters can be set to rights with comparative ease. The new Agent may approach his work, therefore, with little of that nerve-straining anxiety, and even perplexity, which must have been felt by Sir Eldon Gorst when he entered into office in 1907.

At that time the situation was extremely grave. The retirement of Lord Cromer was mainly induced by the fact that he did not consider his health good enough to stand the strain of so serious a crisis as that which had to be faced. He must have felt that there was some likelihood of his grip being somewhat relaxed as his physical strength gave way. He was pressed on all sides by a hundred anxieties, and he realized that his enemies were taking courage from the belief that he was past his prime. It was the crowning merit of his great career in Egypt that he was willing to hand the command over to a younger man at the moment when he felt himself not in proper fighting condition to meet the emergencies of the time.

The tragedy of Denishwai in 1906 was still in the forefront of men's minds. Bri-

tish officers in uniform had been attacked, and one of them had succumbed, within a few miles of their camp; and, apart from all other considerations, this outrage was to be interpreted as meaning that the very symbols and insignia of British authority were despised and disregarded. The misunderstanding with Turkey in connection with the Sinaitic frontier had caused a more than usually excited outburst of anti-British feeling; and, had there been war, it is possible that the Egyptian army would have mutinied. Rumors of forthcoming massacres of Christians were frequent; and, more than once, the date was fixed for a general slaughter. Both in 1906 and 1907 a rising, directed against the English, was confidently expected; and there was one well-remembered night in Cairo when a total absence of British officers from the clubs and places of amusement revealed the fact that they were all under arms at their posts. Massacre was openly preached in the villages throughout the country; and many Europeans were subjected to insult.

The Nationalists, that is to say those Egyptians who wished to terminate the British Occupation and to introduce self-government, were at this time an extremely powerful party; and the Khedive, perhaps chagrined at the attitude of the Agency towards him, was not inclined to be ill-disposed to the movement. The Russo-Japanese war had supplied a powerful stimulus to Oriental aspirations, and the Egyptians were of opinion that they, too, could rise with easy rapidity to the level of a first-class Power. The financial crisis, in which a large number of Europeans and Egyptians had lost enormous sums of money, had paralyzed the Bourse. The nerves of the whole country were on edge.

Sir Vincent Corbet, the Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, had sent in his resignation, and there was much confusion in that Ministry. Sir William Garstin, the indefatigable Adviser to the Ministry of Public Works, was about to resign. Major Machell, the Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior, had also to be replaced; and Sir Horace Pinching had acquainted the Government of his intended departure. Sir Elwin Palmer, one of the leading financial authorities in Egypt, had died in the previous

year; and the health of Mustafa Pasha Fehmy, the trustworthy old Egyptian Prime Minister, did not permit him to retain office. The appointment of so many new officials to the important vacancies added very considerably to the difficulties of a situation already almost desperate; and, as though purposely to increase the troubles of the new Agent, a number of ill-advised members of Parliament preached open rebellion to the Egyptian hotheads.

No sooner was Lord Cromer's back turned than the vernacular Press attacked the Occupation with vicious energy. His strong hand being removed, the reaction set in; and the native journalists revelled in a demoniacal fantasy of abuse. Lord Cromer was accused of all the crimes in the calendar; and it was publicly recorded that he had left the country bearing with him many millions of pounds stolen from the Egyptian treasury. The Nationalists freely stated, and seemed actually to believe, that his resignation had been brought about by their triumphant policy, and that the Home Government had required his removal, owing to his stern treatment of the Denishwai ruffians. British prestige suffered a very palpable fall, and it was thought that the days of self-government were imminent.

On these tempestuous scenes Sir Eldon Gorst arrived, without pomp or ceremony. He was a small, ill-dressed, spectacled man of some forty-six years, with a determined, but not distinguished, bearing. It was already known, and soon observed again, that he disliked notoriety. He walked on foot through the streets of Cairo, jostled by the natives; or, bare-headed and sometimes collarless, he rode his pony amidst the noisy traffic. At times he drove his own small motor-car; and, in the absence of a chauffeur, shouted to the pedestrians in the vernacular to warn them from his path. He expressed the greatest irritability when, on his official tours, the native notables presented him with the customary bouquets of flowers; and the usual mounted policemen who were despatched by the local governors to ride behind him were sent about their business with a sharpness that was absolutely inexplicable to them. Before he left Egypt for the last time, he had schooled himself to bear with these distressing attributes of Oriental power in

a much more liberal manner; but on his arrival in 1907 he either bewildered or offended both natives and Europeans by his apparent imitation of the manners and customs of that most democratic and most despised frequenter of the Nile — the Cook's tourist.

This is the more remarkable because in his public utterances he had declared himself desirous of seeing more intimacy between the native point of view and that of the resident Englishman. It was his wish, to some extent, to do in Egypt as the Egyptians do, to sympathize with their prejudices, and to give no unnecessary offence to their susceptibilities. Yet, ignoring the very essential need of discreet ostentation in the East, he held doggedly to an almost pretentious modesty and self-effacement which was as little understood in Cairo as it would have been little noticed or questioned in London. He knew Egypt very well, having spent many years in the service of the Egyptian Government; and his manners in this respect are to be attributed rather to a want of consideration for public opinion with reference to himself than to ignorance of native custom.

Sir Eldon Gorst came to Egypt in 1886: at the age of twenty-five, as Secretary at the British Agency. In 1890 he was made Controller of Direct Revenue; in 1892 he was appointed Under Secretary of State for Finance; and in 1894 he became Adviser to the Ministry of the Interior at the early age of thirty-three. In 1898 he was made Financial Adviser, this being the most important position in the Egyptian Government open to Englishmen. In all these offices Sir Eldon had shown remarkable abilities, and he was considered by Lord Cromer to be "endowed with a singular degree of tact and intelligence." It was therefore no surprise when, after his sudden and mysterious departure from Egypt in 1903, and the subsequent announcement of the "entente cordiale" with France, it leaked out that Sir Eldon had been entrusted with a large part of the diplomatic negotiations between France and England in regard to Egypt, and that the amazing success of the arbitration had been largely due to his dexterous handling of the matters in dispute. In 1904 Sir Eldon received an appointment at the Foreign Office, but resigned this to become

Lord Cromer's successor at Cairo on May 7th, 1907.

Such was the rapid and eminent career of the man who now sat in the great house at Kasr el Doubara, staring enigmatically through his large spectacles, while the political storms gathered and broke around him. All eyes were turned upon him for some sign of his policy, and it was not long before indications were given of the direction in which he intended to move. For some time the relations between the Khedive and the British Agent had been strained, and Sir Eldon Gorst made it his first concern to institute more friendly feelings. This he did with such marked success that his Highness was soon completely won over by the careful deference paid to his rank, and by the cordial attitude adopted toward his person. "Whatever good work may have been done in the past year," Sir Eldon was able to say in his first annual report, "is due to the hearty co-operation of the Khedive and his Ministers, working harmoniously and loyally with the British officials in the service of the Egyptian Government."

It is difficult to decide whether Sir Eldon fully realized at the time what the result of this *entente* would be; but, since the effect was so immediate, it would seem that he was not acting solely from a sense of duty to his Highness, though, no doubt, his actions to some extent were the outcome of a genuine sympathy for the awkwardly situated Prince. No sooner had the Khedive laid aside his differences with the Agency than the Nationalists turned upon him, accusing him of disloyalty to his country, and threatened to dethrone him. It must have been with profound satisfaction that Sir Eldon watched this break between the Khedive and the Nationalists. The latter party had suffered a severe blow by the death of their leader, Mustafa Kamel Pasha, and now many internal quarrels occurred which hastened their fall. With the Khedive and all Egyptians who were loyal either to him or to the Occupation against them, their power could not be retained, and very soon their political redoubtability was reduced to an irritating, but not very dangerous, agitation.

In his first year of office Sir Eldon Gorst took another important step towards the

overthrow of militant Nationalism. The vast majority of Egyptians are Mohammedans; and as the Occupation, against which the so-called "patriotic" movement is directed, is Christian, it became a political necessity for the Nationalists to use this religious difference as one of the main planks of their platform. While the leaders wished to convey to Europe the impression that they were too highly educated to be fanatical, they were constantly using the inherent Mohammedan enthusiasm as a means of arousing the nation. Now, a large number of educated Egyptians are Copts, *i.e.*, Christians; and the Nationalist party had, therefore, to decide whether, on the one hand, they would eliminate the religious aspect of their movement and incorporate the Coptic "patriots" with themselves, or whether, on the other hand, they should retain the important asset of religious fervor, and should dispense with the service of this not inconsiderable minority of native Christians. They were still undecided, and there was a chance that the two religious factions would unite, when the new British Agent suddenly appointed Boutros Pasha Ghali, a venerable Copt, to the office of Prime Minister, made vacant by the retirement of Mustafa Pasha Fehmy.

Again, it is not easy to say whether the probable results of this action had been carefully considered, or whether Boutros Pasha was appointed simply because he happened to be one of the most capable men available. The effect was immediate. The Mohammedan Nationalists, insulted at the exaltation of the Copts, turned against their Christian colleagues, and a breach was effected which it will take years to close. Soon the two factions were at one another's throats, and at last Boutros Pasha paid for his elevation with his life, being assassinated by a Mohammedan Nationalist named Wardani in February, 1910. Sir Eldon Gorst, who had been watching the fight with a somewhat sardonic smile, is said to have been profoundly moved by the tragedy; and he certainly saw to it that the murderer suffered the death penalty, in spite of the most carefully organized propaganda in his favor. Sir Eldon was at his best when, as on this occasion, he fought the enemies of law and order by means of the ordinary

legal procedure of the country, imposing his will on magistrates and judges who, by reason of the methods employed, were empowered to resist him with impunity. The Nationalist leaders had sworn that Wardani should not hang, and when the black flag went up over the prison, it marked the turning point in their attitude to the Agency; for an Egyptian always knows when he is beaten.

The Copts, abandoning the Nationalist movement, now turned to the Occupation for support; and, deeming that this moment of British indignation against the assassin and his party was favorable for the redressing of certain wrongs under which they believed themselves to be laboring, they looked to Sir Eldon Gorst for encouragement. They received none. Sir Eldon, quite correctly, considered that their complaints were groundless, and he took the opportunity to tell them so with some sharpness, thereby estranging them from the Occupation as effectively as they were already estranged from the Nationalists.

Thus Egypt, which had presented a fairly united front in 1907, is now divided into four distinct factions: the Occupation and its supporters; the Khedive and his loyal adherents, whose fraternizing with the British is rather superficial; the Copts; and the Nationalists, who themselves are much divided. For the first time for many years the task of governing the country is made simple, and internal dissensions have caused a set-back to Egyptian aspirations from which it will take many years for the nation to recover. In 1907 Sir Eldon Gorst found the British Agency besieged by an earnest crowd, all shouting for autonomy; in 1911 he left the Agency disencumbered, and calmly watching that crowd fighting with itself. But whether we have to see in these events the intervention of an unscrupulous Fortune, or whether we must ascribe each movement to the Machiavellian cunning of the British Agent, is a question which will now never be answered. Even the diplomatic Secretaries in Cairo are totally undecided upon this matter, for Sir Eldon kept his policy to himself. One prefers to think that he was not entirely respons-

ible for these dissensions and squabbles, for it is a form of cock-fighting which does not commend itself to British sentiments. Sir Eldon Gorst was not, like Lord Cromer, a born ruler in every sense of the word; but he was amazingly clever. He was extremely anxious to benefit Egypt, and in certain minor matters he was almost ruthless in clearing obstructions from the path of what he considered his duty.

A marked difference between the rule of Sir Eldon Gorst and Lord Kitchener will probably be apparent from the outset. Lord Kitchener, by the power of his great name, and by the awe in which it is held in Egypt, will be able to keep the country quiet without exertion; whereas—and this ought to be thoroughly understood—Sir Eldon, having at first no particular reputation amongst the natives, had no great chance in four brief years to make himself felt; and, as has been said, it was only in 1910 and 1911 that the strength of his arm was beginning to be acknowledged. Had he been spared for a few years longer, the clearer political atmosphere, brought about to a large extent by his acuteness, would at last have given him the opportunity, of which Lord Kitchener now reaps the benefit, of overhauling the machine of Government, and setting it working smoothly once more. The hand of Death has removed him at the moment when he was beginning to launch out, secure in his knowledge of the difficulties and pitfalls, and confident of the ultimate success of that line of policy from which, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, he had not once deviated.

The two great questions which Lord Kitchener's *regime* will have to answer are, firstly: Is it possible to make the machine of Government work properly, as it must certainly be made to work at all costs, while native Ministers and officials take a large part in the administration?; and, secondly: Can we prevent "unrest" in Egypt at the same time that we give Egyptians sufficient scope to develop their administrative abilities? It is probable that the answer will still prove to be in the affirmative, as in the palmy days of Lord Cromer's rule.

Edison's Opinion of Industrial Germany

EDISON, the inventor, gives in the *New York World* a very interesting criticism of industrial Germany. It is worth while reading coming from so great an authority. At the same time his views have not caused MacLean's Magazine to change its opinion formed some years ago that Germany was the most advanced nation in the world to-day. There are some things in Germany with which we do not agree, but there are so many good things in German life and conditions that it would be profitable for the British nation to copy.

Europe sends me home even more in love with our own land.

Industrial Hamburg greatly interested me, but there as elsewhere in Germany, the new buildings are distressingly ugly.

There is something wrong with the German aesthetic lobe. They feed their brains too much on beer, and the result is beer architecture. The only dignified buildings I have seen are copies of the Greek and Roman. In architecture, as in all else, the Germans lack proper initiative. They are good adapters, that's all.

I was surprised in going through miles of factories in Berlin to see so little new; American machinery was everywhere. Another thing that handicaps German progress is their over-economy. They grudge spending money, and if a new machine comes out the German will not buy it until he has used up the old one.

Where American intelligence comes in is in the willingness to spend money when necessary. There is no short-sighted penny-saving among our business men.

One hears great talk about the high

standard of business in Germany. Yet at luncheon the other day with German financiers they admitted there is no comparison between the English business standards and their own.

'The Englishman's is the highest standard of integrity in the world,' I was told. 'Our German aristocrats are entering largely into business now to get rich quick and they don't care how it's done. Their methods have affected business ideals generally.'

It is my own opinion that the English are the highest type physically and mentally over here. I do not believe in the talked-of industrial world-dominance of Germany.

Just wait until our American markets get filled up and we are forced to flood Europe with our drummers. They will show the Germans what push is.

Germany has interested me because of the changes since I was there before, but we have nothing to learn from her and she has much to learn from us.

Our ways will never be Europe's ways. The civilizations are too radically different; one has to understand that in passing judgment. The trouble is that stay-at-home critics are without proper knowledge.

Every American business man ought to take a summer off and go over there. It would do him good; it has done me lots of good. But the only way to see Europe is to motor about and off the beaten tracks. A day so passed gives you more of an insight into the real life of Europe than a week on a train.

How an Old Man Saved the Business

IT is so often said that to-day is the day of the young man, and that old men are not wanted in the business world, that to read the following article in *The Organizer* is refreshing. The story too often is: "How a Young Man Saved the Business." We are glad to read the reverse.

I had retired from business, begins the article, and was devoting my time to my favorite hobby of gardening, when one day I received a hasty summons from a friend of mine who wished to consult me on a matter of vital importance. I had known him for many a year, and was well acquainted with his business affairs.

He had been chairman of the undertaking in question for some years, and had been instrumental in raising the company from obscurity to unthought-of prosperity. Then followed a time of trouble, until one day the executive awoke to the fact that the colossus they were governing had become unwieldy, that the reins of management were slipping out of their hands, and that disaster must follow unless drastic measures were speedily adopted.

My friend was quick to let me know the state of things. "Look here," he said, "there is something fundamentally wrong with us, and I cannot fathom it for the life of me. We are a hard-working lot of men, all of us successful in other spheres of business. This is not a board of puppets, but an honest lot of business men, who give their time and energy stintless, and yet we are making no headway. You and I have been friends for many years, and I want your help to put the business right."

I listened to him patiently for some time, and soon realized that the threatening clouds on the horizon of his company concerned my friend's own welfare deeply, and that he keenly felt his hitherto unchallenged reputation in the city at stake. To me, the outsider, it soon lay clear where the fault had been, and yet these men, whose life-business it was to guide the trust imposed upon them, were facing a stone wall they could neither climb nor break.

I was soon induced to abandon my flowers for another year of city strife. But on one point I was firm. Absolute dictatorship for internal organization did I demand for one year, and never placed man a more implicit confidence in me than did my friend on that eventful day.

Next morning found me in a chair, established at the company's office, for all the world as comfortably as if I had been there many years of my life. That month I did nothing but read and study the letters, agreements and other papers. I walked through the offices, chatting here and there; and, as I was nobody's master, I made many friends.

Not long after I visited some of the branch establishments. Not all of them, for there was no need to do so. I soon found my predilected opinion confirmed.

A short time spent in the factories completed the course of the investigation, and then it was that I sat down to real, honest business.

"The truth is, you have been trying to do too much," I ventured to tell the directors at a meeting of the board. "You have taken on your own shoulders the thousand responsibilities that would have better been borne by the rising young men in your employ. You have tried to direct the doings of hundreds of men from this table, yet most of them were capable of going their own way had they been given the chance. You have put blinkers over their eyes and directed them as one leads a horse, making of them unwilling workers. And yet you ought to have put them on the track, as one does a well-bred dog, eager to perform its allotted task and free to choose its own way, as long as the proper end is served.

"What I propose is to make small units of your force, to sub-divide the huge concern, to make responsible heads of those employes who have brains and honesty enough to be trusted. Let me use the following metaphor. You have a large field to till, many acres larger than one board of men can ever hope to overlook properly. You have tried to control the tilling and sowing and reaping from your point of vantage, but you forgot that climate and weather are very different on hilly ground from what they are down in the valley. What you ought to do is this: Give every man a piece of ground. Make it his own, and let him dig and sow and reap to his heart's content; and when he has reaped, make him give his tithe, and if there be no harvest, tide him over the winter into the next year. It is your land he digs, but let him think it is his own.

"Divide the factories from the selling organization—the one has nothing to do with the other. Divide your home trade from your export business; and sub-divide the latter again in continental and overseas trade. A proper man, in the best sense of the word, is wanted for every one of these departments. The next step will be a further sub-division: Scotch trade from English, French from Belgian, South American from East Indian, and so on—they all require specialists, who know infinitely more about their market

than one central management can learn in a century.

"These sub-managers should be carefully chosen from the rank-and-file of your workers, and not from outside. Most of your departments will show profits; pay the man in charge well, give him a fair share of your profit, and promise him a better one if he beats his previous record. Do not, however, forget to keep such promise; breach of faith is the worst crime you can commit.

"If you should find any one department battling with unsurmountable difficulties, or, what comes to the same, with obstacles not worth conquering, then withdraw and leave the field to someone else better suited to battle with them."

My proposal was readily accepted, and I set to work without delay. The factories received my first attention. The company owned a number of works in different parts of the country. They were equipped on modern lines, well lighted, and in healthy surroundings far out in the open country, where ideal working conditions prevailed. I found the various men in charge enthusiastic believers in my scheme after I had outlined it, and they willingly co-operated with me. Each factory was made independent from all the others, and its total output would be sold to the selling organization at such a price as would represent material and labor plus working expenses. The latter were to include the cost of plant and tool repair, sinking fund for rebuilding, interest on capital involved, and, of course, all management charges of their own.

The next step was more difficult, since it involved practically the whole of the selling organization. The law was established that the factories should hold no stock, but that the selling departments would have to give their orders in advance to cover their possible requirements for a time ahead. This method prevented the accumulation of unsaleable stocks in the factories and brought regular output within easy reach.

The home organization was first taken in hand. A map of Great Britain was divided up by blue pencil lines, not so much according to counties, as to railway lines and suitable centres of distribution.

A head for this department was found in the person of an old traveler who had seen many years' service, and whom I felt to be better acquainted with the needs of the country than a man who had never set his foot outside the office. I first made three divisions—England, Scotland and Ireland, allowing for a further parting, as I should find suitable men for the vacant posts amongst our staff.

The following principle guided me in this. Trade in a certain territory soon reached a limit where it grew but slowly. If this territory, however, was divided, placing a man in charge of each section, he was set free to devote his energy much closer to his own little kingdom, and very often was the original limit beaten by the combined results of the two smaller units. I naturally avoided the mistake of taking ground away from a man and thereby throwing him back for years. If division took place new positions were found for younger men eagerly waiting to show their skill, and the former manager moved upwards.

For the continental trade I opened an office in London, the business of which was confined to appointing agents, instructing them, and helping them to develop their trade until it was sufficiently large to be transformed into a separate company. I employed ultimately many native clerks—the great difficulty in finding English linguists led to this.

The overseas markets presented no difficulties. The natural centre of all the shipping trade is the city of London, and there I started to build up my force. Branches were soon in existence in Liverpool, Glasgow, and even abroad in Hamburg, Amsterdam and Paris, each with its territory to look after.

I was thankful when the day arrived on which I could ask for relief from office, since the routine duty was not of my taste, and the burden of work was more than my advanced age warranted. My duties to my modest garden had been sadly neglected, but I hope to spend the remainder of my days in undisturbed peace, serene in the feeling that the great principle of "decentralization" has been the saving of at least one business concern.

How to Charge Advertising Expenses *

SHOULD advertising expenditures be charged as an investment or an expense? asks Elijah W. Sells, in the *Journal of Accountancy*. He goes on:

Advertising is as old as man and dates back to that time when the serpent in Eden advertised successfully to our common ancestress the peculiar beauties and merits of his fruit. However interesting it might be to trace the development of advertising from that date through the period when the Greeks and Romans employed street criers to advertise losses and sales, and pictures on walls to advertise gladiatorial contests and other public spectacles, down to 1704 when the Boston News Letter was established, which paper contained the first known newspaper advertisement in America; and the rapid growth of this form of advertisement from the establishment in the first half of the Nineteenth Century of important newspapers in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, down to the present time, when the annual output of publications containing advertising matter attains the enormous sum of thirty-five hundreds of millions for which it is estimated that hundreds of millions of dollars are paid; and to further trace the development of the profession of advertising from its inception as a science in 1840, by Palmer of Philadelphia, down to the comprehensive advertising organizations of to-day—it would hardly be appropriate or necessary in a paper dealing with the problem of the position which cost of advertising should occupy in the financial statements of a present day business.

It is not for a Public Accountant, or indeed anyone, to make the broad assertion on the one hand that Advertising is always an asset to be carried in the balance sheet of a business concern as an investment, or on the other hand that it is always an expense to be taken care of through current operations. It is necessary to know the facts and conditions under which the advertising was done, and the relation which those facts and conditions bear to the capital employed or to be employed.

Advertising has many of the characteristics of ordinary commodities of trade; it may be bought and sold and has a certain definite value aside from that of the material and physical labor of which it is composed and, according to its application, as is the case with any other commodity, may, with propriety, be carried as an investment in the balance sheet of a going concern. It differs, however, from other commodities in that the benefits to be derived are limited to the advertiser, and cannot be dissociated from the particular thing or business advertised and as such disposed of to another, in which respect it is identical with good will. And just as opinions and policies differ as to the extent to which good will, patents, and kindred things should be regarded as an investment, they differ as to advertising. But if it can be shown that a going concern has something of real value in its good name and good will, something that could be realized upon in any disposition of its business and upon which as an investment it is receiving satisfactory returns, there should be no objection to treating it as an investment, and the same argument holds true of advertising which, for the purpose of this illustration, is a component of good will.

A person, firm, or company, at the outset of an undertaking which has something to dispose of not previously known to the public, or for which superior merit may be claimed, should undertake to provide sufficient capital not only for plant and working materials but for advertising, in order adequately to bring to the attention of the public the merits of that which is to be disposed of. In such a case, the amount so provided and spent might with all propriety be considered as an investment and carried as such in the balance sheet, and in any disposition of the business would have a good will value depending upon the returns of the business. On the other hand, an old and established business, such, for instance, as a mutual assurance association, would not be justified in, or have any reason for, carrying as an investment the expenditures which it

*An Address before the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, Boston, August 2, 1911

might make for advertising, for, as such, it is not an asset which could be realized and distributed; it has no place as good will value to the association whose business could not be sold; it is not a thing for which new capital could be raised, and so it would not be practical to consider it as an investment.

Generally speaking, such advertising as may be done for the purpose of bringing some new business or branch of business, some new or improved article or articles to the attention of the public, which has a direct effect in creating or measurably increasing the good will of a business undertaking, may be considered as an investment in that there has been an appreciable increase in the amount of capital employed; such advertising as may be done to maintain a normal distribution or to keep the name and nature of a business before the public or for the purpose of calling attention to special temporary prices of articles, while having some effect upon the good will of the business, should not require further capital and should be provided for out of its current operations; in other words, should be considered as an expense.

Between the extremes, say of a newly started proprietary medicine business, the principal asset of which might be its advertising, and an old established mutual assurance association with no asset of that nature, would fall all the other undertakings which advertise, or depend in any degree upon publicity for the marketing of what they have to dispose of.

Given the purposes and conditions of the advertising and the general policy of the management of an undertaking in regard to such expenditures, its correct classification as an investment or an expense is not difficult to determine. But frequently it is difficult to ascertain the purpose, the conditions, and the policy upon which to determine the application, as between investment and expense, of the cost of advertising.

PUBLICITY OF FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF CORPORATIONS.

Recognizing, as any one must, who sees the daily papers and the current magazines and kindred publications, the strides that have been made in the science of advertising in latter years, and the success

of advertising agents in putting their matter in such form and through such mediums as to reach the greatest number of their possible consumers, and recognizing also the infinite and increasing variety of the things which apparently it is advantageous to advertise, I venture to suggest a *new field* of advertising, with a firm conviction that it will arrest attention. It is, I believe, a field which has not been entered in a systematic and scientific manner—I mean the proper and adequate advertising of the financial affairs of the corporations in which the public is interested, either directly as shareholder or indirectly through their influence upon general business conditions.

However meritorious the customary advertising may be, advertising the financial affairs of corporations is of far greater public importance, especially at this time when there is so much unjust agitation against corporate affairs; and advertising agents have a public duty in this connection that can and should be performed, the effects of which should be far reaching and of inestimable public benefit.

In my experience as a public accountant, I have had to do not only with the financial affairs of practically all kinds of corporations but also with those of the government, states, and municipalities, and have come in more or less intimate contact with many of the various officers and managers of all of them; and it is based upon this experience that I have formed my judgment that the managements of corporations are generally honest and, as compared with those of public affairs, more economical and efficient; that there is far more dishonesty among politicians and office holders than among corporation managers.

I also base upon this experience my opinion that full publicity of the affairs of corporations would be beneficial not only to the public but to the corporations themselves, as the actions and investigations brought about by the public uneasiness would be largely forestalled thereby. But to obtain these results, full publicity will be necessary and the public will have to be satisfied that the figures contained in the publications are accurate. Certificates of reputable Public Accountants to be made a part of such publications will undoubtedly have an influence in attaining this

end. In order that an advertising man may intelligently canvass this class of business, not only should he be able to impress the managements with the desirability of such publicity, but he should also have some knowledge of the form and the amount of detail which his public will require, and with anything *less* than which it will *not* be satisfied. That the affairs of a business organization are of no concern to anyone except those responsible for its creation and continuance is sound doctrine, and may be applied to small affairs without detriment; but in this country where corporations with large affairs have become the prey of politicians to such extent as seriously to retard progression because their financial affairs are not generally understood, these corporations are confronted with special conditions to meet or mitigate which they should forego certain of their rights of privacy, and I believe they would be willing to accept the counter-effect of publicity by making known to the public the condition of their affairs in such terms as cannot be misunderstood. This refers to corporations whose securities are quoted and dealt in and in whose affairs the public is concerned.

The proposition divides itself into two essential elements:

First: That dealing with capitalization which embraces all the fixed, liquid, floating, and current assets on the one hand and liabilities—both funded and current—on the other. In the preparation of this information, nothing should be hidden and all essential details should be given.

Second: That dealing with the operations which relate to earnings or sales. Beginning with the total amount of such earnings or sales fully classified, there should be shown successively the allowances thereon, the direct costs, consisting of labor, material, and incidental expenses, the general expenses, the fixed charges for taxes, interest, sinking funds, and finally the balance, if any available, and its application for extensions of the business, betterments, dividends, etc., and the remainder to be carried to the reserve, surplus, and profit and loss accounts.

These details need not, and indeed should not, disclose what are generally regarded as trade secrets—I mean by this, certain processes and trade affairs which from their nature should be kept secret

and not disclosed to competitors and others. There should be uniformity of publicity for businesses of a like character.

It is my opinion that the present day inertia of business is due more to the unwarranted agitation of the politicians against corporations than to any other one cause. If the affairs of all corporations were generally made known, the voting masses would not be misled by the unscrupulous attacks of politicians who use any and all means to attract votes. The daily press, magazines, and kindred publications are the natural mediums through which the knowledge of corporate affairs should reach the public.

The cost to the corporations of this publicity would be more than offset by the reduction in the expense of lobbying, defense against unjust legislation and blackmailing legislators; and moreover in some cases a part of the cost of such publicity could very properly be charged as an investment, while the cost of lobbying, defense against unjust legislation, and meeting the demands of blackmailing legislators must without question *all* be charged to expense.

Many corporations already issue printed annual reports, and some of them are published in the daily papers in abbreviated form. All corporations should issue full reports to their stockholders and should publish them generally for the enlightenment of the investing and voting public.

When a systematic campaign shall have been organized for this class of advertising, it will be the particular province of the advertising organizations to determine the character of the publications that these financial affairs should appear in, but I venture to suggest that if, in addition to reaching the investing public through the conservative press, they are also placed in the popular newspapers, and periodicals with the large circulations, they would be such plain contradictions of many of their articles attacking corporate affairs that they would have a salient influence in a fertile field, the voting public.

With no matter what skill advertising matter is prepared and with no matter how much judgment it is placed to reach the public, the maximum of good results cannot be attained if the general business

of the country is abnormally depressed, and the advertising agents, as much as anyone else, are vitally interested to see that the causes of these depressions are removed.

And in removing or impairing the effect of one of the chief of them—the continual attacks on business corporations—the advertising agents stand in a position to perform a great public duty, by obtaining and giving scientific publicity to the affairs of these corporations.

If my opinion, that full publicity of

corporate affairs would show them generally in a meritorious light, is not shared by all, at least all will agree that it would afford a means of obtaining a fairer public judgment of them, and, if it did not free them altogether from the unscrupulous attacks which seem to have no other purposes than that of pandering to the voting masses, publicity would go far toward counteracting them and it would furnish some relief to the unwarranted and unjust restriction upon the development of the resources of this country.

As an Indian Sees America

THERE is so much truth and so much real interest in Mr. Saint Nihal Singh's articles under the above heading in the *Hindustan Review* that we think it wise to reprint a second of this gentleman's articles. The punctuation is East Indian.

For my own part, he says, I do not mind being stared at as if I was a rare specimen of some five-legged beast which had made his escape from the zoo and was now at large on the American boulevards, for the special purpose of regaling Americans. Three years in the United States have rendered this thing a matter of course to me; and unless the rudeness is of too pronounced a type to escape my notice, I fail to take any cognizance of it whatever. But there is an ungainly, patronizing treatment that the American accords to the stranger which I most deeply resent, and I may say frankly, I am never at a loss to express my resentment in words. One day I was traveling on an inter-urban car to a suburb of a Western town. I had an experience there that aptly illustrates the point I am making. I got into the car as soon as it was on the track, and sat down, absorbed in reading my evening paper. Before the car started, it became quite overcrowded, and I noticed that while many men sat in their seats, looking out of the windows or reading the yellow, sensational sheets otherwise known as newspapers, many women were standing, hanging to straps with one hand, and carrying bundles in the other.

I did not have it in my power to seat all the women when who were hanging from straps: but there was one little woman—a frail thing, with pallid cheeks and sunk-en eyes, and a waist laced in so tightly with corsets that I could span it with my two hands, standing just about where I was sitting. I rose from the seat and gave it to her. As the car sped on its way, the seat next to this woman became vacant, and I jumped into it with alacrity. No sooner had I done this than I heard:

"Say, are you Chinees?"

I had grown tired of being taken for what I was not and I said, partly in chagrin and partly in mischief: "Yah!"

"You talkee English?"

"Smallee."

"We are doing China muchee good. We send missionaries to your heathen people to make Christians."

"So!"

"By an, by, your people losee their savageness and become Melicanized—civilized."

"So!"

"Say, John! Isn't it awful the way your women bindee their feet?"

"Yes. And is it for your good, and for the good of your progeny, that you should crush in your waist?" I asked impassionately, almost savagely. In my exasperation at the holier-than-thou feeling exhibited by my *tete-a-tete* I forgot that I was pretending to be a Chinaman who understood English but imperfectly.

My words, uttered without any accent, so far as the effect they produced was concerned, might as well have been a thunderbolt hurled at the woman from the clear, blue vault of the sky. They "stung" her. She at once rang the bell. The conductor stopped the car at the next crossing, and she left me to ruminate over how I had taught at least one American to cease from flinging stones at other people's glass houses so long as she was the occupant of one herself.

When I related this occurrence to an American friend, he shook his head. "Lucky the woman did not have you arrested. And if she had done so, it would have gone mighty hard with you; for, in this country, in a case like that, what a woman says goes," he said. Then my friend related to me that a young countryman of mine, while riding in a car in Seattle, came to grief through a much smaller offence. A young lady riding in the car accused him of staring at her, with intent to hypnotize her. The poor fellow was hauled before the Police Court Judge. An American lawyer took an interest in the case, pleaded free of charge in behalf the Indian, and had him set free.

Be this as it may, it seems queer to me that an Oriental should permit Americans to rudely stare at him without paying them in their own coin, or that he should bear all manner of lies promulgated in the United States about the women of his land being brutally treated by his countrymen, and not have the liberty, so to speak, to laugh when he sees a waiter girl in the cafe where he eats, laced so tight that she cannot bend down to pick up the dirty napkin she has dropped from the tray she was carrying back to the kitchen, and is obliged to ask a boy to pick it up for her. The American woman wears shoes one or two sizes too small for her, and her feet are hideously deformed by corns and bunions: and yet she talks insultingly about the savage manner in which the Chinese woman maltreats her feet. Yet you dare not talk about these unsavoury things in America without being dubbed a "chronic grouch." The American expects you to allow him to rail at you; but he does not have the courtesy to let you rail back at him. This does not mean that the American does not

live in a glass house. He does. We hear a great deal about the American traveler being duped by the native curio sellers in India, Japan and other Oriental countries. But how about the Oriental traveler in America?

The Asian has to be very careful in his dealings with Americans. This for a very obvious reason. The minute he naps, he is lost. The American has reduced overreaching to an exact scientific art, and God protect you if you transact your business with him carelessly.

You go to a restaurant. The bill of fare tells you what the Cafe has to offer, and what prices you will have to pay. You order mutton chops and the menu tells you that with the meat order you will be served with French or German fried potatoes, another vegetable, bread and butter, tea, coffee or milk. The bill of fare tells you that you will be assessed, say 50 cents. (Rs. 1-8-0) for this order. When you have been served, the waiter girl leaves a bit of paper on the table beside your plate, on which is pencilled or printed what you have to pay the cashier. The waiter is polite. The side of the paper containing the writing is next to the table, so the young man or woman eating by your side will not know what you have been taxed. When you take this cheque to the cashier and along with it hand \$1 note, you may be surprised to see that you get only 40 cents instead of 50 cents in change. If you are the least bit inclined to be bashful—as was the case with the writer during the earlier months of his sojourn in the country—you will pocket your change and bear the loss without a word of protest or, if you have the courage of your convictions, you will tell the cashier that she gave you the wrong amount of change. As you do this, every one in the place stare at you in an insulting manner. The cashier fumbles through the cheques—the proprietor of the restaurant comes up—the waiter who served you is called, and a great seance takes place. The waiter is apt to say that she brought you "lamb chops" and not "mutton chops," and that lamb chops are priced at 60 cents, or the cashier may tell you that service is not included in the price, and that the 10 cents which you claim as an overcharge are to go toward the salary of the waiter. Ten chances to one you are not likely to get back

your 10 cents. This kind of thing is not confined to any one city or one restaurant. I have visited many American cities, eaten in all grades of restaurants, and find that this kind of swindle is quite common.

You go to an Express company to have your trunk removed from a certain house and stored for a period, and you are told that it will cost you \$1.50 (Rs. 4-8-0). You transact your business on this basis. Finally, when the time comes to settle the bill, you are told that you owe the company \$2.00 (Rs. 6). You tell the clerk—invariably he happens to be other than the one with whom you originally made the bargain—that you had a distinct understanding that you were to pay \$1.50. "No," he will say, "that cannot be. The moving are \$1.50 and the storage charge is 50 cents, \$2.00 in all. These are our regular rates. You must be mistaken." And you have to pay \$2.00, as they have your goods, and you are without a written agreement from them as to the price. Naturally you are at their mercy.

I had one experience with an Express company that illustrates to what lengths these corporations will go in order to grind money out of the trust-ridden public. My book, *Essays On India*, was brought out while I was travelling in Canada, by a Canadian publishing house. After I had been in the United States for a short time, it became necessary for me to send to the publisher for a few copies of my book in order to supply the American demand for it. In accordance with my instructions, the copies were sent to me by Express. These books were delivered to me in due time, and the driver of the wagon collected from me the charges for carrying them. Nothing was said about any customs being due, and it never entered my head that any duty had been assessed. In the United States, as in all countries, protest against customs charges must be made within a certain length of time after the delivery has been made. Long after the time for protest had expired, the Express company presented me with a bill for \$3.30, for customs due on the books. The company said the driver undoubtedly was to blame for forgetting to collect the duty when he delivered the goods. The charge was exorbitant, by at least \$3.00 and I refused to pay it, as it was presented to me

too late to allow me to enter a protest to the government. I declared that, had this customs bill been presented to me on delivery of the books, I would not have taken them out of customs at all, but would have allowed them to be confiscated rather than pay such a duty. The company employed every device that the cunning of man could conjure up to force me to pay that money. Again and again a collector was sent to me. Then a request was made that I go to the general offices of the Express company and talk the matter over with the manager. I did so, and again refused to pay the bill. A visit from an attorney employed by the corporation followed. In the meantime, I had been notified that a package was waiting for me at the district office, on which \$3.30 was due. I went to the office and asked to see the package, as I was not aware from whom it came or what it contained, and I did not wish to pay for something I did not want. The man in charge of the office insultingly refused to show me the package, and when I insisted, refusing to pay the charge in advance, he cursed me in a most shameless manner. I left the office, telling him to return the package to the sender. As a matter of fact, there was no package there for me. It was simply a scheme on the part of the Express company to work the money out of me which they had demanded for customs duty on the other parcel, and then laugh at me. When the attorney visited me, I related the incident, and told him I intended to sue the company because of the insulting treatment I had received at the district office. He knew that I had a good case if I wished to push it. Beaten, he slunk away; but since then this particular Express company has had a grudge against me, a grudge which has followed me all about the United States and whenever it has a package to deliver me, no matter where I may be located, all the charges possible are added to the legitimate charge for carrying it.

Before an Oriental has been long on the American continent, he becomes convinced that everybody in the United States is in league to cheat him. The woman from whom he rents his rooms smilingly charges him \$3.25 for the first week, then suddenly changes her base as soon as he is settled, and she feels sure of his staying

with her, frowns sullenly, declares he uses too much gas, although he may spend every evening outside his room, reading at the public library or seeing the sights of the city, only lighting the gas while he prepares for the bed, and shamelessly raises his rent 25 cents a week on the strength of her allegations. The poor Asian is lucky if he is able to find a room at any price, for the landladies have a way of telling him their rooms are all rented, when he rings the door bell and asks to be accommodated, although the "rooms for rent" sign is in the front window, and he is certain that he could have his choice of several rooms in the house, if only he had a "white" hide instead of a yellow or brown one. The laundry office on the corner unblushingly filches money from his pockets, and he is unable to protest. The sign outside advertises that the laundry washes and irons shirts for 6 cents each, but after the work is done, 10 cents is demanded for the work. If the poor heathen complains that the sign reads "shirts, 6 cents," he is coldly informed that this refers to shirts buttoned down the front—or back—whichever may be the opposite of what his shirt was, and that he must pay 10 cents. He has no recourse but to give up the extra 4 cents or leave behind a shirt worth probably \$1, at least. If he engages a cab, it is safe to predict that he will be "stung." The cab driver will charge him many times his legitimate fare, and threaten to take him to the police station if he protests. He is not likely to question the amount, however, for few people—even Americans—know the legal rates, above which the cab drivers are forbidden by law to charge, and he is at the mercy of the Jehu.

The street car conductors are the cause of frittering away many a cent of the bewildered Asiatic's money or forcing him to walk many weary miles, because of petty frauds they perpetrate upon him. Before I became acquainted with American ways, again and again was I cheated by street car conductors. It is their custom to work off old "transfers" (the tickets that enable a passenger to transfer from one car to another on an intersecting line) upon unsuspecting strangers—transfers that are not good on the next car—and thus forcing the traveler to pay

another fare or walk to his destination. Some conductors, be it said to their credit, are *really* "white" men. They accept the transfer at its face value and do not put the defrauded one off the car. Others are inflexible in their fealty to the interests of the company that employs them, and turn a deaf ear to all protestations of honest intent or explanations of how it happened.

I met a "white" conductor in St. Louis, Missouri—white in every sense of the word. I wished to visit the Missouri Botanical Garden, which has the reputation of being one of the largest botanical gardens in the world. I did not know how to get there, and asked the conductor on the car to direct me. He was quite ignorant of the location of this historical spot, in the city where he lived and worked, but I casually mentioned that I had been told a Vandeventer car would take me there. "Well, I can give you a Vandeventer transfer," he surlily replied, and handed me a slip of paper. I watched the names of the streets until we came to Vandeventer Avenue. There I found a car standing on the corner and boarded it. I handed my transfer to the conductor, and he looked it over carefully and told me it was no good. It was too old for him to honor. I told him I had come directly from last car to his, and it must be a mistake of the conductor on the other car. He tore it in two, saying, "It's too late for me to take up. That is all I can do with it." But he did not demand another fare. After a few minutes had passed he returned, saying that a man on the back platform had ridden out in the same car with me, and remembered that he had seen me on the other car, and that I need not pay another fare. In this instance, my unusual appearance, which had attracted the attention of the passengers in the car on which I rode, stood me in good stead. Had the conductor chosen to be stern, however, he could have forced me to pay another fare or walk two or three miles to the Garden.

When an Indian first rides on an American railway car, he is likely to be impressed with the flattering attention which the employes of the company bestow upon him. All too soon, and more than likely to his sorrow and the depletion of his savings, does he discover that there is a method in their madness, and that if he

dances, he must expect to pay the fiddler. The obsequiousness of the porter and the news agent on the railway car have a price attached to every act of thoughtfulness on their part. The porter carries the traveler's heavy suit case from the station into the car, insisting on doing so, and the bewildered Oriental believes he has wandered straight into heaven, until the porter stretches out his hand for a tip for the service. No more is he settled in his seat and started on his journey, than a news agent passes through the car and places two or three books or magazines in his lap. He ruminates upon the beneficence of the railway owners in America, who pay so much attention to the comfort of the traveling public, opens the book and begins to read. Before he realizes it, the news agent is demanding his price—an exorbitant one, always—for the book or magazine he is reading. Pretty soon another man passes through the car and lays a package of nuts or candy, or perhaps an apple or an orange, on the seat, beside him. Not warned by his former experiences, he eats the 'gift,' and reluctantly digs into his pockets for the money to pay for it, when the man comes back and asks him to settle for the supposed "present." As the shades of evening deepen, the porter passes through the car and suavely asks, "would you like to have a pillow for the night, sir?" The Oriental takes it as a part of what is coming to him from the company, and says "yes." In the morning he curses his unlucky karma when he is forced to give up 25 cents for the luxury (?) of a small, hard pillow.

So far as my personal experience has gone, I have been "stung" oftener by newspaper and magazine editors than by any other class of people. I am all the time meeting with new experiences of this kind. While I was in Chicago, Illinois, I wrote two articles on Hindu immigrants in Canada for a well-known Canadian magazine. As I was about to leave the city, and needed money for traveling expenses, I asked the editor to advance me Rs. 75 of the amount due me for the work, and pay me the balance on publication. I asked this as I knew it would more than likely be some time before the articles would be published, and I wanted the money right away. He complied

with my request, after considerable pressure and argument on my part. Time passed, and several months later the articles were published. I counted the words, deducted the Rs. 75 I had received from what was due me, and sent him a bill for the balance. He wrote at once saying that he considered that when I accepted Rs. 75, I accepted payment in full for the articles. I reminded him that the receipt which I had signed bore, in my own handwriting, the words, "on account." After considerable parleying, he finally paid me what he owed me. In Des Moines, Iowa, I had a new experience with the editorial *genus Americana*. Arranged to write an article for his paper at "space rates"—that is to say, so much a column—and agreed to accept a comparatively small rate for the photographs I furnished to illustrate it. To my surprise, when the article appeared it had been cut down from a page to a little over two columns in length, and the three cuts had been so enlarged that one covered five columns in width, and another three columns, and the third two columns. Thus, for a few cents, the editor had filled his space with what he would have been compelled to pay me many dollars for at 'space rates,' if he had used what I wrote instead of the large cuts.

I think probably the crowning piece of impudence I experienced in America occurred in a small Western town where I was stopping as the guest of a friend. The Baptist minister came to me to find out if I would lecture in his church, and asked me how much I would accept for my lecture. I told him that I was in the habit of charging Rs. 300 for a lecture, but that since I was visiting in the town, and thus would not be put to extra expense, and since my friend was a member of his church, I would deliver a lecture for a much smaller sum, guaranteed. At first it was his intention to have the lecture on a weeknight and charge admission, but because a rival church was holding revival services at the time, he did not feel like breaking in on their meetings with such an attraction as my lecture, and he asked me if he would have any objection to lecturing on Sunday night, and accepting the collection. He explained that he had a great influence in the town, and that he would go around among the business

men and see to it that there would be a large crowd in attendance, prepared to put worth-while contributions in the basket. I told him I did not care how he arranged it, but that I would expect my fee, whether it was collected from the audience or raised in some other way. The night arrived, a rather stormy one, and the crowd which the preacher had guaranteed would be there failed to materi-

alize. The collection basket was passed around, and, after the lecture was delivered, he unblushingly came to me and put Rs. 9-8-0 in my hands as my honorarium. He made no apology, no explanation of any kind, and I was so hypnotized by his gigantic audacity—by his monumental gall—to use an Americanism—that words failed me, and I said not a word of rebuke or protest.

Gasoline—The Guiding Spirit of the Age

E. L. BACON, writing in *The Scrap Book*, says that the silver-tongued orators will have to put a new word into their Lexicon. This word is, he says, "Gasoline."

To think, he goes on, that our forefathers down to not more than fifteen years ago never thought of gasoline, that conqueror of earth and sea and sky, unless they found a grease-spot on their clothes! If the poets who have been picking up a precarious livelihood for the last hundred years in celebrating the potency of steam will now turn their muse to the old-fashioned cleaning fluid, they undoubtedly will find themselves closer to the certainty of three square meals a day.

What a wonderful tale the life-story of gasoline is! It's as romantic as the biography of Cinderella, or of a log-cabin president. Only forty years ago despised and spurned, its name was a byword in the oilfields. To the rest of the world it was unknown. It was thrown away as waste. It was worse than useless; it was a nuisance. It meant just so much more trouble for the distillers of kerosene from the crude oil. It was a curse, that uncanny fluid with the horrible smell that rose to the top of the distiller's glass and glistened with a strange, yellow-green light as if witchcraft were in it.

Witchcraft! Indeed, that is what it held—a witchcraft that in the next generation was to amaze the world with wonders of which those first distillers scarcely dreamed. They were throwing away a treasure that was to become far more precious than all the gold the forty-niners

were taking out of the California hills.

But this story is beginning too near the wrong end. Let us go back just a few thousand years. Gasoline is older than the time of those oil distillers of the early sixties. It's as old as the world. And perhaps some cave-man of a hundred thousand years ago, finding it floating in the mire, healed his bruises with it after his fights with dinosaurs or mastodon. He might have found a worse remedy. Even to-day surgeons use it as a local anesthetic.

Ninety thousand years later, the stuff that now runs motor-cars, submarines and airships was used by the Egyptians in preparing their mummies. Surely those mummies would have risen in their tombs with astonishment had they been told what world-changing power lay latent in the fluid injected into them.

Three thousand years ago, on the peninsula of Apcheron, the fireworshipping disciples of Zoroaster were burning up more gasoline undistilled from the petroleum that sprang from the earth within the walls of their temples than, during the same amount of time, would keep all the automobiles in New York City *chugging* day and night. If they had only distilled the gasoline and worshipped that instead of the flames, their religion would appeal to the present generation as having been founded upon a more practical basis.

They were burning petroleum in Bagdad seven hundred years ago, but even the wisdom of the famous Caliph was insufficient to discover that gasoline was in it, or to realize the magnificent opportuni-

ity within his grasp of possessing an automobile.

Peter the Great and Nadir-Shah fought for the possession of the town of Baku because of its oil-springs and hundreds of lives were sacrificed in the struggle, but neither Peter nor Nadir could have told the difference between gasoline and hair-oil.

One hundred and ten years ago the city of Genoa was lighted by petroleum, but its light failed to show them the folly of wasting the motive power of thousands of joy-rides.

In 1849 one hundred and thirty oil-wells were at work in Baku and the history of the kerosene industry was beginning. John D. Rockefeller had come into the world. Already the forces were at work that were to create the Standard Oil Company and supply politicians with one of the greatest of bugaboos with which to terrify the public.

Farmers' wives in Pennsylvania and Ohio were dipping blankets into greasy pools in the fields and soaking up petroleum with which to bathe bruises, cuts, and rheumatic limbs. But gasoline was yet an unknown word. Nobody had so much as thought of such a thing as an automobile.

The idea of a submarine had scarcely sprung to birth in the far-reaching imagination of Jules Verne. And even Darius Green and his flying-machine were still unknown to fame. Throughout almost all the world the only lights, except the moon and stars, were whale-oil lamps and candles. In only a few large cities was gas in use as an illuminant and the oil commerce of Baku reached out but a little way.

Ten years went by. The fields in Pennsylvania, where the farmers' wives were soaking up linament in blankets, attracted the attention of Colonel Drake, the first oil magnate.

If oil could be sold at a profit from the Russian town of Baku, why not from Pennsylvania, he reasoned. At Titusville, in August, 1859, with the assistance of William Smith, he bored the first oil-well in America. From that time on the oil industry in Pennsylvania grew like magic.

But gasoline! Who cared anything about that smelly fluid? It was still of

no more use than ten thousand years before. To be sure, it was now no longer through a mere chance in nature that it came into its own separate existence; but not one soul in all the world had realized its value. Hundreds of thousands of gallons of it were thrown away every year. In the year 1862 ten million gallons went to waste because nobody knew what to do with it.

In the late sixties a few practical minds began to wonder whether there might not be some value in the other ingredients of crude oil besides kerosene. They had been watching the glasses of the distillers. They saw at the bottom of the glass the heavy, dark-colored residuum of the oil. Above the residuum was a thick layer of lubricating oils, which were coming into wide use.

Then, in the middle of the glass, and filling more space than all the rest of the distillants together, lay the kerosene. And above the kerosene were the naphthas, in layers of four different shades. Three of these layers were naphtha A, naphtha B, and naphtha C.

On the very top of the glass was the lightest of the naphthas, gasoline. It was an inflammable, explosive, dangerous thing, this gasoline, holding enormous latent power. But it was not the undeveloped force it held that appealed to the men who first thought of putting it to practical use. What occurred to them was the possibility of using it as an illuminant.

It was too dangerously explosive and too odoriferous for use in house lamps, but why not burn it in the streets? That is what was done with it. During the seventies and the eighties gasoline lamps were flaring with their flickering, fitful flames in the streets of almost every town and city in the country.

Then it was discovered that it could be used satisfactorily in the making of oil-cloth and varnish, and the demand for it began to grow. But it was still far from reaching its glorious days.

At Baku, what was left of the crude oil after the kerosene had been distilled was called massout. It was a mixture of gasoline and the other naphthas and the heavy, residuum oils. The factories at Tchernogorod and Sarachane turned out massout in such enormous quantities that

it seemed likely to become a perfect drug in the channels of commerce. Nobody had any use for it until 1876, when an engineer named Lentz visited Baku and concluded that such combustible stuff as massout might be of some value.

Lentz pondered over the matter until he became inspired with the idea that massout could be used as fuel for boiler-heating. He invented what became famous as the Massout burner. In this contrivance the massout was fed mechanically to the flame by a strong jet of steam under pressure.

Soon all the steamships navigating the Caspian Sea and Volga were carrying massout as fuel. It was a tremendous boon to maritime commerce in that part of the world, where wood and coal were scarce and expensive.

More than twenty years later the German government adopted Lentz's burner for use in naval vessels, and found that it meant a saving of forty per cent. in the cost of fuel.

But, although still unknown to the world, another inventor before Lentz's time had taken a long step toward the discovery of the great gasoline secret. His name was Pierre Joseph Ravel. On September 2, 1868, he took out a patent for a steam generator heated by mineral oils, to be applied to steam locomotion on ordinary roads.

A small Tilbury was built and fitted with Ravel's engine, which developed three horse-power. It was beginning to look as if the day of the automobile were close at hand. But Ravel lived in France, and the Franco-German war came along just at the right time to upset all his plans.

Years later, however, he brought the gasoline age much nearer when he began the construction of motor-cars in which the petroleum was used not simply as a combustible, but for the direct generation of the motive power by burning it under special conditions in conjunction with carefully gaged quantities of air.

During the late seventies, in Rochester, New York, George B. Selden was getting very close to the gasoline secret. Years before any other inventor had seen the wisdom of substituting it for the heavier petroleum oils, he was experimenting

with gasoline-motors, and was the first inventor to turn out a successful one.

While Selden was experimenting, Johannes Spiel, in Germany, was almost duplicating the American's efforts. In 1886, Spiel patented what was probably the first motor with explosive action in the market. But, while Selden was using gasoline, Spiel's motor consumed lamp-oil.

The German, as well as almost all the inventors who were then experimenting with oil motors, believed the tendency that was just beginning to develop toward the use of gasoline to be a baneful one. They reasoned that lamp-oils should be used exclusively because of the special care bestowed on their manufacture for lighting purposes. This, they argued, afforded a guarantee of uniform composition and purity, while gasoline could not be depended upon in these respects.

Yet who would think of using a kerosene motor nowadays? The carbon waste of the lamp-oil clogging the works prevents it from being a rival for gasoline.

But even a dozen years ago, long after gasoline motors of several makes were in the market, gasoline was looked upon with suspicion. The gasoline age is new indeed. Not six years have gone by since the cleaning fluid that ran to waste in the oil fields of Pennsylvania became the conqueror of the air. And it is scarcely longer since it became the almost universal motive power of the automobiles.

But now the gasoline motor is running not only automobiles, submarines, launches and airships, but hundreds of other kinds of machines. You may hear them *chugging* in thousands of city factories and on thousands of lonely Western farms. They are at work in the fields giving power to farm machinery and in the farm-house, pumping water, or running a churn or in many another way helping out the housewife with the chores.

It is really the best motive power in the world; so easy to handle, so dependable and so quick to get into action. You do not have to wait for the boiler to heat, as you do with a steam engine. There is no such thing as a boiler or a heater in a gasoline motor.

The fluid is a direct generator of the power that goes to the wheels. It is the force of its own continual explosions that

drives the machine. And then it is always so easy to get a fresh supply of the stuff when your motor runs dry.

The magic fluid has been winning its way on the sea almost as fast as on shore. A dozen years ago amateur machinists were fitting up dories and rowboats with little gasoline motors that would send their craft four or five miles an hour. Then came the gasoline launch. Before long gasoline yachts were being built large enough to cross the Atlantic. There are at least a thousand such vessels in American waters to-day that have cost anywhere from ten to one hundred thousand dollars, and some of them are equipped and furnished as splendidly as any of the steam yachts.

And it must not be forgotten that gasoline holds all the speed records of the seas. The *Mauretania*, the *Lusitania*, even the gigantic *Olympic*, which is slower, by the way, than the two smaller vessels, would soon be left far behind in a race with any of the tiny gasoline racers that go flashing across the still inland waters at thirty-five and forty miles an hour.

What enormous power this new world-wonder holds! One gallon of it is strong enough to drive the heaviest touring car filled with passengers ten miles.

In the year 1910 the total crude oil production of the world was three hundred and thirty-five million barrels of forty-two gallons each. Of that total, two hundred and sixteen million barrels were produced in the United States. Those three hundred and thirty-five million barrels, each less than four feet in height, if they could be strung end to end, would reach from the earth to the moon, besides winding two or three times around that satellite.

As for the gasoline, that amounts to eight per cent. of the crude oil. The world's gasoline production for the year 1910 was one billion one hundred and twenty-five million gallons. It is hard to realize what enormous power lies in such an amount of gasoline. The output for 1910 would send a touring car forty-five thousand times the distance that lies between the earth and the moon.

And yet there is not gasoline enough. If the supply were several times as great, the age of steam would pass away like morning mist before the new age of gasoline. Gasoline would run the railroads, the ocean liners, the factories—everything. It would become the world conqueror—and perhaps will if the oil prospectors are lucky enough.



SMOKING ROOM STORIES

THE THING THAT KILLED HIM.

"So he was killed by the fall, eh!"

"Why no, sir, I thought it was the sudden stop."

* * *

THE SOLUTION.

"I've just washed out a suit for my little boy—and now it seems too tight for him."

"He'll fit it all right if you wash the boy."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

* * *

JUST LIKE 'EM.

Bluebeard explained.

"They always wanted more closet room, and now they have it," he cried.

Thus the forbidden chamber was accounted for.—*New York Sun.*

* * *

HIS APPENDAGES.

A certain parson has very large hands and a habit of hanging these useful if not ornamental fixtures over the front of the pulpit when he implored his congregation with "Pause, brethren, p-a-u-s-e."

* * *

HE KNEW THE SIGNS.

Louisville barrister escorted his wife and daughter to a lecture, and then, to his wife's annoyance, disappeared. He was on hand, however, when the meeting was over.

"Hello there, Theodore," said a friend, meeting the barrister and his family in the street car, "been to the lecture?"

The lawyer stole a look at his wife's face.

"No," he answered, "just going."—*Success Magazine.*

A CHANCE.

"Maybe we shall save them yet," said the first missionary, "if——" He broke off with a shudder as the cannibal chef put the kettle on and began whetting his knife.

"If what?" asked the second missionary sadly.

"If the road to a man's soul lies in the same direction as the road to his heart—through his stomach."—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

WHAT HE WAS PRACTISING.

When a leading citizen of a New Hampshire town returned thither after a prolonged sojourn abroad, he made a tour of the place to find out how all his old friends were "getting along."

At one establishment he found a youth, the son of an old friend of his, whose father was still paying his office rent.

"Practising law now, Jim?" asked the returned one genially.

"No, sir," replied the youth frankly; "I appear to be, but I am really practicing economy."—*Lippincott's*

* * *

HER TWO COMPLAINTS.

Edward, the colored butler of a lady in Washington, had recommended his mother for the position of cook, but when the applicant came the lady noticed that she was not very strong-looking.

"Do you suppose you will be able to do the work, Auntie? You don't look very healthy."

"Yes, ma'am, I is able; I ain't nuvver been no ways sickly in my life—ain't nuvver had nuthin' but smallpox an' Edward."—*Lippincott's.*

The Mill that Couldn't Go Fast Enough

By

Charles Draper

YEARS ago one of the first water-wheels in the vicinity of Galt, Ontario, was set in motion. Two Scotchmen who had given up the knitting business in the old country in order to embark for themselves in the new country, had built the wheel. With its aid they operated a small factory, in which they worked with might and main to maintain themselves as masters in the knitting business.

And to-day the factory that was first fed by a single old water-wheel, requires water-wheel, steam engine and Hydro electric power to enable them to meet the demands that keep pouring in from the outside world.

Far down in the basement of the old factory of the C. Turnbull & Company's factory in Galt, one may still hear the old water-wheel turning, splashing, grinding out just so many horsepower, and no more, but overhead in the factory that grew out of the old factory, thousands of wheels revolve, scores of machines are humming at their work, hundreds of employes are passing to and fro in their care of the machines, and from the shipping rooms of the C. Turnbull Company thousands of dollars' worth of the finest fabrics of their kind that can be found anywhere are being shipped to the outside world.

This company is engaged in making the most intimate clothing in the world — underwear. To some people underwear is merely a bothersome necessity. To others it is a luxury, not an expensive luxury, not a matter of high price and exclusiveness, but a matter of being *particular*. It is to these people, people who are particular about the goods they wear next to

the person, that the C. Turnbull Company aims its products. It believes in the wisdom of being just as careful, just as exacting in the matter of underwear, as one would be in the matter of outer dress. What is more, *underwear* affects the health. If people were frank, they would admit that underwear is the part of the dress that counts most seriously. The outer garments are largely ornamental and designed in the interests of modesty. But it is underwear that bears the brunt of protecting the body. If your defenses are weak, the cold and the dampness may attack you. If they are strong—if you wear good underwear, you are insured against these things. The C. Turnbull Company, bearing in mind these facts, has sought to supply the Canadian market with the best kind of underwear.

"Where does the wool come from?" asked the writer.

"Mostly from Australia. Australian wool is the softest and the best sort of wool for our purposes. Canadian wool is good, but it is harder—too hard for fine garments."

We went down into a room in which it seemed that somebody was trying to imitate a snow-storm. The room was filled with great snowy flakes—of wool. In a corner a machine was humming softly to itself. In its maw a man was feeding handfuls of the wool as it came from the washing rooms, where the contents of the bales had been cleansed of all impurities. The wool which he had fed into the machine was soft and lumpy; that which was blown out of the end of the machine, and which danced around and around before



MR. C. TURNBULL

settling softly on the great heap which lay in the bin opposite the end of the machine, was pure white, light and feathery, and as clean as a ray of sunlight.

It is not easy to follow a flake of wool through a mill. In an ordinary mill it would be difficult enough, but in a great mill, covering in all seventy-five thousand square feet of floor space, as the Turnbull's mills cover, it is impossible.

The wool which was blown once through this picking machine was carried back and put through the process again. But this time, instead of being allowed to pass into the original bins, the blower at the end of the machine was coupled to a long pipe which conducted the now still more downy material to huge bins on the upper floors.

A grandmother would marvel to see how modern machinery does the work which she, in the early days of Canada, did with so much pain and labor. Where she, by the light of a candle, perhaps, or more likely by the light of the early dawn, bent

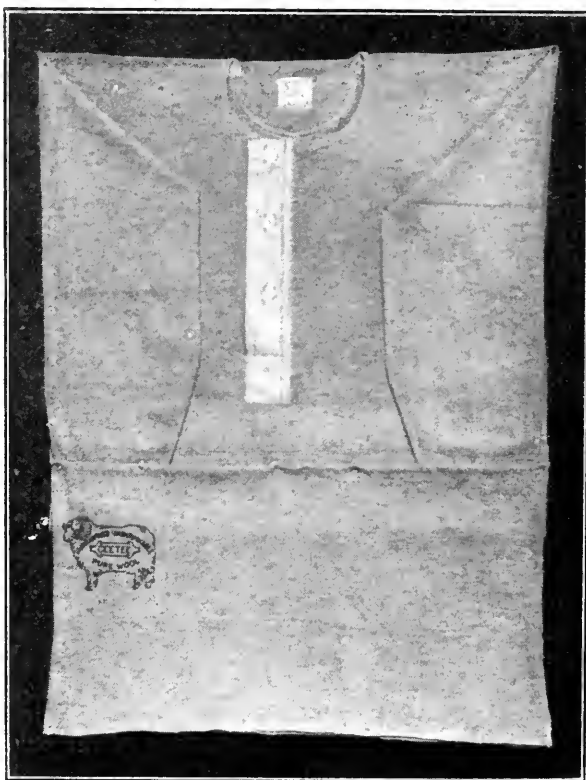
her back over the task and produced only a little yarn at the time from her spinning wheel, the modern mill, like that of the Turnbull Company, does in five minutes what would have taken her weeks perhaps to accomplish. The wool is removed from the bins in which the blowing machine has left it and placed it in the "reservoir" of the carding machine. From time to time a quantity of the wool passes automatically out of the reservoir and into the machine proper. This consists of a series of wire-brush rollers which turn slowly, one against another, and pass the wool between them so that the wires on the rollers straighten out the fibres. From the first of these machines the wool emerges in a heavy sort of a soft rope. Thence it goes to the second, which reduces it still further, and so finally it comes to the spinning room.

Imagine several hundred big spools all in one long row on a wooden frame. Opposite these spools or spindles are larger spools, which contain the untwisted wool

as it comes from the carding room. The frame which contains the long row of spindles suddenly advances toward the spools containing the untwisted material. Pausing, each spindle automatically holds a piece of the untwisted wool, and then retreats with it to the full width of the machine. For a moment each spindle revolves madly, as it revolves, twisting the length of yarn which it has taken from the other spools. Having twisted this

But it is not alone in the making of the thread that the Turnbull Underwear gets its "character;" in the cleansing of the wool itself the company maintains the very highest possible standard. But it is after the thread is prepared for the garments, made ready for the long rows of singing and humming machines, that the Turnbull *character* is finally impressed upon the products.

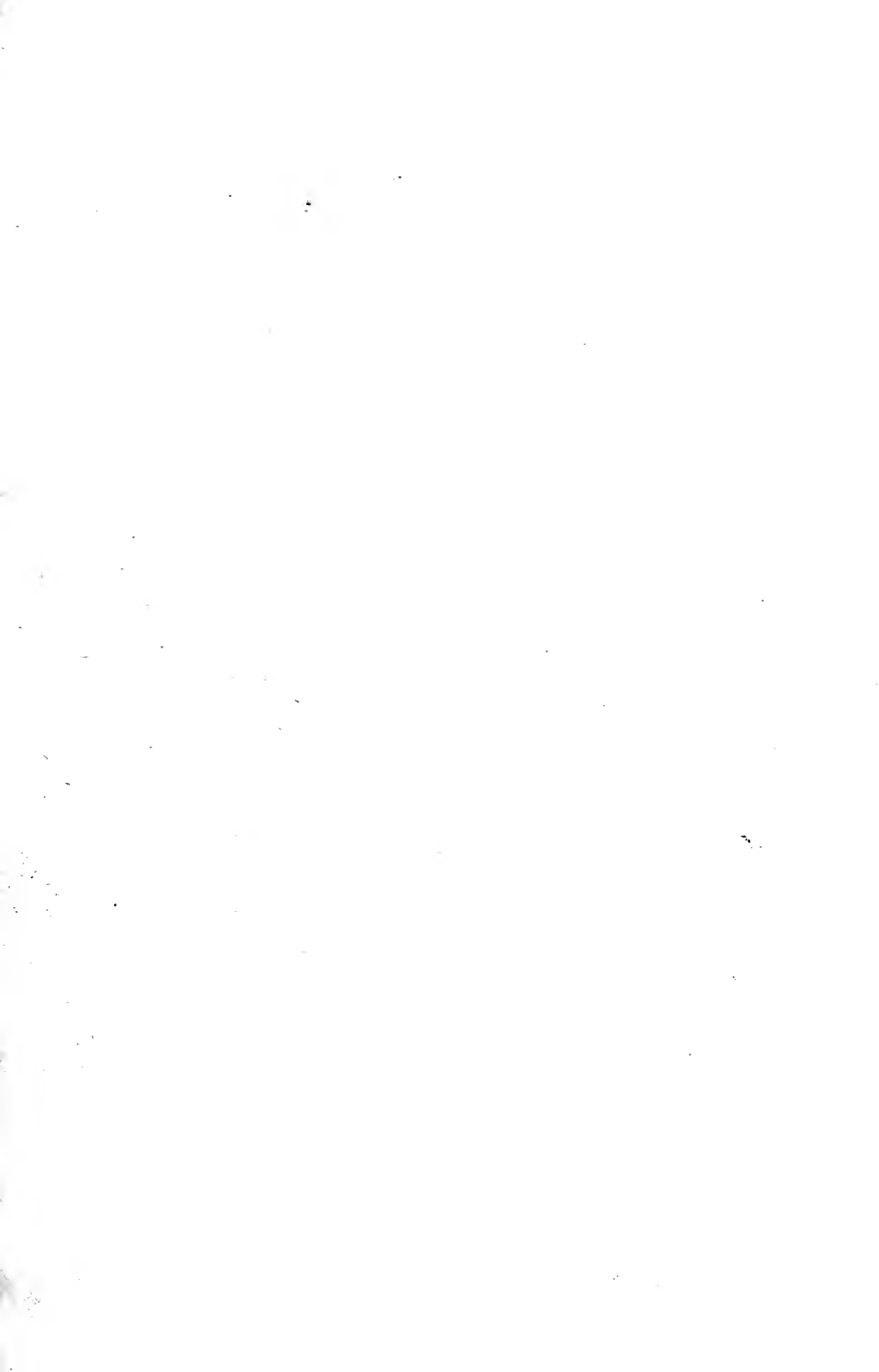
Down in a long row, beside a row of great big sunny windows, are the most



One of the Turnbull Company's Products

piece, the spindles advance again, winding up the twisted yarn as they go, then, coming to a stop, seize up a new length of untwisted material, retreat with it again, and spin it again. So runs the process. Not one machine alone is engaged in the work, but several, each with its hundreds of spindles. Back and forth the long batteries of spindles pass, length after length of yarn they seize and twist and wind. It would amaze a grandmother.

wonderful machines known to the textile world—and textile machines, let it be observed, are the most delicate and complicated that can be found in any line of industry. There is only one mill in Canada that uses these machines. It is the Turnbull mill, and no other firm could afford to use them unless they were making the *best*, the latest, the most comfortable kind of underwear that can be obtained anywhere—CEETEE Underwear.





"SYLVIA"

Sylvia's Best Seller, page 154

Drawn by H. Kerr Eby

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXIII

Toronto December 1911

No 2

Menace of Honesty at Ottawa

By

Frederick Greyson

MERE honest men are a menace in Canadian politics. In the Government of Canada are required men of genius—imagination and enterprise.

The danger in the honest man is that he may be chosen for a high office because of his honesty. When he has been in office a few months it is evident that he is honest and no more: he has no genius.

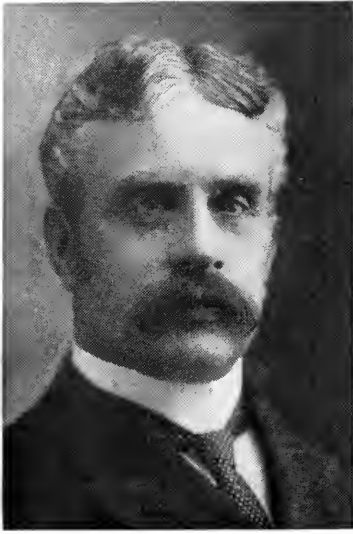
Honest men are very desirable and after everything is said and done, honesty must be the basis of all good things, in Government or in any other thing. But mere honesty is apt to be stupid, while genius is often associated with moral frailties. The question in our mind is this: Is the Borden Cabinet too honest?

Horse-stealing and Piracy upon the High Seas are forms of genius, misdirected. Great men in history have had their weaknesses, amiable and otherwise. Placed in different circumstances, Napoleon might have been a master yegg-man. Given an opportunity, Captain Kidd and King John and Louis Riel might have become bank presidents, railway promoters, great evangelists or statesmen. In the present instance, we refer to statesmen.

In the old school readers, Honest John, the Miller, set forth the charm of his honesty. While he did not give short weight in flour still it is open to question whether he was not the man in the village who opposed all progress, all reforms. For honesty is a solid thing. Its chief quality is fixedness. Like an ample waistcoat it is inclined to accompany self-content.

Unfortunately, business genius, the kind which is needed at Ottawa, is never out of work in Canada. A thousand opportunities open every morning to the Canadian who can see and think and act, more clearly and with more speed than others. The difficulty is to attract these men of genius into the service of the nation. They can make more money in selling real estate or promoting companies. In politics, their ambition meets more rebuffs and the reward is partly paid in glory, which is something like one of those cheques for ten thousand—good wishes, which one receives at Christmas time from a wealthy relative.

One might be led to believe that Premier Borden's Cabinet is too honest, that it lacks Genius. From the things said



HON. R. L. BORDEN,
Prime Minister.

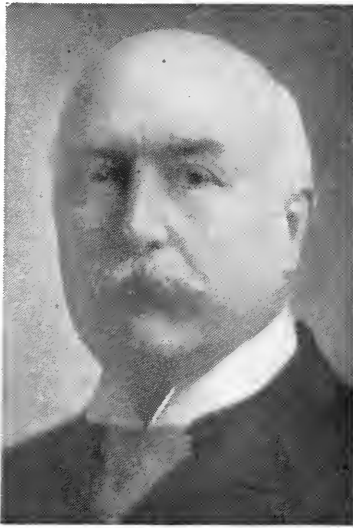


HON. G. H. PERLEY,
Without Portfolio.

by the daily papers it is composed either of incapables or hopeless paragons of honesty. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, while he was himself above the shadow of reproach, employed in his Cabinet at different times men who were notoriously lacking in a sense of personal honor. In peopling open our wilderness with steel rails and rolling flat-cars full of civilization into Canadian fastnesses, his own government co-operated with men who were undoubtedly dishonest in some things and men who have even gone so far as to attempt bribery. Laurier may not have known that he was dealing with such men. In his loyalty to his colleagues he may have ignored the allegations made against them. But there are those who have a shrewd suspicion that he knew, and that he preferred to employ tainted genius even at the cost of promoting dishonest men, rather than suffer the development of the nation to be retarded in the hands of mere Honesty. We have no evidence that this was Sir Wilfrid's policy. One could not say that such would be a desirable policy. But in the Government of Canada it must always be wise for any Prime Minister to bear in mind that Canada must not only be governed, but constructed: that national construction work requires the biggest brains obtainable and that, rather than employ mere honest dullards, it might pay Canada to

hire Bill Miner or a Jesse James even at the cost of letting them steal the gilt from the picture frames in the Senate.

There is not quite enough imagination in the Borden Cabinet. Hon. Mr. Borden, Mr. Perley, Mr. Doherty, Mr. Foster, Mr. White and Mr. Cochrane, never dream. Mr. Burrell may, but his dreams touch more the question of apples than Dreadnaughts. Of the others, two offer: Mr. Monk and Mr. Hughes. Colonel Hughes has enough imagination to supply a regiment. His dreams are, however, inclined to be quickly built and quickly unbuilt, like patent tents, or portable houses in Cobalt. The Colonel's imagination runs like fire over short dry grass. There is a blaze of light and it is gone. There is a crackling sound and then silence. Colonel Hughes' imagination will serve its purpose in the New Cabinet. It may act as tinder to the heavy mass with which it is associated. It may blaze up and give proper light at proper times. The imagination of Honorable F. D. Monk is of a different sort. It is of the slow, smouldering kind, that works slowly into the vitals of things, warming the material, heating the fibres: and then suddenly, one day there may be a blaze and the whole Cabinet shall have caught fire from this one man's brain. But beyond these two men, where else is there any imagination in the



HON. T. W. CROTHERS,
Minister of Labor.



HON. J. D. REID,
Minister of Customs.

Borden Cabinet? Is there a daring man in it? Someone may suggest Mr. Rogers. Perhaps he may serve the purpose. But it is not likely: his career, so far, has given no great signs. Meantime, some of the new men may develop what is wanting.

There will always be surprises in the Cabinet. Men, who are now not as well known as other members of the Cabinet and who perhaps have not made great marks in the past, may when placed in this new environment develop altogether unsuspected traits which will make them outshine their colleagues. Of these no one can prophesy except their personal friends, and in those cases the utterances might be humanly tinged with prejudice. We have dealt in this article with those from whom it may be reasonably expected that the energy and impulse of the Cabinet will come.

The working of any Cabinet is a reaction: certain elements placed together give certain results. It is a *psychological* reaction in which an unknown element is always being interpolated—the element of public need and popular feeling. The reaction ceases only when the elements are withdrawn from their official contact, that is to say, when the Cabinet is dismissed from office. In the present instance and until that time, the action of one mind upon the other minds, the action of Colon-

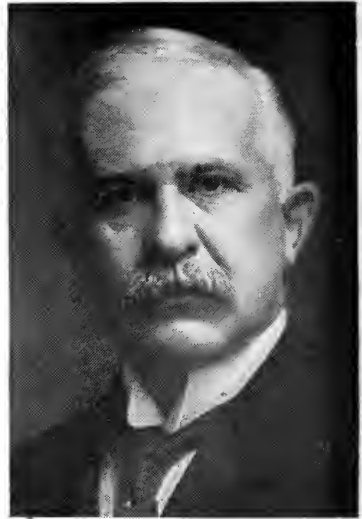
el, the Honorable Mr. Hughes upon Honorable Mr. Doherty, of the unleadable Tom White upon the high-spirited Monk, of Honorable Mr. Borden upon Honorable Mr. Foster, and of public need, popular feeling and party opportunity upon the whole of them, must continue as the mysterious process from which is to be generated the new laws, new policies and the general conduct of Canada's affairs.

Will the Borden Cabinet be able to pull together? Provided it has genius, what assurance is there that this very genius might not wreck the Cabinet by importing controversial matters?

There is one man who will keep this Cabinet together. His name is C. J. Doherty—the new Minister of Justice. Mr. Doherty cannot make a good platform speech to save his head. He is shy as a girl before a political audience. He fixes his eyes on some safe spot on the wall at the back of the hall, and rubs his fat hands together while he sends forth limping platitudes, old worn-out phrases that he has heard used on like occasions—and half forgotten. He is apologetic and embarrassed; he has a poor delivery and does not know what to do with his hands. In short, he is a weak man on the stump. But in the Cabinet, and, at times, in the House of Commons itself, he will be to the leader of the Government like the Shadow of a Rock.



HON. C. J. DOHERTY,
Minister of Justice.



HON. A. E. KEMP,
Without Portfolio.

Last session, when Hon. Mr. Aylesworth was compelled to glide 'round some pretty sharp corners in connection with certain constitutional points, it was Doherty who rose in his seat opposite and confounded the great lawyer-Minister upon his own arguments. In several quiet instances it has been Doherty who rammed a point home against the late Government. He seldom has been seen in any showy crisis. His utterances are never dramatic—unless it be by reason of their very simplicity; he is merely a still small voice talking wisdom through a knot-hole.

The burden of holding the Borden Cabinet together falls chiefly upon this man—plump Doherty, with a far-sighted squint. He is not burdened with selfish interests. He is not burning with ambition. In fact, he may perhaps be just a trifle too "set" in his views, too unimaginative. But he is a dogged friend and a sagacious counsellor to R. L. Borden. He it is who gives to the new Cabinet an element of compromise that will make it possible for the various members of the Cabinet to work together. For instance, White, Cochrane, Foster, Monk and the Prime Minister are not flexible men. If two opposed ideas lay between them there might be a deadlock. The other members of the Cabinet would be inclined, we venture to say, to be either too timid to make

a suggestion, or so careful of their own interests that they would watch first which side would be the more profitable to support before speaking. But Doherty supplies the compromising initiative; in such a circumstance it would be Doherty who would bring about concessions from both sides, and co-operation in the end.

Of Mr. Borden himself there should be little to say. Much has been written of him; some of the things said of him are true. It is certain that he is in all things a gentleman; equally certain that he will not tolerate corruption. On the other hand, it is a question just how well he can handle his men. Whether he has the art to beguile their loyalty or the courage to compel it, is for those who know him better to say. Having given his word, he will abide by it. Having made a promise, he will strive to fulfil it. Having faith in a colleague, he will accept his word at all times—and perhaps be led into error. But he has not, as was pointed out before, the quality which manifested itself in Laurier when Laurier employed men who were obviously dishonest to do development work for the country which no mere honest men appeared capable of doing.

Foster's sad old figure everybody knows. Whenever the new Cabinet does a quick, keen—perhaps cruel stroke of business, let the public see if it is not that pale grey shadow with the burning eyes and the soft



*HON. FRANK COCHRANE,
Minister of Railways.*



*HON. GEO. E. FOSTER,
Minister of Trade and Commerce.*

voice standing in the background of the scene, who prompted it.

When the Conservative party does something particularly magnanimous, high-principled, and almost pedantic, let them look for the hand of F. D. Monk. It will be his hand. But if—some day when Borden and Hughes, Doherty and Foster are away—if then the Conservatives, pressing forward in the War of the Chamber to the very point of victory, suddenly falter, hesitate and lose the day—look also for Monk. The most lovable man and the most noble-hearted man in the House of Commons, his courage sometimes ebbs when it should flow and he retreats when he should leap over the wall.

This may never show. And yet there is a chance of its coming to pass because of Mr. Borden's lack of "public men" in his Cabinet. Himself, Foster and Monk are his best debating strength, and Monk will have to be used to a large extent. In council, Monk will give sage advice and speak conscientiously for Quebec. As a Roman Catholic Nationalist, he will not be liable to over-reach, although in the sincerity of his purpose he may at times ask, on behalf of the French-Canadian Nationalists, more than he will receive. He is not anti-British, but he is, on matters of the Flag, what might be called an intellectualist—Imperialist-Nationalist. He

holds what is virtually the Liberal view of National-Imperial matters. It is not unfair to him to guess that his views coincide with those of Laurier and the Carnegie peace-fund commissioners; in short, a sort of English-speaking brotherhood, a fraternity of English-speaking nations including as much the United States, as Old England herself.

Honorable "Sam" Hughes has been laughed at far too much. He is a good soldier and an earnest man. He has, as we have said before, imagination and a sense of humor. Cornered on some matter concerning the Protestant religion Colonel "Sam" will fight to a finish, as the saying goes. But, handled properly, convinced by good logic, he is the very man who would see justice done and done in no half measures. In military matters, Hon. Colonel Hughes is a master. He has originality and ingenuity, as is demonstrated in the case where, in the Boer war, the Colonel linked his outposts together by large pieces of twine attached to the thumbs of the men so that if one of the enemy crawling up in the darkness, knifed an isolated man, the others would be warned by the strain of the falling body upon the cord on their thumbs. Colonel Hughes may be relied upon to furnish an element of "ginger" to the Militia Department.



HON. J. A. LOUGHEED,
Without Portfolio.



HON. MARTIN BURRELL,
Minister of Agriculture.

Hon. George Perley represents what is probably most characteristic in the new Cabinet: that is to say, the public spirited business men of the country. Mr. White is a financier, a man educated in the money exchanges, but Mr. Perley is directly associated with the buying and selling of products. He is a very wealthy man: most of his wealth he accumulated in the lumber business. He combines with his natural instinct for preserving the privileges and opportunities of Canadian merchants, a sense of public duty of which the public had some evidence when, during the anti-reciprocity campaign, it was inadvertently revealed that Reciprocity would, if carried, place thousands of dollars in the pocket of this man, George Perley, who was fighting it for purely patriotic reasons. This does not make Perley an ideal Cabinet Minister. People may point at him and at White and exclaim at the honesty, the sound business judgment and the common sense of such men. This serves only to emphasize the very quality of which some Canadians are in doubt—the Honesty of the group. “Billy” MacLean, in the Borden Cabinet, would probably have started everything on the road to ruin three times a day. There are those who say, had he been included in the Cabinet, that he would have wrecked everything, alienated his friends and scuttled the ship for the sheer glory of wrecking something. But

“Billy” MacLean would at least never have been in fear of precedents and the status quo, would have given point to the Cabinet meetings, shaken it out of ruts, stimulated its imagination, smashed any fetiches that might have been lying about the floor of the Council Chamber, and yanked up a mile or two of railroad every morning before breakfast, just as a mild corrective for the corporations. His good works would have required weeding out from his hysterical works. Uncontrolled, he would, no doubt, have wrecked the very stars. But controlled, used sparingly, fed out in spoonfuls, or through a valve, or used carefully like dynamite, he would have worked great good in Ottawa. He might have guaranteed the efficiency of Messrs. Monk and Hughes as the Imaginers, as it were, of the Cabinet. He would have made counter-balance for Mr. Perley.

To deal with the new Minister of Finance in detail, is to give him more space than he is worth at present. In the sphere which he has just vacated he gave every evidence of becoming a great man. As it is, it is not yet fair to say that he is a great man. One could only hope that the same ability which has marked his career so far will continue to characterize it in the future. His elevation has caused misgivings in the Conservative party. There are those whose political and social ambitions have been checked by the sudden



*HON. J. D. HAZEN,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries.*



*HON. F. D. MONK,
Minister of Public Works.*

appearance of this young stranger in the political arena. But as they feel the chill of the shadow now, they will feel the iron grip of party discipline later. Whether they like it or not, they will be compelled to recognize that Mr. White will indeed be a hard man to remove, justly, from office.

Mr. White has been known for some time to be indifferent to the Hydro-Electric policy of the Ontario Government, the same radical policy which is more than popular in that province. He has been accused of being allied with Interests. It has been said that the Canadian Manufacturers are behind him. And the most definite allegation that has been made against him is his alliance with the Canadian Northern R. R. and the Bank of Commerce.

In the midst of all this speculation it is only fair to Mr. White to say that his wise-acre critics have counted without their host; they do not know the man. In his first address in his election work he denied all these charges and gave it to be understood, positively, that he was in favor of Public Ownership. William Thomas White did not seek politics. He had already attained considerable wealth and was, it is said, looking forward to some respite after his strenuous years in busi-

ness, when Premier Borden expressed the desire that Sir Edmund Walker should appear with him on the Toronto platform previous to the election, and when in his place Mr. White was sent forward to represent the famous "eighteen" Liberals. He had been converted to "Toryism" by the proposed Reciprocity pact. He cast away his hopes for an easier life and threw his lot in with those in the political arena.

Toronto did not know him when he came before the Conservative mass meeting in Massey Hall last February. He was formally introduced to that audience as the chief administrator of a well-known trust company in that city. His audience knew the trust company, but did not know him. They beheld merely a tall, slim man with an earnest expression of countenance stepping forward to speak to them without flamboyancy, without oratorical display and with very little ornamentation of any kind. His speech was a simple, plain, homely talk. Whether he was correct in his estimate of Reciprocity or incorrect, at least he spoke with evident sincerity. When, in August, he made a second speech before the people of Toronto, and when later he toured Ontario making daily speeches, people began to pay more attention to him. Tongues were



*HON. SAM HUGHES,
Minister of Militia.*



*HON. W. B. NANTEL,
Minister of Inland Revenue.*

set wagging and speculation as to his motive for denouncing Reciprocity and in entering the Conservative ranks, was rampant.

The shock of his appointment as Minister of Finance needs no description to any Canadian. Conservatives were aghast. The public was by this time become somewhat reconciled to the novelty of the situation, and yet a great many people are asking what sort of a man is he? Will he make good? As an individual, apart from whatever may be his business relations, will he do the work which Hon. Mr. W. S. Fielding so recently laid down, properly? What will be his influence in the Borden Government? These questions are not easy to answer, and the only assistance that the enquiring Canadian can hope for is to look at young "Tom" White's past.

He was born on his father's farm near Bronte. That was forty-five years ago. His parents were of Scotch and Irish descent. He was educated in his own country up to the time that he went to Toronto University. He spent two terms in that institution and then ran short of money. Seized with a desire to do something for himself he took a reportorial position on the *Toronto Telegram*. From this he took a position in the Assessment Department of the municipality. Resuming his studies, he graduated from the University

with a gold medal in Classics and political science. He then studied law and, alternating in employment between City Solicitor's office and the Assessment Department, he won a gold medal at Osgoode Hall. Now, thought he, he would practise law. But another hand intervened. At this time the National Trust Company was being organized. Mr. White had been defending his assessment of down town property before the Court of Revision and so well did he defend it that Mr. E. R. Wood took note of the young man and offered him the managership of the new company at an annual salary of \$3,000. White accepted. At the end of the first year he received a bonus of \$1,000, and his salary went up by a like amount. At this, the time of his retirement, it is estimated that his salary is between \$15,000 to \$20,000.

Looking into the details of Mr. White's career so far as it has carried him, and studying the characteristics, it seems difficult to believe that he will be the man who will serve the interests of the Bank of Commerce and the C.N.R., or in fact, he will serve any interests. These are the words of a man who worked over him: he said the other day: "Tom White will serve no interest. He will be the tool of no man. He will be *White's* man, responsible only to himself. And because he will be responsible only to himself. He will be a dangerous man to handle.



*HON. DR. ROCHE,
Secretary of State.*



*HON. W. T. WHITE,
Minister of Finance.*

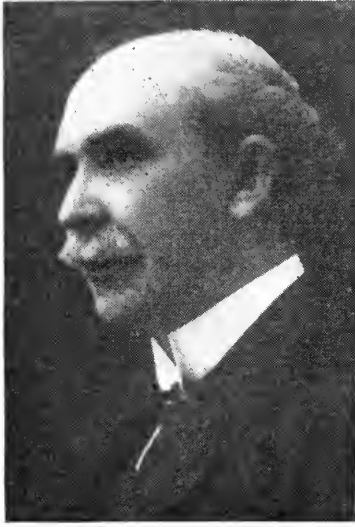
In other words the individual or the corporation that goes to Ottawa looking for special treatment from the new Minister of Finance, will get it—but not in the expected way. Without vision, without imagination, proposals submitted to this man will have to be clear cut. Unyielding and inscrutable, he will be the “man from Missouri” in the Cabinet.

Hon. Frank Cochrane, the new Minister of Railways and Canals, has better qualifications for this work than any other man who has ever held the portfolio. At all events he has had ample ministerial experience as Minister of Mines in the Ontario Government, and his connection with the building and operation of the Temiscaming and Northern Ontario Railroad qualifies him to say that he knows more than a little of Government railroad enterprises. His administration of the I.C.R. and the G.T.P. will undoubtedly be efficient and honest. He brings with him from Sir James Whitney's Cabinet to Mr. Borden's Cabinet the germ of radicalism and enterprise which has characterized the present Conservative regime in Ontario. He will be enthusiastic in opening up new territories wherever the prospects justify the venture.

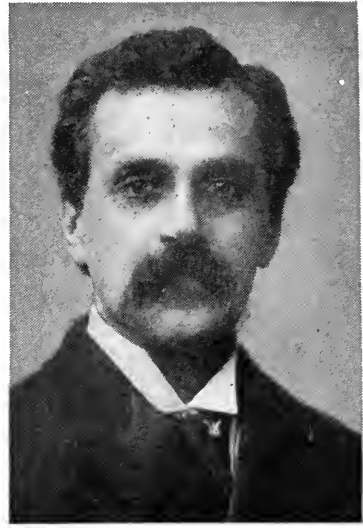
The new Minister of Agriculture is a man apart among the politicians at Ottawa. He is not as rugged in his outlines as most

Canadians. He has a fancy for niceties and delicacies of deportment which betray the fact that his education was not all obtained in this country where practical considerations so often come first—and last. Yet in his ability and his use of energy he is quite Canadian. He came to Canada a ship-wrecked man. Somewhere off our inhospitable eastern coast lie the worldly goods, the family heirlooms and household gods of Mr. Martin Burrell and his wife. It is said that they arrived in St. Catharines, Ontario, temporarily embarrassed by the loss of their personal and other luggage. It was not long, however, until Mr. Burrell had made a name for himself in the vicinity of St. Catharines as a clever fruit-farmer and one whose property became the envy of many a less skilled agriculturist. Ten years ago Mr. Burrell removed to British Columbia where his same painstaking methods have brought him the reputation of being one of the most successful fruit-growers in that fruitful province.

In the House of Commons Mr. Burrell appears to be of a retiring disposition and yet when occasion arises he can pursue an argument to the bitter end and thrust home his points with a nicety of language and subtlety of manner that has won him many a round of applause. He is apt to refer to the classics in his speeches. He is



*HON. ROBERT ROGERS,
Minister of the Interior.*



*HON. L. P. PELLETIER,
Postmaster-General.*

inclined to avoid colloquialisms. His addresses are, however, only the more effective for these departures from the general rule in the House of Commons. He will, it is safe to say, be an excellent addition to the personnel of the Cabinet. His administration will be, we venture to say, of the best kind. His political counsel will be careful and firm in tone, and his presence in the House itself, while mild, will be felt by the opposition.

Of Hon. "Bob" Rogers it may be said that he is a thorough westerner and every-inch a politician. The plains will never lack representation while he is extant. It will be for him to ensure that the Western plains vote consistently Conservative *next* election.

The two rocks which threaten the new Cabinet are the Naval question and the question of extending the boundaries of Manitoba, and reviving the Separate

School problem of that Province. Liberals are not averse to hoping that one of these two things will knock a hole in Mr. Borden's pinnacle. It may so happen. But on the other hand, fifteen years storage in the camphor-balls of opposition must have taught the Conservative Party a number of tricks in political navigation of which the Liberals have yet to learn. Already the Roman Catholics of Manitoba are discussing the question of Separate Schools in that Province. The Roman Church is insisting, through some of her ministers, that with the re-adjustment of Manitoba's boundaries there must also be a re-adjustment of the school situation. Laurier studiously avoided this problem, knowing very well the trouble it would bring upon him. Mr. Borden has, however, assumed the settlement and it is, therefore, right to expect that he has allowed for all difficulties and is prepared to meet them.

His Executor

By

Alan Sullivan

HAD Mary Arnott been marked by anything more characteristic than a certain placid acceptance she might have wondered at her husband's attitude toward Peter Wentworth, for Peter had become an appanage of the Arnott house. Many homes were open to him, but he drifted there constantly, almost automatically.

He was differentiated sufficiently from her husband to give Mary a pleasing sense of light and shade, and he seemed to keep her in touch with socialities to a degree that purely marital relationship would never have effected. Peter himself with his reproachless garb, his quizzical twinkle and irrepressible humor, supplied something that she sub-consciously lacked in the more sombre Arnott, and—was not the friendship of the two an answer to everything.

But to-night, in a shadow of childless loneliness, her mood called for her husband. In the seasons of unsatisfied longing, and they came not seldom in spite of all her placidity, there was that in her heart which locked and barred its every approach to all save the controlled and uncommunicative Arnott. And so, at his step and the click of the lifted latch, something of her depression passed into the relief of welcome.

As she listened at her dressing room door, Peter's voice sounded cheerily. "I'm all right old chap," her husband came quickly up the stairs, entered the room and put his arm around her shoulders.

"I brought Peter to dinner. Picked the old chap up at the Club, desperately lonely. He baulked a bit, but I insisted."

Mary drew his face down to her lips. "Jack, dear, I didn't want Peter this evening, I wanted you."

A shadow fled through his eyes, then he looked at her smilingly, "Don't want Peter—why he's much better company than I am."

"Jack, don't you understand? I wanted to be alone with my husband."

"I didn't know dear," he said soberly, "I'm sorry, but you've never complained of his presence before."

She did not raise her head or speak and he hesitated for a moment. She held more closely to him, her arms about his neck, he looked at her, clinging, and murmured half aloud, "Poor old Peter."

Her quick lifted eyes met his own, "Why poor Peter?"

"Don't you know, Mary?" he said gently.

She shook her head, "How should I?"

Her bent shoulders straightened under his hands and his gaze insistent and compelling met and sank into her own. "Are you blind, quite blind; what is it that brings Peter here?"

"Jack, I can't understand you. There's every reason, everything that men find in each other."

"Nothing else," he said, with eyes still reading her own.

She met them wondering, "What else could there be?"

"Suppose I were to tell you that what holds Peter and myself together is the very thing that makes bad blood between most men, but, because Peter is Peter, it's different with us."

She stared at him, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Peter loves you," he went on doggedly and dispassionately. "I mean that——"

"Jack it's not true—how dare you say that!"

"I mean," he persisted, "that this is the only thing in his life he values. It's not myself, it's you; and it has made him a prince of gentlemen."

Mary's lips moved in a wordless speech, that framed no answer. It had all been so perfect, David and Jonathan, husband and friend, between them she had moved happily and carefree, accepting love and loyal service, as of the things appointed. All her existence was wrapped up in Arnott. She was swayed by a worship of him that often frightened her in its intensity, and yet, strangely enough, its expression was sometimes baffled by its very strength. She could never abandon herself, but when the realization of it came, it seemed something too divine to release from the boundaries of her own spirit, too rare to share even with its own object.

It was unutterable that Peter should feel for her anything of the nature and quality of what she felt for her husband.

"How do you know?" she said faintly.

"Because I know men." He spoke insistently with a great conviction: "You don't, you know only one. I have something Peter has not, but he lets that make no difference—that is Peter's honor."

She looked at him helplessly, "I don't want to go down. I can't."

"You must, more now than ever before," he encouraged quickly. "It's a queer sort of triangular affair, and you were the undefined apex, and, it's much better that you should learn from me than anyone else. I'll be down in a moment."

Mary talked mechanically through an interminable dinner, her eyes ranging from one face to the other. There was nothing to mark any difference. Arnott was as ever an agreeable host. Wentworth a welcome guest. Her husband's face, keen, strong and introspective was not that of a man who had pierced the inmost secret of his friend's heart and found something that works like poison in the blood of most of such discoverers. Wentworth, cheerful, even merry, seemed never to have heard of such a thing as hopeless love, nothing could have been more foreign to the quick response that met her

attempts at conversation. But beneath it all she felt for the first time the undercurrents of life, and trembled at the murmur of their moving tides.

To-night she watched the part he played and marvelled at such clear-eyed gaiety. It did not seem possible that her husband was right, but innumerable little half-forgotten happenings, crowding hurriedly into her brain, all hinted at the same story, and when she escaped it was to bury a flushed face in her hands and think.

At her going a silence fell between the two men, and Arnott's face took on a strange impenetrableness. The wordless space lengthened almost to the point of embarrassment, when he suddenly said: "I had rather an interesting case last week and am particularly anxious to get your opinion on it."

"Let's have it, old chap. My opinion is not worth much as you have proved in court several times lately; but you're welcome to it."

"A woman came to my office in great distress," resumed Arnott, "a woman you know, so I won't mention names. She has been married for several years to a man who has had her entire respect and confidence. After several ineffectual attempts she told me she had discovered a week or so ago that her husband lives a double life, and is away from town a great deal."

His guest looked at him comprehendingly and Arnott went on: "This man, whom I saw next day, strikes me, strangely enough, as being quite a decent fellow. He isn't low or vile in the usual sense of the word. Finally I got him to talk. It's rather a long story, but here is the gist of it."

"He believes in something that he calls the duality of life, and holds that he, and for the matter of that, all the rest of us, are composed of two elements, one good and one bad."

"Now the curious part of it all is that he loves his wife, there is no question of that, but has never dared to exhibit his whole composite self to her. He has made a burnt offering, so to speak, before her, of his better nature."

There was a strange note in his voice. To Wentworth it sounded as though Arnott spoke to a judge. They were both leading members of legal firms, they had

striven mightily in court and had effected many a compromise at the cheery fire-side of their club, but now Wentworth felt that he was on new ground.

Arnott leaned forward. "There's one thing I did notice, he seems self-possessed and almost blatantly satisfied, but I am certain that that is superficial. It's his way of carrying it off. He's too proud to face the inevitable. I'm morally certain that he is full of a great remorse and would play the game if he could break himself to do it."

"You have said nothing about his wife," put in Wentworth.

His host hesitated "She is the kind that would appear desirable to any man."

"Then I can't see that there is any question about it—legally."

"Of course not," his host broke in, "it's the other side of it. The man is not immoral, he's unmoral. It's the justification I'm driving at. What about that?"

Wentworth thought silently for some time and scanned the keen face across the table. He had never questioned Arnott's interpretation of such matters, for was not Arnott Mary's husband. Then he shook his head slowly; "There isn't any justification, old chap."

He fingered his wine glass with something of mystification. His own mind shrank delicately and instinctively from tainted things. He had preserved a fresh and wholesome view with all his worldly wisdom and had mentally linked arms with Arnott in the paths through which his own idealism had led. But this was something new from Arnott.

He rubbed his fingers together expressively and again had the strange prompting that he was on some invisible bench, and to banish it, said almost sharply, "You want me to say exactly what I think?"

Arnott nodded, with eyes still fixed on his guest.

"Well, it's inexcusable from any point of view. This man lives and acts a lie. Mind you I think he has probably paid for it a thousand times; paid more than it was ever worth, and has carried round with him a private personal purgatory whatever he may protest to the contrary. Poor devil. I'm sorry for him."

"So am I." The words came slowly, but very distinctly—

Wentworth walked home with a mind full of old rebellious questions to which he never could find any answer. Sometimes he was able to temper his thoughts till they moved in parallel with an outward contentment, but to-night, a lonely imagination overleaped every boundary. He half guessed that Arnott knew. If he did not know, why should he have so often effaced himself, so often set aside his husbandship? Why should his hospitable door seem to swing open automatically at his friend's approach? Then Mary's face came between him and the reflection on her husband's rare understanding, and at the vision every fibre of his being went out in unutterable longing. From the beginning it was written that he should worship Mary and Mary alone.

He had never told her. Love was unborn in him when she had married Arnott, and it was a year later that he read his fate in her gentle eyes. A remorseless destiny had guarded his soul, kept it clean, noble and brave as though for some high purpose, and then set him on the borders of a fair country which was not of his.

Beside an expiring fire Mary looked at her husband with trouble in her eyes.

"Jack!"

"Yes, dear."

"I'm afraid you've spoiled everything for Peter and me. Oh why couldn't you have left it just as it was. I don't want to see him at all, now."

"I think you are wrong there. If you won't see him, it will be cruel, and if I had not told you it would have been cruel too. Now I'm going to tell you something more."

A log collapsed on the hearth and shot out a myriad of little points of life. The glow dwelt for a space till he met her questioning gaze, and said thoughtfully: "People can't accept each other in their entirety, and it's a merciful providence that only rarely we get suggestions of it. That applies to you and Peter and to you and me, as well."

"Jack, what do you mean, haven't you taken me—the whole of me?"

"No, I don't think so, because I never can know the whole of you and you wouldn't like it, if I did."

"Really? You are extremely complimentary."

"Think for a moment," he persisted. "I'll speak now of myself. I have impulses, thoughts and emotions and I perform mental acts which are no less real than physical ones and which,"—he paused, then, suddenly, "I would rather die than reveal, even to you."

The quick color palpitated on her cheek, then she slipped down on the rug and hid her face against his chair.

"It's true, Jack," she whispered, "I know it's true, and with me too, but don't pull Peter into it."

"It's partly on account of Peter that I mention these things," he said gently, "don't be too kind, and—" he smiled, turning her face up to his, "don't be too attractive, it will be easier for Peter. Easier for the side of him that he will never reveal, but you must never forget."

A sensing of unspeakable things came over Mary. It was the first time that, for her, the semblance of life had been torn away and now she had a glimpse of the rioting atoms that convention has shaped into a more or less acceptable structure. She could never, never think of Peter again in the same way, and, realizing this, experienced a dull resentment against her husband.

"You should not have spoken like this, Jack, you have done more harm than good—to all of us," she added bitterly.

The words slid by him ineffectually. He was staring at her through half closed lids. "If, sometime, you should discover things about me, should discover the other side of me, and it was different from all of your ideas, would you be satisfied, be big enough to accept what you do know now, and be content with that?"

"Jack, dear, don't, you fill me with useless fear. God knows what you mean to me." She pressed her cheek close against his arm. "I love you. I love you."

A flying shadow sped across his face, and touched it with a sudden nameless change. Then Mary looked up at him. "Come dear, you are tired."

He did not answer, and she peered more closely at him. "Jack," she cried, switching on the light, "What is the matter. Speak to me."

His clear features grew into distortion even as she called, and a thousand little

muscles twitched them out of all likeness to himself. One corner of his mouth moved convulsively and then drooped into a horrible inanity. A quick terror robbed her of breath and speech. She could but hold his helpless hands to a throbbing heart. As she stared, his arms swung unheeded, the frightful grotesqueness of his face fixed itself into a revolting, terrifying leer, and the stricken head dropped forward. He moved once or twice as though trying to get up, then sank back limp and powerless.

"Jack," she called, pulling at his shoulders in panic, "Jack, what is it?" But there came no answer.

It was not till a year later, when Mary was emerging from the solitude of her mourning, that Peter dined again at the Arnott house. The abandonment of her grief had begun to soften into a memorial tenderness through which her interpretation of her husband moved with a glorified perfection, that seemed to shine the clearer with the passage of time. Her moods had had full sway, unchecked by duty or obligation, and now as the shadows lifted, she prepared for a life of sacrificial devotion to a good cause.

Peter, stepping warily down the path of an executor who was in desperate love with the beneficiary, had not prejudiced his own interest by any untoward eagerness. So kind had he been, so thoughtful and so impersonal that Mary easily believed that in the shock of his friend's death love had been buried.

The old understanding seemed to have revived, till, suddenly, sitting again with him by the same hearth, she felt in a flash that nothing in him had died or changed. Their eyes met under the potent psychology of the leaping flame and however her heart might protest there was that in his eyes and face which she knew must speak. Some telepathic communion told him that she knew and then he found words.

He did not beseech, he did not urge, but it all came with modest confidence. "I know I can't give you what dear old Jack gave," he said affectionately, "I haven't his brains, and I don't ask for what you gave Jack. I don't expect that, but we're both lonely, Mary. I won't come

between yourself and memories, but I want to take care of you."

No other road would have taken him so near to her. He saw it in the almost imperceptible softening of her eyes and when she spoke there was a delicate thread of feeling in her voice that made his heart yearn.

"Peter, dear friend, I don't know how to tell you in a way that will help you to understand. No woman owes more to a friend than I to you, and I can never, never repay it."

Peter raised a deprecating hand; she took it between her own. All the blood rushed to his heart, but he could feel no response in that smooth, cool touch.

"I have nothing left to give, even to you. I have lived with the one perfect man I knew—and now," her voice broke, "I don't want to live again. It would be only acting, Peter. Were his memory less perfect, then perhaps," she fought with emotion, her eyes full of tears.

"I love you," said Peter, doggedly, "from the moment I saw you I loved you. Mary, can you do without love all your life?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "without that kind."

"There is no other kind."

"Peter, listen, and be gentle with me. Jack once told me that there were things about him I didn't know, a side of himself that he couldn't reveal. I agreed with him, but now I see I was wrong. I knew all of him, it was beautiful and perfect, and knowing and remembering that, as I do, every hour of every day, don't you see I can't begin all over again."

The plaint in her voice touched him profoundly, and he bent over her hand and for the first time in his life, kissed it.

"Forgive me if——"

"There is nothing to forgive, dear friend," she said quickly. "Good night. God bless you—always——"

He was at the door when she put a packet into his hands. "These are some papers I found in a corner of his desk. I think they must belong to some case. I have not read them. Will you send them to the office if they should go there?"

He turned at the street to lift his hat again. Mary was standing on the threshold, the light filtering through her brown hair, and the dark woodwork framing her

dainty figure. She looked the spirit of a home.

His mind was charged with revolt. He felt instinctively that an idealized memory was an unconquerable rival, it would never weaken, never betray itself and he would go on fighting a vain battle with the air; the thought gave him a strange sense of futility.

Later, in his rooms, an old brown pipe restored a temporary peace, and he examined the packet, a sheet of paper enclosing perhaps a dozen letters, and fastened with a rubber band. He turned them over singly. They were all postmarked from a neighboring city and addressed to Arnott in a handwriting in which masculine sturdiness marched with a certain feminine irregularity.

He opened one at random, dated about three months before his friend's death, and ran over the first lines carelessly. Suddenly he stopped, straightened in his chair, laid down his pipe and turned to the last page. Then he examined another letter and another. They were all from the same woman, and all written within a year of Arnott's death.

He turned back and read—ravenously, as a dog eats meat. "By God," he said, under his breath. "By God." He snatched another letter and raced through it. Individual words and sentences stood out and held him for a moment, then fury took him and he dashed ahead, ripping them open, devouring them, hurling them on the floor, his forehead red and swollen, his hands trembling. He jumped up and stumbled about the room, seeing nothing but the litter of crumpled sheets, then turned to the mantel, and was face to face with Arnott's photograph. In a flash it was torn to shreds and spurted into a blue flame on the hearth. Then Wentworth's fury passed and he flung his arms out on the table and thrust his face into them.

A long time passed and the bent shoulders ceased to shake. When he looked up a new light had replaced the insensate anger in his eyes. The letters, carefully gathered, were remade into the packet and lay noised in his hand. Deep in the man's strong nature something was stirring; he felt the power of it and waited. Then he began to talk in a queer voice, as if to himself, but in reality to the greater self that was born in him that hour.

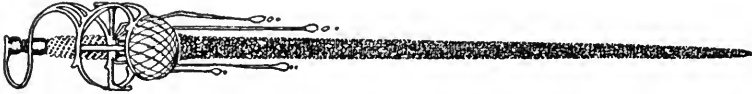
"I know now what Jack meant that night when he told me about his client, but he didn't have a client, and he hadn't time to straighten things out. I know why he didn't tell me all. I wouldn't let him. I came down too hard on the old chap. He was going to, he certainly was going to chuck it, but he got knocked out at the wrong time. It's all right, old chap, it's all right."

He got down and fumbled on the cold hearth for the charred pieces of the photograph, but they dissolved into dust. Then he took another picture, Mary's, from the mantel, and looked into the clear eyes.

"You are mine," he breathed, "by all

the laws of God and man you are mine." The smiling lips touched his own. "But I cannot murder your spirit. I love you too much for that. So I give you back your memories, my Mary."

He raked the embers together and coaxed them into life, and when the bright blaze came laid the packet in the middle of it. Then the flame leaped higher, the passport to his desire curled and blackened, and the accusing words pin-pointed themselves and tumbled into black destruction. When the very last fragment had disappeared he kissed the photograph again. "God keep you, my Mary," he whispered.



THE COMMON SOLDIERS

The angry War God lashes the lead-horses
As along the ways is whirled the Chariot of the
Nations,
By Lust of Land on-hurled.
And we, cheap held as dust beneath their wheel,
Rise at their bidding—rise and reel
Along the outposts of the world.

Not lightly, to the crimson cry of martial music,
As heedless boys die we,
But like dazed, fright-stamped cattle
Caught in Life's shambles lie we.
Like birds on broken wing
That flee the fowler's hand fly we,
Caught blind within the meshed net of angry nations.
Like beasts that do the bidding of their binders,
Rise we in strength to shed our brothers' blood.

When shall our Masters file our forged fetters!
When Man for love of Man forswears his Lust of
Land.

—By Elizabeth Maury Coombs.

Forcible Entry

A Legend of an Old Toronto House

By

B. Maude

NEARLY fifty years ago a young man left Toronto who had been born in the little town twenty-five years before, the son of a prominent British official of the time. The other day he returned and from the tangled memories of three-quarters of a century unravelled many a curious yarn. Old associations brought to his mind old stories forgotten by all save a few old people like himself.

There remained little enough of the town he had known. Here and there he recognized some old house standing forlorn and shabby, desperately trying to preserve its residential dignity in the roaring shadow of factories and office buildings.

And of all the vanished houses, the visitor mourned one in particular. Where once this stately house had stood remote and sheltered, were now squeezed together a medley of factories, stores, churches and grimy dwellings.

It was the tale of the burglarious exploit of a high officer of the law. Of how the first act of an eminent Canadian lawyer on being raised to the Bench had been to break and enter a tenement or domicile. Of how, having thus taken forcible possession thereof, he held it for upwards of thirty years, while, at his demise his family continued the detainer for a further quarter of a century and eventually disposed of the property to their own advantage.

* * *

In 1820, the Hon. John Henry Dunn decided to build himself a house. It was

time, he thought, that he had a dwelling worthy of his position as Receiver General of Upper Canada and in which his charming wife could entertain fittingly the scanty but select society of Little York. In 1811—exactly one hundred years ago he had acquired a pleasant plot of land some distance from the lake-front. This was his site. To the west lay fields and woodland with the flag of the fort fluttering in the middle distance. Ten minutes walk eastwards along Lot street brought one to the centre of the town. The ground was still shaded by many magnificent survivors of the original forest and Mr. Dunn had every reason to congratulate himself on having an excellent situation for his residence. Plans were soon drawn out and in a very short time the masons were at work and John Ross was busy with hammer and saw.

Meanwhile a young lawyer was building up an excellent practice down in Cornwall. This was Archibald Maclean. In 1837 he was raised to the Bench; one can imagine his family remembering the date of the accession of the young Queen by the momentous event in the life of their father. Most important to them, perhaps, was the fact that the honor bestowed upon him meant their removal from quiet Cornwall to the gay metropolis.

Gay it was in spite of its size. There were the officers at the fort—dashing fellows, the life and soul of an evening party and irresistible in their brilliant uniforms. There were half a hundred

hospitable hostesses whose houses were always open. Dinners, dances, picnics, evening parties—all on jolliest and friendliest scale imaginable.

But when the new judge came to Little York this erstwhile centre of fashion and gayety was shuttered and deserted. Mrs. Dunn had died two years before, and her husband, utterly disconsolate, could no longer bear to live in the place where they had spent so many happy days. With his four young children he had fled from the place on the day of his wife's burial. To him the house was now a tragedy, and he wished to see no more of it.

So for two years the house had remained shuttered and closed, brooding in the dark shadows of its elms and chestnuts. Weeds choked the gravel drive, the flowers in the beds ran to seed, the wild vine which Mr. Dunn had left growing close to the foundations, clambered higher and higher up the wall and flapped its broad leaves against the upper windows. The roses which had been the chief pride of Mrs. Dunn were left to the tender mercies of the winter frosts.

Mr. Justice Maclean came up from Cornwall bag and baggage. He left behind him a comfortable and substantial house and now, as judge, it was necessary that he should find an even more comfortable and substantial house in which to settle down at York. But houses were scarce. York was a growing town, growing nearly as fast as Toronto is to-day, and there were no houses available. Mr. Maclean consulted all his friends but to no purpose. No one knew of a house available fit for the judge and his family to occupy. Things were getting desperate. Winter was coming on, and one of Her Majesty's judges was a houseless wanderer.

It was at this point that somebody remembered the old Dunn homestead. "Capital!" cried the judge. "Egad, sir! that's the very place!" and forthwith he started in search of Mr. Dunn.

Mr. Dunn was not to be found. No one seemed to know where he had gone. In vain the judge scoured York.

The friend made a bold suggestion. The judge shook his head, pursed his lips and scraped a legal chin between a reflective thumb and forefinger.

Yet—there was the house, empty. It certainly would be possible. . . But,

really! most high-handed and illegal. Still Dunn was a sensible fellow . . . Matters could be arranged. As the judge shook hands with his friend his lips were set in resolution. His mind was made up. He would commit a felony.

That very afternoon the future Chief Justice of Upper Canada, in company with a blacksmith or some other accomplice or divers accomplices unknown, rustled through the autumn leaves to the locked and shuttered house. A vigorous twist of a crowbar, a crack of breaking metal, and the stout lock forebore resistance. The judge had broken and entered and taken forcible possession of another man's house—a hanging matter. The judge guiltily moved in and awaited the return of Mr. Dunn with conscience quickened heart-beats.

Some considerable time elapsed before that return occurred. Tradition says that the judge enjoyed possession of the house for several years during which time all efforts to find some trace of its owner had been fruitless. One day, however, Mr. Dunn reappeared in Toronto and great was his surprise when his friend Mr. Justice Maclean hastened to him with a penitent confession of forcible entry and detainer.

At first Mr. Dunn was inclined to be angry. He had intended that the house where his wife had lived and died should remain empty—a melancholy memorial to his great grief. In the first outburst of his sorrow he had determined that the spot where he and his wife had lived so happily should never be desecrated to the use of strangers.

But Maclean was no stranger. He had been a welcome guest in the old house on his unfrequent visits to Little York—and now fate had seemingly determined that he should become its tenant. Mr. Dunn's annoyance evaporated. The burglary was forgiven and the eminent burglar was allowed to remain.

Still there was one point on which Mr. Dunn was immovable—he would take no money for the place. He would neither sell the place nor rent it. While the judge lived there he must be his guest, a non-paying tenant. No amount of argument or persuasion would shake him; on these terms alone would he consent to an arrangement. And the judge lacking abil-

ity to do otherwise, was obliged reluctantly to consent.

While the judge's family was growing to manhood and womanhood in the house they had come to look upon and love as their home and the judge himself was gathering fresh laurels in the legal world a boy was being educated at Upper Canada College who was destined to give the homestead some little claim to a place in Canadian history. This was Alexander, the younger son of Mr. Dunn who was born in the house two years before his mother's death and who, twenty years after the judge took such unconventional possession of his birthplace, was a dashing young lieutenant of the 11th Hussars with the British Army in the Crimea.

To him upon his return to Canada Mr. Justice Maclean renewed the offers of rent and purchase he had so often made to his father, but always his offers were laughingly refused. Nonsense to all intents and purposes the place was his already. The Colonel could not think of taking rent and his father never wished it to be sold. Debt? Not at all. He himself was indebted to the father of such charming daughters.

And through the years the amicable argument between the soldier and the lawyer pursued its smiling course, the judge insistent and the Colonel firm. It was still in progress when the judge reached the culmination of his honorable career. In 1863 he was appointed Chief Justice of Upper Canada and a year later was made President of the Court of Appeal.

In 1865 the Chief Justice died and his widow and seven children were left in the old house they had inhabited for twenty-eight years. They knew of course, of their father's friendly wrangles with Col. Dunn and with his father before him, but by this time the legends of forcible seizure and wrongful possession were looked upon more as an amusing fiction than anything else. The house in which several of them had been born and in which all of them had grown up they regarded as quite naturally and inalienably their own

property. Colonel Dunn was far away in India. The rest of his family, his heirs at his death, were but dimly remembered. None gave the ownership of the property a second thought; it was known universally as "the Maclean Homestead"—"Hospitality Hall."

This was the position of affairs when the Torontoian from whom the story came recently, left the city, and thus they remained for nearly ten years. About 1873 there came to him a rumor that the Macleans had had some trouble over the place, which, however, had had a successful termination. Two men, the rumor ran, named Trout and Lindsey, professed to have bought the place from Col. Dunn's heirs in spite of the long existing understanding that if the place was sold at any time the Macleans should have first option on it.

Mr. A. G. Maclean, the then head of the family, was disappointed and indignant and boldly countered this sale of his old home to strangers by laying claim to the lands by right of possession. His suit was successful and thus at last by "squatters' right" the Maclean family acquired a legal title to the home. Great were the rejoicings of the friends of the family at this rout of the interlopers.

Thus ended the tale. The old Torontoian's memory and knowledge served him no further. Of the history of the house during its last twenty years of existence enquiry taught him a little more. By degrees the fringes of the property had gone. A Methodist Church was built on the potato patch; rows of houses were erected fronting on the surrounding streets, shutting in the old house and the remnant of its garden: in 1890 the last of the Macleans had died or gone away and the old house had come to its end.

Thirty thousand dollars or thereabouts he was told the property had fetched at its final disposal to one of our new Cabinet Ministers. Thirty thousand dollars—Not an unprofitable burglary!

The Kissing Ode of Catullus

MY sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love:
 And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
 Let us not way them: Heaven's great lamps do dive
 Into their west, and straight again revive;
 But soon as once set is our little light,
 Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
 Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
 No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
 Unless alar'me came from the camp of love:
 But fools do live, and waste their little light,
 And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
 Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends;
 But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
 And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
 And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
 And crown with love my ever-during night."

We are indebted to Sir Glenholme Falconbridge for the two translations of the celebrated Kissing Ode of Catullus which we reproduce herewith, together with the note by Sir Glenholme which accompanied them. As he points out, eight translations of this classic were collected and presented to the readers of this magazine in September, 1909. The two versions which we are now able to present complete a remarkable anthology.

Sir Glenholme writes:

"The 'Busy Man's Magazine' (now MacLean's Magazine) of September, 1909, under the heading 'Lyric and its Lyrists,' contained metrical translations of the celebrated Kissing Ode of Catullus, by Sir Richard Burton, Sir Theodore Martin, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Mr. Justice Riddell, Principal Peterson, of McGill, Principal Hutton, of Toronto, and Mr. Arthur Anglin, K.C. I find that the Ode also received attention from the pen of Thomas Campion, physician, poet and musician, who died in 1619. Only the first stanza of his love song is translated from Catullus; the other two are original. It is given above. In the 'Book of old English love songs,' published by the Macmillan Company, of New York, this Ode is credited to Robert Campion, but I think this is a mistake."

The Kissing Ode of Catullus

LESBIA, let us (while we may)
 Live, and love the time away,
 And never mind what old Folk say.
 Suns can set, and ride as bright:
 No rise attends our little Light.
 We set in everlasting Night.

Count me a thousand kisses o'er,
 Count me a thousand kisses more
 Count me a thousand still, and then
 We'll count them o'er and o'er again.
 Why should I count? Why should I know
 How many kisses you bestow?
 'Tis better let the Reckoning fall,
 We'll kiss and never count at all,
 And thus we may avoid much Hate;
 Since none can envy at our State;
 When none shall know our total Bliss,
 How often and how much we kiss."

"The beautiful version on this second page is from the pen of Richard West. I copy it verbatim et litteratim from a letter from West to the poet Gray, dated 11th of May, 1742, in a very interesting book, 'Gray and his Friends,' edited by Duncan C. Tovey, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. West was the son of Richard West who was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland when he was only thirty-five, and then immediately died. His mother was the daughter of Bishop Burnet. Gray's friend, West, died at the age of 26. The four Eton friends were Gray, Walpole, West and Ashton, known to their school-fellows as 'the quadruple alliance.'"

Some Cities I Know

By

Augusta Bridle

With pencil sketches of Toronto by Mr. Lawren S. Harris,
and of Montreal by Mr. H. Kerr Eby.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*There are no statistics in this article. Neither are there any descriptions of so-called "beauty spots" such as cities usually like to boast about. Mr. Bridle has ignored all such things, ignored the public buildings and the side-shows of the cities of which he writes, and deals only with their characters, as he sees them.*

CITIES grow by competition. The four chief cities of Canada have begun to develop the same rivalry that long ago cropped up between New York and Chicago. At present the tug-of-war seems to be in pairs; between Montreal and Toronto; Winnipeg and Vancouver; St. John and Halifax; Fort William and Port Arthur; Calgary and Edmonton. Nobody imagines, for instance, that Vancouver or Winnipeg will ever outdistance Montreal—whatever becomes of inland Toronto.

Of course, the rivalry, at present, is purely a matter of population and of business; nobody cares a continental whether Montreal or Toronto has more or less city-character than the other—and this fact, by the way, will have to be changed before ever we get to have cities worth talking about. Of course, the purely commercial city is inevitable. It is also intolerable. Kipling called Toronto "consumingly commercial." Toronto hadn't the nerve to call Kipling a phrase-maker. In fact, To-

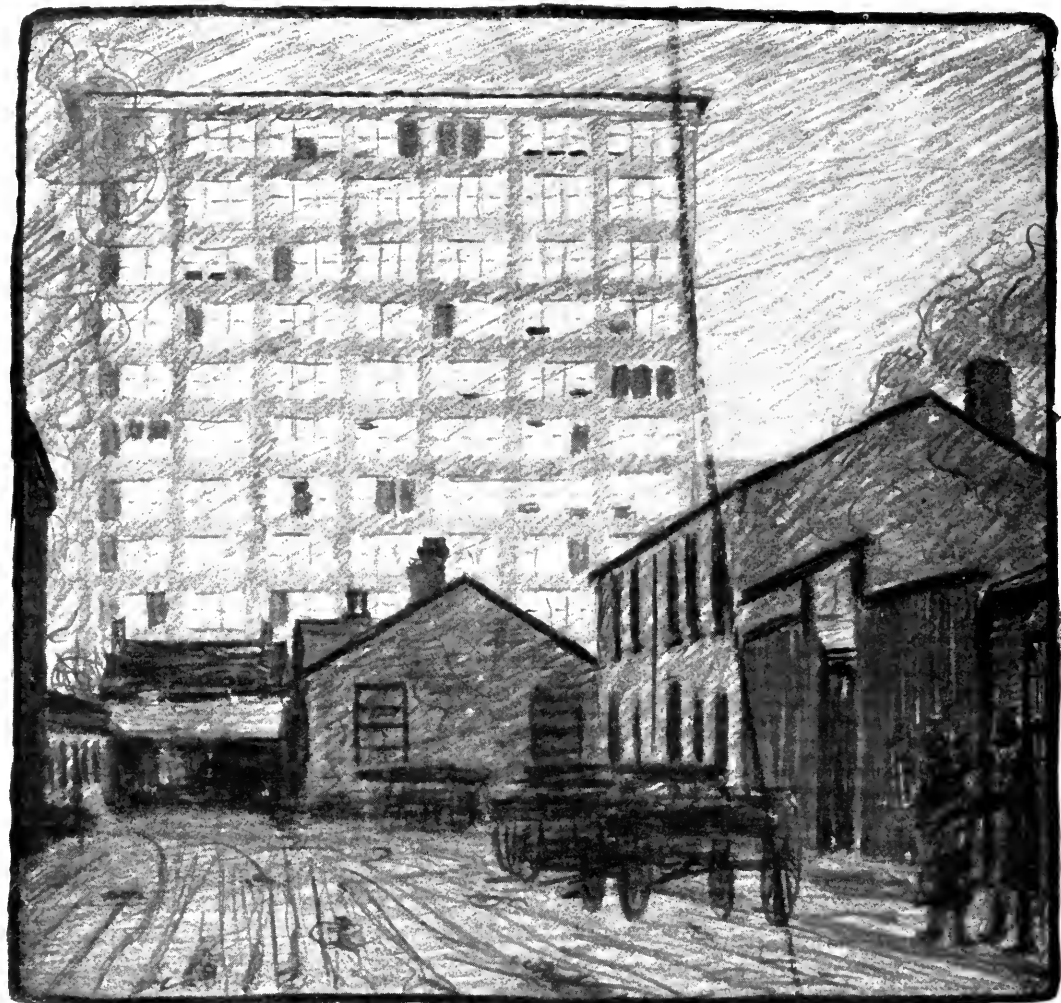
ronto felt rather flattered to think she had been accused by the poet-prophet of the Empire of having gumption enough to get up and dust into the really commercial class alongside of Montreal. Toronto is very proud that she is the headquarters of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. I think there was a time when Chicago was proud of being the home of Wizard Oil. And it rather primped a Chicagoan to be able to tell a New Yorker that the average of murders and suicides in that big village on Lake Michigan was higher than in Gotham.

Chicago used to boast, too, that nobody ever wrote "If Christ came to New York." Only Gorky wrote a damnation of New York which was peculiarly fine, and gave that aspiring city something to brag about almost as distinctive as the Harry Thaw episode. Whereas Chicago came along with "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair; years ago New York trotted out the Metropolitan opera house. Chicago had to get along with plays shipped over from



An odd street corner with the spire of St. James in the background.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.



The new Eaton factory which dominates Toronto's oldest poor district.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris

New York. Hammerstein put up the Manhattan. Still Chicago had no grand opera, and produced mainly vaudeville, of which she is the hub. But one fine morning a year ago Chicago said to herself:

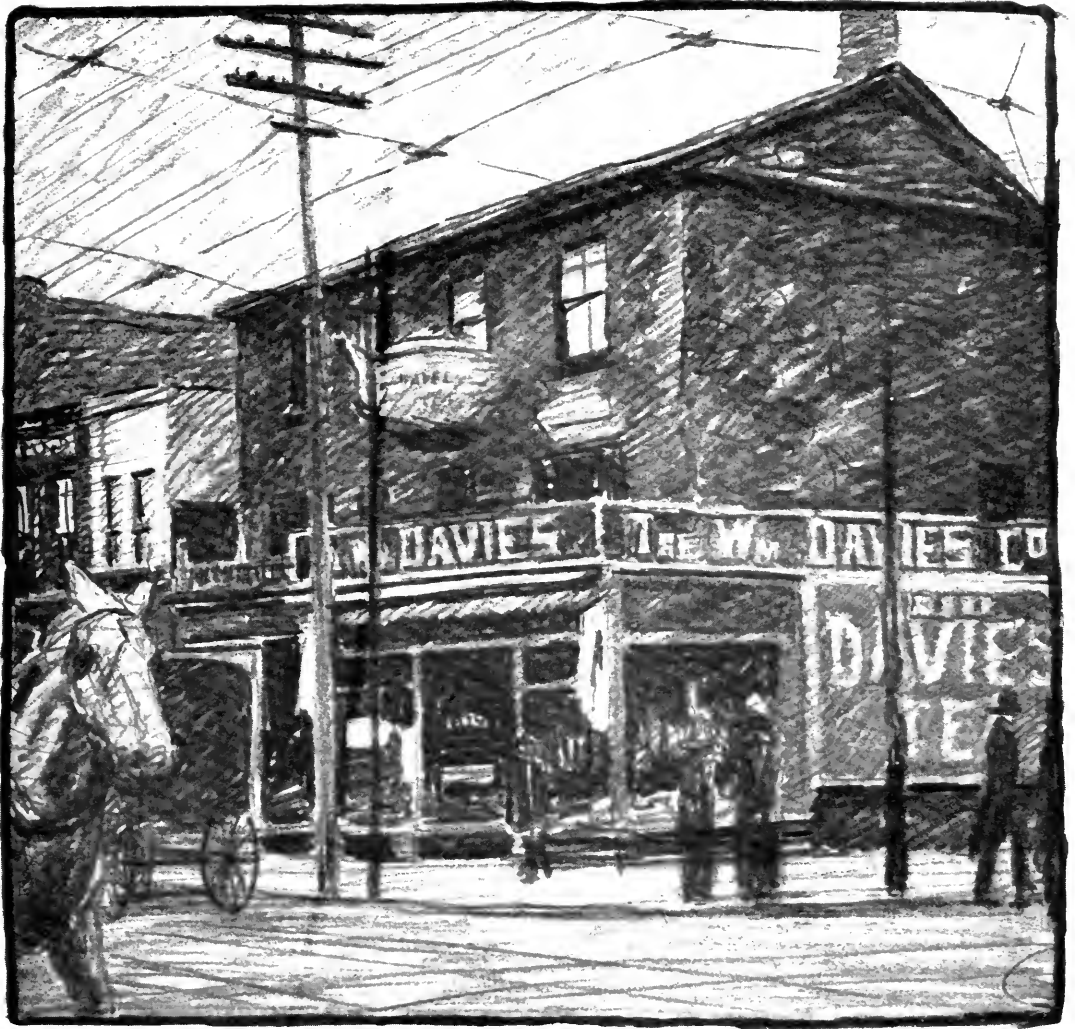
"By Heck! I'll have grand opera produced on Lake Michigan."

Up went a temple of Wagner and such.

So was it with the Metropolitan Museum and the Chicago Art Gallery. Again, with Central Park and Jackson Park; with Fifth Avenue and the Michigan Boulevard; with the New York Symphony Orchestra and the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which also got into the Boston Sym-

phony class by putting up a hall of its own at a cost of a couple of millions, as a sort of rival again to Carnegie Hall.

At the present time Chicago is breaking her neck to outdo New York in as many big things as possible; remembering that in achievement, according to age, she has New York beaten forever; that there never was room for a World's Fair in New York; and that there never can be any stock yards or wheat pit in New York. The race between them now has got past the merely commercial stage; for Chicago wants it well understood that not only the real commercial germ is on Lake Michigan, but that the real *American* is



The old store on the corner of Bloor and Yonge streets which has given place to a fine new building.

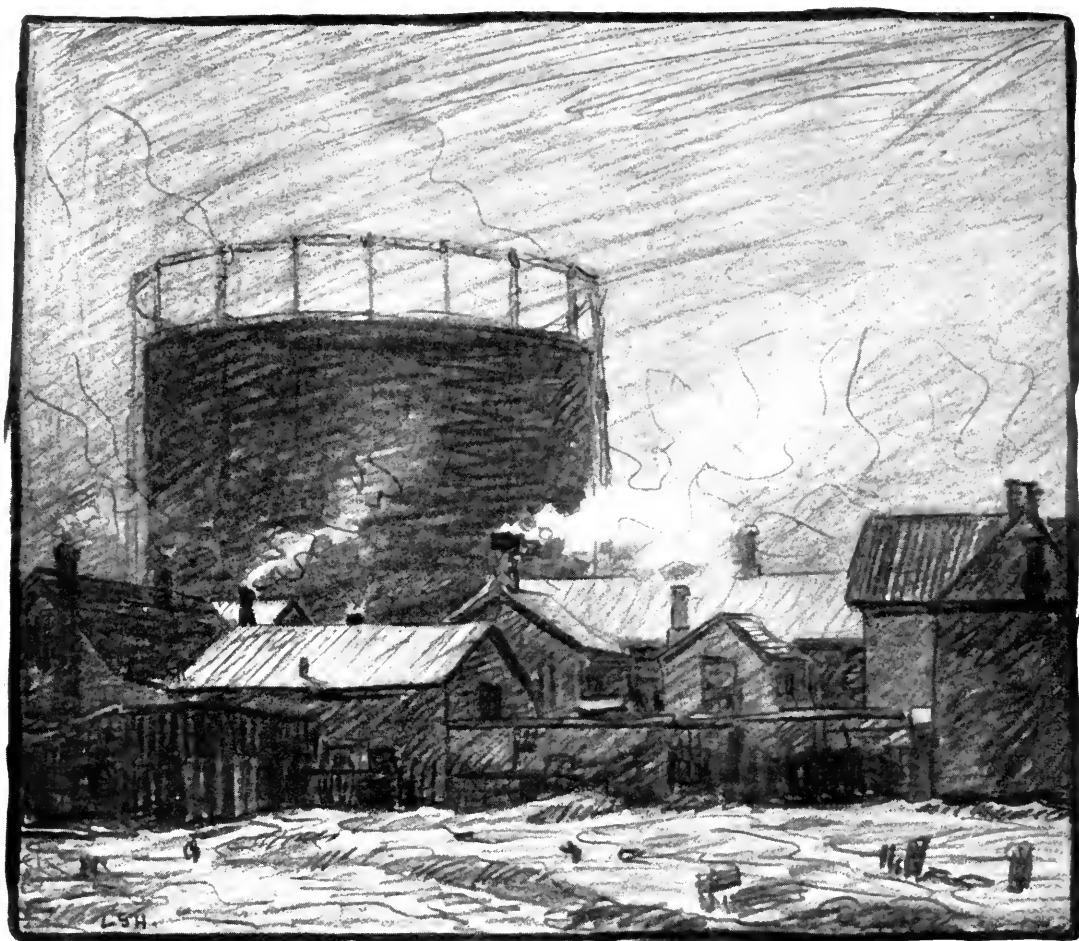
From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.

only to be found in Chicago, and therefore the true-American germ of art.

These somewhat foreign examples are alleged merely by way of illustration of what is beginning to be in Canada. There is no use in blinking the fact that Montreal and Toronto are a great deal more likely to imitate and to reproduce what New York and Chicago have done than they are ever likely to simulate London and Liverpool. Most of us in Canadian cities know ten times as much about either Chicago or New York as we know about

London. Which may be a good thing or merely natural.

Everybody knows that Montreal has the eternal start of Toronto on the purely commercial side. That's one of the accidents of location. Montreal is at the head of navigation for ocean liners. Toronto is merely dreaming of what some Government may some time do to nationalize Toronto Harbor and improve the St. Lawrence canal system so as to fetch ocean liners to the foot of Yonge Street. Montreal, with head offices and plants of the



In the region of Cherry street, where the huge bulk of a gas tank throws its shadow on everything.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.

two leading roads, including the greatest railroad system in the world and the only transcontinental system ever taken hold of by a Government, has Toronto side-tracked in the matter of railways. Toronto, however, is proud to say that Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann were pleased to select Toronto for their headquarters as graciously as the late Queen Victoria picked out Bytown as the Canadian capital by putting her royal finger down on the map. Toronto has become the home of the only transcontinental railroad system in the world developed by Government-guaranteed bonds and mainly controlled by two men. Toronto is, as I said before, the home of the C.M.A., one of whose

branches is in Montreal. She is the cradle of the National Policy, although Montreal has managed to corral a few huge industries, the like of which Toronto will perhaps never get.

Of course, factories, railroads and ocean liners are only the skeleton of a city. The real points of interest between these two biggest cities of Canada are in the people themselves, the things the people do, the ideas the people have and the sort of life they live. A city is mainly—human interest; which in these days of money and magnates is in some danger of being overlooked.

Montreal is perhaps the only real city in Canada in *feeling*. It is the only city

in which a man is likely to get lost; so that wandering along the river front up from old Bonsecours and the Nelson monument one comes on glum old Notre Dame and the Bank of Montreal with much the same feeling, though in a lesser degree, that he suddenly drifts out of Cheapside into the grey gloom of St. Paul's. The French-English capital of the Dominion is full of losing-your-way spots: The streets have an uncanny knack of swinging down long coutees of semi-quaint walls, up the long hills and away—to the last blink of a tin-roofed spire. St. Lawrence Main is one of the oddest cosmopolitan thoroughfares in America. The Jews are plastering up their thrifty signs in the vicinage of the old Jacques Cartier market. The reckless jehu driving the "pill-box," or the delivery sleigh careens through narrow defiles of streets, plumb through Jewry, up the hill to Notre Dame and St. James, the mediæval Bonsecours market and the Champ de Mars behind the City Hall; up from the sardined cottages and tenements of the native-speaking, where babies are thicker than in Jewry, until he slams his careless steed into the jam of traffic that swings up from the west end of the street. Close along-

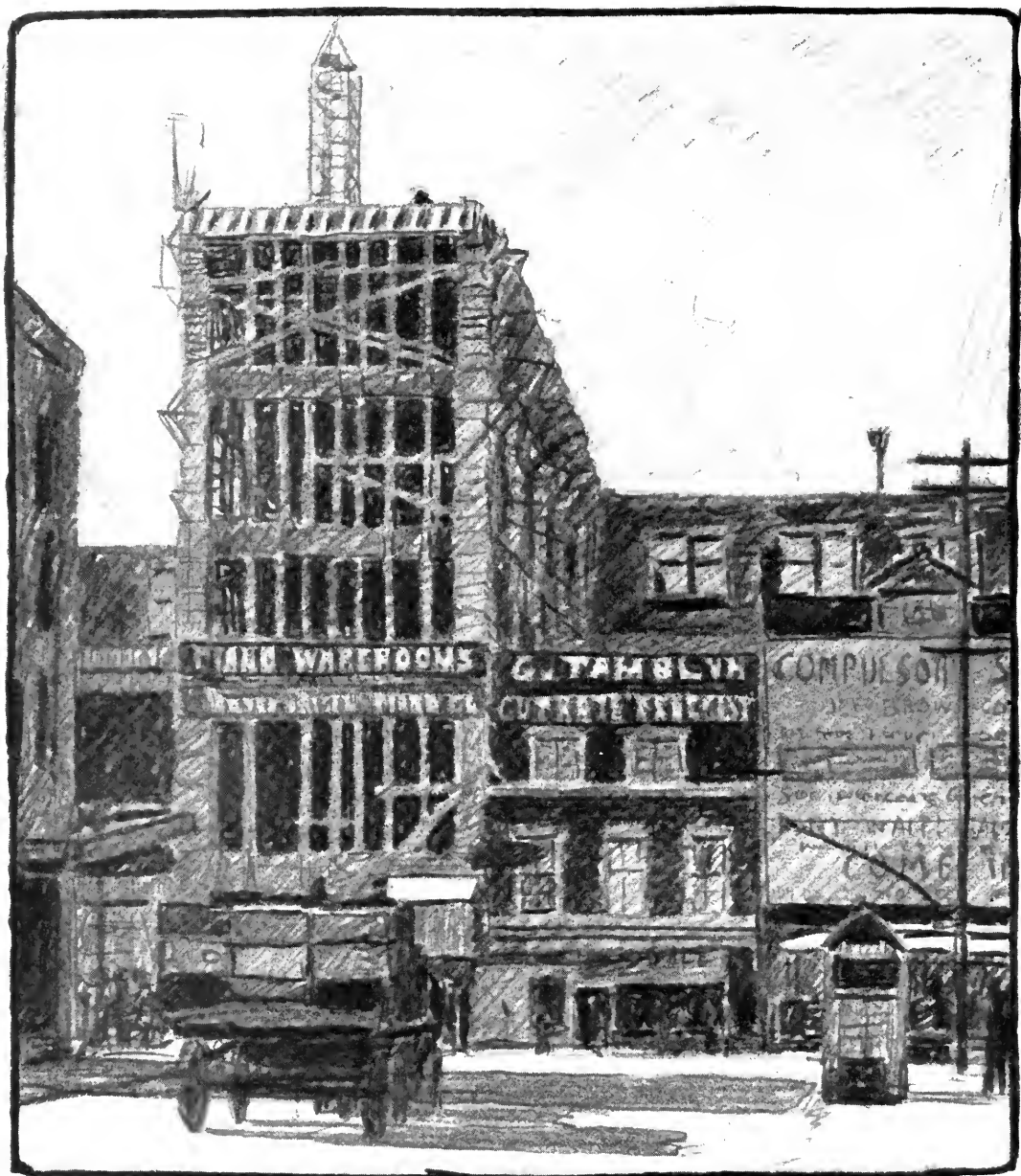
side, and from that to the docks and the big river, are the sullen gullies of grey warehouses; then mile upon mile of semi-mediæval Montreal, reeking of history, of camps, of morose Indians and garrulous French voyageurs. Crackling and clanking with the big open life of a sea-port, Montreal stretches its cumulative arms down the river and down, past the big painted liners and the black freight boats, past the indolent horse-deck ferries blundering up from below, past the sleepy tide-becalmed batteaux with all canvas down; until by the time you are beyond these you are miles from the swirl of the retail area, far out on the end of old Catherine Street that cuts a maudlin line to the place where the theatres are only less thick than the churches and the cheap cafes.

From Catherine Street, with its clatter of crowds to St. James, with its sulky roar of traffic and its atmosphere of money-kings, is the best part of an hour's drowsy ramble through the old-world anomaly of Montreal—the somewhat historic residence precinct threaded by old Sherbrooke St. Half-lazy and thoroughly respectable and reminiscent, this down-town house area makes Montreal two cities; on the one side stores, theatres, hotels and churches—on



Where the main lines pick their way through the jumble of traffic.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.



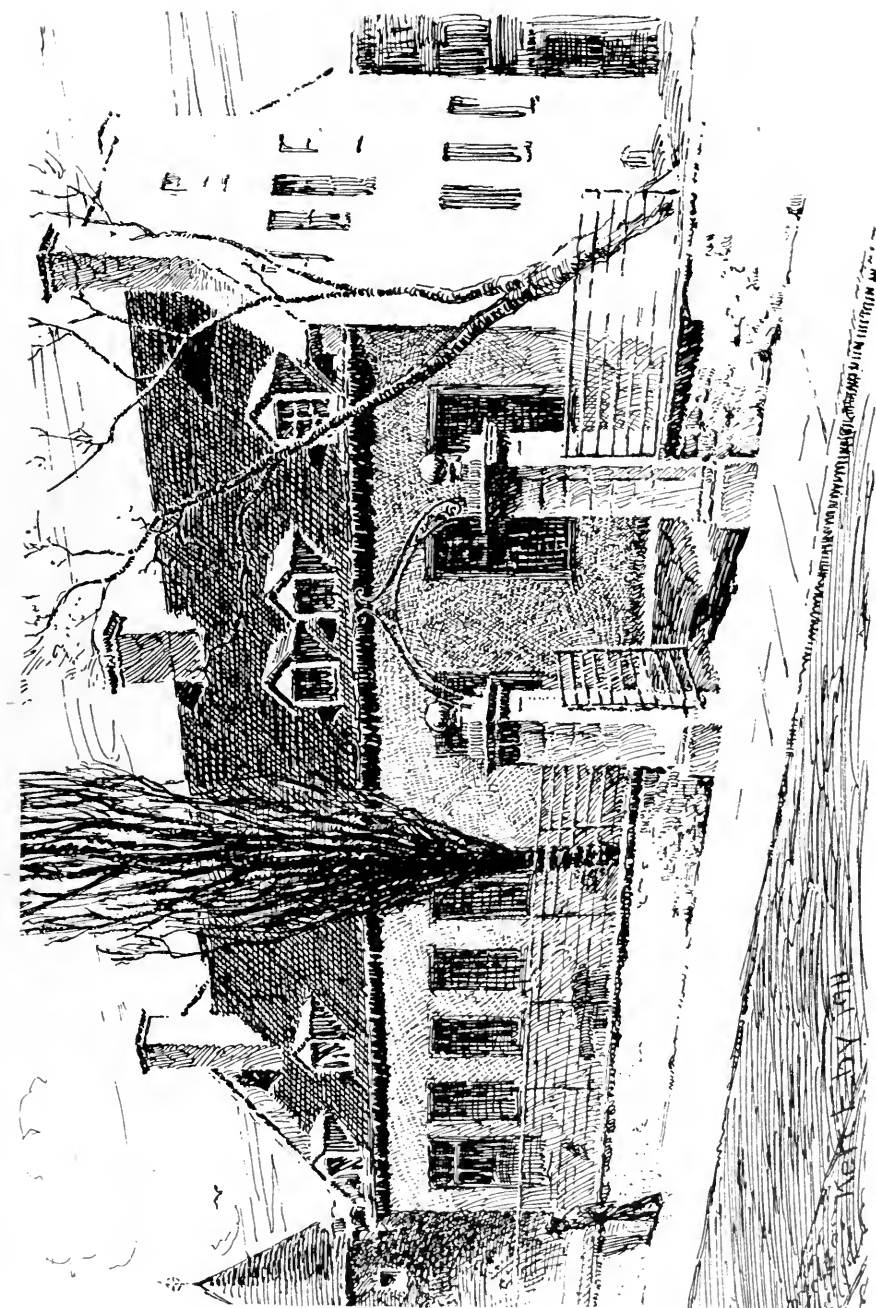
A new sky-scraper in the making.

From a sketch by Lawren S. Harris.

the other, banks, financial houses, warehouses and wharves—and more churches; always and everywhere the Church.

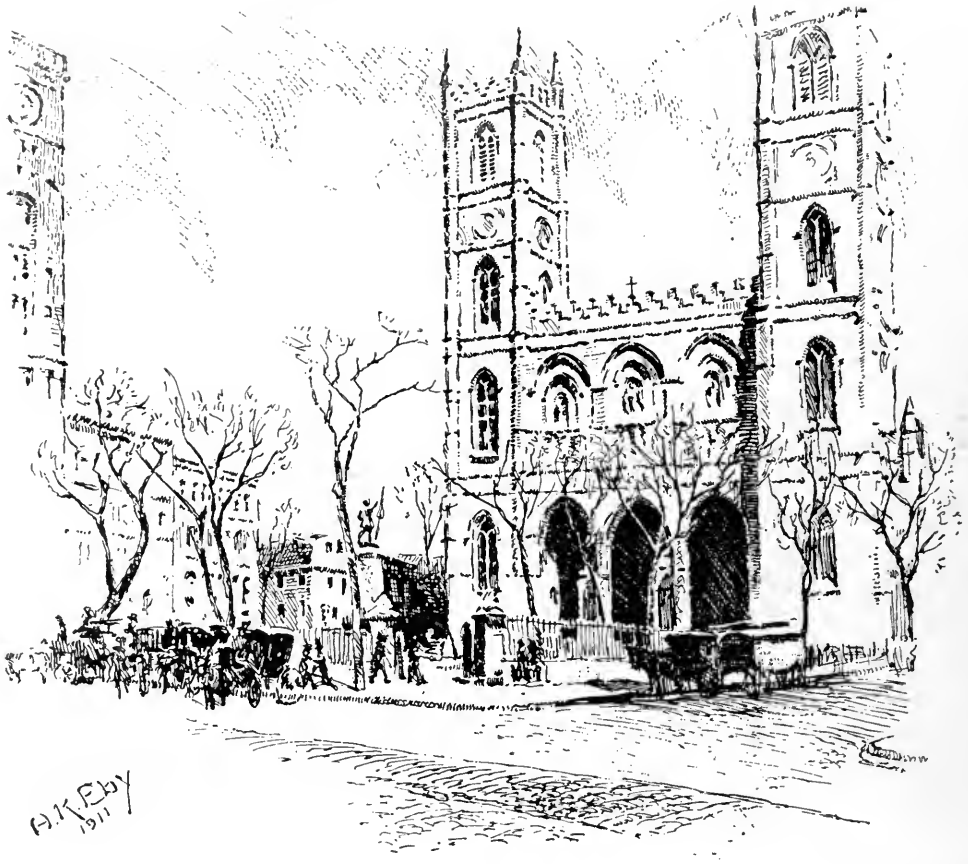
You decide to go through half a dozen of these cool haunts of religion. But the eternal quiet of the cathedral is almost as tiring as the clatter of the streets. Notre Dame has a heavy look. Its galleries are

overwhelming. It is vast without being impressive like St. Paul's or humanly eloquent of dead men like Westminster Abbey. St. James, the pretentious, is almost weirdly chaste. It is impossible. By the way, it is—too easy to be religious in Montreal; it is almost too easy to be historic. The marvel is that a place which has so



THE CHATEAU RAMEZAY IN MONTREAL.

From a Sketch by H. Kerr Eby.



PLACE D'ARMES.

The public squares, the monuments and the public places of Montreal are among the charms of the old city. In the foreground of the above subject is the usual cab-stand.

many temples and cornerstone entablatures can be so confoundedly busy.

Over at the Windsor there is no overplus of religion. You are in a modern world; as much of the Twentieth Century as wireless. In half an hour one may see ten millionaires in the Windsor. The Montreal millionaire is the chief of his class in Canada. He runs Montreal, except for the Church and the actual business of city government. The Mount Royal Club is a pantheon of live magnates, some of whom are up in their eighties, some just getting into voting age.

There's a swing and a snap about the way some fortunes are made in Montreal. And the Montreal magnates know how to spend; on houses and yachts and Euro-

pean pictures and grand opera. The private picture collections in Montreal are equal, if not the superior, of any in America. The late Sir George Drummond had a collection valued at more than a hundred thousand. In native grand opera Montreal has set the pace of production. In importation also—a few weeks ago bringing three hundred people from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for a three-night stand at a very ordinary theatre.

The regular run of Torontonians really admire Montreal. Of course, there is this fundamental rivalry always. One is excessively Protestant; the other opposite; one a lake port; the other a seaport. In theatres Toronto has the lead; in opera



THE CHURCH OF ST. JEAN DE BAPTISTE.

the rear. Music is better in Toronto. Montreal has comparatively little choral singing to write about and nothing to compare to the best chorus in Toronto. There is no Massey Hall in Montreal. Each city has a symphony orchestra. Montreal's is the older, but rather inferior. Toronto is to have a museum and an art gallery to over-do Montreal, which has the lead in the amount of money spent on pictures. The painters of Toronto are more numerous than those of Montreal. Comparisons are foolish; also unbelievable, but Montreal has a more definite color sense in pictures. In books and publications of almost every sort, exclusive of perhaps one daily newspaper in Montreal, Toronto has the advantage.

The two leading cities of Canada were born different. Nature and history con-

spired to cast each in a different mould—which is a good thing for Canada. More than one Montreal would be a disease: more than one Toronto is almost too probable. Toronto is a good deal like the average small Ontario city multiplied by a large improper fraction. The other—is a City. Some day we may have a real city on Lake Ontario. There are symptoms. We have as much politics as can be found on the St. Lawrence; more Tories and empire-loyalty: but there are few Nationalists in Toronto. Our streets are no cleaner. Both are at times almost intolerable. Civic spirit is needed in one almost as much as in the other. Montreal councils have been corrupt. Toronto councils are mainly inept. Which is worse?

Streets in Toronto are somewhat less narrow—and far less interesting. It is

only by a stretch of the imagination that a man down-town in Toronto feels that he is in the grip of a real city. Yet there may be stronger signs of a real contribution to Canadian nationality in Toronto than in Montreal. In Montreal the French tongue is a drawback. In Toronto, British-Canadian dullness is another. One will never improve. The other may. Toronto lacks imagination. Montreal has plenty. The average Toronto citizen rejoices in a utility. Montreal delights in a spectacle. She grows by tacking suburbs and banlieues on to her skirts, determining some day to cover the island—including the mountain. She rips out her time-worn architecture in true Chicago style and goes in for the most modern of modern buildings right alongside the mediaeval piles of the Church.

Toronto goes ahead more cannily; yet she is beginning to be impatient of her old-style down-town area which a big fire did much to revolutionize. King street and Yonge street this year will show more change of landscape than any similar area in Montreal. Neck and neck the two big corporations race in the number of building permits. Five years ago Toronto went ahead of Montreal with the first Canadian sky-scraper. The banks became too modern for the old Scotch stone piles along Front and Wellington. They are crowding to King Street where between the west side of Bay and the west side of Church street there are now up and in prospect thirteen banks of which all but two are head offices. Even the historic-looking edifice of the Bank of Montreal branch is to be abandoned for an uptown site. Yonge street has become the Mecca for retail trade. Rents are sky-scraper high. Office buildings go up almost in a night. Cross-town traffic is developing. Lower Yonge street almost resembles a miniature Broadway. But the growth of down-town Toronto is all in straight lines, and a man has no more chance of being lost among the canyons of the walls than in going from Toronto to Liverpool by an ocean liner. Most of the city resembles an Ontario township. There are the concessions and the side-roads. Much of the life of the city is the thrift and the industry of the concession road transplanted to the city street. Toronto is full of folk that came up from the country villages and the

farms. In spots it resembles bits of London. In general, it wears the aspect of Buffalo or Detroit; though much less pure Canadian in population than either of those border cities is American.

The Anglo-Saxon idea has its roots in Toronto; it was planted long ago by the British colony that founded the town. Imperialism, however, deviously that may be defined, flourishes in Toronto side by side with commercialism and some ideas about Art. Anglo-Saxonism has a nominal tenure in Montreal and Imperialism is kept alive mainly by ocean liners. In all probability one city would be as slow as the other to embrace Continentalism even though for nearly forty years Goldwin Smith was intellectually the first citizen of Toronto.

The lakeside town has succeeded in becoming rather a metropolis in spite of its geography and its peculiarly uninteresting career. It was almost enough to give the town a bad future to have called it, in turn, such stupid names as the "Queen City," "Toronto, the Good" and "Hogtown"—which latter originated in the old absurd jealousy between "The Ambitious City" and her neighbor, about on a par with the recent see-sawing between Fort William and Port Arthur and between Calgary and Edmonton. Toronto in its academic stage—not yet past—has been beset with Toryism and Continentalism, Grangeism and Orangemen, Patrons of Industry and P.P.A., anti-reciprocity and the Boer War; in all of which and more she has been the voice of an oddly conservative, industrious and loyal province. Protestantism had its day of running riot. Demagoguery had its day in Queen's Park. British to the core in sentiment; mainly American in methods of business; somewhat provincial in its Canadianism; but forever keeping up the ranks of the employed and the hum of factories and the mills of education, this quietly complex centre of influence has achieved almost the impossible in becoming a metropolis at all.

In the main, if a stranger should need sane opinions as to the future of Canada or of the Empire, or the influence of the United States upon this country, he would more likely find them in Toronto than in Montreal or Winnipeg and Vancouver. Toronto spent a long while, up to fifteen



The church of St. Jean de Baptiste.

years ago, just *thinking*. Now the place has waked and has begun to be a real competitor in the race of Canadian cities.

Consider on the other hand—Winnipeg; twenty-five years ago a head-land fur-post; now third city in Canada, with intention to keep ahead of Vancouver which is as far west of it as is Montreal eastward. "To be candid," says the Winnipeg men, "What has this crude young lodestone of the dollar and the box-car to do with either Montreal or Vancouver?"

Very much.

The once metropolis of Red River carts delights to consider herself as one recently has said, "a hundred dollars from anywhere." The granites of Algoma have done a great deal for the City of Wheat. A thousand miles of rock separate Winnipeg from either of the older eastern cities of Canada. Eight hundred miles of prairie and five hundred miles of mountain railroad divide it from the big city of the Pacific. She is a world and a law unto herself; dominated rather by Minneapolis than by Toronto, by Chicago than by Montreal, still she is almost a world and a law unto herself.

You are five minutes out of the greatest jostle of polyglottism in the world—the C.P.R. station—when you realize that the 'Peg has neither a British core like Toronto, nor a French core like Montreal. Two centuries of fur feudalism and of red men and half-breeds; three decades of railroad, and of wheat and of real estate; then you have modern Winnipeg which, if one should wake up there suddenly he might think an American city.

Winnipeg is no longer West: it is Middle Canada.

Winnipeggers resent having their city called American. No one doubts that there are as many Imperialists and Canada-Firsters to the acre of English-speakers at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine as there are in either of the first eastern cities. The Americanism of Winnipeg is not conditioned upon reciprocity, or wheat or railroads; neither upon sentiment. It is based hard and fast upon material progress—which is essentially American. The first symptom of Land-of-the-Dollarism is Hustle. Main Street and Portage Avenue move headlong faster than either of the sluggish rivers that run through Winnipeg. From the

C.P.R. station almost to the Hudson's Bay Company store, Main Street, is a mob. And Portage Avenue has been four years rivalling Main Street.

There used to be a fiction that Toronto and Montreal took their styles and manners and customs from London and New York; Winnipeg from her two elder sisters in mid-Canada; Vancouver from Winnipeg. But that transcontinental system of civilization is passing away. The chief cities are becoming self-centred. Each has its own peculiar way, and means to keep it. Each watches the other.

Winnipeg reckons she is "rather more individualistic" than any of the rest. She has the greatest number of box-cars according to population. She is the "gate-way" inland for the peoples of the world; and the "door-way" out-land for a good fraction of the world's wheat. In Winnipeg are the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company and the seat of a government that used to "buck" Ottawa, when it was Liberal Ottawa, as a perpetual pastime. Its civic rulers make more splash in the newspapers than either Montreal or Toronto. It has an industrial bureau that sits up nights to further schemes for making Winnipeg not only the Chicago of Canada but a centre of manufacturers too. Business is an eternal crescendo in Winnipeg from the crossing of Main Street and Portage across the lazy Red River to the bells of St. Boniface, up to the power-houses of Lac du Bonnet, out to Happyland, the Coney Island of the 'Peg, and radiating over the railways that used to be the old cart-rails to Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Prince Albert. Such is Winnipeg. She has no traditions to hold her back. Her lore is all in the making. She may, some day, raise up poets and statesmen, or she may teach this country the apotheosis of the dollar. But this city which thirty years ago was a fur-post on the prairie will need all she can get from the older cities of the East if she is to become the real Canadian metropolis of the West. In the day when Winnipeg becomes the east-and-west population centre of Canada—and by the new census that will be not so far distant—she will need all the gentler humanities that may be got from any city in the world. Chicago will not do for a model. Culture imported by millionaires will not make a city a real centre of power in national life.

The Child Who Had Everything But---

A Christmas Ghost Story

By

John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "Mollie and the Unwise Man Abroad," "The Idiot," etc.

"I KNEW it was coming long before it got there. Every symptom was in sight. I had grown fidgety, and sat fearful of something overpoweringly impending. Strange noises filled the house. Things generally, according to their nature, severally creaked, coughed, and moaned. There was a ghost on the way. That was perfectly clear to an expert in uncanny visitations of my wide experience, and I heartily wished it were not. There was a time when I welcomed such visitors with open arms, because there was a decided demand for them in the literary market, and I had been able to turn a great variety of spooks into anywhere from three to five thousand words apiece at five cents a word, but now the age had grown too sceptical to swallow ghostly reminiscence with any degree of satisfaction. People had grown tired of hearing about Visions, and desired that their tales should reek with the scent of gasoline, quiver with the superfervid fever of tangential loves, and crash with moral thunderbolts aimed against malefactors of great achievement and high social and commercial standing. Wherefore it seemed an egregious waste of time for me to dally with a spook, or with anything

else, for that matter, that had no strictly utilitarian value to one so professionally pressed as I was, and especially at a moment like that—it was Christmas morning, and the hour was twenty-eight minutes after two—when I was so busy preparing my Ode to June, and trying to work out the details of a midsummer romance in time for the market for such productions early in the coming January.

And right in the midst of all this pressure there rose up these beastly symptoms of an impending visitation. At first I strove to fight them off, but as the minutes passed they become so obsessively intrusive that I could not concentrate upon the work in hand, and I resolved to have it over with.

"Oh, well," said I, striking a few impatient chords upon my typewriting machine, "if you insist upon coming, come, and let's have done with it."

I roared this out, addressing the dim depths of the adjoining apartment, whence had risen the first dank apprehension of the uncanny something that had come to pester me.

"This is my busy night," I went on, when nothing happened in response to my summons, "and I give you fair warning

that, however psychic I may be now, I've got too much to do to stay so much longer. If you're going to haunt, haunt!"

It was in response to this appeal that the thing first manifested itself to the eye. It took the shape first of a very slight veil of green fog, which shortly began to swirl slowly from the darkness of the other room through the intervening portieres into my den. Once within, it increased the vigor of its swirl, until almost before I knew it there was spinning immediately before my desk something in the nature of a misty maelstrom, buzzing around like a pin-wheel in action.

"Very pretty—very pretty, indeed," said I, a trifle sarcastically, refusing to be impressed, "but I don't care for pyrotechnics. I suppose," I added flippantly, "that you are what might be called a mince-pyrotechnic, eh?"

Whether it was the quality of my jest, or some other inward pang due to its gyratory behavior, that caused it I know not, but as I spoke a deep groan issued from the centre of the whirling mist, and then out of its indeterminateness there was resolved the hazy figure of an angel—only, she was an intensely modern angel. She wore a hobble-skirt instead of the usual flowing robes of ladies of the supernal order, and her halo, instead of hovering over her head as used to be the correct manner of wearing these hard-won adornments, had perforce become a mere golden fillet binding together the great mass of finger curls and other distinctly yellow capillary attractions that stretched out from the back of her cerebellum for two or three feet, like a monumental psyche-knot. I could hardly restrain a shudder as I realized the theatric quality of the lady's appearance, and I honestly dreaded the possible consequences of her visit. We live in a tolerably censorious age, and I did not care to be seen in the company of such a peroxidized vision as she appeared to be.

"I am afraid, madam," said I, shrinking back against the wall as she approached—"I am very much afraid that you have got into the wrong house. Mr. Slat-herberry, the theatrical manager, lives next door."

She paid no attention to this observation, but, holding out a compelling hand, bade me come along with her, her voice

having about it all the musical charm of an oboe suffering from bronchitis.

"Not in a year of Sundays I won't!" I retorted. "I am a respectable man, a steady church-goer, a trustee for several philanthropic institutions, and a Sunday-School teacher. I don't wish to be impolite, but really, madam, rich as I am in reputation, I am too poor to be seen in public with you."

"I am a spirit," she began.

"I'll take your word for it," I interjected, and I could see that she told the truth, for she was entirely diaphanous, so much so indeed that one could perceive the piano in the other room with perfect clarity through her intervening shadiness. "It is, however, the unfortunate fact that I have sworn off spirits."

"None the less," she returned, her eye flashing and her hand held forth peremptorily, "you must come. It is your predestined doom."

My next remark I am not wholly clear about, but, as I remember it, it sounded something like, "I'll be doomed if I do!" whereupon she threatened me.

"It is useless to resist," she said. "If you decline to come voluntarily, I shall hypnotize you and force you to follow me. We have need of you."

"But, my dear lady," I pleaded, "please have some regard for my position. I never did any of you spirits any harm. I've treated every visitor from the spirit-land with the most distinguished consideration, and I feel that you owe it to me to be regardful of my good name. Suppose you take a look at yourself in yonder looking-glass, and then say if you think it fair to compel a decent, law-abiding man, of domestic inclinations like myself, to be seen in public with—well, with such a looking head of hair as that of yours?"

My visitor laughed heartily.

"Oh, if that's all," she said, most amiably, "we can arrange matters in a jiffy. Your wife possesses a hooded mackintosh, does she not? I think I saw something of the kind hanging on the hat-rack as I floated in. I will wear that if it will make you feel any easier."

"It certainly would," said I; "but see here—can't you scare up some other cavalier to escort you to the haven of your desires?"

She fixed a sternly steady eye upon me for a moment.

"Aren't you the man who wrote the lines,

The World's a green and gladsome ball,
And Love's the Ruler of it all,

And Life's the chance vouchsafed to me
For Deeds and Gifts of Smypathy?

Didn't you write that?" she demanded.

"I did, madam," said I, "and I meant every word of it, but what of it? Is that any reason why I should be seen on a public highway with a lady-ghost of your especial kind?"

"Enough of your objections," she retorted firmly. "You are the person for whom I have been sent. We have a case needing your immediate attention. The only question is, will you come pleasantly and of your own free will, or must I resort to extreme measures?"

These words were spoken with such determination that I realized that further resistance was useless, and I yielded.

"All right," said I. "On your way. I'll follow."

"Good!" she cried, her face wreathing with a pleasant little Nile-green smile. "Get the mackintosh and we'll be off. There's no time to lose," she added, as the clock in the tower on the square boomed out the hour of three.

"What is this anyhow?" I demanded, as I helped her on with the mackintosh and saw that the hood covered every vestige of that awful coiffure. "Another case of Scrooge?"

"Sort of," she replied as, hooking her arm in mine, she led me forth into the night.

II.

We passed over to Fifth Avenue, and proceeded uptown at a pace which reminded me of the active gait of my youth. My footsteps had grown unwontedly light, and we covered the first ten blocks in about three minutes.

"We don't seem to be headed for the slums," I panted.

"Indeed, we are not," she retorted. "There's no need of carrying coals to Newcastle on this occasion. This isn't a slum case. It's far more acute than that."

A tear came forth from her eye and trickled down over the mackintosh.

"It is a peculiarity of modern effort on behalf of suffering humanity," she went on, "that it is concentrated upon the relief of the misery of the so-called *submerged*, to the utter neglect of the often more poignant needs of the *emerged*. We have workers by the thousand in the slums, doing all that can be done, and successfully, too, to relieve the unhappy condition of the poor, but nobody ever seems to think of the sorrows of the starving hundreds on upper Fifth Avenue."

"See here, madam," said I, stopping suddenly short under a lamp-post in front of the Public Library, "I want to tell you right now that if you think you are going to take me into any of the homes of the hopelessly rich at this time of the morning, you are the most mightily mistaken creature that ever wore a psycheknot. Why, great heavens, my dear lady, suppose the owner of the house were to wake up and demand to know what I was doing there at this time of night? What could I say?"

"You have gone on slumming parties, haven't you?" she demanded coldly.

"Often," said I. "But that's different."

"Why?" she asked, with a simplicity that baffled me. "Is it any worse for you to intrude upon the home of a Fifth Avenue millionaire than it is to go unasked into the small, squalid tenement of some poor sweat-shop worker on the East Side?"

"Oh, but it's different," I protested. "I go there to see if there is anything I can do to relieve the unhappy condition of the persons who live in the slums."

"No doubt," said she. "I'll take your word for it, but is that any reason why you should neglect the sufferers who live in these marble palaces?"

As she spoke, she hooked hold of my arm once more, and in a moment we were climbing the front door steps of a palatial residence. The house showed a dark and forbidding front at that hour in the morning, despite its marble splendors, and I was glad to note that the massive grille doors of wrought-iron were heavily barred.

"It's useless, you see. 'We're locked out,' I ventured.

"Indeed?" she retorted, with a sarcastic smile, as she seized my hand in her icy grip and literally pulled me after her through the marble front of the dwelling.

"What have we to do with bolts and bars?"

"I don't know," said I ruefully, "but I have a notion that if I don't bolt I'll get the bars all right."

I could see them coming, and they were headed straight for me.

"All you have to do is to follow me," she went on, as we floated upward for two flights, paying but little attention to the treasures of art that lined the walls, and finally passed into a superbly lighted salon, more daintily beautiful than anything of the kind I had ever seen before.

"Jove!" I ejaculated, standing amazed in the presence of such luxury and beauty. "I did not realize that with all her treasures New York held anything quite so fine as this. What is it, a music-room?"

"It is the nursery," said my companion. "Look about you and see for yourself."

I did as I was bade, and such an array of toys as that inspection revealed! Truly it looked as if the toy-market in all sections of the world had been levied upon for tribute. Had all the famous toy emporiums of Nuremburg itself been transported thither bodily, there could not have been playthings in greater variety than there greeted my eye. From the most insignificant of tin-soldiers to the most intricate of mechanical toys for the delectation of the youthful mind, nothing that I could think of was missing.

The tin-soldiers as ever had a fascination for me, and in an instant I was down upon the floor, ranging them in their serried ranks, while the face of my companion wreathed with an indulgent smile.

"You'll do," said she, as I loaded a little spring cannon with a stub of a lead-pencil and bowled over half a regiment with one well-directed shot.

"These are the finest tin-soldiers I ever saw!" I cried with enthusiasm.

"Only they're not tin," said she. "Solid silver, every man-jack of them—except the officers—they're made of platinum."

"And will you look at that little electric railroad!" I cried, my eye ranging to the other end of the salon. "Stations, switches, danger-signals, cars of all kinds, and even miniature Pullmans, with real little berths that can be let up and down—who is the lucky kid who is getting all these beautiful things?"

"Sh!" she whispered, putting her finger to her lips. "He is coming—go on and play. Pretend you don't see him until he speaks to you."

As she spoke, a door at the far end of the apartment swung gently open, and a little boy tiptoed softly in. He was a golden-haired little chap, and I fell in love with his soft, dreamy eyes the moment my own rested upon them. I could not help glancing up furtively to see his joy over the discovery of all these wondrous possessions, but alas, to my surprise, there was only an unemotional stare in his eyes as they swept the aggregation of childish treasures. Then, on a sudden, he saw me, squatting on the floor, setting up again the army of silver warriors.

"How do you do?" he said gently, but with just a touch of weariness in his sad little voice.

"Good morning, and a Merry Christmas to you, sir," I replied.

"What are you doing?" he asked, drawing near, and watching me with a good deal of seeming curiosity.

"I am playing with your soldiers," said I. "I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, indeed," he replied, "but what do you mean by that? What is playing?" I could hardly believe my ears.

"What is what?" said I.

"You said you were playing, sir," said he, "and I don't know exactly what you mean."

"Why," said I, scratching my head hard in a mad quest for a definition, for I couldn't for the life of me think of the answer to his question offhand, any more than I could define one of the elements. "Playing is—why, it's playing, laddy. Don't you know what it is to play?"

"Oh, yes," said he. "It's what you do on the piano—I've been taught to play on the piano, sir."

"Oh, but this is different," said I. "This kind is fun—it's what most little boys do with their toys."

"You mean—breaking them?" said he.

"No, indeed," said I. "It's getting all the fun there is out of them."

"I think I should like to do that," said he, with a fixed gaze upon the soldiers. "Can a little fellow like me learn to play that way?"

"Well, rather, kiddie," said I, reaching out and taking him by the hand. "Sit

down here on the floor alongside of me, and I'll show you."

"Oh, no," said he, drawing back; "I—I can't sit on the floor. I'd catch cold."

"Now, who under the canopy told you that?" I demanded, somewhat impatiently. I fear.

"My governesses and both my nurses, sir," said he. "You see, there are drafts—"

"Well, there won't be any drafts this time," said I. "Just you sit down here, and we'll have a game of marbles—ever play marbles with your father?"

"No, sir," he replied. "He's always too busy, and neither of my nurses has ever known how."

"But your mother comes up here and plays games with you sometimes, doesn't she?" I asked.

"Mother is busy, too," said the child. "Besides, she wouldn't care for a game which you had to sit on the floor to—"

I sprang to my feet and lifted him bodily in my arms, and, after squatting him over by the fireplace where, if there were any drafts at all, they would be as harmless as a summer breeze, I took up a similar position on the other side of the room, and initiated him into the mystery of miggles as well as I could, considering that all his marbles were real agates.

"You don't happen to have a china-alley anywhere, do you?" I asked.

"No, sir," he answered. "We only have china plates—"

"Never mind," I interrupted. "We can get along very nicely with these."

And then for half an hour, despite the rich quality of our paraphernalia, that little boy and I indulged in a glorious game of real plebeian miggs, and it was a joy to see how quickly his stiff little fingers relaxed and adapted themselves to the uses of his eye, which was as accurate as it was deeply blue. So expert did he become that in a short while he had completely cleaned me out, giving joyous little cries of delight with every hit, and then we turned our attention to the soldiers.

"I want some playing now," he said gleefully, as I informed him that he had beaten me out of my boots at one of my best games. "Show me what you were doing with those soldiers when I came in."

"All right," said I, obeying with alacrity. "We'll have a parade."

I started a great talking-machine standing in one corner of the room off on a spirited military march, and inside of ten minutes, with his assistance, I had all the troops out and to all intents and purposes bravely swinging by to the martial music of Sousa.

"How's that?" said I, when we had got the whole corps into action.

"Fine!" he cried, pumping up and down on the floor, and clapping his hands with glee. "I've got lots more of these stored away in my toy-closet," he went on, "but I never knew that you could do such things as this with them."

"But what did you think they were for?" I asked.

"Why—just to—to keep," he said hesitatingly.

"Wait a minute," said I, wheeling a couple of cannon off to a distance of a yard from the passing troops. "I'll show you something else you can do with them."

I loaded both cannon to the muzzle with dried pease, and showed him how to shoot.

"Now," said I, "*fire!*"

He snapped the spring, and the dried pease flew out like death-dealing shells in war. In a moment the platinum commander of the forces and about thirty-seven solid silver warriors lay flat on their backs. It needed only a little red ink on the carpet to reproduce in miniature a scene of great carnage, but I shall never forget the expression of mingled joy and regret on his countenance as those creatures went down.

"Don't you like it, son?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, with an anxious glance at the prostrate warriors. "They aren't deaded, are they?"

"Of course not," said I, restoring the presumably defunct troopers to life by setting them up again. "The only thing that'll dead a soldier like these is to step on him. Try the other gun."

Thus reassured, he did as I bade him, and again the proud paraders went down, this time amid shouts of glee. And so we passed an all too fleeting two hours, that little boy and I. Through the whole list of his famous toys we went, and as well as I could I taught him the delicious

uses of each and all of them, until finally he seemed to grow weary, and so, drawing up a big arm-chair before the fire and taking his tired little body into my lap, with his tousled head cuddled up close over the spot where my heart is alleged to be, I started to read a story to him out of one of the many beautiful books that had been provided for him by his generous parents. But I had not gone far when I saw that his attention was wandering.

"Perhaps you'd rather have me tell you a story instead of reading it," said I.

"What's to tell a story?" he asked, fixing his blue eyes gravely upon mine.

"Great Scott, kiddie!" said I, "didn't anybody ever tell you a story?"

"No, sir," he replied sleepily; "I get read to every afternoon by my governess, but nobody ever told me a story."

"Well, just you listen to this," said I, giving him a hearty squeeze. And then I began.

"Once upon a time there was a little boy," said I, "and he lived in a beautiful house not far from the Park, and his daddy——"

"What's a daddy?" asked the child, looking up into my face.

"Why a daddy is a little boy's father," I explained. "You've got a daddy——"

"Oh, yes," he said, "If a daddy is a father, I've got one. I saw him yesterday," he added.

"Oh, did you?" said I. "And what did he say to you?"

"He said he was glad to see me and hoped I was a good boy," said the child. "He seemed very glad when I told him I hoped so, too, and he gave me all these things here—he and my mother."

"That was very nice of them," said I huskily.

"And they're both coming up some time to-day or to-morrow to see if I like them," said the lad.

"And what are you going to say?" I asked, with difficulty getting the words out over a most unaccountable lump that had arisen in my throat.

"I'm going to tell them," he began, as his eyes closed sleepily, "that I like them all very, very much."

"And which one of them all do you like the best?" said I.

He snuggled up closer in my arms, and, raising his little head a trifle higher, he kissed me on the tip end of my chin, and murmured softly as he dropped off to sleep, "The soldiers, sir."

III.

"GOOD-NIGHT," said my spectral visitor as she left me, once more bending over my desk, whither I had been retransported without my knowledge, for I must have fallen asleep, too, with that little boy in my arms. "You have done a good night's work."

"Have I?" said I, rubbing my eyes to see if I were really awake. "But tell me—who was that little kiddie anyhow?"

"He?" she answered with a smile. "Why, he is the Child Who Has Everything But——"

And then she vanished from my sight. "Everything but what?" I cried, starting up and peering into the darkness into which she had disappeared.

But there was no response, and I was left alone to guess the answer to my question.



A Cockney's Soliloquy

By Brian Bellasis

Acrost the lake there's yellow sparks thet glow,

Dottin' the forest fire's lingerin' 'aze;

An' I'm 'un'appy lookin' at 'em so

Because it 'minds me of them London days.

Ten years ago, an' yet 'ow well I mind 'em!

—Pore little gutter nipper I was then—:

Grey 'aze! The River lights! Black ware 'ouses be'ind 'em!

An', like the moon, the fice of old Big Ben

.....Grey 'aze an' twinklin' sparks—a bit of London!

London!....'Ow well I mind those days in London.

'Ere I've been lucky from the bloomin' start,

Full belly always. Money in the bank;

Yet nights like this there's something grips my 'eart

An' sets me cursin' them as I should think.

Sometimes I 'ates the bloomin' ploughs an' arrers.

The churchyard quiet all the seasons rahnd.

Gimme the naptha flarin' on the barrers,

Gimme a Sat'd'y night in Strutton Grahnd

Full belly 'ere—I used to starve in London!

London! My Gawd, I wish I was in London!

Gawd! What I'd learnt before I was in tróusies.

St. Peter Street's a damned 'ard infant school.

Our ken was just be'ind them two doss 'ouses.

I'd like—Gawdstrewth ain't I a bloomin' fool?

What lays be'ind! The cadgin' lay, the pubs,

Skilly and oakum—'Oo is there can tell?—

The slops, the Black Maria an' the Scrubbs

Newgit an' Dartmoor, p'haps the Drop an'....'Ell

'Eaven or 'ell. A 'eavenly 'ell is London.

London! Thank Gawd, you blokes as lives in London!

The Thing's The Play*

By

O. Henry

BEING acquainted with a newspaper reporter who had a couple of free passes, I got to see the performance a few nights ago at one of the popular vaudeville houses.

One of the numbers was a violin solo by a striking-looking man not much past forty, but with very gray thick hair. Not being afflicted with a taste for music, I let the system of noises drift past my ears while I regarded the man.

"There was a story about that chap a month or two ago," said the reporter. "They gave me the assignment. It was to run a column and was to be on the extremely light and joking order. The old man seems to like the funny touch I give to local happenings. Oh, yes, I'm working on a farce comedy now. Well, I went down to the house and got all the details; but I certainly fell down on that job. I went back and turned in a comic write-up of an east side funeral instead. Why? Oh, I couldn't seem to get hold of it with my funny hooks, somehow. Maybe you could make a one-act tragedy out of it for a curtain-raiser. I'll give you the details.

After the performance my friend, the reporter, recited to me the facts over the Wurzburger.

"I see no reason," said I, when he had concluded, "why that shouldn't make a rattling good funny story. Those three people couldn't have acted in a more absurd and preposterous manner if they had been real actors in a real theatre. I'm really afraid that all the stage is a world, anyhow, and all the players merely men and women. 'The thing's the play,' is the way I quote Mr. Shakespeare."

"Try it," said the reporter.

"I will," said I; and I did, to show him how he could have made a humorous column of it for his paper.

There stands a house near Abingdon Square. On the ground floor there has been for twenty-five years a little store where toys and notions and stationery are sold.

One night twenty years ago there was a wedding in the rooms above the store. The Widow Mayo owned the house and store. Her daughter Helen was married to Frank Barry. John Delaney was best man. Helen was eighteen, and her picture had been printed in a morning paper next to the headlines of a "Wholesale Female Murderess" story from Butte, Mont. But after your eye and intelligence had rejected the connection, you seized your magnifying glass and read beneath the portrait her description as one of a series of Prominent Beauties and Belles of the lower west side.

Frank Barry and John Delaney were "prominent" young beaux of the same side, and bosom friends, whom you expected to turn upon each other every time the curtain went up. One who pays his money for orchestra seats and fiction expects this. That is the first funny idea that has turned up in the story yet. Both had made a great race for Helen's hand. When Frank won, John shook his hand and congratulated him—honestly, he did.

After the ceremony Helen ran upstairs to put on her hat. She was getting married in a traveling dress. She and Frank were going to Old Point Comfort for a week. Downstairs the usual horde of gibbering cave-dwellers were waiting with their hands full of old Congress gaiters and paper bags of hominy.

Then there was a rattle of the fire-escape, and into her room jumps the mad and infatuated John Delaney, with a damp curl drooping upon his forehead, and made violent and reprehensible love to his lost one, entreating her to flee or fly with him to the Riviera, or the Bronx, or any old place where there are Italian skies and *dolce far niente*.

It would have carried Blaney off his feet to see Helen repulse him. With blazing and scornful eyes she fairly withered him by demanding whatever he meant by speaking to respectable people that way.

In a few moments she had him going. The manliness that had possessed him departed. He bowed low, and said something about "irresistible impulse" and "forever carry in his heart the memory of"—and she suggested that he catch the first fire-escape going down.

"I will away," said John Delaney, "to the furthestmost parts of the earth. I cannot remain near you and know that you are another's. I will to Africa, and there amid other scenes strive to for——"

"For goodness sake, get out," said Helen. "Somebody might come in."

He knelt upon one knee, and she extended him one white hand that he might give it a farewell kiss.

Girls, was this choice boon of the great little god Cupid ever vouchsafed you—to have the fellow you want hard and fast, and have the one you don't want come with a damp curl on his forehead and kneel to you and babble of Africa and love which, in spite of everything, shall forever bloom, an amaranth, in his heart? To know your power, and to feel the sweet security of your own happy state; to send the unlucky one, broken-hearted, to foreign climes, while you congratulate yourself as he presses his last kiss upon your knuckles, that your nails are well manicured—say, girls, it's galluptious—don't ever let it get by you.

And then, of course—how did you guess it?—the door opened and in stalked the bridegroom, jealous of slow-tying bonnet strings.

The farewell kiss was imprinted upon Helen's hand, and out of the window and down the fire-escape sprang John Delaney, Africa bound.

A little slow music, if you please—faint violin, just a breath in the clarinet and a

touch of the 'cello. Imagine the scene. Frank, white-hot, with the cry of a man wounded to death bursting from him. Helen, rushing and clinging to him, trying to explain. He catches her wrists and tears them from his shoulders—once, twice, thrice he sways her this way and that—the stage manager will show you how—and throws her from him to the floor a huddled, crushed, moaning thing. Never, he cries, will he look upon her face again, and rushes from the house through the staring groups of astonished guests.

And, now, because it is the Thing instead of the Play, the audience must stroll out into the real lobby of the world and marry, die, grow gray, rich, poor, happy or sad during the intermission of twenty years which must precede the rising of the curtain again.

Mrs. Barry inherited the shop and the house. At thirty-eight she could have bested many an eighteen-year-old at a beauty show on points and general results. Only a few people remembered her wedding comedy, but she made of it no secret. She did not pack it in lavender or moth balls, nor did she sell it to a magazine.

One day a middle-aged, money-making lawyer, who bought his legal cap and ink of her, asked her across the counter to marry him.

"I'm really much obliged to you," said Helen, cheerfully, "but I married another man twenty years ago. He was more a goose than a man, but I think I love him yet. I have never seen him since about half an hour after the ceremony. Was it copying ink that you wanted or just writing fluid?"

The lawyer bowed over the counter with old-time grace and left a respectful kiss on the back of her hand. Helen sighed. Parting salutes, however romantic, may be overdone. Here she was at thirty-eight, beautiful and admired; and all that she seemed to have got from her lovers were reproaches and adieus. Worse still, in the last one she had lost a customer, too.

Business languished, and she hung out a Room to Let card. Two large rooms on the third floor were prepared for desirable tenants. Roomers came, and went regretfully, for the house of Mrs. Barry was the abode of neatness, comfort and taste.

One day came Ramonti, the violinist, and engaged the front room above. The discord and clatter uptown offended his nice ear; so a friend had sent him to this oasis in the desert of noise.

Ramonti, with his still youthful face, his dark eyebrows, his short, pointed, foreign, brown beard, his distinguished head of gray hair, and his artist's temperament—revealed in his light, gay and sympathetic manner—was a welcome tenant in the old house near Abingdon Square.

Helen lived on the floor above the store. The architecture of it was singular and quaint. The hall was large and almost square. Up one side of it, and then across the end of it ascended an open stairway to the floor above. This hall space she had furnished as a sitting room and office combined. There she kept her desk and wrote her business letters; and there she sat of evenings by a warm fire and a bright red light and sewed or read. Ramonti found the atmosphere so agreeable that he spent much time there, describing to Mrs. Barry the wonders of Paris, where he had studied with a particularly notorious and noisy fiddler.

Next comes lodger No. 2, a handsome, melancholy man in the early 40's, with a brown, mysterious beard, and strangely pleading haunting eyes. He too, found the society of Helen a desirable thing. With the eyes of Romeo and Othello's tongue, he charmed her with tales of distant climes and wooed her by respectful innuendo.

From the first Helen felt a marvelous and compelling thrill in the presence of this man. His voice somehow took her swiftly back to the days of her youth's romance. This feeling grew, and she gave way to it, and it led her to an instinctive belief that he had been a factor in that romance. And then with a woman's reasoning (oh, yes, they do, sometimes) she leaped over common syllogisms and theory, and logic, and was sure that her husband had come back to her. For she saw in his eyes love, which no woman can mistake, and a thousand tons of regret and remorse, which aroused pity, which is perilously near to love requited, which is the *sine qua non* in the house that Jack built.

But she made no sign. A husband who steps around the corner for twenty years

and then drops in again should not expect to find his slippers laid out too conveniently near nor a match ready lighted for his cigar. There must be expiation, explanation, and possibly execration. A little purgatory, and then, maybe, if he were properly humble, he might be trusted with a harp and crown. And so she made no sign that she knew or suspected.

And my friend, the reporter, could see nothing funny in this! Sent out on an assignment to write up a roaring, hilarious, brilliant joshing story of—but I will not knock a brother—let us go on with the story.

One evening Ramonti stopped in Helen's hall-office-reception-room and told his love with the tenderness and ardor of the enraptured artist. His words were a bright flame of the divine fire that glows in the heart of a man who is a dreamer and a doer combined.

"But before you give me an answer," he went on, before she could accuse him of suddenness, "I must tell you that 'Ramonti' is the only name I have to offer you. My manager gave me that. I do not know who I am or where I came from. My first recollection is of opening my eyes in a hospital. I was a young man, and I had been there for weeks. My life before that is a blank to me. They told me that I was found lying in the street with a wound on my head and was brought there in an ambulance. They thought I must have fallen and struck my head upon the stones. There was nothing to show who I was. I have never been able to remember. After I was discharged from the hospital, I took up the violin. I have had success. Mrs. Barry—I do not know your name except that—I love you; the first time I saw you I realized that you were the one woman in the world for me—and"—oh, a lot of stuff like that.

Helen felt young again. First a wave of pride and a sweet little thrill of vanity went all over her; and then she looked Ramonti in the eyes, and a tremendous throb went through her heart. She hadn't expected that throb. It took her by surprise. The musician had become a big factor in her life, and she hadn't been aware of it.

"Mr. Ramonti," she said sorrowfully (this was not on the stage, remember; it was in the old home near Abingdon

Square), "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm a married woman."

And then she told him the sad story of her life, as a heroine must do, sooner or later, either to a theatrical manager or to a reporter.

Ramonti took her hand, bowed low and kissed it, and went up to his room.

Helen sat down and looked mournfully at her hand. Well she might. Three suitors had kissed it, mounted their red roan steeds and ridden away.

In an hour entered the mysterious stranger with the haunting eyes. Helen was in the willow rocker, knitting a useless thing in cotton-wool. He ricocheted from the stairs and stopped for a chat. Sitting across the table from her, he also poured out his narrative of love. And then he said: "Helen, do you not remember me? I think I have seen it in your eyes. Can you forgive the past and remember the love that has lasted for twenty years? I wronged you deeply—I was afraid to come back to you—but my love overpowered my reason. Can you, will you, forgive me?"

Helen stood up. The mysterious stranger held one of her hands in a strong and trembling clasp.

There she stood, and I pity the stage that it has not acquired a scene like that and her emotions to portray.

For she stood with a divided heart. The fresh, unforgettable, virginal love for her bridegroom was hers; the treasured, sacred, honored memory of her first choice filled half her soul. She leaned to that pure feeling. Honor and faith and sweet, abiding romance bound her to it. But the other half of her heart and soul were filled with something else—a later, fuller, nearer influence. And so the old fought against the new.

And while she hesitated, from the room above came the soft, racking, petitionary music of a violin. The hag, music, bewitches some of the noblest. The daws may peck upon one's sleeve without injury, but whoever wears his heart upon his tympanum gets it not far from the neck.

This music and the musician called her, and at her side honor and the old love held her back.

"Forgive me," he pleaded.

"Twenty years is a long time to remain away from the one you say you love," she declared, with a purgatorial touch.

"How could I tell?" he begged. "I will conceal nothing from you. That night when he left I followed him. I was mad with jealousy. On a dark street I struck him down. He did not rise. I examined him. His head had struck a stone. I did not intend to kill him. I was mad with love and jealousy. I hid near by and saw an ambulance take him away. Although you married him, Helen——"

"Who Are You?" cried the woman, with wide-open eyes, snatching her hand away.

"Don't you remember me, Helen—the one who has always loved you the best? I am John Delaney. If you can forgive ——"

But she was gone, leaping, stumbling, hurrying, flying up the stairs toward the music and him who had forgotten, but who had known her for his in each of his two existences, and as she climbed up she sobbed, cried and sang: "Frank! Frank! Frank!"

Three mortals thus juggling with years as though they were billiard balls, and my friend, the reporter, couldn't see anything funny in it!



Sylvia's Best Seller

By

William Hugo Pabke

SYLVIA lived for her art alone, at least so she told herself in those glorious moments by the side of the sun-flecked brook, when, with fountain pen in hand and paper pad on knee, she set down the dainty imaginings of her young spirit for the problematical delight of the general public.

She knew that she was an author. Her marks during the past year at Miss Todd's finishing school had shown her that. Her English composition had soared while her algebra, botany, astronomy and organic chemistry had slumped — slumped — slumped. Besides, hadn't Miss Todd told her that she possessed the gift of expression? And moreover, hadn't Miss Bagley and the rest of the faculty implied that she was the limit, or words to that effect, in algebra, botany, astronomy and organic chemistry? These pronouncements of the great world, proved conclusively to her that she must specialize. She liked the sound of that, and forthwith decided that no other interests should ever interfere with her beloved art.

Nevertheless, Sylvia found time to keep her father's house in lonely, picturesque Woodville. So joyously did she perform her duties, so brimful of cheer did she pack his life, that Colonel Crane never guessed he had anything so formidable as a genius for a daughter. Had he been asked for his appreciation of her he would have answered that she was the sweetest-tempered, sunniest-natured, most endearing, and withal the most impudent little minx that an old father ever had reason to be proud of.

A casual observer might easily have concluded that Sylvia's life was filled quite

full with such things as managing the house, mis-managing the Colonel, administering her small charities and keeping up her end of an extensive correspondence. This would have been an error because all these duties were as nothing to Sylvia as regarded their drafts upon her energies; she performed them in the most sweetly matter-of-fact manner while sub-consciously longing to be by the brook-side putting pen to paper.

That her brain held an unborn best-seller in solution she did not doubt, although she never expressed it so to herself. The great trouble with her finished work was that it was unfinished. Her stories were wonderful—they lacked only one element and that was the human. She evolved smoothly flowing sentences, full of grace. She wrote descriptions of landscape that were gems. She told of the brooks and trees; of the forest lights and shadows; of the doings of the birds and the furry creatures, but never once had man come stamping nor maid come tripping into her tales.

The best-seller couldn't be precipitated from its soluble state without plot. Now, plot meant people and Sylvia saw no people in Woodville, and seeing no people she couldn't write about them, and if she didn't write about them there would be no plot, and if there were no plot the best-seller would remain unborn and if it did that, Sylvia's life would be blasted, and—and—oh dear! it all went 'round in a circle and was perfectly discouraging.

She became as keen for the elusive plot as ever starving frontiersman for game with which to appease the pangs of hung-



"Boy, You can stake your life on the lightest word that girl says. That's what I think of Crane's daughter."

er or amateur sportsman for antlers to feed his ravening vanity.

In this mood, then, she commenced her novel by the side of the friendly little brook. She sketched a description of the scene, then, glancing into a pool did a rather good, if slightly self-conscious heroine by using her reflection as copy. It was then that her inability to proceed appalled her. Inasmuch as description was her forte, she greatly needed, then and there, a hero to describe—without one she was helpless. A quaint little smile of self-raillery played about her lips. "Oh for a man creature to analyse!" she said under her breath.

A voice sounding from very near startled her. "If I am not mistaken this is Miss Sylvia Crane?"

"Oh! how welcome you are!" cried Sylvia, springing to her feet and holding out a slim inkstained hand to the young man standing before her. "You are Judge Anderson's nephew, of course." Then, after a pause—"Why, oh why did I never think of you before?"

If Howard Anderson was surprised at the effusiveness of the welcome there was no trace of it in his easy, well-bred manner.

"I see you look upon me as a life-preserver thrown to you amidst a sea of boredom," he said, a genial smile lighting his eyes. "One's correspondence does become a nuisance, especially in vacation time." He made a slight gesture toward the small pile of manuscript beside Sylvia.

She let her chance for confession slip irrevocably into the void of the what-might-have-been. "Yes, doesn't it?" she acquiesced mendaciously.

The afternoon passed like a flash. That evening, for the first time, Sylvia took her work—her life work—to her room.

Howard, when he returned, found his uncle on the veranda impatiently awaiting him.

"Well!" exclaimed the Judge, "you made a rather long call for a first one."

"Very attractive girl—that Miss Crane," said Howard musingly, seating himself on the railing.

"Attractive! Humph!" muttered the Judge. "You young people use too cold-blooded adjectives now-a-days. Why, when I was your age—"

"Oh—I'll enthruse if you wish me to,"

laughed Howard. "By the way, she's not given to flirting is she? She's not a natural-born one, or anything like that?"

"Look here, young man," cried the Judge, bringing his cane down sharply on the floor. "You can stake your life or your soul or anything else you wish on the lightest word that girl says and be safe—safe I tell you. That's what I think of Crane's daughter." He arose and stumped into the house.

"There's a mistake somewhere," thought Howard. "Either the girl's a flirt, or else—or else—I give it up. Anyway, I'm glad I'm going to see her to-morrow."

Sylvia had worked long that evening. At last she had found a flesh and blood hero and the chance was too good to throw away. Very often she had wondered what old Judge Anderson's nephew was like—the brilliant young lawyer who was making a name in his profession. The thought of using him for copy had, however, never entered her head until the moment he had so propitiously answered her call. This was his first visit to Woodville in years and she considered it a fortunate chance that it occurred during her own vacation.

Although they had made a tentative engagement for the next day, Sylvia dispatched a note in the morning reminding Howard that she would be by the brookside waiting for him. She smoothed her conscience for her forwardness by promising herself to make a complete confession of the cause of her interest in him that very afternoon.

Howard was waiting for her when she came to her woodland work-room. "Was it necessary for you to remind me of our engagement?" he asked reproachfully. "You should have waited until I broke one before implying that the crime was possible for me."

"I wanted to make sure of you. I needed you very specially this afternoon." Sylvia seated herself on her favorite log and regarded him with interest. She approved of his leanness and she thought his coat of tan would be very becoming when it deepened.

"We might as well make our arrangements for to-morrow right now," suggested Howard. "Shall we say at three o'clock?"

"You mean that you will come to see me again to-morrow? How dear of you!"

"We might make it a standing engagement for every afternoon of my stay," urged Howard eagerly.

"Every afternoon," gasped Sylvia, eyes alight. "How perfectly splendid! But—I couldn't accept such sacrifice—it would be an awful bore for you.

"I should hardly call it a bore to spend my afternoons with a—with a—" Howard paused for a word, "a perfect winner," he ended lamely.

Sylvia smiled and then suddenly grew serious. "Oh, do say that differently!" she exclaimed.

Howard, surprised, essayed to improve his diction. "I should have said," he began, "that I would consider it an inexpressible delight to devote my afternoons to the most attractive girl I have ever met."

"That's quite good," murmured Sylvia. "I think I can use that."

"I beg your pardon?"

Sylvia's attention had wandered, however, and she vouchsafed no explanation; instead, during the long silence that followed, her thoughts dwelt on chapter III. Howard, with equal concentration pondered on the attractive subject of Sylvia.

They were both quite content.

"About the standing engagement?" asked Howard suddenly.

"Of course we'll make one if you wish it," returned Sylvia brightly.

A very happy arrangement it proved to be. The afternoons they spent together. In the evening Sylvia rehearsed what she could remember of the conversation. She edited it, inserted bits here and there and swept triumphantly through chapter III. into chapter IV.

While Sylvia was engaged in her literary pursuits, Howard talked law with the Judge. As he talked he thought of Sylvia—it had become a habit—and the result was such peculiar law that his uncle shook his head in bewilderment and wondered if the boy hadn't made a mistake in the choosing of his vocation.

One afternoon Howard was reading aloud to Sylvia. She was sitting curled up on the ground with her back against a great gray-green windfall. A smile of appreciative amusement lighted her face as he made a particularly apt comment upon what he read.

Suddenly Howard stopped abruptly and laid down his book. "I want you to grant me a favor," he said.

"Ask it—I am as good-natured as a sleepy kitten to-day," she laughed.

"May I call you 'Sylvia?' I feel as though it would be fairer if you were reminded of the name by which I think of you. May I do so?" He arose and stood looking down at her eagerly.

She sat up very straight and considered the question gravely. "No," she decided, "I'd rather you wouldn't call me that."

A shadow of disappointment crossed Howard's face. Sylvia looked up and caught his expression.

"But you may call me 'Editha,'" she added hurriedly. "I'd like it."

"Editha?" repeated Howard. "Is it your second name?"

She hesitated. She had christened her heroine "Editha," but she withheld the information. "I have always liked the name," she said with intentional vagueness.

"But may I *think* of you as 'Sylvia?'" he insisted.

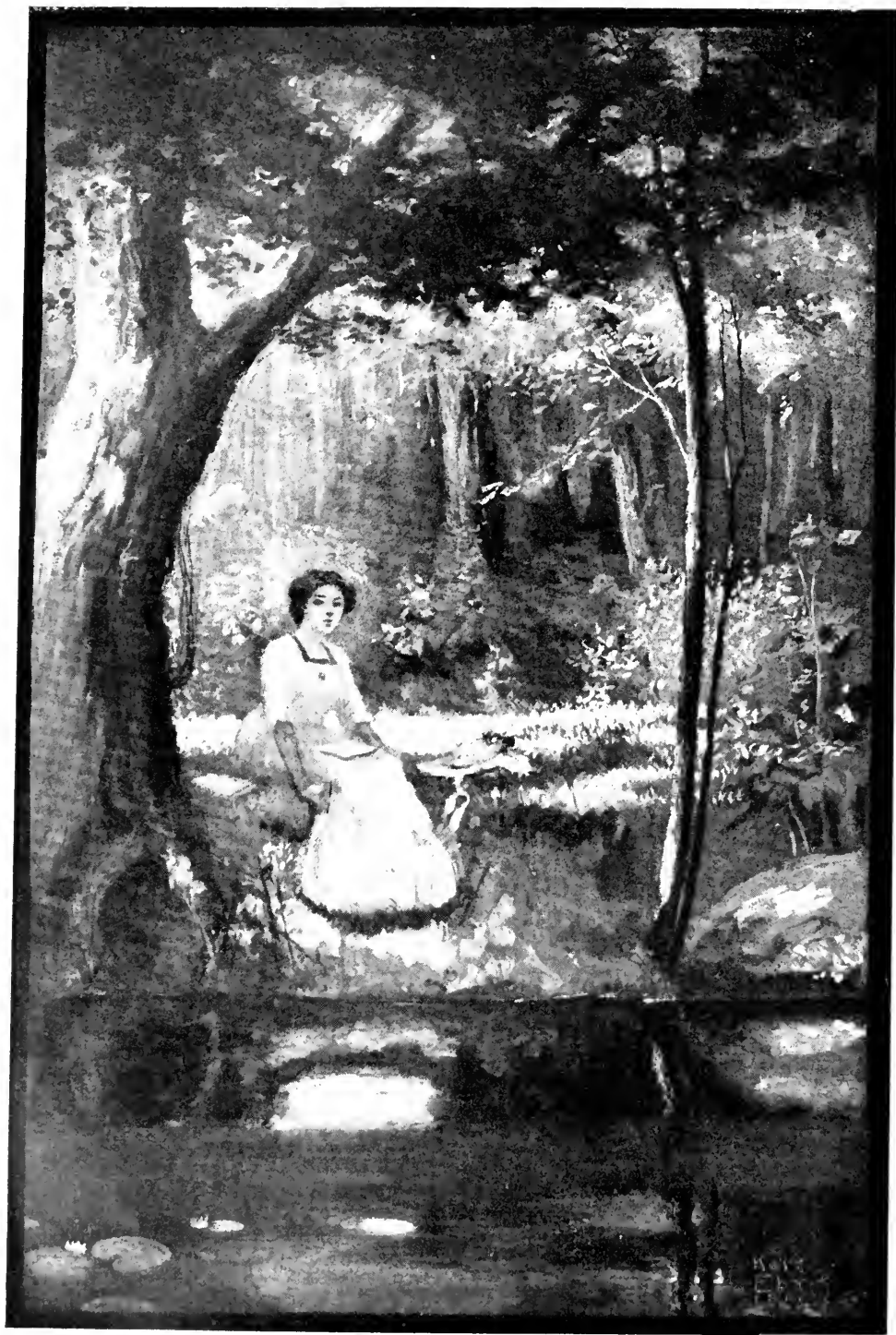
"Oh, yes," she replied with a bright little smile.

He sank to his knees beside her. "Editha," he murmured, taking her hand in his. "The name harks back to the time when this was in vogue." He bowed his head with a courtly reverence and pressed his lips to her hand.

That evening, chapter IV. fared badly. There was much material but somehow it seemed too personal to use for the edification of the general public. Sylvia mused over it—she dreamed over it—and her dreams ran riot to such an extent that she hastily extinguished her light and went to bed, lest her pen unconsciously record them. As for Howard, he took the evening train for town, intent on a purpose known to himself alone.

The next afternoon found Sylvia again by the brookside. She brought her manuscript with her, intending to lay bare her secret before Howard and to confess to him frankly why she had sought his company day after day. When she saw that he was not there awaiting her, she welcomed the respite. She would have a few moments to compose her speech before his coming.

She curled down beside her tree and tried to disentangle her thoughts. The more she thought, the more difficult became her task. Here was such a truth-loving, bright daylight sort of soul that when, in her rehearsal, she reached the



She lived for Art—at least so she told herself in those glorious moments by the side of the sun-flecked brook.

point of asserting that her interest had been wholly impersonal—Oh, entirely! her conscience revolted. How she had enjoyed Howard's happy conversation—his inimitably clever little quirks of fancy—his endearing sunniness!

Could she say, truthfully, that the happy glow about her heart as she hurried to their meeting place was merely an anticipation of available copy? Had their long talks helped her work? At first she had used parts of them—but recently? Had she returned eagerly during that succession of heavenly summer days solely in the interests of her book? In the sunshiny, clear-seeing soul of her she knew differently.

She glanced up anxiously, dreading to see Howard coming through the meadow—dreading to meet him in her confusion. She breathed a sigh of relief as she saw that the sun-drenched path lay shadowless before her. A while longer she sat there, dreaming dreams tinged with a vague loneliness. Then she gathered up her papers and walked pensively homeward.

Howard returned from town the next afternoon in a fever of unrest. Casting politeness to the winds, he spent a scant half-hour with the Judge and then ran down through the meadow path. As he neared the great fallen tree and saw no sign of Sylvia he was seized by the fear that she had resented his defection of the previous day. This feeling was augmented by the lonesome, slowly passing minutes until he became frankly miserable.

He was on the point of seeking her at the house when she appeared. Down the path she came, a radiant figure with the westering sun spilling its gold lavishly about her.

He sprang toward her, the gladness in his eyes proclaiming his welcome. "You

bit of light!" he cried. "How I missed you yesterday!"

"I rather think I missed you too," said Sylvia, demurely. She laid her hand on his arm. "Were you ill?" she asked anxiously.

Howard's heart leaped at the solicitude in her tone. Fumbling clumsily in his pocket he brought forth a glorious, glowing object. He gazed at it in embarrassment for a long moment and then suddenly slipped it on Sylvia's finger.

She gasped in sheer amazement. "Why—why it's a real diamond." she exclaimed.

He laughed happily—boyishly. "A real diamond, symbolizing a real love, Sweetheart."

She sat dazedly regarding the gem, flashing back the glory of the level sunbeams.

"You will let it remain, Editha? Oh hang it—I prefer 'Sylvia.' You will wear it, Sylvia?"

She tried vainly to recall her mind to Chapter IV. Something was wrong. Diamond rings were out of place in Chapters IV or V or even VI. Somehow, she wasn't as unhappy about it all, as an author, deeply interested in the development of her plot, should have been. Moreover, this was real; the rest, an unreality. Suddenly, it was borne in upon her of how much more value was the actual than the fictitious.

She looked long at the ring which seemed to claim her as its own, and then swiftly raised her eyes to Howard's.

"Yes," she said, happily, "Yes, I'll wear it."

The best-seller was never written—by Sylvia—but neither was her life blasted in spite of her former presentiment.





A MODERN DINING ROOM.

This illustrates the taste for simplicity which prevails to-day. The above room is finished in bright, but not glaring tints. Practically the only elaboration of ornament is in the decorated portion of the windows and the carved or moulded cornice. The furniture is of mahogany after the Chippendale style. It is simple in line without being in the least severe. It is a bright, cheerful room in which to dine.

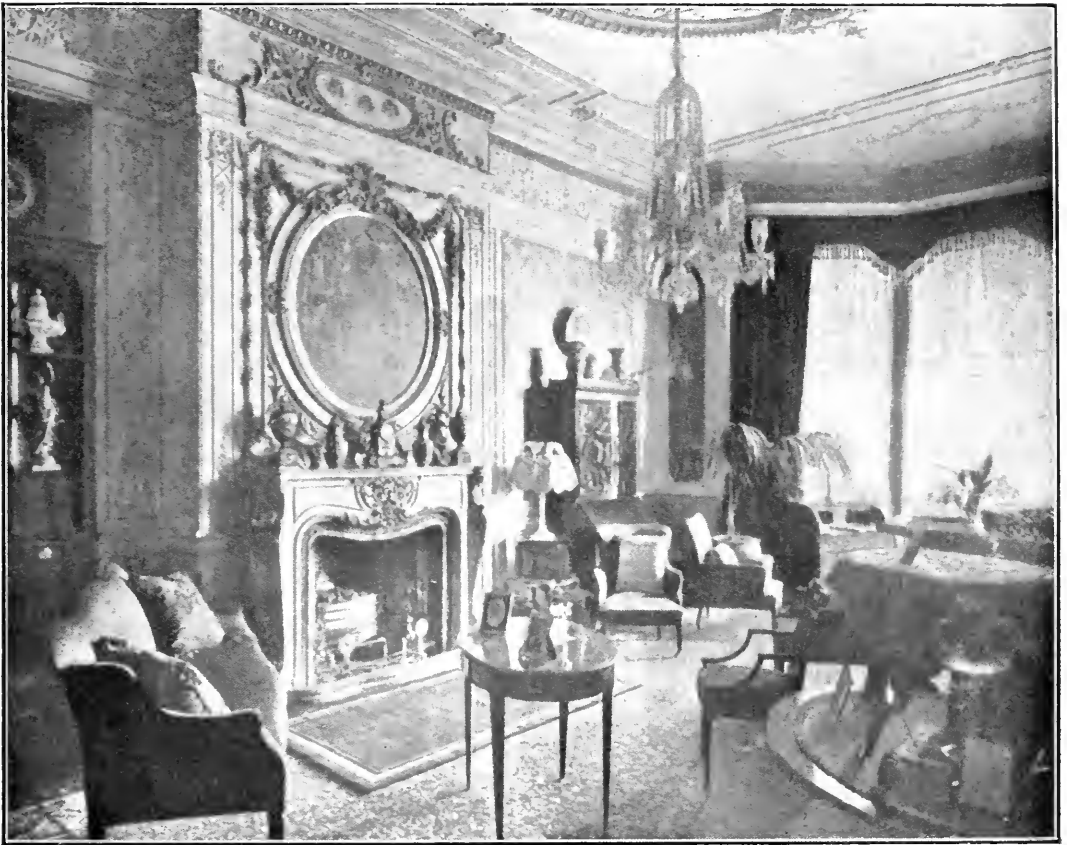
Some Dont's in House Furnishing

By

John Holt

UGLINESS, like dirt, consists largely of "matter out of place," hence, of matter wasted. William Morris said that when "our houses, our clothes, our household furniture and utensils are not

works of art, they are either wretched makeshifts or, what is worse, degrading shams of better things." Waste is always ugly and unpleasant, and makeshifts and shams are always wasteful.



A CONTRAST.

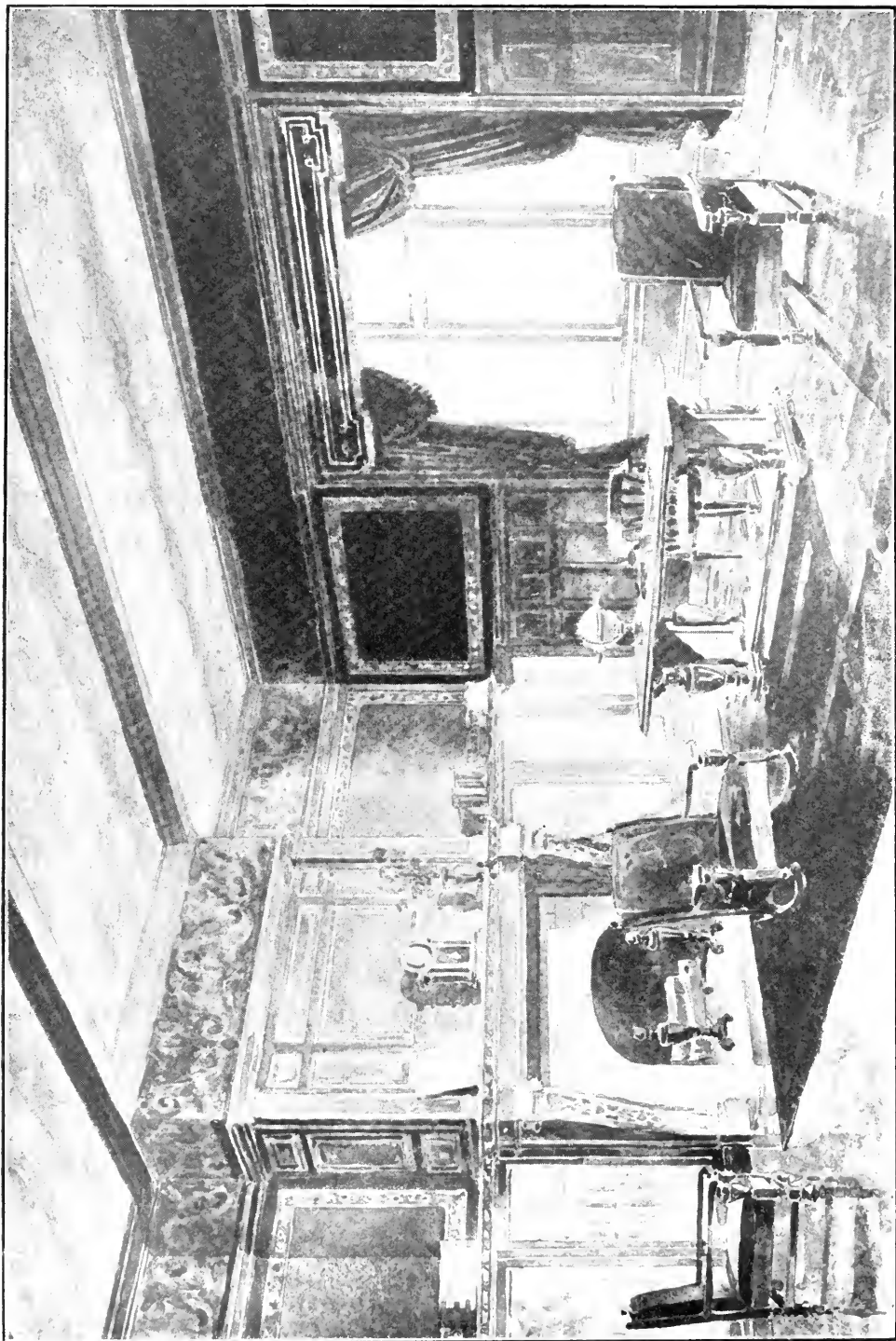
This room is more elaborate than the dining-room shown opposite, but it is equally pleasing. It gives the impression of comfortable informality without loss of dignity. Several styles are blended in this room without inharmonious result. The cut-glass chandelier belongs to a formal style of furniture. The richly carved mirror frame is associated more often with elaborate Georgian furniture than with the Sheraton chairs and tables.

And of the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in Canada every year on the making and furnishing of homes, a very large proportion must be wasted. Men who are the essence of keenness and intelligence in their business allow themselves to make absurd mistakes in matters which quite as much concern their daily life. "Taste" happens to be their blind spot and they are wise only when they recognize the fact.

There was a time when you could have counted the really well-furnished houses

in Canada on your fingers. Times were rough and people had neither the leisure to cultivate their tastes nor the money to gratify the tastes they might have had. Consequently when money did become more plentiful those who wished to spend it on improving and embellishing their homes were delivered bound and helpless into the hands of furniture manufacturers of even worse ideas and ideals than their own.

Stern years of association with no more than the bare necessities of backwoods



A SIMPLE BUT SPACIOUS AND DIGNIFIED ROOM.

life led naturally to the idea that any addition to a necessary must be a luxury, and that, to be beautiful, things must be as far as possible removed from the simple lines of the primitive products of axe and saw.

The manufacturer of the day made furniture as elaborately curly and shiny and brilliantly upholstered as the simplest heart could desire. Towering, bemirrored overmantels that shouted through a megaphone; "parlor suites" which were a perpetual brass band; innumerable "ornaments" designed to show by their expensive uselessness that their owners were rich enough to dispense with purely useful things.

Survivals of these terrible times are still to be seen, chiefly in small country hotels and suchlike places. Seldom does one find a house or even a room which thus shouts aloud the bad taste of its owner. Even when one does, the owner usually shows signs of grace. He is dimly conscious that all is not as it should be, though he may not for the life of him see what is wrong.

Since the man of taste no longer has to go abroad to satisfy his artistic sense, it has become increasingly unlikely that the man whose tastes are undeveloped will fall into bad hands. Canadians of to-day are on much the same level whether they are prepared to spend much or little on the furnishings of their houses. That is to say, all are now able to command the guidance of experts of discrimination. True the "wood butcher" with inclinations towards emerald plush is still in existence, but public taste has so much improved that the professional decorator who is an artist has been able to make himself heard, and the "reign of terror" is over among the generality of furniture makers.

Chiefly we go to the past for our best designs. L'Art Nouveau is the standing horrible example of latter day attempts to evolve something "up-to-date." Consequently "Period" furniture is deservedly popular, and in its use it is equally easy to obtain excellent effects or to make disastrous mistakes.

The easiest mistake to make is in the use of "period" furniture which has no period. As long as the furniture is pleasing to the eye, this is not a matter of very great importance to any but an expert. More glaring is the mixture of opposed

periods, each of which may be correct in itself.

You have been into houses in which the rooms are nothing more or less than a series of shocks. The hall is Mission, severe to the point of being forbidding. An arch reveals a formally frivolous Louis XV drawing-room, all gilding, mirrors and breakfast-food cherubs. Beyond is a smaller parlor in florid Renaissance. You eat your dinner in a heavy black Jacobean dining-room, take coffee in a Moorish alcove, and lose a hundred up in the Flemish billiard-room, because you are oppressed with a fear that your bedroom will be Chinese or Egyptian. The exterior of the house by-the-bye probably represents a Scottish stronghold with extinguisher turrets.

Now, each of these styles may be carried out in the most correct and tasteful manner, but in combination they are a nightmare. Yet it is quite easy to enjoy the beauties of several periods without shock by means of a gentle shading off from one room to another. The hall, for instance, could be Colonial in effect, and as long as undue heaviness was avoided, the eye would travel smoothly to the Sheraton furniture of the drawing-room, with its delicately tapering legs and rich simplicity of narrow inlay. A few pieces of heavier type and deeply cushioned modern easy chairs covered in material in harmony with the Sheraton upholstery would be a natural descent from the formality of the drawing-room to the cosier atmosphere of the parlor or living room.

The heavier pieces of hall furniture—a cabinet of American black walnut, for instance—would be placed away from the drawing-room and towards the dining-room and library, thus preparing the eye for the black solidity of the Jacobean furniture found there. At the turn of the stairs a gradual change could be arranged from the darker woodwork of the hall to the light, bright airiness which should characterize the bedrooms and their corridors. In fact, the general idea should be to so arrange matters that a stranger in passing from room to room should not be conscious for a few seconds of any great change in the nature of his surroundings.

The opposite extreme to a jarring mixture of periods is the mistake of the man who is period-ridden. He chooses some



A WRITING DESK AFTER A COLONIAL MODEL.

The term "Colonial" really covers most types of early and middle Georgian furniture, such, in fact, as was imported before the war of American Independence. There is, however, a tendency to restrict the application to the term of the simpler and heavier styles. The use of furniture as massive as this may be overdone. It would be a mistake to fill a room with this sort of furniture without including at least a few pieces which would give a leaven of lightness.

period and sticks to it through thick and thin from one end of the house to the other. Provided he has chosen a "pure" period this is all very well in its way—if only the inhabitants of the house could dress and act the part as well. In the course of time the disadvantages of this arrangement become more and more apparent. Inevitably the house gets out of its period in details. A picture comes as a gift, an odd piece of furniture is picked up here, a bit of china there, till at last the original scheme has become varied in a hundred incongruous details. There are some houses so period-ridden that the novels and magazines on the shelf under the table look like glaring anachronisms.

The mistake lies, of course, in seeking the letter instead of the spirit of a period. There is no harm in mixing periods with-

in reason. You find the same spirit running through furniture of different styles and different makers, and it is the spirit that makes a room or mars it. The "shading off" process should be carried out in each room as well as between the various rooms of the house.

If any man finds that his eye does not show him the difference between harmony and discord in this respect he may make reasons and logic his guides. It is worth his while to read up the subject of furnishing. To read not only the rule-of-thumb text books on decoration—though they are very useful—but works which deal with the history and evolution of furniture. Years of study combined with instincts are necessary to make the expert, but any man of intelligence soon can pick up a smattering both interesting and useful.



A CHIPPENDALE REPRODUCTION.

Observe the contrast between the rich delicacy of this desk and the uncompromising solidity of the Colonial model. To Chippendale is due the credit of finding a happy medium between the excessively ornamented rococo French furniture and the heavy-clumsy fashions of Queen Anne. Chippendale, Sheraton and Heppelwhite are the three outstanding names associated with the furniture of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Chippendale for instance made frequent use of ornamented "cabriole" legs as above, while Sheraton favored plain rectangular tapering supports.

He can learn the influence of France on English eighteenth century furniture, and thus get an idea of the extent to which the styles of the two countries are likely to harmonize. He can learn the chief points of difference between one period and another. The spiral turning of legs and bars which differentiates Charles II chairs and tables from earlier models, the elaborate carvings of Grinling Gibbon and his imitators, the black Japan and gilt fruit and flower decorations characteristic of Heppelwhite. After all, when one is buying something that purports to be a replica or even to carry out the spirit of an old model, it is just as well to be able to see to what extent it fulfills its promise.

If he is a seeker for genuine antiques, a slight knowledge will save him from the more flagrant frauds at any rate. The

writer was shown a chest which the owner cherished as late Elizabethan on the strength of its carvings. Unfortunately the wood was mahogany, and mahogany was unknown in England prior to 1720. Clearly the chest was a copy of an ancient model—in the wrong wood. The same owner had an "Elizabethan" chest of drawers, unaware that this article of furniture was not evolved from the simple chest till the middle of the seventeenth century.

Cultivated taste in Canada, as in England, has a distinct leaning towards simplicity. Hence the popularity, not only of the more simple and refined eighteenth century models, but of the modern reversions to extreme simplicity, such as Mission and the various "craft" productions. Often this simplicity is carried altogether

too far. Very "Art-and-Crafty" people inhabit houses furnished with a simplicity that amounts to scantiness, while an excess of the hard lines and angles of Mission furniture sometimes gives an uncomfortably austere impression, however comfortable individual pieces of furniture may be.

The Craft enthusiast makes the mistake of ignoring the conditions under which we live. After all, we are civilized beings and members of a very complex social system, whether we like it or not. We must live accordingly. It is ridiculous to expect us to live the life of a story-book cottager, or to satisfy the requirements of modern civilization with the aid of a few joint stools and a trestle table stained green—an appropriate color.

All the same, simplicity is the proper side on which to err. A scantily furnished house is infinitely better than one that is overcrowded. Besides it is easy enough to remedy over-simplicity, whereas the only remedy for overcrowding is the scrapping of superfluous articles that once cost good money to buy.

Another way of ignoring the times in which we live is in choosing old style furniture of a period quite unsuited either to everyday requirements or to the purposes to which a room is to be put. Empire, Louis XV or similar brilliantly formal styles are quite unsuited for the ordinary small drawing-room. Large reception and ball-rooms are where they belong — for which, in fact, they were designed—and nothing is ever able to invest them with homeliness. Gayety, perhaps, but cheerfulness never.

Most of the mistakes outlined above are such that any man is liable to make—even a man with some knowledge of good and evil in decoration. For those who are without taste, with whom lack of time or unsuitable environment has prevented its development, there are so many pitfalls that it would be difficult to name half of them. Those who are wise enough to recognize their blind spot will also be wise enough to seek expert advice rather than to attempt to rely upon their own uneducated judgment, and all they need fear is falling into bad hands. As has been said, the vastly improved public taste in

Canada has made this far less likely than once might have been the case.

Naturally the acceptance of too much or varied advice should be avoided. To go to one man for advice about wall paper, to another regarding rugs and to take designs for furniture from a third often has peculiar results. You find Craft furniture of the ultra-simple type on a fully carpeted floor, or in a room with elaborately fringed and looped up curtains. Or Adam furniture against brilliantly flowered wall paper.

Most of the mistakes of an uneducated taste arise from a desire to get plenty of show for the money. Thereby were fortunes made by the "plush and polish merchants" of the past; because of this one sees much misuse of otherwise beautiful things. On the principle that there cannot be too much of a good thing, rooms are crammed with elaborate carvings which kill each other and vulgarizes the whole effect. Or heavy furniture is chosen to the exclusion of light and graceful pieces, because "there is more to it." It should always be remembered that expense does not necessarily mean value. When in doubt about anything brilliant or elaborate—Don't.

There are many excellent text books dealing with the practical side of furnishing and which lay down those laws from which there must be no departure. From them one may learn the limitation of a north room in the matter of wallpaper, and the liberties that may be taken with a room that gets plenty of sunshine. Tables may be consulted which show what colors can be used in contrast, and in harmony, and advice obtained upon the placing of lighting fixtures.

These are important details no doubt, but they are insignificant compared to the necessity for "humanity" in a house. A man should never forget that he owes something to his own personality.

The wish, natural enough, to obtain immediate results, should be fought down resolutely. It is impossible to make a home by building a house and filling it full of furniture, however well the furniture may be chosen. If the equipment of a house is to reflect anything of its owner's personality it must be a matter of gradual growth.

Ambition !

By

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second of Dr. Marden's series of articles for this Magazine. It concerns the one great quality upon which is based the difference between the Old World and the New. The clerk in the Old Country has a certain sort of ambition, an ambition to get enough, to be comfortable, to be insured against starvation. In Canada the average man's ambition goes farther than this. The clerk knows no limit to ambition. And in fact there is no limit to the career of any ambitious and able Canadian.

But Dr. Marden in the following article deals with Ambition from a different standpoint. He is not treating with comparative ambitions, but he interprets for you and others just what our Ambition means to us, what it is a sign of, what we may expect of it and how to use it.

WHEN a person has taken an overdose of morphine, a doctor knows that sleep would be fatal, and every effort is made to keep the patient awake. He is sometimes obliged to resort to what seems to be most cruel treatment, pinching and pounding the patient, to keep off that slumber from which there would be no awakening. So it is with ambition; if it once goes to sleep, it is almost impossible to arouse it.

It is astonishing how many people there are who have no definite aim or ambition, but just exist from one day to another with no well-defined life plan. All about us on the ocean of life we see young men and women aimlessly drifting without rudder or port, throwing away time, without serious purpose, or method in anything they do. They simply drift with the tide. If you ask one of them

what he is going to do, what his ambition is, he will tell you he does not exactly know as yet what he will do. He is simply waiting for a chance.

How can a man who lives without a program ever expect to arrive anywhere but in chaos, confusion? A clear-cut purpose has a powerful influence upon the life. It unifies our efforts and gives direction to our work, so that every blow counts.

Every man should be a stern school-master to himself. He cannot sit and take it easy every time he has the opportunity; he cannot lie abed until he feels like getting up in the morning, and work only when he is in the mood, and yet amount to anything.

He must learn to master his moods and to force himself to work no matter how he feels.

Most of the ambitionless people who fail are too lazy to succeed. They are not willing to put themselves out, to pay the price, to make the necessary effort. They want to have a good time. Why should they struggle and strive and strain? Why not enjoy life, take it easy?

Everywhere we see human watches with splendid equipment, apparently all ready to run, and we wonder why they are silent, why they do not keep good time. The reason is, they have no mainspring, no ambition.

A watch may have perfect wheels, it may have a very costly jeweled setting, but if it lacks a mainspring, it is useless. So a youth may have a college education, excellent health, but if he lacks ambition, all his other equipments, no matter how superb, will not amount to much.

Ambition often begins very early to knock for recognition. If we do not heed its voice, if it gets no encouragement after appealing to us for years, it gradually ceases to trouble us, because, like any other unused quality or function, it deteriorates or disappears when unused.

An unfed ambition is like a postponed resolution. Its demand for recognition becomes less and less imperious, just as the constant denying of any desire or passion tends to its extinction.

If there is a pitiable sight in the world, it is a person in whom ambition is dead—the man who has denied and denied that inward voice which bids him up and on, the man in whom ambition's fires have cooled from the lack of fuel.

There is always hope for a person, no matter how bad he is, as long as his ambition is alive; but when that is dead beyond resuscitation, the great life-spur, the impelling motive is gone.

One of the most difficult things a human being can do is to keep his ambition from fading out, his aspirations sharp and fresh, his ideals clear and clean-cut.

Ambition requires a great deal and a great variety of food to keep it vigorous. A namby-pamby ambition does not amount to anything. It must be backed by a robust will power, stern resolve, physical energy, powers of endurance, to be effective.

The fact that you have an almost uncontrollable impulse, a great absorbing

ambition to do a thing which meets with the approval of your judgment and your better self, is a notice served upon you that you can do the thing, and should do it as soon as possible.

Some people seem to think that the ambition to do a certain thing in life is a permanent quality which will remain with them. It is not. It is like the daily manna which fell for the daily needs of the Israelites in the desert. They had to use it at once. When their faith was weak they tried to store it up, but they found it would never keep until the next day.

The time to do a thing is when the spirit is upon us, when it makes a sharp, clean-cut impression upon us. Resolution fades and becomes dimmer at every postponement. When the desire, the ambition, comes fresh and strong with the zeal and enthusiasm, it is easy; but after we have postponed it a few times, we find ourselves less and less inclined to make the necessary effort or sacrifice to attain it, because it does not appeal to us with the same emphasis as at first.

Do not allow the ambition to cool. Make up your mind that you cannot and will not spend your life being half satisfied. Rouse your spirit, and go toward the goal which is worth while.

You cannot do much with a young man who is apparently content to drift along in a humdrum way, half content with his accomplishments, undisturbed by the fact that he has used but a very small part of himself, a very small percentage of his real ability; that his energies are running to waste in all sorts of ways. You cannot do much with a young man who lacks ambition, life, energy and vigor—who is willing to slide along the line of least resistance, and who exerts himself as little as possible. There is no foundation to build upon. Even those foundations which he had to begin with are slowly crumbling to uselessness.

It is the young man who is not satisfied with what he does and who is determined to better it every day, who struggles to express the ideal, to make the possible in him a reality, that wins.

What would become of the human race if everyone had reached his goal, had attained his ambition? Would anyone want

to work more than he felt like working? Who would do all the drudgery?

Suppose everyone was in the condition of the sons and daughters of many rich parents whose sole object is to have a good time, to enjoy all the pleasant things and to avoid all the work and disagreeable experience possible—how long would it take a world so peopled to retrograde to barbarism?

We owe everything to the climbing faculty. The struggle of man to rise a little higher, to get into a little more comfortable position, to secure a little better education, a little better home, to gain a little more culture and refinement, to acquire that power which comes from being in a position of broader and wider influence through the acquirement of property, is what has developed the character and the stamina of our highest types of manhood to-day. This upward life-trend gives others confidence in us.

Nothing so contributes to one's advancement in life as the formation of the climbing habit in everything, the perpetual ambition and effort to do a little better to-day than yesterday, to do everything we attempt a little better than we have done it in the past.

It is a wonderful aid to growth to associate constantly with people who are above us, who are better educated, more cultivated, more refined, who have had rich experience in lines of which we know little. We all know how quickly a person deteriorates when all his tendencies are downward, when he seeks the company of those below him, and common, demoralizing pleasures. When this process is reversed, the upward tendency, the upward progress, is just as pronounced.

No one can do anything very great unless he is spurred on by an ambition which takes the drudgery out of his task, an enthusiasm which lightens his burdens and cheers the way.

The man who goes to his work as a galley-slave to his oar, as a tired horse to his load too heavy to pull, can never accomplish much; there must be a zeal and great ambition and love for the work, or either mediocrity or failure must result.

It is a very difficult thing to succeed in life under the most favorable conditions, but to love your work is a tremendous help, a great tonic. Enthusiasm seems to

make us unconscious of danger and obstacles. If you find your ambition dying out, if you do not feel the same zeal for your work, if you are not so interested that you long to go to it in the morning and hate to leave it at night, there is something wrong somewhere. Perhaps you have not found your right place, discouragement may have killed your enthusiasm and diminished your zest.

It is not difficult to increase enthusiasm, to spur on a lagging ambition, if you set about it as you do about the task you are determined to accomplish. You cannot keep up your friendships without constant cultivation, and the same thing is true of ambition.

Everywhere we see people side-tracked, with their fires banked, the water in their boilers cooled down, and yet they are wondering why express trains fly past them, while they creep along like snails. They cannot understand why banked fires and lukewarm water will not pull their trains at express speed.

These people never renew their rails, do not keep the water in the engines at the boiling point, yet they complain if they fail to reach their destination. They cannot understand why they are so much slower than their neighbor's train which flies past them on perfectly ballasted roads, and with up-to-date engines and cars. If they run off their wretched tracks, they attribute it to hard luck.

The great majority of people who do not amount to anything in the world, those who are sidetracked, the idle, the indolent, the mediocre, have failed from the lack of ambition.

The youth who hungers for an education, who longs for improvement, no matter how poor, generally finds a way. But there is little hope for the ambitionless, there is no way of firing, of stirring up, of stimulating those who lack the ambition to get on in the world.

It is not an easy matter to keep back a boy with an ambition to do something and to be somebody in the world. No matter what his surroundings, no matter how badly he is handicapped, he will find a way out, he will forge ahead. You could not keep back a Lincoln, a Wilson, or a Greeley; if too poor to buy books, they would borrow them and pick up an education.

You may think your life is very common, that your opportunity of amounting to much is very small. But it does not matter how humble your position or what you are doing, if you have a taste for something better, if there is an out-reach and up-reach in your life, if you aspire to something higher, and are willing to pay the price for advancement in downright hard work, you will succeed. You will rise out of your commonness just as surely as the germ struggles up through the sod by persistent pushing.

There is something in the atmosphere of every person which predicts his future; for the way he does things, the energy, the degree of enterprise which he puts into his work, his manner—everything is a telltale of what is awaiting him.

"If you are only swabbing a deck, swab it as if old Davy Jones were after you," says Dickens.

A man may be very dissatisfied with what he is doing without having the aspiration for something higher and the stamina to reach his aim. Mere dissatisfaction with one's position does not always indicate ambition. It may indicate laziness, indifference.

But when we see a man filling a position just as well as it can be filled, trying to do everything to a complete finish, taking great pride in it, and yet having a great longing for something higher and better, we feel certain he will attain it.

When young Franklin was struggling to get a foothold in Philadelphia, shrewd business men there predicted, even when he was eating, sleeping, and printing in one room, that he had a great future before him, because he was working with all his might to get up higher, and he carried himself in a way that gave confidence. Everything he did was done so well, with such ability, that it was a prediction of very much larger things. When he was only a journeyman printer he did his work so much better than others, and his system was so much superior even to his employers, that people predicted he would some day have the business which went to that firm—which he did.

Men often fail because of an impatient ambition. They cannot wait to prepare for their life-work, but think they must leap into a position which others have been years in reaching. They are over-

ambitious, impatient of results, and have no time to do anything properly. Everything is hurried and forced. These people do not develop symmetrically, but are one-sided; they lack judgment and good sense.

"The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

We frequently see sad examples of unbridled ambition—men who have been spurred on by an overvaulting ambition, men whose sensibilities have been so benumbed by the ambition to become rich or powerful, that they have stooped to do very questionable things. Ambition often blinds one to justice.

There is nothing more pitiable than to see a man the victim of an inordinate, selfish ambition to advance himself at all costs, to gain fame, or notoriety, no matter who is sacrificed in the process.

It is very difficult to see the right, to get a clear perspective of justice, when we become victims of an overvaulting ambition. Men so intoxicated have stopped at no crime. Napoleon and Alexander the Great are good examples of the wrecks which an unbridled ambition makes of its victims.

Everyone should have an ambition to do something distinctive, something individual, something which will take him out of mediocrity, which will lift him above the ambitionless, the energyless. It is perfectly proper to be ambitious to get up as high in the world as possible, and this we may do with all charity and kindness of heart toward our neighbors.

The fellow who must be aroused is yourself, and every man is entitled to draw his inspiration from whatever source is at hand.

Sometimes the conversation or encouragement of an inspiring man or woman in whom we have great confidence, the faith of some one who believes in us when others do not, who sees something in us which others do not see, arouses the ambition and gives us a glimpse of our possibilities.

We may not think much about this at the time, but it may be a turning point in our career.

Multitudes of men and women have caught the first glimpse of themselves by the reading of some inspiring book or some vigorous article. Without it, they might have remained ignorant of their real power forever. Anything that will give us a glimpse of ourselves, that will open up our possibilities, is invaluable.

Choose for your friends those who stimulate you, who arouse your ambition, who stir you up with a desire to do something and be somebody in the world. One such friend is worth a dozen passive or indifferent friends.

Get close to people who arouse your ambition, who get hold of you, who make you think and feel. Keep close to people who are a perpetual inspiration to you. The great trouble with most of us is that we never get aroused, never discover ourselves until late in life—often too late to make much out of the remnant.

The great thing is to arouse our possibilities when young, that we may get the greatest possible efficiency out of our lives.

Most people die with the largest percentage of their possibilities still undeveloped. They have improved little patches of their ability here and there, while the great estate of their possible selves is untitled—with great mines of wealth untouched.

We cannot use what we do not first discover and see.

There are tens of thousands of day laborers in this country—common workmen—putting their lives into drudgery, who, if they had only been aroused, would have been employers themselves—would have been men of force, of standing in their community—but they have been held down by their ignorance of their own power. They have never discovered themselves, and so they must be “hewers of wood and drawers of water.” We see them everywhere—splendid men and women, who impress us as giants in possibility, but who are totally ignorant of the great forces that are sleeping within them.

There are thousands of girls who are spending their lives as clerks or operatives, or in ordinary situations, who, if they could but discover themselves, could once see their possibilities, could improve their conditions immeasurably and become great living forces in the world.

Sit down and take an inventory of yourself. If you are dissatisfied with what you are doing and think you ought to do better, try to discover, no matter how long it takes you, just where your trouble lies. Find out the things that keep you back. Make long, searching tours of discovery in your own consciousness. Say to yourself over and over again, “Why can others do such remarkable things while I do ordinary, common things? Constantly ask yourself, “If others can do them, why cannot I?”

You may find some great nuggets of gold in these tours of self-discovery, which you never dreamed you possessed—great possibilities of power which you never uncovered before, and which may, if developed, revolutionize your life.

One of the fatal dangers of remaining a long time in one position, as a clerk, for example, is that habit tends to make slaves of us. What we did yesterday we are more likely to do to-day; and if we do it to-day, it is still more certain that we will do it to-morrow; and, after a while, using the same faculties in a dry routine, the other, unused faculties begin to wane, grow weaker, atrophy, until to think that what we are doing is the only thing we can do.

What we use becomes stronger; what we do not use weaker; and we are likely to deceive ourselves in underrating the powers we really possess.

Low aim is crime because it pulls down every other quality to its level. Low aim destroys the executive ability. The faculties and the entire man follow the aim. We must climb, or we must go down, there is no such thing as clinging forever upon one rung of Life's great ladder.

Fortunes in Foxes

By

Arthur Conrad

TWENTY-FIVE years ago or thereabout a Prince Edward Island farmer, Dalton by name, resident in the little village of Alberton near the western extremity of the Island, captured a fugitive idea which flitted through his brain one day and put it to the test of actual experience. It was a simple enough idea in its way. It did not require much lying awake at night to mature its details. Neither did it involve much outlay of time or money to get it started. It was merely one of those happy little inspirations which come to a few men in this world and enable them to amass fortunes without the expenditure of much effort. Dalton's idea proved pure gold. It succeeded beyond his expectations. Within a comparatively few years it had made him rich and prosperous.

Dalton is taciturn; up to quite recent times he has refused to be interviewed or to divulge the slightest bit of information about his undertaking. In consequence whereof, a fabric of legend and rumor has been built up about the origin of his fox-ranching operations. It is probably true that he first seized the notion of raising foxes when he heard that a litter had been found on the Island, in which were some so-called black pups. Black foxes, as he well knew, were extremely rare; their skins were exceptionally valuable. Why, reasoned he, should it not be possible to secure the pups and see if he could not breed from them in captivity. If the attempt proved a failure, there would be little harm done, while, if he succeeded, well,—there would certainly be money in it at the prices skins were fetching. So

Dalton secured the litter for a mere song.

Just about the same time it chanced by an odd coincidence, so the legend runs, that a second litter was found by some sportsmen on the Island, which got into the hands of Captain Oulton of Tignish as a sort of curiosity, foxes being rare. Dalton broached his plan to the Captain and suggested that they should come together on the scheme. The Captain was not loath and the pair entered into partnership, putting all their young foxes together. For fifteen years or more they carried on their experiments in fox-breeding without interference, at first with some reverses but ultimately with the greatest success. Obstacles of one sort or another were overcome and finally a pure black strain was secured, the kind of fur that commands the top-notch price on the London market. From time to time foxes captured in Quebec, Anticosti, Labrador and Maine were introduced into the ranch in order to improve the breed.

It is now about five years ago since the Dalton-Oulton corner in foxes, if such it may be called, was broken up. The partners absolutely refused to sell live foxes and, as they owned the only black foxes to be had, there was no chance for anyone else to break into the game. However, the story is told on the Island that a farmer called Tuplin, finally prevailed on Captain Oulton to sell him a "patch," a fox half-red half-black, which he claimed he wanted as a pet. His real purpose was to mate it with a common red fox and see if he could not get some blacks from the combination. On learning this Oulton is said to have offered double the money

paid for the patch to recover it, but Tuplin was not to be deterred. He started his ranch, and meeting with success in his breeding, soon had plenty of pups on hand. The cat, or in this case the fox, being out of the bag, it was not long before other farmers began to buy foxes and Dalton and Oulton were compelled by circumstances to change their tactics. It is now possible to buy foxes, pedigreed if you like, just as you would buy sheep or cattle.

To-day the Islanders, fascinated with the stories of quickly-acquired wealth to be made from the raising of foxes, have gone literally fox-crazy. From the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province down, hundreds of people are dabbling in the business. On trains, in steam-boats and at hotels, the traveler is constantly overhearing the words, "ranches" and "foxes." If two men are seen in earnest converse the chances are that foxes are their theme. If a fine house is being built on some farm to replace the old homestead, it is quite within the possibilities that foxes have made its erection possible. If some one is observed pointing towards a wood from the car window, it is likely that he is indicating the location of some famous ranch. The money that the people of Prince Edward Island can't put into automobiles, for the law of the Province prohibits the use of motors on the Island, is going into fox ranches and the conversation that elsewhere is taken up with discussing motors and motoring, is being bestowed in its entirety on foxes and fox ranching.

It has already been indicated that money is being made out of the breeding of these little animals. That the amount realized justifies all this excitement is apparent when it is explained that live foxes are selling to-day on the Island from one to three thousand dollars apiece. So costly are they that in many instances men are clubbing together to buy pairs, being unable to finance the purchase individually. And still the price advances. Between 1910 and 1911 it actually increased by about one thousand dollars, the reason being simply that there are so many people and syndicates keen to secure breeding animals that the fox population is insufficient to go round. Fox breeders claim that this condition will

probably last for about five years, by which time the rush will be over and the fox-ranching business will strike a normal level.

The solid basis on which the success of the fox-raising business rests is, of course, the high prices which the skins of silver grey or black foxes bring in the fur markets of Europe. It was the marked scarcity of these pelts that led Dalton to go in for his experiment. So long as there is a popular demand for fox skins and so long as the supply is limited those Islanders who are going in for breeding foxes stand to make plenty of money. At present the sale of live foxes will tend to keep the supply of skins short and even after this sale begins to fall off, as it is bound to do ultimately, it will still be some little time before the price of fox skins will drop materially. So, whichever way it is regarded, the Island farmers who own fox ranches will make a good thing out of the business.

It was, of course, from the sale of skins that Dalton and Oulton made their fortunes. Their skins have long commanded top prices at the London sales, which means that they sell anywhere from one hundred to five hundred pounds apiece. When, as was the case last year, Dalton had thirty skins on the market, it is not hard to understand how quickly a man can grow rich in fox-ranching. It is said that once at the March sales in London, a fox skin went at £580 (\$2,822.) Dalton had no skins up at this auction and he was naturally curious to learn where such an unusually valuable pelt had come from. After investigating, it turned out to be one of his skins that had been sold at the January sales for £390 (\$1,898). The purchaser had actually re-sold it two months later at an advance of £190 (\$924). Instances could be multiplied to show how money is being fairly coined in the fox business.

It is estimated that there are now about one hundred and fifty ranches on Prince Edward Island, located for the most part in the western portion of the Island between Summerside and Tignish. An attempt was made to establish a ranch in the eastern end recently, but it was not a success, though it has not been proved conclusively that ranching cannot be carried on successfully in all parts of the

Island. The number of ranches is now increasing so rapidly that the prospect is that they will become as common as poultry runs very soon. Generally speaking these ranches are enclosed areas in the middle of a grove of woods, fenced in with wire netting or boards to a height of ten or twelve feet and kept carefully padlocked to prevent the entrance of strangers. They cover from half an acre to several acres of ground and are calculated not only to keep the foxes from escaping but to provide them with a natural environment, where they will not be frightened or disturbed. The little animals are not allowed to run loose in the ranch but are caged in small enclosures, made of wire netting and are provided with kennels in which to lie.

A visit to one of these ranches is naturally full of interest and it is quite a privilege to enter one of the larger ones. An owner may have methods which he does not want to make public or animals which he does not wish everybody to see, for which reason it is a compliment to be invited to inspect a ranch. For the most part the foxes are very wild and it is hard to catch sight of them at all, unless one's movements are as stealthy as those of an Indian. Some owners believe it pays to keep the foxes in this state of wildness, though others take the view that it better for breeding if the animals are tame and less afraid of man. By and by there will doubtless be a uniform practice in this respect. In the meantime it is only the pups which are comparatively tame and always ready for inspection. The older foxes may be routed out of their boxes but they are usually so frightened that they scamper away into hiding as quick as a flash.

A pure black fox is a beautiful little animal with glossy skin and quick expressive eyes. Those who breed them say they have considerable intelligence and as usual there are numerous stories, some almost unbelievable, to illustrate the point. They are fed principally on offal secured from slaughter houses and as the fox population is getting pretty large, it is costing more and more to feed them. This will be one of the problems to be solved in the future. Meanwhile some breeders are experimenting with other

kinds of food with a certain degree of success.

Some men with small means have found it advisable to start their ranches with common red foxes and, after familiarizing themselves with the habits of the animals, introduce black ones. On account of the immense value of the latter, this has been a prudent policy to pursue. Even red foxes are worth money, selling from ten to fifty dollars a pair, and by mating them up with patches, some black pups may be obtained. In a litter of five secured in this way and shown the writer, there were two fine specimens of black foxes.

Men like Dalton keep a careful record of all the animals in their ranches and in this respect their breed are just like registered cattle. Foxes with pedigrees naturally command a higher price than those without and it was a shrewd move to start keeping records. In selling these foxes it has become customary to give a guarantee to replace those that fail to breed. In this way a purchaser is made fairly sure of results.

There must surely be considerable temptation for unprincipled persons to enter the ranches under cover of night and make off with one or more animals. Situated as they are, at some distance from the habitations of men, and quite unprotected save for a padlock on the gate, it would seem as if it would be an easy matter to break into one of them. However, so far as is known only one case of stealing foxes has been heard of on the Island, which speaks volumes for the honesty of the people.

During the coming winter there will be many anxious hearts in Prince Edward Island. A great deal is at stake. So many people have put money into the purchase of foxes and are looking eagerly forward to the coming of the litters in the spring, that it may be said the whole Island's happiness is dependent on the welfare and productivity of the little animals. One may only have invested a few dollars along with others in a pair that is being kept in some distant ranch, but yet it will be of immense importance whether the breeding is successful or not. Everybody hopes, not without reason, for huge returns on their investment.

The Romance of Blois

By

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

Editor's Note:—A vagrant whiff of perfume, the turn of a cheek, or the sound of a voice, sometimes recall to us great memories which are associated in our minds with that certain perfume, that certain cheek or that voice. We re-construct from them persons, places and events. In this letter from Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, the woman writer, traveling at present in Europe and writing as she moves from place to place, tells how she, from the modern tourist bedroom, can see from her window the beautiful Chateau of Blois. This chateau recalls the story of Louise—Mademoiselle Louise de la Valiere. It is one of the sad old stories of France, the story of this girl whose "certain grace, modesty and tenderness in bearing and expression" added to the charm of "the dazzling whiteness and rosiness of her skin, the exquisite blueness of her eyes, and the brilliancy of her blonde hair, won the fickle heart of a king." Louise went to the court of Louis XIV. After that, the world knows the story. But in the following pages a modern woman recalls other phases of the gentle Louise.

IT is delightful to be lodged so near the beautiful chateau of Blois that we can see the facade of Francis I. by sunlight, twilight, and moonlight. This chateau built upon massive supporting walls dominates a natural terrace, which rises above the valley of the Loire and the ravine of the Arroux. No more fitting site could be found for the chateau than the quadrilateral formed by these two streams. The wing of Francis I. with its noble columns, Italian loggias, balustrades, attics, picturesque chimneys, grotesque gargoyles, and other rich and varied decorations, displays all the architectural luxury of the Renaissance, of which it was in a sense the final expression. It was while gazing upon this marvellous facade that Mr. Henry James longed for such brilliant pictures as the figures

of Francis I., Diane de Poitiers, or even of Henry III., to fill the empty frames made by the deep recesses of the beautifully proportioned windows.

Looking at the richly ornamented facade, wandering a ross the great court and up the famous spiral stairway to the spacious rooms above, it was not to Francis I. or Diane or Henry III. that our thoughts turned, but to a later period in the history of the chateau, when Gaston, Duke of Orleans, held his court here, and a bevy of young girls brought charm and grace into these great bare rooms.

Gaston's eldest daughter, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, was often here in those days, acting in amateur theatricals with her step-sisters, one of whom, the little Princess Marguerite d'Orleans, cherished vain hopes of becoming Queen of France

by marrying her own cousin, Louis XIV. Other young girls in the family group were Mlle. de Saint-Remi, whose father, Jacques de Courtaval, Marquis of Saint-Remi, was first steward to Gaston, and Mlle. Montelais, whose name occurs in one of the court rhymes of the day in company with that of another young girl whose history is closely associated with the chateau,

Guiche of love the ally
The maids of honor did supply.
He has caged a pretty pair,
Montelais and La Valliere.

The other girl who was destined to be a companion to Mlle. Montelais at court was Louise de la Valliere, the step-daughter of Saint-Remi, and the daughter of the Marquis de la Baume le Blanc, Sieur de la Gasserie. These high-sounding titles of the La Vallieres did not stand for much in gold or gear at this time, although there are still ruins to be seen in Bourbonnais of a very ancient castle of the La Baumes.

It was not at this chateau that the La Vallieres lived during the childhood of Louise, but at Amboise, and here she may have seen the fourteen-year-old Louis, who came with the Queen Mother and Mazarin to this town, which was so gallantly held for him against Gaston and his bellicose daughter, by the honest soldier, Laurent de la Valliere. Whether or not little Louise de la Valliere saw the young King at Amboise during the war of the Fronde, she certainly saw him when he stopped at Blois, some years later, on his way to Saint-Jean de Luz and the Spanish marriage. Louis and his court were the guests of Gaston in 1660, although they had been openly arrayed against each other at Amboise in 1651. Mlle. de Montpensier, in her frank and amusing chronicles, tells us that the king evidently found her father's chateau a dull place to stop in overnight, the customs and costumes of the household failed to please the fastidious young monarch. The meal was served, she says, in old-fashioned style, and the ladies were dressed "like the dishes—all out of fashion." Only one figure in the group which had gathered in the vast *salle* to do honor to the King appeared to him worthy of royal regard. This was a slight, girlish form, in white muslin, a costume so simple that it could never be quite out of date. From her modest station behind the prin-

cesses of the House of Orleans, by the command of her hostess, Louise de la Valliere stepped forward, confused and blushing, to make her deep courtesy before the King, while the Duchess presented her in due form as Mlle. de la Baume le Blanc, daughter of the Marquis de la Valliere, and step-daughter of the Marquis de Saint-Remi.

As Madame de Monteville described her at seventeen, we see the slight girlish form of La Valliere making her reverence before royalty, owing her charm, as the court lady relates, more to a certain grace, modesty, and tenderness in bearing and expression than to the dazzling whiteness and rosiness of her skin, the exquisite blueness of her eyes, and the brilliancy of her blonde hair of the shade which the French call *cheveux argentes*. Whether the beauty and charm of Louise made a lasting impression upon the heart of the King is doubtful, as that susceptible organ was at this time occupied with the adventurous Marie Mancini, while his mind was turned toward the Spanish marriage, an important alliance for political reasons. We may believe, however, that in the brief moment that the young girl looked into the eyes of the King the world was changed for her. Then, as ever after, it was the personal charm of Louis that appealed to the girl's imagination, rather than the grandeur of his station. It was the man she loved, not the king, and at twenty-three, with his deep blue eyes, curling love-locks, and graceful bearing, Louis was well fitted to please the fancy of a romantic girl of seventeen. If Louise had not seen him again, the image of this young prince from fairyland might in time have faded from her mind, especially as an incipient love affair with a neighbor's son already existed.

Some notes and occasional shy glances had been exchanged between Mademoiselle de la Valliere and young Bragelonges, who lived next door to the Saint-Remis at Blois, and had she not been suddenly carried off to court, this nebulous romance might have materialized into a happy marriage, and a career more honorable, if less brilliant and exciting, than that which lay before her.

It was this early affair with a neighbor's son which gave Dumas some historic foundation for his captivating and pathetic

story of the Vicomte de Bragelonne. Whether or not the young lover wore his heart upon his sleeve to the end of his days, it is quite evident that M. de Bragelonges was speedily forgotten by Louise, amid the pleasures and distractions of the gayest court in Europe.

A few months later, through the influence of a distant relative, Louise de la Valliere was given a place at court in the service of the English Princess, the beautiful, captivating, and capricious Henriette, daughter of Charles I., and wife of the King's young brother, Phillippe d'Orleans. Chroniclers of the time all agree in attributing to her a rare charm of manner, a lively wit and a keen intellect. This combination of beauty, charm, and intellect, found more frequently, perhaps, in France than in any other country, rendered Madame the most irresistible of women, and, as Saint-Beuve says, the most touching of princesses. The King, who at sixteen had refused to dance with the thin and not especially attractive child of eleven, because, as he explained to his mamma, he did not care for little girls, took himself to task later for not realizing, before she became his brother's fiancée, that Henriette, was the most beautiful woman in the world.

At the time that Louise de la Valliere entered her household, Madame Henriette was enjoying her hour of triumph. The King, who had been slow in discovering her charms, was at her feet. The death of Mazarin, the miserly, had given Louis a freedom in his own court that he had never before known. Entertainment followed entertainment, all given in honor of the English bride, his own Spanish bride having been relegated to the background of this gay court, from which she was never destined to emerge. There were expeditions on land by day, water parties on the lake by the light of the moon, and promenades in the woods by night. Madame delighted to bathe in the Seine, accordingly parties were arranged for her pleasure, the ladies driving to the river and returning on horseback in elaborate costumes, with wonderful plumes in their hats, to an *al fresco dejeuner* in the park.

A theatre was erected in the grounds, and Lulli was installed as superintendent of the royal music. Among other entertainments a *Ballet des Saisons* was given,

in which the King, in a gorgeous costume, represented Spring, dancing with his usual grace and skill, while Madame, in a gown of shining tissue, delicate as a butterfly's wing, led her troupe of Bacchantes, Louise de la Valliere among them.

It was after one of these entertainments, which were sometimes followed by rambles in the Park, lasting until two or three o'clock in the morning, that the scene under the Royal Oak took place, which Dumas has so ingeniously woven into his romance of La Valliere. You remember that the three maids of honor of Madame, Montelais, Athenais, and Louise, were grouped together under the famous oak in the forest of Fontainebleau, which had witnessed the sighs for love or glory of the great Henry and many another monarch. The conversation of the three girls on life and love sounds trite and commonplace as we read the story, and yet in the light of the events that followed in quick succession, the sentimental platitudes of the innocent child, La Valliere, and the worldly aphorisms of the ambitious Athenais, afterwards Mme. de Montespan, gain both dignity and pathos. That Louise, the timid and gentle, should express herself so warmly upon her admiration for the King, reveals the fact that the handsome young sovereign had already made an impression upon her sensitive heart.

When she exclaimed with fervor, "Have you ever seen any one to be compared with the King?" even the bold Athenais was surprised at the frankness of the little Blaisoise. A still greater surprise was in store for the Three Graces under the Royal Oak, when a rustling was heard in the undergrowth of the adjoining *Quinconce*, and with cries of "A wolf or a wild boar!" they all scampered away as fast as their feet could carry them to safe and sure shelter of Madame's apartments, to learn later, to their dismay, that the rustling in the bushes had been caused, not by a wolf or a wild boar, but by the King himself, who was sauntering through the Park with M. de Saint-Aignan.

Whether or not Louise ever thus openly expressed her admiration for the King, one may readily believe that any impression made upon the girl's imagination would be deepened and strengthened in these days when the court life at Fontain-

bleau is described as a delirium of ambition, pleasure, and love. Court gossips had begun to sharpen their tongues upon the attentions of the King to his sister-in-law. Philippe was jealous, and the quick-witted Henriette, who cared little for Louis, but greatly enjoyed her position as queen of the hour, devised a plot which involved several of the maids of honor. So infamous was this plot of Madame's that one wonders that a woman, to whom kindness of heart has been attributed, could have countenanced a scheme so cruel. "In order to hide his own game," said Saint-Beuve, "the King was to pay make-believe attention to several of Madame's maids-of-honor. The three selected were Mademoiselle de Pons, Mademoiselle de Chimerault, and Mademoiselle de la Valliere. It soon appeared that the latter was the one whom the King preferred to seem to be in love with. The plot soon thickened quite beyond Madame's anticipations, the make-believe attentions became real, the other maids-of-honor were quite neglected, Madame herself was forgotten, and while trying to dazzle the eyes of the public Louis himself was bewildered, and soon found himself seriously in love with La Valliere, at least, as seriously in love as it was in his nature to be. And Louise was then and ever after deeply, hopelessly, in love with the King.

Is it strange that this innocent girl, little more than a child in years and experience, with many to flatter to criticise, but none to counsel or protect, should have fallen into the trap that was laid for her unwary feet? From her quiet village home she was snudently, as Madame's *dame d'honneur*, introduced to a new world, in which the King, young, handsome, and possessed of all the graces and accomplishments of his age, was the central figure. Before she had time to become accustomed to the life around her, the greatest temptation that could be offered to a Frenchwoman of that day was presented to her. This monarch, the *Roi Sotail* to his adoring satellities, was at her feet, telling her that he loved her, and her only, little Louise de la Valliere, whom the haughty court dames had looked down upon as insignificant, lacking in grace and even in beauty. It was only a few short days since water parties, ballets, and fetes had been given in Madame's honor. The gay-

ety continued, but Henriette was no longer the inspiration of these festivities, which were planned for other *beaux yeux*, whose she did not know. Louise was so modest and retiring, so anxious to spare the Queen sorrow and pain, that it was some time before it transpired that the little Blaisoise, whom Madame would not have condescended to look upon as a possible rival, was the reigning favorite.

In the midst of the scheming, love-making, jealousy and carousing, the King's second child, the little Princess Marianne, opened her eyes to the light of the world, only to close them again before the rejoicings at her birth were well over, even before the foreign Ambassadors who came to welcome her had reached Paris. The Queen was deeply grieved at the loss of her child, Louis wept copiously over the family affliction, but, being in greater need of distraction than before, we find him a few weeks later dancing gaily in a *Ballet des Arts* in company with Mlle. de Mortmart, *la belle Athenais*; Mlle. de Seigne, whom her fond mother called the "prettiest girl in France"; and Mlle. de la Valliere, who, despite her slight lameness, danced to perfection, her slim figure, of the lissome slenderness that belongs to early youth, showing to great advantage in the figures of the *cotillon*.

You know the sad story far better than I do. The few short years of enchantment, when Louise lived in the delirium of love's young dream, yet was never really happy, never enjoying her honors as Duchesse de la Valliere, the royal favorite, because her conscience was ever awake and her tender heart filled with remorse for the sorrow she had caused the Queen. The brief years of enchantment were soon over, to be followed by disillusionment when the fickle heart of Louis succumbed to other charms, the final flight from Court, and the long years of repentance at the Carmelites.

Twice before Louise had taken refuge in the convent. The first time she sought to fly from her passion and herself, to be brought back to court by the adoring King. The second flight was when Louis had begun to transfer his attentions to Madame de Montespan, and finally, at thirty, she retired to Chaillot to expiate whatever sins she had committed, by



H. Karr Ebn
1911

She owed her charm . . . to a certain grace, modesty and tenderness in bearing.

thirty-six long years of prayer and penitence.

The festivities and intrigues of Fontainebleau and Versailles may seem a far cry from this old chateau of Blois, but, standing this afternoon in the rooms that had echoed to the light footsteps of Louise de la Valliere in the days of her youth and innocence, distance and the centuries between that day and this seem to fall away, and we pictured to ourselves the court of honor and *salle de reception* as they appeared on the night of the arrival of the court at Blois. The fast-fading light lent a semblance of reality to the scene, as the torches and candles used in those early days could not have brilliantly lighted the vast hall. We see the chairs placed in a half-circle for the accommodation of the royal guests, the King's not an inch higher than that of Mazarin, or of the Queen, Anne of Austria. The astute Italian Prime Minister is seated, his body bent, his face pallid, the hand of Death is already laid heavily upon him; but his mind is as keen and alert as in youth, his eyes as penetrating. The courtiers are grouped around Mazarin, the real king. Gaston, the indolent father of an energetic and courageous daughter, is talking to him, and chroniclers of the day

tell us that the Duke of Orleans was an admirable *raconteur*. The *Grande Mademoiselle*, now over thirty and in the full flower of a beauty which, according to Petitot's miniature and her own rose-colored descriptions, was not inconsiderable, is in another group at one side of the hall, with her half-sisters and the other young girls of the house, among them Louise de la Valliere, whom Madame de Sevigne likened later to a modest violet hiding beneath its leaves; but not so successfully concealed as to evade the eyes of royalty.

In strong contrast to this scene is another and later picture in a far different setting, in the dim, religious light of a convent, where a woman still young, and in the full maturity of her beauty, is taking the veil, which is held for her, the former royal favorite, by Queen Maria Teresa, the neglected wife of Louis.

Although some chroniclers tell us that the King's eyes were red with weeping all the day before, he probably went a-hunting the same day, after pheasants or whatever game was in season, amid the flatteries and acclamations of his courtiers—so short-lived was the memory of a king whose only law was his own pleasure; so long and deep was the remorse of a woman more sinned against than sinning!

HER HEART

I am so proud it matters not
 That he has gone away;
 His pleasantness I have forgot—
 That was of yesterday.
 No pain or grief my spirit wrings;
 Of coming joy my glad heart sings.

Why should I mourn a vanished swain
 With likely lads in plenty,
 Or strive one lost love to regain
 When new loves number twenty?
 Of truer friends I have no lack.
 Yet—God in Heaven, bring him back!

—By Ethel Colson.



Looking inland; daisies grow over the ruin.

Louisburg: A Neglected Shrine

By

Robert Randolph Johnson

LOUISBURG sleeps to-day beneath the ruins of her former glory. And what glory was hers! A hundred and fifty years ago she was a great theatre of war, a fortress shielded by France and coveted by Great Britain. She held the imaginary key to the St. Lawrence and while she gloried in her first purpose of defense, siege and subjection were her sure destiny.

But what is Louisburg to-day? A colossal ruin, a neglected shrine of British ascendancy in the new world. To read her history and then to visit her resting-

place on the bleak Cape Breton coast, is to have one's imagination of a romantic period rudely converted into a realization of what it means when swords give place to coal scoops, when frame shacks succeed stone abutments, when fishing sloops replace armed frigates, when lowing kine crop grass where once the earth trembled with the march of fighting men.

I first came upon the site of this old fortress one warm morning in August. The road over from the new town was unsheltered from the sun, and the rising dust had left my throat parched and dry. And



Sally ports: fishing sloops and the harbor of Louisburg in the background.

now as I made the gradual ascent of the ruins, and confronted the full glory of the sunlight, I saw an old man, the only person I had yet seen in the place, walk slowly across a small plot of land and enter a house from behind. The house faced the road, which starts at the new town and ends at the sea. In the front windows of this house reposed some articles that indicated a place of trade—a few pieces of crockery, some bars of soap, and an assortment of cheap candy. The door was open, and as I paused before it, a breeze from the sea came through and fell refreshingly upon my brow while I stood with bared head in the shadow. Grass grew all about, and therefore I presumed that the sound of my footfall had not alarmed the inmates. At all events, I arrived in high time, for there upon the floor at the very brink of a cellarway struggled the old man and a youth in the important act of lowering a full barrel down into subterranean depths. As my form darkened the doorway, they both turned quickly and regarded me with marked astonishment and some embarrassment.

I hadn't traveled through Nova Scotia without knowing that in most localities the sale of liquor was prohibited, nor had I failed to witness other means than this of evading the law. But here was an unexpected revelation.

"Good morning, gentlemen," I said with some confidence, letting them know at once that I took them to be gentlemen. The barrel stood perilously near the edge of the trap, so the old man rolled it back against the wall before he replied, with a fine rich Irish accent and a tone full of good humor:

"Ah, good morning, sor. Ye're a stranger about Louisburg?"

"I am," I replied, "and a very thirsty one at that."

The old man sat down on the barrel, and the youth had an expression of some uncertainty.

"It's a terrible dry time," said the old man, eyeing me closely, "and if ye can't go that kind o' soft stuff there, we've nothing else but this vinegar, and that's the truth. The Act's agin' us here, ye know—the Act. Och, divil's the bit av any-



Site of the old fort: Louisburg in the distance.

thing worth swallying will ye get this side av Halifax."

An old rusty cannon ball lay as a weight to keep the door open. Catching my eye upon it, the old man hoped to change the subject of conversation.

"Now, there's a relic worth whoile," he began. "Ye'd niver think that ball was Frinch to look at it, now would ye?"

I admitted that I wouldn't.

"It was dug up one day in a post-hole. Och, many's the thing we've run acrost, but they're scarce now, and that's the truth."

"And what's this?" I asked, picking up an object that looked like a black goblet.

"That's a wine-glass. It was found at the bottom of an old well, just over yonder."

"They were great people for the drink in those days," I ventured, by way of restoring the conversation.

"They were; they were," replied the old man, and he tried to change the course again by reverting to the cannon-ball.

"Do you know," I interrupted, "I have a notion I'd like to take a drink out of this glass. I would be a novelty to take a

drink from a glass that was used by French soldiers of this very scene 150 years ago."

"Faith, and ye're right, it would that. But suppose, now, that a ball as big as that was to—"

"This glass would hold quite a good-sized horn," I interrupted. "I think I'll try the vinegar, after all. A little with some water wouldn't hurt us."

"Now, remember," said the old man, as he motioned to the youth to help him draw the liquor, "this is the best vinegar in Nova Scotia, and that's the truth. If I didn't take ye for an honest man, divil the bit av it would ye get."

He then produced some glasses worthy of so excellent a brew, and on my invitation, the two of them joined me in a cooling draught.

Here I had unwittingly encountered the local historian, a fine type of Irishman, whose knowledge of the place and its past was excelled only by his natural garrulity and enthusiasm. He accompanied me round the ruins, and endeavored to make clear to my dense perception the construction of the fort and the plan of attack that finally overcame it.



Where the seas race in and break upon the coast near Louisburg.

We stood on the grass-grown top of what had been undoubtedly a bomb-proof place of refuge for women and children during a siege. In front of us were the ruins of a former sally port, propped up by beams to prevent the ravages of time from completing the work of destruction that Pitt's men performed after Louisburg was abandoned as the key to the St. Lawrence. A black calf stood knee-deep in daisies, and even in August, children were picking wild berries on the sunny slope of the hill. White houses dotted the farther shore of the bay, and the soft sound of church bells came to us across the harbor. On one side rose the monument to Pepperrell, the New England merchant, and "Our Heroic Dead," who first captured the fort; and, a little farther on, the hillside glistened with black-eyed Susans. On the other hand, down near the harborside, a man moved about amongst his lobster traps, while behind, back of all else, be-

yond the bog and the marsh, rose the drab rocks of the headland, the same rocks against which for centuries the Atlantic has beaten in vain. From waves dashing against rocks spray rose high in the air, and the booming was a pleasant sound to hear. One looked out upon the sea, knowing that if one embarked thereon no land would be encountered on the one hand until after the "picking up" of the Irish lights, or, on the other hand, until after sighting the African coast. But to-day that is merely a pleasure chase for ocean greyhounds. Not so in the heyday of Louisburg. The soldiers and the mariners who fought there then looked back upon a voyage of several weeks' duration, and recalled with longing the days of childhood spent upon Normandy uplands or Shropshire downs. What a contrast, this bleak Cape Breton coast! And bleak as it was then, bleaker it stands to-day—fascinating in its very bleakness, enchanting in the constant yet futile foaming of its waves



A desolate stretch of shore.

against the black upstanding bulk of the impregnable shore.

As we stood there in so suggestive an environment, I tried, with the old Irishman's assistance, to compose a picture of what the place was like about the time that Wolfe breasted it with ships of His Majesty's line. It was a city then, an important shipping port for all Acadia, as well as a fortress. Now it is scarcely a fishing village. Then, there were wharves, warehouses and magazines throbbing with the spirit of trade. Now there is, except at the new town, no more than moorings for a dinghy. The ground that once trembled beneath the march of armies, now supports the humble fisher-farmers, and its dust is seldom disturbed except by the occasional tourist or historian who chances to go that way.

I could not help wondering what Pitt would think of it if he were still alive to see. I asked my companion, but, somehow or other, he had missed Pitt in his appreciation of the final downfall. Pitt had been too far away from the actual

scene of conflict. Irishmen pick out the man with sword in hand and the grime of battle in face. But we cannot overlook Pitt when we look over the ruins of Louisbourg. For Pitt was the driving force behind the British arms. It was the indomitable, ambitious personality of Pitt that inspired Wolfe to the conquest. It was Pitt's unquenchable thirst for glory that provided Clive with the means of establishing British supremacy in India; and it is to Pitt that can be traced Hawke's dauntless courage against the French fleet amongst the rocks of the Brittany coast.

So that, as we stand upon the ruins at Louisbourg, lauding Pepperrell and praising Wolfe, we must not forget the British Minister of War, the one man in all England who had the audacity to drive the national arms from victory to victory—in Asia, in Europe, and in America. And what did Louisbourg mean to Pitt? Louisbourg was the stronghold of the French in North America. Louisbourg was the storm centre of western politics. Louisbourg was



The ruins are now fenced off for pastures.

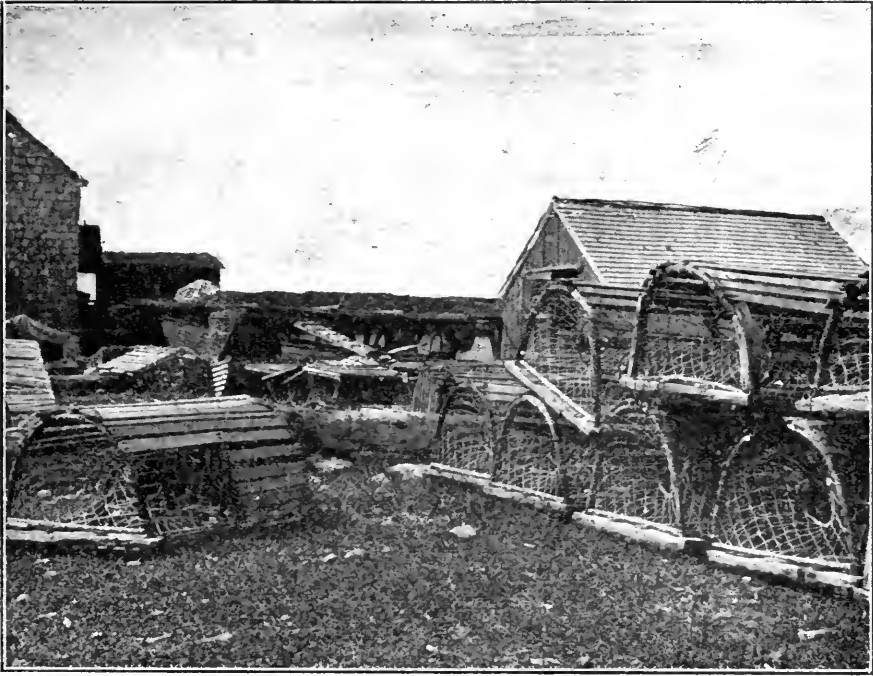
the place that commanded the Coast of Acadia and guarded the entrance to all the vast domain beyond the setting of the sun. Louisbourg was the first obstacle to British sovereignty in the new world. It had been built at immense cost by France, and by France it was maintained as the mustering point of her fleet in the west, as a fortress for her soldiers and a depot for her munitions of war. Its overthrow, therefore, gave Wolfe an open way to Quebec, without fear of harassing attacks from behind.

My aged companion had a great admiration for Pepperrell, and he took pains to see that I read the inscriptions on the four tablets, which set forth that the monument was erected to "Commemorate the capture of Louisbourg, A.D. 1745. Erected by the Society of Colonial Wars, A.D. 1895," and gave an account of the forces that took part in the struggle.

Turning our backs upon the ruins, and our faces towards the sea, I listened to the old man's account of the last siege. I tried to imagine the spectacle of the Bri-

tish fleet riding out yonder where sky and sea seemed to meet. At best, details are tedious things, and the old man was full of them. He pointed out the spot where this or that attack had been made, and once or twice he began to deliver a set oration. He knew how many men Pepperrell had mustered. He knew the strength of the British fleet under Commodore Warren, and how many rounds of arms Wolfe had brought against the place a few years later. He knew the nature of the French defence. He knew how thick the walls had been, and he took me to a part of the ruins where he could prove his assertion. Of course, I had not contradicted him, but it is sometimes well to submit evidence when you have it. And they have good evidence of what Louisbourg was. There are walls of masonry several feet thick, and you can walk into one or two clammy bomb-proof vaults over which to-day grass grows and wild flowers flourish.

We went back now towards the "store," where the barrel still stood against the



The lobster traps are the implements of modern industry.

wall, but on the way the old man took me through a gate into a plot of land where a fisher-farmer was exploring an old well for relics of the French regime. He had turned out a great quantity of mud and water, and almost every shovelful revealed a brass button, a bullet, a buckle, a wooden heel, a bit of table cutlery, a piece of broken porcelain, or perhaps the point of a bayonet. My companion expounded the merits of the assortment, and shook his head with memory of the prodigal manner in which many much better relics than these had been disposed of and scattered abroad in the past.

We moved on into the store, and there was another exchange of compliments, with the barrel for reason. The old man found it difficult to come back to commonplace things after having lived again for my benefit in the days when real battles were fought. He feared that I would not give Pepperrell full credit for all that he had done for the British cause, and

if I had encouraged him he would have gone over the ground for a mile or two from the fort in order to trace Pepperrell's scheme of attack by land, which succeeded in forcing the city to capitulate. But I hadn't much interest left for particulars, and I was satisfied with the assurance that Pepperrell had broken the ice for Wolfe.

Standing in the doorway of the store, I could see across the harbor to the new town, where a coal freighter was loading at the wharves. I fancied I could hear the noise of the swinging crane, but it was merely fancy, for the place knows no sounds now save the soft tinkling of cowbells and the softer swishing of the sea.

The old man rolled the cannon-ball away from the door, and I passed out. As I did so I heard the youth raise the cellar door. I knew then that the barrel would go below.

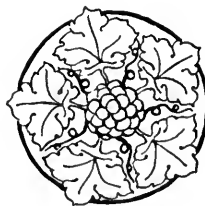
Unheeded, I passed down the dusty road, and presently turned aside to follow



*The memorial monument in memory of the capture of
Louisburg in 1745.*

more intimately the deviating margin of the shore. Bleached encrustations of sea urchins crumbled beneath my feet, and the bleached bones of small creatures of the sea broke the sequence of my thoughts. But, on seeking an eminence and turning round upon the scene I had so recently quitted, it was restored again, so that I came away at last with a mental picture of several acres of land rising as mound after mound, grass-covered until the high-

est point is reached, near where the memorial monument stands, beyond which for a quarter-mile between it and the rocks of the coast lie the bog and the morass. Were it not for an outbreking here and there, and especially for the visible masonry of the sally ports and the bomb-proof vaults, one would scarcely realize that beneath the grass and the daisies crumble the stones and the mortar that are the tangible evidence of a romantic period in Canadian history.



Snippy!

By

William Banks Jr.

IT started with the cornet soloist in a vaudeville show. The fellow could play, no doubt about that. When in response to repeated encores he once more stood at the front of the stage, "Snippy" Halton, sitting in "the gods," shouted, for reasons he was never clearly able to explain to himself, "Come Back to Erin," and the cornet soloist nodded his head, smiled and played the air. "Snippy" leaning forward, listened with breathless interest, cold shivers running up and down his spine; his big rough hands were clenched tightly and his lips slightly parted. The one bright spot of his stormy boyhood was the recollection of his sister Kate singing "Come Back to Erin," though it was mingled with painful memories of the thrashings she had given him when his mother was too busy to attend to that duty, or, as sometimes happened when he resisted, needed assistance in its carrying out. His father, who was seldom home, had beaten him often enough too, usually without cause or reason. "Snippy" had almost forgotten that his full name was John Marmaduke Halton. He had left home as soon as he felt himself old enough to shift, and now at the age of twenty-two he was earning good wages in the freight department of a big store.

"Snippy," so nicknamed because of his habit of cutting off questions regarding his antecedents and upbringing with few and harsh words and with many blows, had wandered into the show to pass part of Christmas Eve. His stuffy room in a big boarding-house did not appeal to him that night. He went away from the

"show" feeling as near lonely as a man of his prize-fighting physique could admit, even to himself. He walked slowly down the main street, whistling "Come Back to Erin" under his breath. Many of the stores were still open. Crowds of people were flocking into them, almost fighting with the parcel-laden outcoming crowds in their desire to obtain admittance. But the man turned into one of the quieter cross-streets and halted near a "mission wagon."

From the steps of the wagon a grey-bearded man was telling the story of the Prodigal Son. "Snippy" stopped his whistling and listened, smiling cynically at first, but presently with alert mind and real interest. Twice a strange idea flashed across his mind, and twice he repressed it. The third time he allowed it to stay.

"Gee," he said to himself, "I ain't much of a Prodigal, I guess. Fancy my Dad falling on my neck and kissing me. Gee!" He laughed at the thought, but even as he laughed he turned from the quieter thoroughfare back to the main street and fought his way into a store from which he emerged half an hour later with a bulky parcel in each hand. He had made a resolution. Walking quickly, for the parcels were no handicap to him, he made his way toward the part of the city in which his parents lived, according to the latest information he had of them.

It was not an attractive section. Yet to-night it had an air of brightness and festivity lacking on every other night of the year. "Christmas Eve seems to kinder brighten it up," said "Snippy," and he

said it aloud, though he had not meant to do so.

One of two men who were passing him at the moment stepped in front of him. "Who'd yer think yer talking to," he demanded jeeringly, and at the same moment the other knocked "Snippy's" hat off. Both men laughed as "Snippy" carefully deposited his parcels on the sidewalk. One of them kicked at a parcel, but failed in his attempt because one of "Snippy's" fists landed squarely between his eyes. With a cry of anger the other man rushed at "Snippy," but a blow on the jaw stayed him for a moment. Then together the men made a determined attack, and a hot but brief struggle followed. "Snippy" had no particular ill-feeling against the men; they furnished him with a short period of occupation in one of his favorite amusements, and as he left them consoling each other on a convenient doorstep he wished them a "Merry Christmas!" sarcastically.

"Sav." drawled one of them, "who are you anyways?"

"Me?" answered "Snippy" politely. "Why I'm a Prodigal Son."

"A what? Lord, if all Prodigal Sons —" but the rest of the sentence was lost on "Snippy" who was hurrying on, the parcels in his hands.

"Maybe I don't get the right hang of this Prodigal Son business," said "Snippy" to himself, as he halted at the door of the cottage which he believed to be the domicile of his parents, "but I'll try it as far as I can."

Lights were glimmering faintly through the blinds of the cottage, a maudlin voice was chanting "Drill ye Tarriers, drill!" and it did not cease as "Snippy" knocked sharply on the door. It was opened by a woman, his mother.

"What d'yer want?" she asked in a monotonous voice.

"Merry Christmas, Ma," said "Snippy," and accompanied by the parcels he stepped inside and made his way into the room that served the family as parlor, sitting room and dining room. His father sat by the table, a bottle of whiskey within easy reach. It was he who was singing "Drill ye Tarriers."

"Hello, Dad!" said "Snippy" pleasantly.

The man looked at him stupidly and went on singing.

"Snippy's" mother, who had followed him into the room, stood gazing at him wonderingly. "Why it's—it's—Johnny!" she stammered.

"Sure. But most folks call me 'Snippy' now, Ma, and honest I've nearly forgotten my real name."

"Hello, Kate," to his sister, she who had so often sung "Come Back to Erin." Kate sniffed contemptuously. She was sitting on a sofa, and beside her was a young man with a nasty mouth and crafty eyes.

"Snippy" eyed him sternly. "You here?" he said, and then to his sister, "This guy a friend of yours?"

She sniffed again, and turned to the young man with the remark, "My brother—we ain't seen him for years."

"We don't need any introduction, Kate," said "Snippy" quietly, "I know that crook."

"What!" cried Kate.

"Crook is what I said Kate, and he's the worst kind of a —"

The young man rose swiftly, his face aflame, his eyes glaring. "Snippy" met him with a joyous "Ah!" gripped him viciously by the neck, shook him savagely, despite Kate's attempted interference, and dragged him to the door whence he flung him into the street with the injunction, "Come back here again, and I'll kill you."

Once more he entered the room. His sister was crying. His mother, white and trembling, was standing by her husband, who was still chanting, but more feebly, "Drill ye tarriers, drill."

"He ain't worth crying over, Sis," said "Snippy," calmly, "but even so, I guess it won't hurt you to cry some."

Then to his father, "Stop that, you."

The man reached for the whiskey bottle, but "Snippy" was quicker. He lifted the bottle from the table and held it up to the light. "Um!" he said, "there's enough there to make him fighting drunk if he gets it—but he won't. Mother!" sharply, "throw it into the street. Throw it *hard*. This is where Dad quits the booze game."

The woman took the bottle from "Snippy," and started toward the door, her husband tried to stop her, but as he staggered from his chair, "Snippy"

took him by his shoulders and forced him back again. "You make another move, Dad, and I'll lick you and lick you good. Throw that stuff away, Ma." And the woman obeyed.

"Now," said "Snippy" to the thoroughly scared group, "where's Joey and Belle?"

"In bed," said his mother timidly.

"Is Joey big enough to work?"

"Yes, Johnny, he —"

"'Snippy,' Ma, if y'please."

"Yes, 'Snippy,' but nobody'll have him 'count of—of —"

"Y' needn't say any more, Ma. I can get him a job day after Christmas. I'll see that he gets a chance. What about Dad?"

"He was fired to-day."

"Well, that ain't nothing new for him. Getting fired's about the steadiest work he ever done s'far as I know. I'll look after him, too."

He paused a moment, and then went on quietly. "There's a present for every one of you in them parcels; and a duck and oranges and a plum pudding. It's up to you, Ma, and Kate to get a decent dinner ready to-morrow. This family——" he stammered and muttered and then stood silent.

"What does it mean, Johnny—'Snippy?'" said his mother.

"Well," began "Snippy," with a sudden timidity, "there was a fellow in the show. He played a song and—and—there was a man on the street preaching. He told a story about—about a Prodigal Son. I ain't rightly got the lay-out. Seems to me his folks was glad to have him back," he looked at his father now, "but as far's

I could make out he'd always had a square deal from the *first*, s'long as he was home, and—well," haltingly, "I just guess I'm a kind of a Prodigal Son, Ma."

"You—you," she whispered—"you a Prodigal Son! Why it's a Bible story, and it was different, so different. When I was a girl," the tears were rolling down her cheeks now, "and went to Sunday School we used to have lessons on that story. But it was different, different, you—you—Oh, Johnny, if, if——"

He interrupted her gently. "Say, Ma," he said, with an attempt to smile, "I guess I'm a pretty rummy Prodigal Son. Maybe you'd have been better to all of us youngsters if Dad had given you a chance. But let's cut out all that's gone before, and start over. I'm willing to try it. Mebbe we could do something with Dad and ——"

A boy and a girl in ragged nightclothes came into the room, and "Snippy" grasped them to him.

"You Joey and you Belle, Merry Christmas! I guess it's Christmas Day now. Scoot back to your beds quick. There'll be something good for you both to-morrow." He chuckled as the youngsters backed hastily away. Then he looked almost hopelessly around the ill-furnished and dirty room, saying to himself, but not so low that his mother did not hear him, "This Prodigal Son's tackled a pretty tough job too, but he'll win out, or somebody'll know the reason why."

He turned to his mother. "Ma" he said, smiling, "I guess you can call me 'Johnny', if you want to. 'Snippy', don't sound just right for a Prodigal Son."



THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Crossing the Races

W E in Canada, and the Americans have at least one national problem in common: the question of Racial Amalgamation. This question is even more complicated in Canada than in the United States on account of the French-Canadian Roman Catholic element and the English-speaking Protestant element. The presence of still other races than these two fundamental sorts adds to the problem.

Dr. J. G. Wilson, of New York, has made a study of the question as it affects the United States. He has written about the scientific side of this problem in *The Popular Science Monthly*, and we reproduce his article herewith. It is an extensive treatment of the subject but it is worth the pains. Every Canadian should be interested to know whether the crossing of so many breeds may tend to produce a good race, a strong heroic race, or a bad race.

This question, says Dr. Wilson, is almost as old as the race itself. For, not only the earliest traditions, but also the most ancient relics bear witness to the fact that extensive intermarriage of races had been brought about through commerce and war long before history had begun to unravel the tangled skein of man's wanderings.

The crossing between different tribes, which was commenced in prehistoric times, has been continued into our own era with ever increasing speed and complexity of results. For man has always

been a migratory animal, and the improved changes in means of transportation and the ever-widening fields of commerce have increased rather than diminished this inborn tendency.

Looking over the world at large, and throughout all time, we see that the results of racial intermarriage have been exceedingly variable. Sometimes it has produced a better race. This is especially true when the crossing has been between different but closely allied stocks. The Englishman who has resulted from the commingling of so many Teutonic tribes with the native Briton and Celt, and the composite molded and directed by Roman culture, is perhaps the very best example of a good result from extensive crossing. Likewise the cross which has taken place in Ecuador, Mexico and Peru has produced a race not altogether hopeless so far as the future is concerned; for, however much it may have hurt the Spaniard, it certainly has improved the Indian immeasurably. It is not so much a question of the *possibility* of producing a vigorous cross race under favorable conditions, as it is a question of whether such a cross is, in itself, a *desirable* thing.

There are those who profess to believe that the incoming hordes of southern Europeans and the Alpine races will never mix their blood with us to any appreciable extent, and will always remain foreign in race as well as in ideals. Judged in the light of history, such an opinion is without firm foundation. It is not conceivable

that the modern Greek, who is himself such a mixture of Serbo-groatian, Slav and ancient Greek stock, can have any irrevocably inborn tendencies which will prevent him from eventually mating with our own people if given the opportunity. The German will marry any woman of any white race. The Italian will do the same. The Alpine races have intermarried to the north and south of them until their mental traits shade off almost imperceptibly into those of the German and Italian. As a general rule, marriage between different branches of the white races is not governed by laws essentially different from those governing individuals of the same branch. It is chiefly a question of proximity of the sexes and the lapse of sufficient time to make the mutual desires mutually understood.

The vital question is, whether this inevitable amalgamation is worth the fostering care and regulation of our government. The answer to this question depends altogether upon what will be the results of this immigrant blood upon our own individual selves and upon our social and political institutions.

In regard to the influence upon the individual physical type, we often hear it said that we are becoming a smaller and a darker race; that our average stature is less than it used to be, and that we are becoming dark eyed and dark haired, instead of the race of tall blonde we once were; and there is a tendency to blame the immigration of the last half century for this alleged change in physical characteristics. If such a change is taking place, it should be attributed to the influence of our climate rather than to the effect of blood admixture. The stature and complexion of a people seem to be determined, in the long run, more by the locality and climate in which they live than by any other influences, although it takes many generations for that physical type to be finally evolved which is best fitted to the climatic conditions of its particular locality. Once evolved, the type remains fairly constant for the given region. Judging the future by the past, we should not expect the tall blondes of northwestern Europe to permanently survive in the United States. There is scarcely a trace of the physical traits of the conquering northern hordes left upon the

general mass of the population of Italy or the Alpine regions of Europe. The colony of Swedes which settled along the Delaware in our own country have entirely disappeared. The Scandinavian, according to Dr. Karlsen, who has made the subject a matter of special study, rapidly deteriorate, physically and mentally, under the changed climatic conditions which he encounters in his new home in the northwest of our own country, and no less an authority than Woodruff, believes that he will soon die out in the United States unless active measures are taken to offset the baneful influences of a climate to which he is temperamentally and physically unsuited.

In evolving the type of man physically fitted to best survive in a given locality, nature seems to work according to some mysterious laws entirely beyond human control. This is exemplified in the population of modern Egypt, where the mass of the people as represented by the villagers along the Nile and in the country districts, conform almost exactly in physical appearance to the colored portraits of the ancient Egyptians on the walls of the tombs of the kings of Thebes. In other words, 4,000 years of changing religions, ever-shifting political conditions, and the inroads of commerce and war with their continual introduction of alien blood have not served to materially alter that physical type, which, during the countless ages of prehistoric time, had been gradually evolved as best adapted to the climatic conditions of the valley of the Nile. It may then be concluded that the influence of immigration upon our physical type will, in the long run, be nil. *That type of man best adapted physically to the climate and soil will, in the point of numbers, eventually predominate in spite of all restrictive legislation or man-made laws of any kind.*

When we come to consider the question of the influence of racial amalgamation upon our *habits of thought*, upon our *morals*, and upon our *institutions*—upon our spiritual selves, we are confronted with a much graver problem, and one over which we have at least some little power of control. This is really the serious problem which we have to solve, for, after all, it is not so much difference of blood relations that produces enmity among the component people of a nation, as it is the

difference of political and social ideals, and history is replete with instances where nations have lost their own peculiar form of civilization and political institutions on account of overwhelming alien influence. That the influence of the alien in the United States is enormous, and that it is becoming yearly more and more important, is an almost self-evident proposition.

In order to arrive at a fairly intelligent opinion as to whether or not this influx of foreign thought and social habit will ever change sufficiently to conform to our own standards, we should study the history of the nations from which it comes, and whose ideals it has already helped to form. Is there anything in the past history of the countries from which our immigrants are now being chiefly recruited to justify the belief that they will eventually sympathize with our political institutions and with those Anglo-Saxon habits of thought which we must insist upon as necessary to good citizenship in a great republic? A brief study of the leading alien type will demonstrate the principle upon which the research necessary to answer this question should be conducted.

Let us first consider the case of the Italian. Here we may be tempted to at once pass an unfavorable opinion on the ground that he is, by virtue of previous training and habits of thought, at entire variance with republican ideals. Such a judgment will be hasty and hardly warranted by the premises. When we remember what the Italian has accomplished for himself at home since 1820, when the first real agitation for a free and united Italy may have been said to have commenced, it should encourage us in the belief that he is capable of sustained and intelligent efforts for the common good.

Whereas Italy was once a conglomeration of petty states and absolute monarchies, torn by warring factors, and her people steeped in universal illiteracy, she now, through her own efforts, under the intelligent leadership of children of her own soil, has become a constitutional monarchy with the real power legally invested in the people where it by right belongs. Through his prime minister, the king is responsible to the chamber of deputies, which corresponds to our lower house, and are elected by the people at large.

The senate is probably as truly representative as our own, being elected by the king from the ranks of the ex-deputies, the nobility, large taxpayers and representative men of affairs.

When we consider that for fifty years preceding her final unification and freedom Italy was in an almost constant turmoil of political agitation and war, it is remarkable what advances her people have made in the thirty-nine years since the accomplishment of her great ambition: Although she still ranks high among the illiterate, she has taken great strides to overcome that evil. An education law compelling the attendance at school between the ages of six and nine, and the teaching of illiterate soldiers, although they may not as yet have accomplished great things, show that her heart is right, and that time will fast remedy the evils which the exigencies of her struggle for existence have practically forced upon her.

The study of the Italian in the Argentine ought to give us an inkling of his possibilities when given an opportunity. This republic is modeled on lines almost exactly after our own, and, all things considered, should rank as a successful experiment in self government. Its people are happy. It enjoys a high degree of culture. Its cities are modern and well governed, and its commerce is ever increasing in dignity and volume. Now, relative to its whole population, Argentine has the largest number of Italian immigrants of any country in the world. In 1895 the total population was about 4,000,000, and one third of this was foreign born. Of this foreign born population 500,000 were Italians. This enormous Italian influence still holds its own, for since 1895 it has kept up almost constantly, and for the whole period of time elapsed since she became a republic in 1853 nearly half her foreign born population has been contributed by Italy.

We should not allow the evil deeds of certain bands of outlaws, and the criminal tendencies of certain of the lower classes to blind our vision to the great things accomplished by the Italian as a nation. Viewed in the light of her past history and her rapid advances of the present day, she promises well, and it is a fair prophecy that in our own country the future citizen of Italian forebears will only

be distinguished from the general average by means of his family name remaining as a sign to indicate his original ancestry.

The possibilities of the Slav, and his aptitude for conformity to the ideals of western civilization, can not be adequately treated without an exhaustive review of the history of the nations of eastern Europe. However, a short resume of Polish characteristics will suffice to give an idea of the type of the race and result which may be expected from the great wave of Slavic immigration now sweeping over us.

For the two hundred years succeeding the close of the fourteenth century, Poland was the leading power of eastern Europe. Her 20,000 square miles was the seat of what was, to all intents, a vast republic, for, though her elective king was responsible only to her nobility, this nobility was so large and so accessible and eager to maintain the political equality of all its own members, that the constitution, though it conferred rights only upon the privileged classes, carried out in reality the idea of almost unlimited freedom for the individuals of that class. Had this very numerous nobility of freedom born a still larger proportion to the total population, the self government of the nation would have been an accomplished fact, for the ideas of political reform and the extension of privileges to all classes were already beginning to make themselves felt when Poland was caught between the upper and nether millstones of foreign tyranny, and her national identity crushed out forever by the treachery of Prussia and the soldiers of the Russian throne. Since the last partition of Poland in 1795, her people have not been given the chance to exercise the capacity for self government which they had undoubtedly developed to a high point when overtaken by the series of misfortunes which resulted in the loss of national identity. There are many reasons to think that this capacity is not wholly dead, but only lies dormant, awaiting the propitious changes of fortune. At the same time it must be conceded that the Pole possesses, in common with all Slavs, a peculiar combination of eastern and western ideals that makes his fitting into an Anglo-Saxon civilization a problem of great complexity. For, while he loves political freedom almost to the

point of insanity, he is easily caught by the glitter and pomp of a throne. Confiding by nature, the mere promise of the unscrupulous Napoleon was sufficient to make him offer up his life upon many a bloody battlefield.

As the Poles are, individually, poor business men, easily imposed upon by the commercially minded Hebrew, to whom the generosity of a political asylum was time and again extended when he was driven and harried from almost every other country in Europe, so are they, in the aggregate, poor political economists, and have thus always been worsted in the fields of diplomacy as well as in trade. Whereas they possess the greatest intellectual gifts, being almost universal linguists, and contributing great names to literature and science, they are apt to be versatile rather than profound, and are prone to waste their efforts in unpractical fields of endeavor. Though courteous and brave, their love of individual freedom is sometimes carried to the point of anarchy, and when guided by unscrupulous leaders this tendency often shows itself in riotous uprisings which are entirely out of proportion to the grievances against which they are directed. However, the Slav has one redeeming feature which, if properly utilized, might, in time, offset these undesirable characteristics. This feature might properly be called his *great willingness to learn new things*. He is not clanish. He has no innate deep-grounded instinct against getting acquainted. Naturally diffident and retiring on account of long centuries of class distinction, he is not prone to make the first advances, and consequently, if left to himself, he will tend to congregate with his kind. But his children quickly make friends with ours, and the foreign parents never discourage this tendency. Considering the short time that he has been with us, and his ignorance of our language, he has shown a marked tendency to amalgamate, and so long as we allow him to come at all, we should encourage this tendency, for although very different from us in his natural habit of thoughts and intellectual gifts, these differences are not of a kind that tend to produce moral or intellectual deterioration, and from a physical standpoint he will add to, rather than subtract from, the efficiency of our race.

The Slav and the Hun have been associated together so long in Europe, and their immigration to this country has been, in each case, extended over practically the same period of time, that it is quite the natural thing to consider them both together when making a study of their special race characteristics and possibilities of amalgamation. However, it is more a community of interests and political institutions than it is a racial identity that makes us class them together and speak of the Slavish and Hungarian immigrant as practically of the same kind. In reality these two stocks are essentially different and have shown rather wide differences in their respective abilities to adopt the ways of western civilization. The true Hungarians or Magyars are a Mongolian or Turanian stock. They left their Asiatic home about 1,000 years ago and descended upon Europe as a barbarous horde that for fifty years struck terror into the hearts of the neighboring inhabitants of Germany and Italy. Finally the Germans conquered them and they were almost at once forced to accept the alternative of western civilization or racial extermination. They chose the former, and immediately they demonstrated a high degree of adaptability to democratic political institutions. They united with the other kingdoms of eastern Europe to stay the march of the Ottoman Turks, and come in for a full share of credit in the series of events which finally resulted in the naval battle of Lepanto in 1571, when the long struggle between the two opposing religions for the possession of Europe and the consequent mastery of the world was forever settled in favor of christianity. Thus we see that the Hungarians not only adapted themselves to western ideals, conforming to the manners and customs and religion of the people about them, but they became the greatest active exponents of these ideals, and for over 500 years they were the main defence of Christian Europe against the Turkish tribes of Asia that followed closely in their footsteps.

Manifestly the western civilization thus upheld by the Asiatic Hungarian in eastern Europe is different in many ways from Anglo-Saxon or Germanic culture. Whereas a high degree of individual liberty has been the aim of both, the one has

succeeded in attaining its goal by making self sacrifices and compromises for the common good, while the other has not yet attained complete freedom, largely because of a failure to understand the essential differences between liberty and license. In Hungary to-day we have a sad example of this seeming lack of ability to forget individual differences for the common good. In the eastern half of the monarchy, a Hungarian minority holds the non-Magyar races in just such political serfdom as they themselves were subjected to before 1866, when the Prussian established the preeminence of Germany in Austria. And yet, in all fairness, we must not too hastily assume that the Teutonic races have a monopoly of that political unselfishness which makes self-government possible.

The Pole might justly say that the rebellion of the barons and the Magna Charta, which they exacted from King John, and which we are inclined to consider the first great step in the establishment of political equality was, in reality, no different from the republic of nobles in their own land, for, in each case, the mass of the people were little better off than before, both being left in a condition of practical serfdom. And the Hungarian might almost with equal truth say, that he is no more domineering over the non-Magyars in eastern Hungary than is the German minority over the Czechs in Bohemia, and the Poles in Galicia. Whatever may have been the cause, the fact remains that the Irishman at home has never been able to attain any higher degree of political equality than the Pole or Hungarian, yet the Irish descendants of the immigration of fifty years ago have absolutely amalgamated with us, and now conform to the highest type of American citizenship.

The final amalgamation of the Slav and Hun with our native stock is a foregone conclusion, but what the final effect will be depends largely upon the time taken to complete the alloy. Were it possible to so regulate the numbers of the new arrivals that they would never be in excess of the number of their children attending our public schools, the problem would easily adjust itself, for then we should always have more real Americans in the making than we have non-Americans in

reality. A study of the history of the Hun and Slav, and a careful analysis of their respective national characteristics, seem to warrant the conclusion that they are both amenable to the ways of western progress, and that we have more to fear from their great numbers than we have from any undesirable qualities inherent in themselves.

And now we come to consider the other type of immigrant which is making itself so strongly felt in our land and which, if we are to judge by the history of other nations, will continue to be an unsolved and vexatious problem long after the Pole and the Hun and Italian are forgotten. The Jew has been a source of worry and discomfort to every nation in which he has ever settled in *any numbers*, unless we except our own. *Whether this is his own fault, or the fault of the people among whom he has cast his lot, is entirely beside the question. The point to be determined is, whether he will, or will not, in time, lose his racial identity and mix with the general population around him.* Is there anything to warrant the conclusion that he has at last found his haven in this country, and being left free to practise his religion without persecution, will become one of us in every sense of the word, except in the matter of religious belief, which is, after all, a matter of no great importance so far as citizenship is concerned. Let us answer the question in the question in the particular instance by ascertaining how it has been solved, in the aggregate, during times already past, and then considering whether there are any essential differences in the conditions of the past and present. The first historical account of anti-semitism occurs in the book of Esther, third chapter and eighth verse—"And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, there is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people of all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from those of every people, neither keep they the King's laws: therefore it is not for the King's profit to suffer them." We all know the sequel to this speech, and how the contemplated massacre and expulsion was obviated by the wiles of the beautiful Esther. The story of this attempted expulsion of a whole race of people, almost at the dawn of history, would have no par-

ticular interest for us now had it not been the forerunner, so to speak, of like movements repeated with almost dreary monotony throughout all the centuries since. That anti-semitism is not a modern movement, having its essential cause in the crucifixion of Christ, but was, on the contrary, a well-defined policy of many nations long before the question of christianity arose as a complicating factor to confound the real issue, is a fact attested to by the Jewish historians themselves. We learn from Josephus that there were considerable Jewish colonies in all the eastern towns and among the various Greek possessions. They lived an exclusive life, mingling but little with the people, and having their own customs and laws which they refused to abandon at any price; although at utter variance with those of the Greeks about them, the authorities were continually called upon to settle disputes arising between the Jews and the people among whom they settled. Thus, in the year 14 B.C., the Ephesians requested that the right of citizenship be taken from the Jews if they would not consent to join in the worship of Diana. Nicolas, of Damascus, plead the cause of the Jews and they won the suit. Now, among all the nations of antiquity the citizen was bound to be of the same religion as his city, but the profession of this religion called for very slight obligations so far as *belief* was concerned. In matters of faith, the Greek colonies were not at all exacting. It was this very eclecticism which the Jews seemed to hate and made him break with the world about him. The result was that he almost always asked that he be granted *special privileges*, and almost invariably got them. At the same time he was very careful to insist upon having his common rights, so the result was that he was almost universally hated throughout all the great cities, and was constantly compelled to seek a renewal of his privileges. Very much the same story is repeated in the Byzantine Empire, in Ostrogothic Italy, in Frankish and Burgundian Gaul and in Visigothic Spain. In all these countries the Jew was at first admitted without prejudice, and received on the grounds of political and social equality. In all these countries he subsequently became the object of hatred and persecution.

During the middle ages, when the Jew was truly a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and he scarcely knew which way to turn, he found safe haven in the Kingdom of Poland; in fact, for one hundred years after the charter of King Boleslas in 1264, the Jews had the privilege of mixing freely with the Polish population, and even after the modification of the charter they were never wholly cut off from this privilege. Although Poland never actually persecuted them, and for a long period of time really treated them on an equality with her own people, they have never, as a body, taken any interest in any of the great political and national questions with which she has been so continuously agitated. The German colonist, settled long after the Jew, has lost every trace of his nationality but his name. The Stuarts and O'Rourke's, who sought refuge in the republic from a hostile government, have become as ingrained in the Polish community as the Pole himself, but the Jew is still a stranger.

In France, the Jews enjoyed equal privileges until long after Christianity became an active issue. In Spain they were first admitted on equal terms. The same in England. In all these countries they finally became disagreeable to the mass of the people and restrictive legislation was directed against them. As late as 1879 Germany experienced an active anti-semitic movement. When the cause of the modern anti-Jewish feeling is analyzed, it seems to have about the same basis that it had before the time of Christ. In both cases it has been at bottom essentially a question of manners. The Jew, as a class, is different from the people among whom he has settled, and he has insisted that he be given certain special privileges which serve to emphasize the difference rather than obliterate it. In other words, he is inherently clannish. Wherever this clannishness has been forgotten and he has laid aside, or kept in the background, the customs and mannerisms which mark him as a peculiar person, he has been a welcome addition to the land of his adoption. However, he has refused to do this except in individual instances. As a class, he has, as a matter of principle, refused to intermarry with those of other religions.

This raises the question, How can a people amalgamate and fit into the general populace when they refuse to take the one step absolutely essential to complete amalgamation? Protestants of all denominations can intermarry and still maintain their standing in their respective churches. By the exercise of a few essentially trivial formalities, Protestant and Catholic can intermarry and both remain good Protestant and good Catholic, but let the Jew marry the Gentile and the Jew is at once branded by his co-religionists as a bad Jew.

Those of his race who have conformed to the apostolic injunction, when in Rome to do as the Romans do, have always been a credit to the land of their adoption. But the tendency to adaptation has, so far, been developed only on a small scale. There does not seem to be a general movement of sufficient momentum to encourage the belief that the Jew, forgetting his race and remembering only the essential principles of his religion, will finally arrive at the goal of complete racial amalgamation. True, there is a marked tendency among the adherents of reformed Judaism in the United States to bury the antiquated customs of the past and to become real Americans, but this reformed Judaism hardly has time to make itself felt before it is dealt a killing blow by the mere force of numbers in the opposite ranks. In other words, the old ideas from the ghettos of Europe are imported so rapidly that the new has but a poor chance to gain sufficient adherents to keep pace with, and finally outstrip, the old superstitions. And this thought brings us to the final conclusion of the whole matter, and that is, whatever the race of people from which the immigrant comes, the final result is not to be feared so long as he does not come in overwhelming numbers. If he trickles in slowly we shall take care of him. Let him be what he will when he comes, the amalgamation will finally be complete. On the other hand, if we continue to let him come in what is practically unlimited numbers, we cannot take care of him. He will take care of us. We shall lose our inherited Anglo-Saxon ideals, and instead of a perfect amalgamation, we shall confront the danger of a complete racial substitution.

Scientific Crime and Its Detection

ARTHUR B. REEVE, writing in *Popular Electricity* on the subject of Scientific Crime and its Detection, says: Necessity is the mother of invention, but there is no telling what invention may be the mother of. Many an invention, to the surprise of the inventor, has been employed by criminals to break the law until it almost seems as if a new brand of scientific crime had been created by modern conditions.

The successful criminal of to-day is no longer the man with the strong arm, the blackjack and the jimmy. He is a man of science, often crude and limited, to be sure, but a very practical scientist. The main point is that such a criminal knows that he must employ up-to-date methods against up-to-date protection or go out of the "profession." Accordingly he sometimes gains a pretty serviceable knowledge of chemistry, physics, toxicology, often microscopy, but most of all electricity. It might be interesting but it would hardly be ethical to tell the story if science did not keep several laps ahead of the criminal in the race. Science is on the side of the law-enforcer nine times to every time it is of use to the law-breaker. The new scientific crime pays even less well than the old unscientific.

Within the past few months several very curious safe robberies have taken place in New York. In one of them the robbers practically drilled a safe full of holes. The robberies are full of scientific interest both for thieves and bankers, because of the use of electricity. They show that the time has not yet arrived for the reduction of armor on the part of people fortunate enough to have something worth stealing.

In all these cases the thieves used an electric drill. They always selected a safe that was in a dark corner, where they could work for some time without fear of being seen or interrupted. Once in the building, the thieves used an electric light feed wire to which they attached the drill, turned on the current and began to bore. As there are electric light wires in nearly every place of business and as the unscrewing of an incandescent bulb is all that is necessary for getting a connection to fur-

nish power for anything from a mechanical toy to a sewing machine, the possibilities of electricity in robbery would seem great. The old-style safe blower used to have a complete outfit consisting of blankets, files, soap, putty, a brace and bit, "soup," a "can-opener," and other tools. The drill is a decided improvement on this bulky outfit.

No very great acumen is required to secure protection against such methods, however. The surest thing is to have the safe in such a position that it is visible night and day to passers-by. Light is about as good a burglar expeller as one could want. But if one persists in allowing the safe-cracker to screen himself so that he can take his time at the job, then he should adopt some of the really scientific defensive methods which are numerous.

The latest burglar-proof safe is an invention called the round-about safe described in a recent issue of a German technical journal. It has been specially designed to baffle burglars with electric drills, thermit or the oxy-acetylene blow-pipe. It is a polygonal steel structure which revolves freely on ball bearings. When the outer door is shut a small electric motor is set in motion and the safe starts revolving carelessly and noiselessly on an axis within the stone chamber into which it is built in the wall. Any tampering with its motion causes an alarm bell to ring. So long as the safe is kept revolving of course the electric drill can have no effect, as it cannot be applied in one spot long enough to make an impression.

However, that idea is more interesting than it is practical. Electric protection to-day runs all the way from the simple electric gong which sounds on the street to the very elaborate system which has recently been installed in the United States Treasury. This new system makes it mechanically impossible for an intruder to lift the latch on a door or touch the knobs on a vault without setting electric gongs ringing all over the building. When the doors of the vaults swing shut after each day's business the system becomes operative automatically and when the doors close on the clerks another set of alarms is automatically set. The electric wires all

centre in a watchroom which is equipped like an armorer's chamber and where guards are on duty every hour of the day and night.

Then there are other elaborate methods, such, for instance, as has the new safe of the National City Bank of New York, where over half a billion dollars in cash and securities are literally guarded from thieves by steam. A puncture into the sides of the sixteen-ton door of this safe will release a jet of steam that would scald a burglar to death if he did not retreat immediately. Within and without the safe are brass pipes so arranged that by the touch of a secret device steam is released, inside and out, rendering the interior a death pit at a moment's notice of danger.

There are other difficulties in the trade of a cracksman that have been devised. People have thought out schemes for protecting safes by secret pockets of sulphuric and nitric acid and even the deadly fumes of prussic acid. Then, too, there are in some safes hidden glasses of liquid ammonia that, if broken, imperil the life of the cracksman by suffocation.

Light, as mentioned before, is one of the best of burglar expellers. Some time ago a Chicagoan devised an emergency method of lighting for offices and residences, by which the turning of a master switch at the head of the bed or, mechanically, by the opening of a window or door, can be made to turn on all the lights in an office or house. These lights may ordinarily be operated by their respective switches in the usual way, but in case the master switch is turned on they cannot be turned off by means of the individual switches. This means, of course, that once the master switch has been thrown, any intruder must beat a retreat.

Inventors are now working on a scheme to apply the wonderful element selenium to practical uses, one of which is the construction of a burglar alarm. Selenium has the very curious property that in the dark it is a very bad conductor of electricity while in the light it suddenly becomes a good conductor. This property has made it possible to telephone over a beam of light by using a selenium cell. Most of the systems of telegraphing photographs have utilized selenium cells in one form or another. Recently Mr. William

J. Hammer, a New York consulting engineer and once an assistant of Edison, suggested that the element should be used as a burglar alarm. The burglar of the future may be surprised, says Mr. Hammer, when he turns his bulls-eye lantern on the combination of an alluring safe. For on the front of the safe there will be a selenium cell and the moment the light strikes it a system of relays will be put into action and the cell will sound an alarm.

The growth of such services as are furnished by electric light and power companies has brought into existence an entirely new kind of thief, the expert mechanic and electrician, typified by several criminals whom the Edison Company, of New York, captured several months ago.

To make the electric light meter register less than the current used, clever rogues evolved at first the crude "jumped" and "hatpin" systems. The former consists simply in connecting a shunt wire to a point beyond the meter. As there is a small motor inside the meter the current passing through it meets with some resistance and is deflected through the new wire. When the readings are taken at the end of the month they show only about one-third of the power used. The "hatpin system" is the boring of a small hole in the meter, where it is not likely to be seen on a cursory examination, and the insertion of a thin instrument to retard the motor. Both these methods are readily discovered and most of the electric light companies maintain very effective and secret forces of detectives for the purpose. Then there is also the more brutal method of the "back-hand system" which is merely turning back the dial with a pair of pinchers after prying off the covering.

But it was not until a man named Barth came along that the really scientific method was discovered. Barth was an expert electrician, and he devised the "magnet method" which defrauded the company of thousands of dollars in filching electric current. He sold hundreds of his "attachments," some of them to quite prominent people, who knew they were defrauding the company, for they were always careful to remove the attachments before the inspectors came.

Barth's device looked like a sheet iron box with side pieces of heavier iron pro-

jecting downwards about ten inches, making a sort of stand. This was attached to the top of the meter. Inside was an ordinary electro-magnet connected by a flexible wire with the nearest electric light socket. The magnet was powerful and tended to retard the motor inside the meter. Sometimes when the current used was small it would actually cause the motor to revolve backwards. The dial could thus be driven back to zero if desired, but the users were careful not to excite suspicion by doing that, or by failing to let the meter register something. They never went so far as to claim a credit from the light company. The box was neatly finished in aluminum paint and was very appealing to the dishonest. But a confederate soon betrayed the man to the company's detectives and he was punished.

On the other hand, the telegraph, the telephone and wireless are of much more service to the criminal-hunter than to the criminal. Take for instance wireless telegraphy. Its advent has enabled the police to communicate with ships on which criminals are attempting escape, instead of merely cabling to the port of arrival. The classic case is the capture of Dr. Crippen and Ethel Leneve on a slow steamship in mid-ocean. Scotland Yard spent upwards of \$2,500 on telegrams and cables giving descriptions of Crippen, sent all over the world. Yet, at last it was by wireless that he was trapped by Captain Kendall of the steamship "Montrose."

Still, wireless has been used to circumvent the law, too. In Chicago, for instance, a floating poolroom outside the three-mile limit, and thus beyond the city's jurisdiction, was for some time maintained on a steamer on Lake Michigan. The quotations and reports from race tracks were all received by wireless.

During the fight against the race tracks central office detectives one day noticed what looked very much like a short wireless telegraph mast projecting from a gable of a cottage near a race track down at Coney Island. One of the men determined to watch that outfit for a time and see whether it was a toy or an illegal device.

While he watched he saw a flash of light from a little aperture in the gable, like the reflection of the sun in a looking glass. It lasted just a moment but it was enough to excite his suspicion further. And the

more he thought of it, the more suspicious he became, for he had just heard that somehow, in some secret way, a group of poolrooms was getting the racing news. Inquiry showed that the cottage belonged to a well-known and reputable actor. But it was learned that he had let a couple of rooms in the attic to two men who, he understood, were engaged in making tests for a new trans-atlantic wireless telegraph company. That was enough for the detectives.

With the aid of an expert electrician connected with the central office, they got up a rival outfit in a neighboring cottage in the hope of intercepting some of the messages. It was a delicate matter and several days were spent before their instrument was atuned. Finally, the proper adjustment was found and to their amazement and satisfaction, the third race came clearly to them from the other. Then they waited a bit and pretty soon along came the fourth race as accurately as the third. Then came the raid. They made two prisoners, one man with a telescope and the other doing the sending. It was the reflection of the sun on the glass of the telescope that had excited suspicion quite as much as the short wireless mast which had first attracted their attention. The receiving station was across the meadows in direct connection with a telephone. The rest had been easy.

Recently a Pittsburg millionaire, in a desperate effort to learn the details of the defense which his wife meant to enter to his action of divorce, spent thousands of dollars equipping his mansion with a remarkable invention by Edison, the acoustiphone. Thirteen of these instruments, each one of which will magnify a whisper 1,600 times and carry it to a given point, were installed in the house during his wife's absence and arrangements were made to have all the conversations which his wife held either with her attorneys or her friends taken down in shorthand.

The servants in the house were apprised of his plans because it was impossible to install the instruments without their knowledge. The most liberal inducements were given them to keep the matter secret, but one servant informed the mistress of it with the result that the husband's spies were treated to some amazing conversations, not one of which was of the slightest

value in the litigation. When the wife and her attorney grew tired of the joke they took hatchets and chopped out all the wires.

One instrument was placed in the drawing room. It was in a plain black box and the electricians who put it in place suspended it under a baby grand piano. Blackened silver wires carefully concealed ran from the box down the legs of the piano to the plugs in the floor, and to these, receivers similar to those used on telephones were attached. In the room containing the receivers a stenographer was stationed to take down the conversations.

In time, no doubt the telegraphic transmission of photographs will be of great use in scattering broadcast the likenesses of criminals who are particularly wanted. Already this system has been put in operation between a London and a Paris newspaper and it has been tried with success between New York and Boston. Much remains to be done in perfecting the technique of teleelectrophotography, but it may now be accepted as an assured fact of the near future, and some inventors are now working on a wireless method of transmission. When these inventions are perfected they will be a new terror to the lawbreaker. The "electric eye" will follow him around the world.

The X-ray has been used more than once in helping the police to wage their relentless war on crime. In a recent case in New York, a negro was arrested, charged with having stolen a diamond valued at several hundred dollars. A careful search failed to recover the stone. At last the owner suggested that the negro might have swallowed it. The X-rays were applied to him and a radiograph was taken. Sure enough, the rays disclosed the diamond reposing in the intestines of the negro.

Roentgen rays will make visible what is inside of a man's body. The inside of his mind is not so easily got at by other people. But there are indirect ways. A certain person was strongly suspected of having committed a murder though direct evi-

dence of his guilt was lacking. Circumstantial evidence was weak, so the prosecuting attorney hit upon a scientific scheme to secure confession.

The suspected man was put upon the stand with the witness chair arranged for the occasion. It had arms upon which the witness would presumably lean his elbows and over the edge of which his fingers would naturally grip. A wire was extended along the under side of one arm; and, at the place where his fingers would naturally clasp the arm, it was connected in such a way that the pressure of his arms and fingers would be recorded on an electrical apparatus in an adjoining room.

The criminal was placed in the chair and questions were asked him, starting with simple ones so as not to excite deep emotion in the man in the chair if he were guilty. To the eye he was perfectly calm throughout the ordeal. But electricity did its work. He unconsciously telegraphed his emotions to the next room and the information thus obtained was sufficient in the hands of the attorney to secure a confession of guilt from the man. Thus one kind of electric chair sent him to the real "death chair."

Not only electricity and X-rays have been used in criminology but radium as well. What is believed to be the first case of criminal use of radium recently engaged the attention of Liege, Belgium. A wealthy old bachelor was found dead in his flat. At first it was thought that a stroke of apoplexy had killed him, but a close examination of his body revealed a curious discoloration. A specialist was called in and he gave it as his opinion that the skin looked as if it had been exposed for a long time to the emanations from radium. Thus the police were led to examine all the inmates of the house and it was found that one of them had fled. Investigation of his room showed he had been occupied in studies of radium and the police arrived at the conclusion that the old man had been done to death by a systematic application of radium rays to his head probably while he was asleep.

How to Make Yourself Germ-Proof

NATURE, says William Lee Howard, M.D., in an article in *Munsey's Magazine*, has provided in every human body cells and antitoxins for protection against the poisonous germs which surround us everywhere, and which enter the body through some of the air or food passages. If this were not so, not one of us would live to reach the adult age.

In our blood and tissues we have constant and self-renewing protectors which meet the invading hosts of disease-germs at their first attempt to injure us. This is true in respect to the free-born—those born free from hereditary taint of ancestral vices.

In those not free-born, care and understanding of the whole matter can strengthen and cultivate the natural protective cells; so no man or woman of right living need be unduly anxious about a tendency to disease. This "predisposition to disease" may remain, but the disease itself may be kept out of the body.

What follows applies to the weak as well as to the strong. Our safety from attacks of germ diseases is practically assured if we understand and assist nature, instead of neglecting and ignoring its aid and its laws.

What can one do to make himself comparatively germ-proof? He can do a great deal. When the subject is thoroughly grasped, he possesses the power to make for himself a physiological armor through which few, if any, of the ordinary germ diseases can find entrance. And the whole process of forging this eternal protector is so simple, so little troublesome, and so teachable to a child—where its great value lies—that its platitudes sound like a baccalaureate sermon.

It is no sermon. I shall be too plain-speaking and physiologically correct to have it confounded with the prudish fear that is too common with college presidents and churchmen.

If a man can make a powerful yet delicate and intricate machine, whose smallest parts are capable of being kept free from outside dust, and whose internal self-made dirt finds a constant outlet, up to this point he has a perfect machine. But to bring it to a still higher degree of effi-

ciency, every running part must be self-oiling and self-balancing, and all must work harmoniously and without undue friction. In order to keep this man-made machine up to the point of its full efficiency, the conditions under which the machine first started must be rigorously maintained. There must be no cracks or breaks to let in outside dirt to clog and wear bearings; no stoppage of the outlets for cast-off oil, grime, or the fine by-products of energy.

Under these conditions, he can run his machine, even in an atmosphere of dust and smoke. But if any of the above precautions are neglected, even a comparative atmosphere of dust will soon cause some delicate part of the machine to wear out, and will impair its original efficiency. In other words, the man-made machine has allowed the entrance of material injurious to its delicate parts, and the steel organization is diseased.

Now, the human body is the most perfect piece of mechanism on this earth. It is nothing but a machine, which, when structurally completed, runs by combustion. If the by-products are constantly eliminated, and if the machine's proper fuel—food and water—is clean, and of such chemical elements as to leave no foul residue in tubes, gearing—vessels, and joints—then the human machine can work for nearly a century, even in an atmosphere of ordinary disease germs.

Mind you, I am speaking of a human machine into which nothing but the best of material has gone. This is the great point to keep ever in our minds when we contemplate the building of a human body which is to work after we have finished, and to aid in the progress of the world; for we have not yet really started in an understanding of the possibilities hiding behind the misty bank of the future.

The first principle to get clearly in your mind is the law of intake and output of the body. It is the same law that governs all combustion engines—that we must have sufficient fuel of the cleanest nature, but no more than can be utilized in returning the utmost energy. The lungs are the ignition points.

From food and water are taken the chemical elements necessary for growth and repair—for the human machine can repair itself. As in any form of chemical change, there result ashes and gases. Organs such as lungs, kidneys, liver and intestines are constantly throwing off dead and useless material. The skin is also a great eliminator of the poisons made in the body.

To keep the body free from its self-made poisons, all the organs must work smoothly and evenly. Any over-development of a particular organ causes it to throw off more of its poisons than its fellow organs can take care of. Big biceps and undeveloped intestinal muscles make for the retention in the body of disease germs. Neglect of the even development of the organs of the body allows toxic material to accumulate. Then we have a condition from which many troubles may arise.

Whatever troubles may occur in the organs themselves, such as cirrhosis of the liver, kidney disease, or mental affections due to the flow of poisonous blood through the brain, the main thing to remember is that any one of these or similar conditions weakens some part of the human machine. This lowering the tone of resistance makes ready soil for the deposit and consequent development of disease - germs—germs which otherwise would be harmless, for they would be attacked and devoured by the defensive hosts in the body, which are kept there for this express purpose.

We all know the absolute necessity of pure air for the health of the lungs, and indirectly, of course, for that of the whole body. Next to the lungs, the greatest breathing organ is the skin. Ignorance of this fact has been a frequent cause of contracting germ diseases.

When the skin can freely and without effort throw off the poisons coming to its surface every second, it keeps the kidneys from being clogged, as well as its own surface from offering chemical dirt, in which germs will lodge. About two pints of fluid containing cast-off material leave the body through the skin every twenty-four hours. We call this "unconscious perspiration."

A very eminent British authority on bacteria has just startled the world by stating:

"I do not think that cleanliness is to be recommended as a hygienic method."

As with many other statements made, for medical men only, and understood by them in their full meaning, Sir Almroth Wright did not refer to ordinary bathing, but to the excessive scrubbing and soaping of the skin customary in Turkish baths. He claims that this scrubbing of the skin removes certain of its protective elements, and so allows the entrance of microbes. Properly understood, the great scientist is correct in his statement.

Most people believe that bathing opens the pores of the skin. It does not. Under the skin are thousands of delicate muscles. These muscles are there for the purpose of opening and closing the network of tiny blood-vessels which nourish the skin, and also to control the surface temperature of the body.

The skin should be kept in condition to cast off all the self-made poisons which come to its under surface. A sponge or plunge bath every morning is beneficial; but prolonged baths are apt to leave the skin in a fit state to harbor disease-germs. Men whose skin is more or less covered with hairs should take a plunge or shower with more care in details than those who possess a smooth and delicately-covered skin. The hair on the skin is liable to collect and hide germs.

The physiological ideal of sleeping is with a bare skin. The bedclothes offer a sufficient covering for comfort, and do not stick to the skin and thereby remain as a sodden garment. When rolling over in bed, nature's way of giving every portion of the skin's surface a chance to breathe, they do not roll with the body. In the ordinary nightclothing, every time you turn, you simply carry the covering with you, thereby depriving the skin of its full breathing opportunities.

For the same reason you should never allow sodden underwear to remain next to the skin. Nightclothes, in particular, should be loose and baggy.

The main channel through which poisonous germs enter the body is the breathing apparatus—the nose and the mouth; sometimes the ear. The germs of tuberculosis, pneumonia, spinal meningitis, diphtheria, poliomyelitis, tonsillitis, reach the body through the nose and mouth.

The present state of civilization calls for constant care and watchfulness in methods of breathing and in the hygiene of throat and nose. Automobiles and trolleys rushing along the city streets keep in motion millions of germs. Heaps of dried manure are churned into dust; its hidden germs are turned out and sent through our window-screens, and on to our pillows, for us to breathe in, unless nose and throat are germ-proof.

They can be made germ-proof only by cleanliness and right breathing. See that there are no growths—adenoids—in the nostrils. Have the breathing channel perfectly clear of all foreign substances. Wash it seldom, however, and then only to clear it of road dust. In perfect condition, the nostrils are germ-proof. Salt solutions and other similar "home remedies" are dangerous, because the salt, or alum, or whatever is used, irritates the sensitive membrane, and it is this slight irritation which gives lodgment to germs.

The habit of mouth breathing must be stopped absolutely. Only by the air being filtered through the nose can you remain germ-proof. Remember this.

Next in line of making yourself germ-proof comes the care of the teeth. Decayed teeth, like any other rotting foreign substance, make a good bed for germs to breed upon. In brushing the teeth, gentleness should be the rule. Any rough brushing irritates and inflames the gums, and again we have a beautiful breeding-spot for bacteria. The use of the average tooth-powder to be found on the market will keep you from making yourself germ-proof.

Accumulation of fat will keep you in a condition for the ready acceptance of disease-germs. Accumulation of fat on the outer surface of the body also means fat around the kidneys, liver, and intestines. In that state, these important organs are not free in their movements, and are prevented from working out all their poisonous products. The by-products of these poisons are absorbed by the blood and tissues.

Hence it is that the over-fat man feels lazy, his mind is sluggish, and there is that general feeling of "all let down." Then comes the common and fallacious idea that a drink will tone him up a bit; but it acts quite the other way. The alco-

hol starts the heart pumping the poisons throughout his body. These penetrate everywhere, frequently finding a weak spot where they commence to do their damaging work. Perhaps the toxic materials lodge upon the valves of the heart. This being so, you can readily see that when disease-germs from the outside get into the blood, we cannot put the heart to work with sufficient force to send the phagocytes, or opsonins, to the field of battle.

At this point something should be said concerning exercise. More men in the past generation have been injured through over-exercise than from under-exercise. Like most things in the United States, physical training and exercise have been overdone. Athletes and their instructors have gone into training for one thing only—the wrong thing—records. Our sports have not been carried on with the right aim of making men constitutionally strong and germ-proof. "Bust the record" has been our motto, no matter if you "bust" the heart in doing it.

If you will take notice, you will observe how common it is for former athletes to succumb to some germ disease. It is not because they were athletes, but because, as athletes, they expended energy instead of making and storing it. I do not believe that any contestant in that heart-breaking stunt, the Marathon run, will ever have in him reserve force to withstand a good attack of disease-germs. At an age when he needs force and cell endurance, it will be found wanting. The heart has expended much of its intended reserve force. When called upon at forty-five years of age to put out latent energy, it will not be able to do so; it was stretched and enlarged so much at its growing period that it has become soft and inelastic.

The man who has led a sedentary and careless life, and who, when told he is getting too fat, at once jumps into some form of violent exercise, is injuring himself—throwing away all chances of making himself germ-proof. What such a man needs is slow, comparatively effortless exercise, such as walking or moderate swimming. But it must be kept up systematically—as regularly as his sleep.

The man who accumulates dollars by the bag and fat by the day usually wants to get rid of his fat in the same manner

—by rush and hurry. Then something inside him goes wrong, microbes enter his system, and his bags of dollars are useless.

The fact that man is out of harmony with the things around him, and with the conditions under which he lives, is one great cause for the inroads of disease-germs. We cannot go into this side of the matter except in one instance.

During our course of evolution, the gross parts of the body have not kept pace with the development of the brain and its functions. We have ceased to be anything but a thinking animal; but some old remnants of our past remain inside us.

There is the lower bowel, for instance. It is absolutely useless to us, like the appendix; yet we cannot ignore its presence. We must regulate our habits of eating and eliminating by order of this lower sack. If it were not for this fact, we could well thrive upon concentrated foods; but we cannot do so and keep germ-proof. All fads of foods, condensed foods, chewing laws, dieting, vegetarianism, stuffing of raw meats, and other dietetic freaks, must go down before the law of the lower bowel.

Why? Because this sack or pocket receives the cast-off and dead material which is the by-product of the body's combustion. The fluids and gases have been eliminated through the skin, lungs, kidneys, and other organs; but the bulky stuff, the indigestible matter, finally drops into the lower bowel.

In the days of the hunt, and of gorging, when man went skin free, and stuffed his belly until he dropped into a somnolent state, this lower bowel was absolutely necessary. Furthermore, its muscles were always being exercised, and this fact caused a complete and effortless cleaning. Now this same process of filling the lower bowel goes on in all of us; but, the tone of the muscles being somewhat lost, we have material remaining which, if not looked after, causes a reabsorption of poisons that nature never intended to return to the blood. This reabsorption soon places the intestines in a fine condition for breeding typhoid and other germs.

To prevent this dangerous condition calls for a varied diet. We must put into the alimentary canal solid substances, along with fruit and vegetables. We must eat such food as requires chewing, in or-

der to stimulate the juices along the intestinal tract, and especially those of the liver. Water should be poured down to alimentary tract by the pint—in the morning, before eating. There is about thirty-five feet of piping in this tract. Surely you would keep clean any other set of pipes through which all kinds of solids and fluids passed. Very few disease-germs, if any, can live in a healthy intestinal tract.

Pay attention to these matters, and eat such mixed foods as will act as a stimulant to the muscles of the lower bowel, and you become practically germ-proof in the matter of typhoid, dysentery, and allied fevers.

Of course, if you do not do everything in your power to see that your drinking-water is unpolluted, that no sewers or waste-pipes empty into your wells or reservoirs, you have neglected the secondary principles of making yourself germ-proof. I say "secondary principles" because the first is personal attention—the individual's vigilance in seeing that his human machine is in perfect order, and contains the natural anti-toxins and protective cells.

Of what use is a thorough examination of milk, cows, and barns, *if the individual who milks the cows is not first examined?* Many persons are innocent carriers of disease. They carry on their hands, clothes, or toilet articles the germs of typhoid fever, diphtheria, and spinal meningitis. Every individual, man or woman, who handles milk should be tested frequently, to be certain that he or she carries no germs. If such an inspection were rigorously enforced upon all those who come in personal contact with foods known to be capable of retaining disease-germs, we should soon have a better state of affairs. Of course, we shall have to keep a strict watch on food products and their environments, but it will be useless if one milkman who is carrying typhoid germs on his hands enters the most perfect hygienic cow-barn or milking-room.

The fact that more girls and women do not succumb to germ diseases demonstrates nature's effective provision for the self-killing of germs. There is scarcely a woman or girl who does not daily carry deadly germs to her lips and mouth. Dirty money, bills or silver, hat-pins, a strand of some dead Chinaman's hair, theatre

tickets, newspapers, programs, combs—anything and everything that she may wish to retain for the moment. It looks to me as if women never outgrew the baby age—everything they take hold of goes into their months.

Women will never be safe from germ disease, from the simplest to the most horrible, until they keep their mouths for eating only—and, of course, for conversation. They will never be free from the danger of skin ailments and baldness—all germ diseases—until they stop putting the hair of dead men upon their scalps. Wire cages, rat-traps, and other cannibalistic head-gear, irritate the skin of the scalp, and then come germ troubles. You can never become germ-proof until you keep all artificial materials off the scalp. Even a woman's own dead hair is an abomination and an enemy.

You cannot inherit a disease. If you inherited consumption, you would die before being born. What you do inherit is some form of weakness—a lack of vitality in some organ. This is due to the *effects* of disease in your parents or ancestors.

Knowing just where this weakness or constitutional defect is, you can so build

and live as to make yourself germ-proof. If you come from a family of consumptives, for instance, you can be as free from the disease as the best of us.

But you have to consider the conditions in which you live and work. Nothing but fresh air, good food, and plenty of rest will do the trick. You cannot work amid chemical fumes, or where dust is always flying—not the dust that you can see, but that killing, invisible dust that you find in steel-grinding shops, button factories, and similar places.

I have said that you cannot inherit a disease. There is one exception—venereal disease. Oh, the curse of this is on the land! About one-half of the afflictions of man can now be traced to this source.

We cannot here enter into this matter, a most vital one to the nation, not on account of any false prudery, but because it is too extensive a subject to be dealt with in a few pages. However, this can be said with all the emphasis I can give in print—man or woman, youth or maid, can never become thoroughly germ-proof unless each understands sex hygiene, and the laws to be obeyed in this fundamental matter of health.

The Magazine in National Advertising

THE magazine is supreme in the national field as the newspaper is supreme in the local field. This statement opens Truman A. De Weese's article in *Judicious Advertising*.

There is no longer any conflict between magazines and newspapers as to which is the better advertising medium, except when a superficial advertiser gets the notion that newspapers are national mediums and tries to make them do something they are not organized to do.

If you advertised in every newspaper in the United States you might be doing national advertising, but that wouldn't make the newspaper a national medium.

It is essentially a local medium. Its circulation and influence are circumscribed by the boundaries of the city, or county, or district in which it is published. The magazine knows no boundaries except the boundaries of civilization.

Its field is the human race.

Magazines are the artillery of advertising; newspapers are the infantry.

By shelling the citadels of Doubt, the big guns of the artillery can bring on an engagement.

Shelling the consumers will quite often force a capitulation, but detachments of infantry thrown against the weaker places is good strategy in publicity warfare.

The big guns of the magazine artillery have more carrying power, but it is the constant "ping-ping" of the newspaper infantry that sometimes drives the purchasing public into places where the goods can be bought.

The magazine creates a demand for a commodity through national advertising.

The newspaper localizes and focalizes this demand by bringing the consumer to the door of the local dealer.

Intelligently used, the newspaper may crystallize the national fame of a trade-marked commodity into actual sales at the various points of distribution.

The evolution of the modern magazine from a monthly mirror of fashion—a purveyor of patterns for female apparel—into a positive force in government and politics is the most interesting chapter in the wonderful story of twentieth-century journalism. It is a far cry from *Godey's Lady Book* to the modern magazine that is a recognized force in politics and business.

More interesting than this, however, is the story of the great national enterprises and industrial establishments that have been built up entirely through the advertising pages of the modern magazine.

Any comprehensive survey of the creative power of magazine advertising would embrace a history of our industrial progress for the last quarter century.

The great specialties that have contributed to the convenience, comfort, and luxury of the human race have been launched and developed through national advertising.

After these specialties have become staples in common use in millions of homes we are apt to forget the circumstances of their origin and the manner in which they were started through magazine advertising. It is easy to recall the names of many commodities originated, introduced, and brought into almost universal use through magazine advertising.

It was the magazine that created and developed amateur photography, and which finally embedded the word "kodak" in the common language of the people.

It took Edison's wonderful toy, the phonograph, and developed it into a machine that fills thousands of homes with sweetest melody.

It introduced the safety razor, the shaving stick and the shaving powder, teaching bewhiskered humanity how to escape the tralldom of the barber shop.

It revolutionized business correspondence by the introduction of the typewriter, and still further facilitated the transaction of business by popularizing the fountain pen.

It has given national fame to trade-marked brands of ready-made clothing

furniture, sanitary supplies, watches, hats, underwear and soups.

It has educated thousands of men on the uses and necessities of life insurance, and persuaded them to make provision for their families against want and suffering.

It has given us the "Angelus" to evoke sweet music from the neglected piano, crystal White Rock Water for our table, Sapolio and Old Dutch Cleanser to brighten up the kitchen, wholesome and nourishing Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Jones Little Pig Sausage for our breakfast, fifty-seven varieties of soups, relishes and other foods for our luncheon, delicious gelatine preparations for our desserts, and a comfortable Ostermoor to lie on at night. Through pages of automobile advertising that represent the highest skill of the artist and writer it is building mammoth industrial establishments in great centres of population, and is taking millions of people from the city out into country highways, along sunlit meadows and singing brooks.

It is easy to point out the advantages of the magazine as a medium for national advertising.

And what I say in this connection, bear in mind, refers only to national advertising.

No one challenges the pre-eminence of the newspaper as a medium for the local merchant and the local advertiser. The newspaper has no competitor as a medium for carrying the message of the local merchant directly into the homes of his customers.

It is true that in the larger cities the street cars are making a successful bid for the advertising of local merchants, but while the street car may effectively reach a certain class of customers and a certain percentage of the population, its limitations are too obvious for extended discussion.

It can never hope to take the place of a medium which takes the merchant's message directly into the home where it is seen at the time of the consumer's greatest mental receptivity, and under conditions that make a more definite impression than the street car can possibly make upon the casual passenger.

Many of the advantages of the magazine come quickly to the mind of even the

most superficial student of advertising. In the first place, the magazine page stands out alone, separate and distinct, from any other advertising.

The magazine page is not grouped with a miscellaneous hodge-podge of all sorts and varieties of advertisements.

It doesn't compete with Lydia Pinkham or with Rosenberg & Goldsmith for the attention of the reader. It represents "the bull's-eye method" of advertising. The attention of the reader is not diffused or diverted while he is looking at it. His attention is concentrated upon that particular advertisement to the exclusion of all other interests, and hence the probability of a more definite and positive impression. The newspaper cannot present such a clean-cut, isolated appeal to the attention of the reader. Its shape and form present mechanical difficulties that are insurmountable.

Another obvious advantage of the magazine advertisements is in its long life. The life of the magazine advertisement depends on the home or the family that takes the magazine and reads it. In many homes the life of the magazine is limited only by the life of the home, for it is a fact that in the case of mail-order advertising orders are received for commodities in answer to advertisements printed many years ago.

The receipt of coupon requests for a cook-book clipped from magazine pages has been an almost daily occurrence in the office of The Shredded Wheat Company, although the coupon style of advertising has not been in use since 1904.

In most homes the life of the magazine is from thirty to ninety days, during which time it is read and reread by members of the family, by visitors, callers, and members of neighboring families. The magazine advertisement may be said to be alive and on the job for a year after its publication.

The fact that in binding the average magazine in the average home it is now the custom to bind in the advertisement is a most impressive and significant tribute to the artistic beauty and literary merit of modern advertising.

The life of a newspaper at best is only twenty-four hours. It is not intended to live longer than this, for the reason that in twenty-four hours it is quickly follow-

ed by another picture of the world's events, which is supposed to supersede, and in many instances completely nullify, that which has gone before.

The feature of the newspaper advertisement that balances and compensates for the short life of the paper is the continuity of the advertisement and its repetition from day to day.

The newspaper to be of any value to the advertiser, must make up in continuous daily repetition what it lacks in dignity and long life.

While magazine circulation covers the nation mainly, there is no question but that it reaches the intelligent, educated discriminating, well-to-do elements of the population.

The purchasing power of the average magazine family is admittedly and obviously much greater than that of the family which depends entirely upon the newspaper for its reading matter.

The taking of one or more magazines, through yearly subscription or otherwise, presupposes certain standards of taste, education, and purchasing ability.

This has manifest advantages for the manufacturer who is putting out a commodity the possible consumption of which is limited to certain classes of people.

The fact that he can reach through the magazine the particular class of people that is naturally interested in his product enables him to avoid what is known as waste circulation, which is the source of the greatest loss in national advertising to-day.

The percentage of possible purchasers of safety razors, talking machines, suspenders, typewriters, piano players, and automobiles is much smaller than the percentage of possible purchasers of food products.

The percentage of possible purchasers of automobiles in any community is small.

In advertising an automobile in a newspaper the object should be to localize the national fame already given the car by connecting it with the local sales agent and showing where the car can be seen and demonstrated.

In the case of food products, it might be argued that the entire human race is the field for advertising the products. It happens to be a fact, however, that adver-

tised foods are specialties, and are not eaten in all classes of homes.

Even a breakfast food is eaten only in homes of a certain grade of intelligence where the value of cereals as a part of the daily dietary is understood and appreciated. In the case of Shredded Wheat we have found that its consumption is confined to a certain class of homes where the mother or housewife actually purchases the food that goes into the home, and where the dietetic arguments behind the product have been presented to her in such a way as to convince her of its wholesomeness and healthfulness.

It is true that we make extensive use of the newspapers, but it is entirely to supplement and localize our national campaign, and in selecting the mediums we quite often take the papers of smallest circulation, because we happen to know that they reach a larger percentage of the kind of people who can usually be reached by the arguments of cleanliness, wholesomeness, and digestibility which lie behind our products.

The backbone of our business is national advertising in national mediums that cover the entire country, supplemented by newspaper advertising in localities where our agents, samplers, and demonstrators are doing special work.

No other adjustment of the advertising problem is logical or sensible.

Advertising in the magazines for the national advertiser avoids trouble and conflict with local merchants.

There is very little danger of inviting the opposition of the local merchant where the manufacturer uses the retailer as an important and essential part of his machinery of distribution.

The intelligent retailer will regard national advertising in the local newspaper as an aid to his business, helping him to move the product off of his shelves.

Where the manufacturer is inclined to step over the head of the retailer, however, and go direct to the consumer, the retailer is very apt to protest against the advertising of the product in the local newspapers, and as the advertising of the local retailer is more valuable to the average newspaper than the advertising of the manufacturer, the newspaper cannot be blamed if it favors its own local business and the interests of the community which it serves.

In the case of pure mail-order advertising of course this opposition is more pronounced.

The magazine also presents a decided advantage when we come to consider the cost of covering the national field with a manufactured commodity.

In order to cover the national field in the newspapers it is necessary in most instances to pay for a vast circulation that has no possible purchasing value.

And now I come to what is perhaps the greatest of all the advantages which the magazine possesses as a medium for national advertising—that which it derives from its editorial dignity and influence and its literary prestige.

Perhaps you think this is of no value to the advertiser.

It would seem to require only a superficial study of the subject to impress the logical mind with the fact that the literary tone and prestige of a magazine are a most valuable asset in advertising.

A certain magazine has a reputation for breadth of editorial treatment for unwavering accuracy, and high literary tone.

Every advertisement in that magazine partakes somewhat of the dignity and tone that pervades it, and the reader unconsciously attaches more weight to its advertisements.

Such names as Dr. Albert Shaw, Walter H. Page, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Colonel Harvey, Henry M. Alden, William Dean Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Cyrus Curtis, and Edward Bok cannot fail to give a certain weight to the advertising carried by the publications which they direct, no matter how little responsibility they may assume for their tone or accuracy.

Behind the modern magazine which has any standing or influence is a personality that stands for culture, catholicity, and conscience. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the dignity and strength imparted to a magazine by able editorial direction forms a substantial and respectable background for the advertising pages, and commends them to the more careful consideration of the reader.

The newspaper throws a motion-picture of civilization on the white screen of publicity.

The magazine holds the picture there until it brings out all the lights and shad-

ows and gives to human intelligence the proper perspective.

We need the clean, independent, fearlessly edited newspaper to give us a daily picture of the world's happenings; but we

must look to the magazines—and a few ably edited newspapers—to keep alive and alert the public conscience, to give vital and vivid expression to the higher ideals of life.

An Answer from Boston

REFERRING to an article from the *Critic*, in a recent number of MacLean's Magazine, entitled "A Freak, a Fossil and a Fanatic," Mr. Alfred Farlow of the Christian Science Church in Boston, writes: The author of the article seems to have some conscientious scruples in misclassing Mrs. Eddy in this list, as is indicated by his apology "It may seem at first glance a mistake," but he adds "a very brief study of her philosophy and life makes the reason for so doing quite apparent." It should be remembered that Christian Science is indeed a science and must be so treated in order to be understood. In the Christian Science movement one is not permitted to pose as a teacher of Christian Science and as being capable of giving a clear and satisfactory understanding of the subject without having proved his understanding by at least three years of successful healing according to the methods of Christian Science, and we think we are justified in asking the author of this article whether he has proved even to himself that he understands Christian Science by healing the sick according to its rules. It is quite impossible to be sure of one's understanding of mathematics from a simple perusal of its rules, from "a very brief study" of its "philosophy," while skipping the examples for practice.

It is quite true, as our critic declares, that Mrs. Eddy had "splendid ability as an organizer," but of what avail is an organizer unless he has something to organize? The faithful adherence of her students is due to the fact that Christian Science is worth something to them. It has brought to them a clear consciousness of divine power and consequently a degree of health and happiness which they had never before known. This is the secret which holds their loyalty to the

Christian Science Church. They have followed their leader because she has followed Christ, and because the teaching which she has given them measures up to the divine requirements. Jesus declared "by their fruits ye shall know them."

The gentleman declares that "Science and Health" is the only voice and the only authority in the Church. As a matter of fact, the Bible takes first place in the Christian Science services, while in the lesson-sermon which takes the place of the clerical address correlative passages from the Christian Science text book are interspersed.

Mrs. Eddy has not presented a new deity, but she has presented a new and definite understanding of "the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob" and has thereby made it possible for mortals to utilize divine power. It is not the purpose of Christian Science to supersede primitive Christianity, but to give a spiritual understanding which renders it more practical.

Our critic's declaration "the man on the street doubts the sincerity" of Mrs. Eddy is purely a guess and a very bad one. On the event of her demise, the daily press of the country was almost unanimous in its grateful recognition of her excellent character and ability.

As to having borrowed anything from Mr. Quimby, only one argument is necessary to refute this allegation, and that is the fact that nowhere in her writings or teachings appears anything that is akin to Quimbyism. Mr. Quimby was a magnetic practitioner, he treated his patients by various forms of manipulations, and there was nothing in his teaching or practice that could even suggest or lead up to Christian Science. One could not accept the teaching of Christian Science without

making an immediate and complete departure from Mr. Quimby's practice.

All well informed persons agree with the wisdom which Mrs. Eddy manifested in the copyrighting of her books. Without this step it would have been impossible to have protected her teaching from adulteration and vitiation.

The term "Mother Mary" does not apply to Mrs. Eddy in any sense, and was never permitted by Mrs. Eddy. In fact, a by-law of the Christian Science church prohibits the application of either the term "Mother" or "Mary" to her. Some years ago some of her students gave her the endearing term of "Mother," but in later years when this term was abused, Mrs. Eddy forbade its use, and frankly gave her opinion that she never did believe the term applied to her. In the Manual of the Christian Science church, Article XXII., Section 1, occur the following words: "In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, loyal Christian Scientists had given to the author of their

textbook, the Founder of Christian Science, the individual, endearing term of Mother. At first Mrs. Eddy objected to being called thus, but afterwards consented, on the ground that this appellative in the church meant nothing more than a tender term such as sister or brother. In the year nineteen hundred and three and after, owing to the public misunderstanding of this name, it is the duty of Christian Scientists to drop the word *Mother* and to substitute Leader, already used in our periodicals."

It is a great mistake to suppose that the healings of Christian Science are occasioned by the exercise of human will, as in mesmerism or hypnotism, for Christian Scientists recognize but one mind, one power, one influence, and that is God. Moreover, if Christian Scientists "worshipped the woman," they would be outside the pale of Christian Science, for the deification of mortals is entirely contrary to the teaching of Christian Science.

Efficiency in Sales Management

GEORGE H. EBERHARD, in addressing the National Sales Managers' Association in San Francisco recently, said:

The lack of standards—plans—and then real careful and useful field work is apparent in the majority of sales departments to-day.

I do not mean by this that the sales departments are weaker and less efficient than the other departments of business handling the advertising, accounting, shipping, warehousing or credits, for the great majority of such departments have a low average of efficiency as it is now interpreted.

This organization of sales managers is directly interested in the sales department's work, and particularly the duties of the sales managers, so I will confine my remarks to that department's work for a time at least.

I am compelled to say a few words on the subject of "Efficiency"—the word that

is now on every business man's tongue.

Hardly three years ago and the word efficiency meant little or nothing to the business man. To-day, it is used by every one, because men like Harrington Emerson, Attorney Brandeis, Gantt, Going and Taylor, have demonstrated its value when rightly used, and have shown us what its real interpretation means. All this is well set forth by my friend, St. Elmo Lewis, who says in his "The New Gospel of Efficiency":

"The American executive is not a thinker; he is a doer." This has been the boast of our commercial Solons for a hundred years. There was never a more impotent and silly boast in the world. Every executive and the head of a department ought to be able to do anything better than a subordinate—in the sense that he should know how to get it done. If he doesn't he is a victim of the subordinate. To obtain greater efficiency both the executive and the head of the department

must think out a careful analysis of the actual methods and results of each subordinate. Inefficiency on the part of workers is the inevitable result of lack of thinking on the part of the executive and the head of the department."

I interpret efficiency to mean the basis of "common sense" applied to business—finding by study and analysis the "right way" of doing each act or thing in business, and then doing or having it done the quickest and easiest way.

Efficiency standards will move the employe higher in the scale and level the mere employer to a point where he will get what he is really worth. Efficiency standards eliminate waste on the top as well as at the bottom of the business structure.

Of course, the fundamental error that we find when looking at the organizations whose sales departments do not show a very high standard of efficiency is that the proprietors or chief executives do not allow the manager of the sales department to have time enough for much thinking, analyzing or planning. The sales manager is usually expected to assume many duties that could be handled by a competent assistant, or duties that should be attended to by the man higher up, or by the manager of some other department.

A sales director in charge of both the sales and advertising departments in large organizations will overcome this weakness in the present work of many sales managers.

The tendency of the heads of firms to pass to the sales manager work not directly connected with his problem of making each salesman a growing, efficient, result-producing unit in the sales force, would be done away with if a sales director could be employed, for he would be the office representative of the sales and advertising departments, allowing the manager of each department time to analyze, think, plan, and go into the field.

To get the "limit" out of each salesman in a sales force calls for sincere co-operation with each salesman on the part of the sales manager, a proper distribution of territory, the right handling of his orders, reports and correspondence, the prompt posting on prices, credits, com-

plaints, mail orders and other matters that transpire in his territory.

I am of the opinion that the sales manager is the deciding factor in the high or low efficiency of each unit in a sales force. In other words, the salesmen cannot get away from his directing influence. Salesmen will become more efficient or their efficiency will decline in proportion to the strength or weakness of the sales managers' personality and ability.

It is necessary to school and teach each salesman to insure efficiency, and this can only be done by a sales manager, who is capable and willing to instruct.

Every new salesman should be provided with a history of the house, the policy and aspiration of the owners, also a sales manual giving the best sales talks, ways and methods, and a set of helpful house rules.

The majority of sales managers neglect the field work. This in my opinion is wrong. Every sales manager is reducing his standard of efficiency—his value as a barometer—as an understanding guide and leader of his salesmen when he discontinues going into the field and analyzing the work of "selling the goods"—getting next to the real problem of the trade, and above all, the dealer's experiences with the consumer.

The sales manager that sits at his desk except for a few short trips probably social, listening to his salesmen's views and the opinions of the friendly trade who visit headquarters, gradually gets the wrong perspective.

The salesman seldom can see competition and trade conditions and analyze them in a way that takes into consideration both the house's, his customers' and his own interests. If a salesman is worthy of the name he is not able to do this. His interest will predominate.

To get at the "heart" of conditions in the field, one must go and see the field. A doctor might prescribe effectively for a patient by mail, or on the report of a relative, but a visit, and personal observation and experience with the patient is the surest and safest way.

The amount of business that can be reasonably expected from each salesman—each town, city or country for that matter—the helpful instructions, ways and

means of securing this business does not receive the undivided thought and careful attention it should in most organizations. When we come to consider the value of a plan—by that, I mean a plan that includes all the factors—we find a still greater weakness.

Very few concerns study the economic utility value of their product, its probable demand, the reasonable expectation, and then apportion it intelligently with reference to logical area and population.

Very few concerns or sales managers have studied how to get the best average result from each salesman and still permit him to do constructive and intensive development work to forestall competition and prepare for future planned expansion, or can explain their conclusions so that they can not be shot to pieces by one who is analytical.

The majority of business men are poorly informed on subjects more vital to their interest and profit, than you may credit. It is just "profit" with them, while the truth is that business is the real activity of all mankind. Even doctors, lawyers and preachers could not exist without it, and when efficient standards prevail, we shall not need many of them.

To foster discussion, do you know of a concern that has a definite plan to build to year by year for at least two years ahead?

Would not a skeleton diagram of policy, purpose and reasonable expectancy to build to, be a great help to a sales manager?

This is readily obtained if the data is collected intelligently and compiled by one experienced enough to understand its value.

We will take one illustration, a wholesale grocery: Suppose their plan was built up, showing the towns, the responsible grocers in each, their present estimated or known business on certain lines which it was desirable to sell, the business obtained by their salesmen from each grocer, the possible dollar volume of trade that they could aspire to for this year and the next year on each line of goods from each grocer. This could be added to, but the above will serve. Would such a record be of service in handling a salesman who visited these towns?

The present plan of keeping records ends with a history of the past. How much to work for, figured on a sane, reasonable basis is missing.

While each year sees change and possibly progress, very few big concerns are built as a result of planning. It's only after the work succeeds that much bragging is done about the foresight or plan that was utilized.

Usually a "hope" and "persistent desire," plus "working like grim death," with the necessary development decided when forced upon the concern by circumstances, is what builds the business.

The full understanding of the value of planning the selling campaign of a product, having the trade properly estimated, and the goods and prices balanced, is lacking in most institutions who feel they are doing "very fine." How surprised they are every now and then to discover a better way to distribute a new sales possibility, or as is more often the case, they are wrong in trying to work as they are doing.

To deliberately study a field, look into all phases of the situation and the merchandise, then to plan, carefully estimating possible and reasonable achievement covering a few years, devising a sane method, and building constructively in each territory toward a definite goal will become more general when the advantages are understood.

It is necessary to have reasonable standards set up for comparison of each unit's work and the organization as a whole. The natural tendency toward intensive development is making rapid strides towards the day when enterprises will by means of purchase and consolidation control the source of raw material, the means of manufacture and the wholesale and retail system for distribution to the consumer.

I predict, in the next ten to twenty years, greater changes in the conduct of business both as to organization, methods and the distribution of profits than has taken place in the past fifty years. The employes will increase in proportion, and the number of independent and distinct organizations will be few compared to this day. The present wasteful methods must go. Unnecessary duplication and the wasteful multiplication of profit and costs

must make room for the most direct and simple way.

The commercial world requires this for many reasons, the most pertinent being that the concern that does plan ahead will easily succeed in distancing the concern that does not. It means increased efficiency and business for the winner, and an active appreciation of the same to the loser, and a general speeding up for both.

In the end it will be but a final chapter in Eugene Sue's great history of the "Proletariat Across the Ages." The present unjust, unreasonable and inefficient distribution of work and return will be corrected in spite of all subtle misuse of, and wilful opposition to efficiency principles. Yes, greater progress than through any political or religious creed is what "efficiency," rightly interpreted, means for the worker, and his name is man.

How Some Merchants Drive Away Trade

IT IS a fact, says Wesley A. Stanger in "Business," that some merchants will use every known method for attracting customers, and when they have succeeded in bringing them into the store will turn about and employ their best efforts to drive them away. The big stores, of course, are less liable to the evil of killing trade than the small ones, and when they drive trade away it is usually the fault of minor employes. But the irritable, narrow-minded merchant is by no means a curiosity in the world of trade.

Sometimes a man gets the idea that because he is doing a good business and his sales increase from year to year, he does not need to give thought to his relations with the public. He becomes cock-sure, and figures he can get along without the trade of those customers whose methods are in the least displeasing to him. He will not hesitate to show a lack of interest in their accounts, and to offend them without the slightest provocation. There are, of course, customers who are unreasonable, and whose trade is not to be desired for other reasons, but when such a person is met with it is the wiser part to get rid of the account with tact and grace, retaining, if possible, as an asset, the lost customer's good-will. However disagreeable a person may be, he generally has a circle of friends who are influenced by his actions and statements, and although the individual account may not be worth keeping, the good-will of his friends is worth while. No man can get along in business if he makes a practice of making enemies.

In one of the larger cities, a haberdasher has a store in the centre of the office district. He is doing a nice business and is so located that he gets a great deal of transient trade. Several hotels are within a square of him, and large office buildings surround his location. He carries a stock of high-grade goods and gets high prices. He caters to a trade that wants things quickly, and does not spend much time in decision.

This merchant devotes a great deal of time and thought to decorating his windows, which are situated so as to get the best results. The interior of his store, likewise, is inviting, but his personality is not the most pleasant. He has two clerks behind the counters at all times, and on Saturday afternoons employs two others. All have acquired his surly manners, and customers are given to understand that an extended display of goods is distasteful, since the intention of the house is to make quick sales. These characteristics, however, are not the most serious drawbacks to the store's success, because the buyers are usually in a hurry and only want to purchase a few things and get out. Notwithstanding the evident study that is put in this store's window arrangements, the merchant made a practice of driving people away from his window.

Recently two men were walking past his place and one of them was attracted by a display of silk pajamas. He called his friend's attention to it, and the two

men were looking at the goods when a third, a mutual friend, came down the street, and seeing these two, stopped to chat with them. The third man was out on an errand to buy some haberdashery, and his presence in front of the store was the result of his desire to buy, and he was, in reality, headed for the door. For about five minutes the men talked, during which time the proprietor and one of his clerks were watching them. Attention was diverted from the window by the conversation. Finally the owner told the clerk that he thought those fellows had been long enough in front of the window and instructed him to go out and "sweep them off the walk." The clerk, only too ready to follow this suggestion, took a broom, swept up a pile of dust and deliberately brushed it over the shoes of two of the men without the slightest apology. The men, interested in their conversation, stepped aside, when the youth swept more rubbish over them. One of the men noticed the movement and resented it. The youth, backed up by the proprietor, made some insulting remarks and continued to raise a cloud of dust. This caused more resentment on the part of the victims, who finally sent the youth back into the store with a promise of a trouncing if he repeated his work. As soon as the youth was inside, the three departed, and the two men who had intended to patronize the store went elsewhere. One of them spent \$14 and the other \$5 in a store three blocks away, and the third was so incensed at the treatment that his friends had received that he made a mental reservation never to patronize the store. All three men agreed that they would tell their friends of the occurrence and take pains to keep as much trade away as they could influence.

It may be that this retaliatory spirit was not exactly the right thing, but the fact remains that this haberdasher, by his inexcusable methods, lost the trade of three good customers.

In a department store located in a fair sized city, an occurrence took place recently which probably has not been paralleled anywhere else in the country. The strange thing about it was that the man at the head of the business had been trained in a big city elsewhere, but even with this

behind him, he killed a customer whose monthly bills ran into three figures.

A customer having a charge account, bought in the neighborhood of \$125 worth of merchandise a month. The day the bill was received invariably a check was mailed, and a large circle of friends followed her lead. She was really the centre of a line of trade that ran into several hundred dollars a month, if not more than a thousand. One day this particular customer walked in to make some purchases, which in the aggregate amounted to \$40. Owing to the heat she fainted and had to be cared for by one of the women clerks. After a short while she regained her strength and left the store. The period of time consumed by the clerk in ministering to her amounted altogether to a little over an hour. The proprietor had seen the occurrence, and after it was over inquired of the young woman as to how long she had been with the customer. On being told, he made a note of it and instructed the cashier to withhold seventy-five cents from her pay at the end of the week.

The following week the customer called to make some purchases and to pay her monthly bill. She went to see the young woman who had taken care of her, to thank her for the aid she had given her, and was surprised beyond expression when the girl informed her of her employer's action. Of course, the customer reimbursed the clerk and went straight to the proprietor for an explanation. Upon confronting the proprietor she was more amazed than ever when he nonchalantly informed her that the clerk was correct in what she said, and that he felt he was perfectly justified. The customer was shocked. She handed her check to the proprietor for the amount of her account. He calmly receipted it and gave her as well a receipt for the seventy-five cents.

As the customer left the office she determined never to patronize the place again, and being a member of clubs and societies, and having a large circle of friends, she made it a point to relate the incident to others. The result was that it spread far and wide and the store lost many customers and hundreds of dollars in trade by the proprietor's penurious methods and his apparent mis-treatment of his employees.

Small stores are not the only ones that drive away trade by ill-advised methods. One of the largest and most prosperous stores in one of the big cities displayed vacuum bottles for a week recently at a very low price. A man passing through the store noticed the bottles, and realizing the value of them determined to buy one. His desire was accelerated when he picked up a newspaper and happened to see the bottles advertised. Upon reaching the office, he sent his stenographer over to buy one. Knowing the manner in which they were made, he cautioned the girl to ask the sales person to examine it before sending. The bottle was to be delivered to his home address, and when it arrived, notwithstanding the fact that it was packed in excelsior and cellulose board, the interior was broken. The bottle was returned the next day, but the clerk refused point blank to do anything about it. The man who made the purchase was surprised, but determined to find out why. He went over himself and was met with the same refusal. He finally offered to take a credit slip to be applied on another purchase, or to turn it in on a larger purchase, but the clerk was stubborn. He called for the manager of the department, who backed up the clerk, then he insisted upon seeing the buyer. All three did not deny that the bottle was broken by their driver, and all agreed that the broken portion would be replaced by the manufacturer for half a dollar, but all refused satisfaction to the customer. Finally the buyer explained that the bottle was an infringement on the patent of another concern, and that they could get no redress and did not propose to stand the expense themselves. There was nothing in the advertising matter or in the placards that bore out the statement, and the customer was unprotected, for he could not be expected to know anything about the patent litigation, and to him the name of the house was sufficient guarantee for satisfactory goods and fair treatment. The buyer refused to listen to any proposition, and the customer appealed to the exchange department with the same result.

By this time he had wasted more time than the purchase was worth several times over, but he intended to be satisfied before he was through. Finally the discontented purchaser appealed to one of the offic-

ials, who was also the general manager. He recited his grievance and repeated the offers of compromise he had made. The manager immediately ordered a new bottle sent to the customer's house and apologized for the treatment that he had received. The fact was that the buyer had purchased the goods and had to sell them out quickly or be shown up. He had sent word all down the line that no exchange was to be made and to shift the goods on the customer by any hook or crook, but get the money. The store management was not to blame. It was a hired employe who did the damage, but while in this case it did not drive the customer away entirely, there is no telling what effect the same treatment had upon others who bought the bottles.

Sometimes a customer who has always paid cash will get to a point where he has to ask credit. Generally the cash sales have attracted no particular attention, and the man really has no credit at the store. With reluctance the merchant accommodates the customer, and if it happens that he gets a little slow he is put down as poor pay. After a while the account is all paid up, but the credit file of the firm shows that it was a long time coming. Later on the man begins to pay cash again, but no record is made and he gets no credit for it. Hundreds of receipts for cash purchases have no bearing on the case as far as the merchant is concerned.

A recent case of this kind occurred with a man who was well able to settle his bills, but who ran into a slump in business, which was accompanied by sickness and unusual expenses. As a result he secured credit, and proved somewhat slow in payment. Later on he came through all right, and paid cash again. One day his wife called up for some material she wanted, asking that it be charged to her husband's account, and the store refused to deliver it, giving no reason. When the man came home he investigated the matter. He asked to have the goods sent C. O. D., and this was done, proving to him that it was a case of getting the money. He went to the store with a pocketful of receipts, showing that he had spent a great deal of money at the place, and that he had asked for credit but once. The proprietor was confronted with evidence of the most convincing na-

ture, but he merely expressed his regret and referred to the time when the man was slow. As a result the customer canvassed the other people in the trade, to see whether his credit was good elsewhere, found that it was, and transferred his account. The retailer had no excuse for his action. He deliberately drove a good customer to a competitor.

Some proprietors, even in this enlightened age, seem to think that the way to get results from employes is to abuse and humiliate them. Recently a man who is at the head of a good sized business happened to walk down an aisle in his store, where a girl was waiting upon three women. Apparently, becoming displeased with the way she did her work, he proceeded to upbraid her most unmercifully before his customers. The customers might not have been exactly pleased with the service they were getting, but the proprietor's line of abuse startled them to such an extent that they forgot their purchases. The girl grew nervous and was unable to finish the sale, and the three women walked out unsold. All of them were angry, chagrined, and felt as though they had been personally insulted. They never went near the place again. This same man kept up his practice time after time, and his help soon become indifferent to the success of the house. Every time, moreover, that he displayed his temper before a customer he either drove that customer away or disgusted her with the store so that she gave him as little of her trade as she could.

It very often happens that when a sale on certain goods is advertised the numbers are exhausted early in the day. This is especially true if it is an unusually good value that is offered. When this is the case in stores that are well conducted, the clerks frankly state to the customer the reason that they are unable to deliver the goods. One storekeeper had a habit of advertising sales on goods that he had no intention of delivering, and when customers asked for the advertised goods he tried to palm off something else. He deliberately planned the deception, and while he sold large quantities of the goods he offered in place of the advertised ones, he was driving away trade every time he did it. The deception that he practised was suicidal, for his customers soon began

to suspect the facts and took their trade elsewhere. The biggest asset that any merchant has is confidence. If he loses that he is in a fair way to lose his business. This merchant actually thought he was right. He argued that the purpose of advertising was merely to get the people into the store and once he had them there it was up to him to sell them what he wanted them to buy, not what they asked for. Ultimately he found out his mistake, but it is a fact that thousands of other retailers are doing the same thing every week in the year.

Unless the spirit of harmony pervades the entire organization there can be little hope of a store experiencing a healthy growth. Too many retailers look upon those employed by them as "help" and fail to co-operate with them or to secure co-operation among the employes themselves. In one store the proprietor made it a point to disagree with his employes on every point. If an employe was handling a customer and made a statement regarding the goods that were under discussion, this proprietor invariably would take issue with the salesperson, contradict the statement, and attempt an explanation to the customer himself. He would deplore the clerk's ignorance and bemoan the fact to the customer that a proprietor was so much at the mercy of his help. As a result a spirit of criticism and ill-nature pervaded the place. Clerks did not co-operate with each other and none expected co-operation from the "boss." The store seemed to be attacked by a sort of lethargy, while other stores in the town moved rapidly ahead. Customers could see that there was no team work, and most of the sales were made only because customers believed that a particular article could be bought more cheaply there than elsewhere. There was no satisfaction to be derived from trading at this store. Incidentally, it might be added, the proprietor succeeded so well in driving away trade, that eventually the sheriff got him.

Boosting has been said to be a very potent factor in individual success of every kind. Business men have found that helping the other fellow along redounds to their own individual benefit. In the highly organized stores where shoppers are numerous, this has been reduced to a science, and is the last resort when a custo-

mer that is hard to please is being waited upon. In some stores, however, the habit of attacking a competitor is still indulged in, and whenever a "knock" is registered against another store it is usually a blow for the store where the attack is made. People have preference in places where they buy the same as they have preference in other things. A woman may prefer one store, and yet be making purchases in another. If one of the clerks should happen to attack her favorite store, she not only forms a bad opinion of the store she is in but thinks just that much more of the other one. When a man "knocks" the other man's store, he is simply advertising it and driving his customers over there as fast as he can. A "knocker" is his own worst enemy.

It is not always convenient to sell people exactly what they want, particularly when it involves disarranging a counter or window display to suit the whim of some customer, but the wise merchant will not let the matter of a little inconvenience prevent him from making a sale or cause him to lose a customer. A man happened to look in the window of his favorite clothing store, and saw a suit of clothes that impressed him favorably. The price tag said \$40. He went in and asked for it. The salesman began showing him other suits, and when he insisted, told him that they never disturbed a window display. The customer had been buying clothes there for a long time and felt that he was entitled to that much service if he wanted it, quite aside from the fact that he was ready to pay for the suit as advertised. He appealed to the proprietor, who answered him in the most *sauve* manner, but

refused to meet his wishes. The man knew what he wanted, and he also knew that he was going to get that suit or make his purchase somewhere else. The result was that he went to another store and made that "his" store thereafter.

Customers feel that they have a divine right to criticise and compare values in one store with values in another before the proprietor, his clerks or other customers. The practice is not a generous one, but so long as it continues retailers should either make capital of it or leave it alone. In a certain eastern town there is a man who never fails to resent this attitude on the part of a customer. He will go into a rage if anyone assumes to question what he says about a piece of merchandise, and invariably expresses his displeasure if his goods are compared to their disadvantage with those of other stores. He is up in arms the minute his competitor, his goods or his prices are mentioned. At the slightest provocation his anger is aroused. The result is that the other stores on that town are doing most of the business.

When a customer makes comparisons or expresses a doubt of values, it is up to the retailer to overcome by facts and logic the prejudice that exist, to smooth his customer over, and above all make the sale. He should concentrate on getting the order. Allowing his feelings to get the best of him is a method of trade killing that is most effective. No retailer should be servile, nor should he sink his personality, but he should bear in mind that the customer is as much entitled to his opinions as he is, and he should respect these opinions and prejudices just as he would want his own respected.

Architecture and Flying

HOW ugly a city must look to the sky above it; how our buildings are intended to be looked at from the street and our architects, naturally, leave the roofs to get along with themselves and the birds,—are suggestions made by Henry Harrison Supplee in an article in *Carrier's Engineering Magazine*. With this as a basis he goes on to point out the

effect which aerial navigation would have upon our architecture.

All training in architecture, he says, within historical times has taken as its initiative the appearance of details and ensemble from some point upon the surface of the earth. The classical orders depend for their effect upon the peculiarities of human vision directed from below up-

ward, while the impressive influence of the Gothic vaultings is due very largely to the perspective from the pavement. All designs of facades assume the position of the spectator to be in front of the building, and the development of the tall business building in the great city has involved the peculiarly difficult task of providing an effective front from the viewpoint of the observer on the opposite side of a narrow street.

This attempt to produce effects from below has led to some curious methods of design and construction. Heavy overhanging cornices, originally forming a structural part of massive masonry buildings, are now frequently made of thin sheet metal, bolted fast to brackets of structural steel and painted to correspond to the general effect of the shell of the steel cage construction. Details resembling elaborately carved stone, sufficiently bold in design to be evident from below, are likewise made of sheet metal and attached to frame work or balcony in a manner not unlike the methods obtaining in theatrical stage settings. These are but isolated examples of the manner in which it is tacitly assumed that buildings are expected to be seen almost entirely from the surface of the ground, and that the unlovely reverse of the picture is not to be looked at.

In these days of isolated tall buildings and towering structures the hideous ugliness of the tops of most of our large cities is being laid open to view, and the sham character of the so-called ornament appears before the eyes of a limited number of the inhabitants. When we realize that the general utilization of aerial transport will change the viewpoint of the great majority, the influence upon architectural design may be faintly perceived.

The spectator who stands upon the upper portion of one of the modern tall buildings and gazes down upon the tops of the surrounding houses sees many things which would never have been permitted if the architect had understood that the point of view was to be from above. Chimney-pots, tanks, elevator head-houses, sky-lights, trapdoors, ventilators and the like appear in the midst of sham cornices, imitation parapets, ladders, platforms and other crudities, which, until recently, have been unobservable

from the ground or from other usual points of view. As the opportunities for perceiving these backyard effects become more general it is certain that some attempt will be made to give a more seemly aspect to the tops of existing buildings, and with the general removal of the viewpoint to the higher elevation the methods of design must surely be modified.

Already a certain number of photographs of important cities, taken from above, have been published, and serve to show how these places really look when a good opportunity to see them is afforded. The freedom with which architects and builders have felt able to neglect the tops of buildings, upon the supposition that they cannot be seen from below, is doubtless responsible for much of this unsightliness, but there are other and more profound reasons.

In recent years and particularly in newer parts of the civilized world, the influence of engineering development has shown itself powerful in the modification of architectural methods, mainly by the extent to which new principles of construction have been produced. The extending use of skeleton steel construction, relieving the walls of the principal burden of weight and distributing the load over the entire area of the structure, has made the tall building possible and permitted the employment of light enclosing walls of brick, tile or concrete. Structural improvements alone, however, would not have made these changes practicable, and it remained for the perfection of the high-speed elevator to place the upper floors within reasonable access from the ground, and even then the invention of telephonic communication was necessary to permit men to remain in their offices and residences in these far upper stories and communicate throughout the city and country. Thus the work of the engineer has exerted, in this single department of architecture, an influence more far-reaching than any which can be traced to considerations of mere artistic effect.

When such buildings were produced the efforts of the architect were strained to treat them in such a manner as to give any real beauty to the structure. In some cases, especially when the building fronted upon an open space or park, the opportunity of a fairly distant view made

the tower-like construction manageable; but such locations are the exception, and in some cities the tallest buildings have been erected upon the narrowest streets, rendering any observation of the upper portion from the ground almost impracticable. In certain well-known cases the problem has been frankly abandoned, and a crude brick, chimney-like edifice, without any claims whatever to artistic design, accepted as inevitable.

If such difficulties have been encountered in connection with mechanical developments which affect merely the construction of a building, what changes may not be anticipated when the entire viewpoint is transformed?

If the general and convenient points of access, of vision and of service are to be the tops of our buildings and not the portions near the surface which face the streets, there must come an absolute transformation in construction, interior arrangement and artistic treatment.

Some of the changes in the uses of buildings under the changed conditions may serve to indicate the lines along which modifications in construction will occur. At first the principal thought will, doubtless, be that of protection against damage from falling machines or substances, but with this will doubtless appear a desire to make the tops of buildings points of observation, and also for use as landing platforms. With the exception of certain experiments in the matter of alighting upon the decks of vessels, this latter point is one as yet hardly considered, the present-day aviator choosing his landing place where it seems most convenient. Doubtless, one of the earliest features of more fully acquired experience will be that of descending at any desired point, preferably upon the top of the owner's dwelling; and, in any case, the present irregular character of the upper portions of buildings makes descent in a city most dangerous, whereas it should be made most convenient. Public spaces, to and from which machines may be operated, will probably come first; but one of the greatest advantages of aerial transport, as has already been noted, will lie in the possibility of making the complete journey from individual terminal to individual terminal, and any limitation of terminus would be as objectionable for the

flying machine as it would be for the automobile.

It is probable that for a long time to come the delivery of heavy material into buildings will be made through entrances upon the surface of the earth, and thus a certain detail in the design of the lower parts of the buildings will be determined. Personal entrance and the delivery of lighter material will gradually be transferred to the top, being landed from above and kept away from the ground, and thus a differentiation of interior arrangement will naturally follow. It is probable that the extreme upper-stories of buildings under the new arrangement will be the most desirable, in the cities at least, and will include the gardens, landing platforms and points for the reception of visitors. Some indication of the modification may be seen in the so-called roof gardens already in use upon the tops of hotels and theatres in the United States, and the popularity of these places during the warm season shows how greatly the rearrangement of the roofs might conduce to the desirability of the new order of things. It is evident that even such a minor change would modify very materially the whole architectural scheme for such buildings, since the principal aspect would be from overhead, and the street front, upon which the architects and decorators have hitherto expended their principal efforts, would be unobserved and of minor importance. Probably the lower floors of buildings would become less and less desirable for residence or for retail business, and the segregation of various industries into layers according to the nature of the work may be indicated.

The transformation, however, will doubtless be far more profound in its ultimate effects, and it is altogether probable that the general development of an independent method of transportation through the air will have much to do with a general change in the distribution of population and industry. The ancient remark as to the fact that "great rivers nearly always run by large cities," may be invoked as bearing upon one of the earlier reasons for urban growth, while it is certain that the development of railways has borne a large part of the concentration of population which forms so significant an element in social affairs of the last quart-

er-century. Not all mechanical developments, however, tend to produce congestion, and it seems as if some of the latter appliances were acting to undo the effects of their predecessors. The influence of the automobile upon the conduct of affairs has been referred to frequently in these papers, partly for the reason that its effects have been produced within the most recent period of observation and partly because those effects partake somewhat of the same nature as those which may be expected in consequence of the increased use of the aerial machine. One of the most marked influences of the extending use of the motor car has been the dispersion of population which it has made possible. The railway has led to the extension of certain phases of suburban life, but the extensions which it has made possible have been limited to points closely communicating with the lines of the railroad itself. The automobile, giving access to every highway and branch road, and aiding in the development of new and better roads in all directions, has done still more to draw people away from the large cities, and it seems probable that a large proportion will continue to seek home away from the congested centres and leave the great towns to be populated, to a great extent, by the operatives and workmen, who cannot be separated widely from the places of their daily activities.

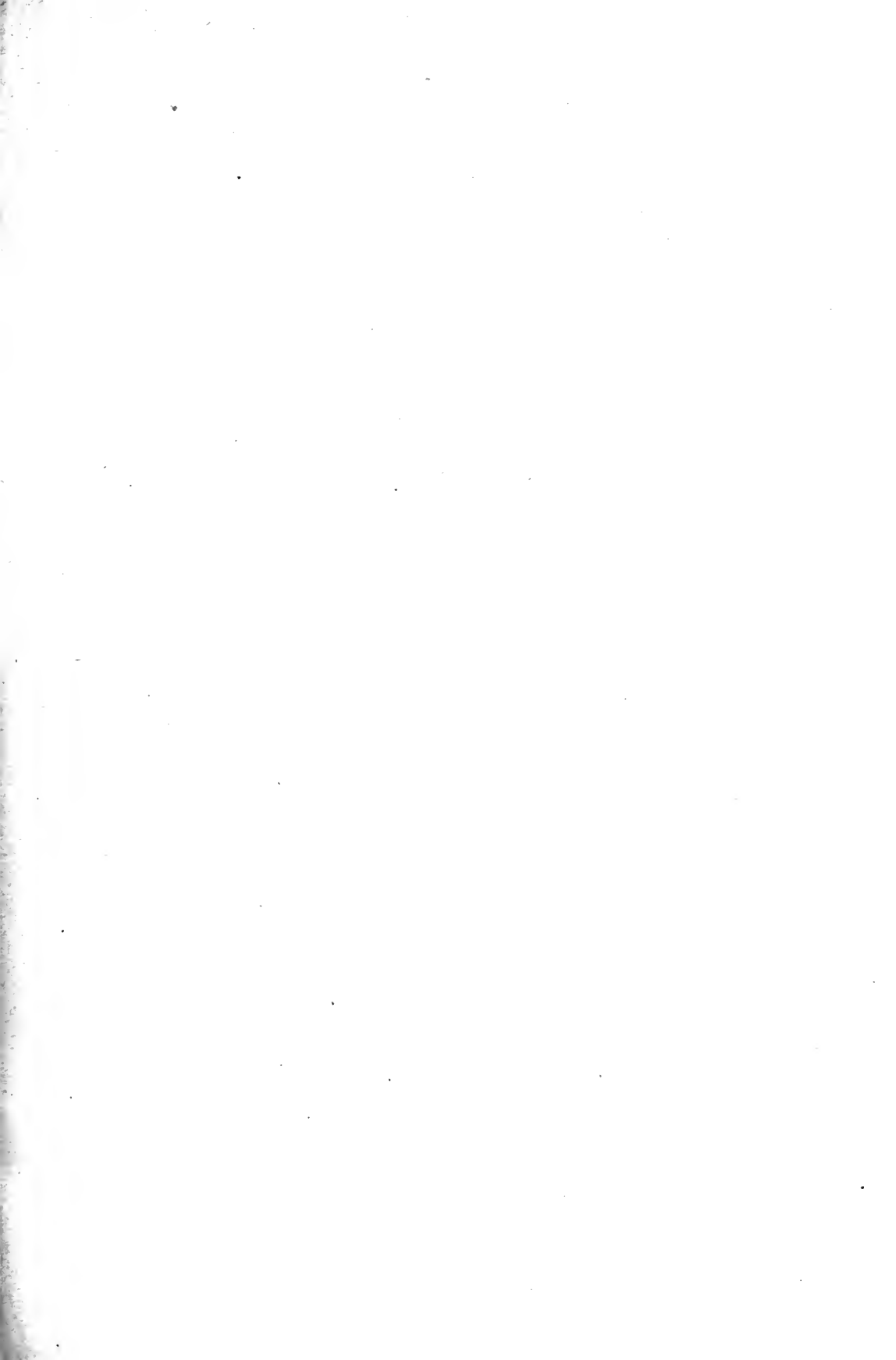
An influence similar to that which the automobile has exerted, and which is still more likely to appear, will be produced even more powerfully with the development of general personal transport through the air, and it seems as if a decentralizing action may follow, concerning which more will be said hereafter. This dispersion of population is bound to have a most important influence upon architecture, and the character of buildings, which are to be seen both from the surface and from the air, and which are to be very different from that of the earlier time.

One of the reasons for the existence of the modern skyscraper—a type of building which no one has attempted to excuse because of its beauty or general desirability—has been the high value of the ground on which it stands, and the

necessity of causing the building on the expensive ground to earn a sufficient income to warrant its existence. Thus, a form of structure which has no claims to architectural beauty may possibly be rendered unnecessary if improved transport methods reduce the local congestion which has influenced land values to the disadvantage of the best uses of the ground. The telephone, the motor car and the aeroplane may thus unite in aiding to disperse the crowds in our present type of cities, and thus facilitate industries and commerce, while at the same time transforming architecture and making for better, more beautiful and more wholesome buildings in which men are to spend much of their lives.

The value of special sites may be determined hereafter rather by considerations relating to the use of the property than by access to it. At the present time, the advantages which great avenues or desirable streets give to building sites often form controlling considerations in the selection of locations. If, however, the principal access is to be had from above, the street entrance becomes secondary, and may be used, as has already been indicated, mainly for delivery of bulky and slow-moving material, while the open top of the entire area, whether buildings or grounds, remain altogether independent of any other means of entrance. Controversies as to "rights of way" and routes of surface entrance, such as streets, roads, alleys and the like, must become of minor importance. It would be entirely possible for a desirable site to have no surface access whatever and yet be fully open to entrance from above, no method of closing off the aerial route being practicable.

It will be seen that such considerations as have been noticed above also apply in connection with the opening up of sites, most desirable in themselves, but hitherto barred by reason of the difficulties of access. Man has long envied the ease with which the larger birds have been able to choose their homes upon elevated locations, to which he can work his way only by laborious exertion and great risk; but with the possession of similar means of travel the entire surface will be opened up for his exploitation and use.





HAROLD THOMAS DENISON

Drawn by Harold Thomas Denison.

"Then bowing her lovely head, she cried passionately, 'but I wanted him so badly.'"

The Falsehood of Mrs. Dalton

See Page 257

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXIII

Toronto January 1912

No 3

The Idea Behind the Telephone

By

Roy Fry

Most people know the telephone was invented in Canada. But what was the idea behind it? That is another matter, and one, too, with which few Canadians are familiar. In this issue the story of the invention is told—how Alexander Graham Bell conceived the “idea” while experimenting with parts of a human ear; how he conducted his early tests, at one time utilizing stove-pipe wire strung along fence-rails; how he received the first words ever conveyed over a long-distance wire; and finally how Brantford, the home of the telephone, is planning a memorial to mark the invention and honor the inventor while he still lives.

SHOULD Brantford ever desire a recommendation as a health resort, all it need do is “ring up” Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the telephone.

It was early in 1870 that young Bell, born 23 years before in Glasgow, Scotland, was brought to this country from England by his parents—to die. A pale and sickly young man, he was given only six months by the neighbors to live on the arrival of the Bell family at Tutela Heights, a beautiful hillside spot overlooking the city of Brantford, in the Province of Ontario.

The father, Alexander Melville Bell, had been a professor of elocution at London University, and on the death of two

sons from consumption, had decided to come to Canada with the remaining one, who, too, had been attacked by the disease.

In less than two years the invigorating breezes which swept the Heights had restored the patient to health and strength and sent him forth into the world to achieve great triumphs in the field of invention. And so it happens that he has since been an enthusiastic believer in the advantages which Brantford offers as a health resort.

If there be few people who know the story of the young man's battle for health, still fewer there are who are familiar with the circumstances surrounding his inven-

tion of the telephone and the early experiments in the transmission of speech.

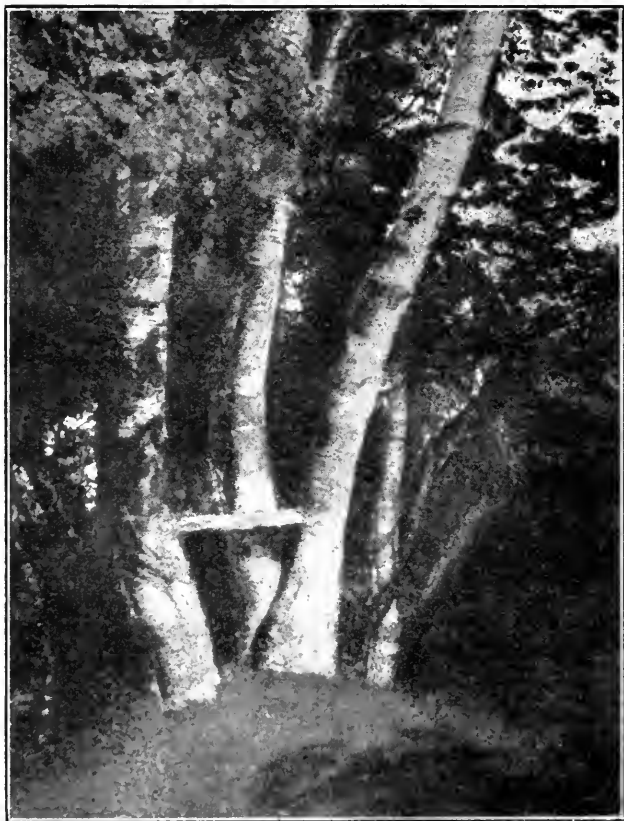
Various centres in the United States have put forth certain contentions and advanced numerous claims to be recognized as the birthplace of the telephone, but it has remained for Dr. Bell himself to clear all doubt as to the issue by an authoritative pronouncement in which he unhesitatingly declares that not only was the invention itself conceived in Brantford, but also the first long distance transmission of speech over wire was made from that city.

Thus it is that Brantford in order to clinch its title as "The Telephone City" and perpetuate the name and fame of the inventor, is planning to honor him while he still lives by the erection of a splendid monument and the dedication of the Bell homestead property as a beautiful public park.

Under these circumstances a new interest is lent to the story of the invention.

WHAT SUGGESTED 'PHONE IDEA?

In 1871 young Bell, then only 24 years of age, was summoned to Boston by the Board of Education of that city, to make experiments in the city school for deaf-mutes, in order to ascertain whether these children could be taught to speak by means of a system of characters, known as "Visible Speech," invented by his father, and depicting the actions of the vocal organs in uttering sound. The progress which he made there was rapid, and in 1874 he found himself president of the Convention of Articulation Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb. In this capacity he soon became intensely interested in the possible utilization of two new devices, the manometric capsule and the phonau-



Seat in the trees at the Bell homestead, Tutela Heights, near Brantford, where the inventor of the telephone was wont to sit in the open air in recovering his health and where he is said to have pondered the telephone problem.



Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the famous inventor of the telephone, from his latest photograph.

tograph, in the teaching of speech to the deaf.

These two instruments were founded on the mechanisms of the human ear. The manometric capsule consisted of a cavity in a piece of wood, divided into two portions by a partition of gold-beater's skin. One compartment was connected with a gas-pipe, so that it could be filled with gas, which was lighted at a burner let into one side of the capsule. The other compartment was connected with a speaking tube. Whenever a noise was made in the tube, the vibrations of the air were communicated through the membrane to the gas, and thence to the flame. The flame moved up and down just as many hundred times per second as the voice vibrated. On looking at the reflection of

the flame in a mirror, which was kept rapidly revolving, the most beautiful appearances presented themselves. Every different sound that was uttered in the tube caused the flame to assume a new aspect in the mirror.

The other instrument, the phonograph, consisted of a speaking trumpet, closed at one end by a stretched membrane, to which was attached a light lever of wood. The membrane vibrated when a sound was made, and communicated the vibration to the wooden style. The long arm of the lever was caused to scratch a line upon a piece of smoked glass. It was found that each different sound was represented by a particular curved line upon the glass.

EXPERIMENTED WITH HUMAN EAR.

In the mind of the young inventor the likeness between these instruments, particularly between the mechanism of the phonautograph and that of the human ear, was striking, the membrane of the one being loaded by a lever of wood, and the membrane of the other by levers of bone. It appeared to him that a phonautograph modeled after the pattern of the human ear would probably produce more accurate tracings of speech-vibrations than the imperfect instrument with which he was operating. He consulted a distinguished aurist, who suggested that instead of trying to make a phonautograph modeled after the pattern of the human ear, he should attempt to use a human ear itself, taken from a dead subject, as a phonautograph. This he did, securing a specimen which consisted of a portion of the human ear containing the membrane of the tympanum with two bones attached, and a third removed, for which he substituted a style of hay attached to the incus. He

moistened the membrane with glycerine and water, and arranged a sort of speaking tube to take the place of the outer ear. When a person sang or spoke into this ear he was delighted to observe the vibration of all parts, and the style of hay vibrated with such amplitude as to enable him to obtain tracings of the vibrations on smoked glass.

Returning to Brantford to visit his parents during the summer of 1874, Mr. Bell continued his experiments with this ear, and while thus engaged conceived the idea of a speaking telephone. Gradually it took definite form. Once possessed of it, the problem which confronted him was how to move a piece of steel in the way that the air was moved by the action of the voice. The phonautograph constructed from the human ear with which he was experimenting suggested the solution. The membrane of this ear could not have been half an inch in diameter and appeared as thin as tissue paper. He was struck by the disproportion in weight between the



The Bell homestead at Tutela Heights, Brantford, where Alexander Graham Bell, invented the telephone in 1874, while spending the summer with his father.



The Bell memorial which Brantford will rear in 1913 to mark the city as the birth-place of the telephone and perpetuate the name and fame of the inventor, Alexander Graham Bell.

membrane and the bones that were moved by it, and it occurred to him that if such a thin and delicate membrane could move bones that were, relatively to it, very massive indeed, why should not a larger and stouter membrane be able to move a piece of steel in the manner he desired? At once the conception of a membrane speaking telephone became complete in his mind, for he saw that a similar instrument to that used as a transmitter could also be employed as a receiver.

THE FIRST PRACTICAL TEST.

"To be or not to be."

In Brantford in 1876 was made the first practical test of the transmission of speech by wire.

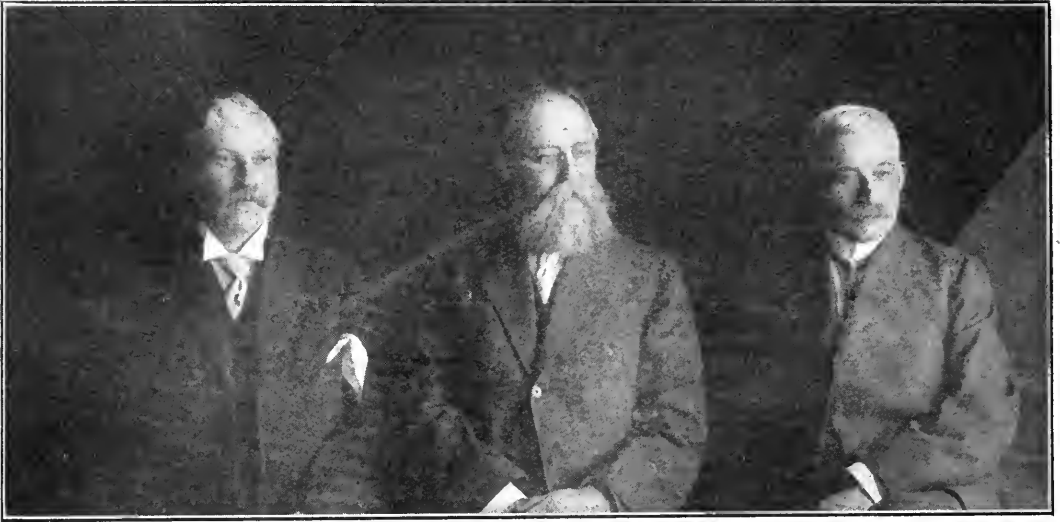
For two years the inventor had been engaged in devising his appliances with which to bring his invention into being. The instruments were constructed at Boston, where experiments were carried on but unsatisfactorily, and in the summer of 1876 Mr. Bell again returned to his father's home to continue his tests.

When finally the instruments had been remodelled to his satisfaction, he arranged that the first long-distance test over wire should be made. The details were completed by which the wires of the Dominion Telegraph Company between Brantford and Mount Pleasant, a distance of six miles, were utilized for the purpose. The appliances were such that a transmission could be effected only in one direction, the instruments for reciprocal communication not yet having been devised.

Accordingly, Mr. Bell arranged that his uncle, David Bell, should go to the telegraph office at Brantford and between certain hours on a given day keep up a continuous stream of conversation or singing at the transmitter, while the inventor himself should take up his post at the receiver at Mount Pleasant.

Finally the hour of the test came—a critical moment in the history of the world. Bell anxiously awaited the result, on which hung honor and fame.

The verdict was not long delayed. "At the stipulated time for the commencement



Brantford called in a committee of judges of art to select the design of the Bell memorial. The experts, as shown above, reading from left to right, are: Senator Hill, New York; Sir Edmund Walker, Toronto; Sir George Gibbons, London.

of the test," he says in relating his experience, "first I heard a cough, then a voice and then slowly but distinctly there came over the wire the words: 'to be or not to be.'"

It was to be.

Almost like a fairy tale is the story of subsequent experiments in the vicinity of the Bell homestead. Mr. Bell's father, anxious that Brantford people should "hear the thing talk," suggested that an effort be made to connect the house with the telegraph wire which ran along the main highway a half mile distant. Accordingly the young inventor secured all the stove pipe wire in the town and strung it from the road to his father's home, running the wiring along the fence tops, and thus establishing a connection. A large party of Brantfordites was then invited to Tutela Heights, as also some distinguished public men, and a delightful evening was spent by the visitors on the spacious porch and lawn, in listening to messages of speech and song, transmitted from Brantford.

WIRELESS TELEPHONES ARE COMING.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell is one of the world's most interesting characters—a man with hobbies and eccentricities. I had the pleasure of interviewing him but once some years ago. Interviewers are well aware that he invariably rises late in the

morning and works late into the night. "Come to see me almost anytime but make it late" is his customary reply to acquaintances who desire a quiet talk with him. And a charming personality he is, elderly, tall, and imposing, dignified in bearing, and scholarly in his speech, with his heart centred in the work of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and his mind drifting occasionally to his latest hobby—flying machines.

"What is the future of the telephone?" I once asked him.

"I cannot speak from direct knowledge or research," he replied promptly, "as I have not in years been connected with telephone work or companies, but I believe as I have always done that the future of the telephone is almost limitless."

"Do you consider wireless telephones a possibility?"

"Most decidedly. I believe they will come in time."

But this is merely a single side of Prof. Bell's personality. He plays and sings excellently, reads extensively even in his busy moments, and in manifold ways is a most delightful character with whom to spend a pleasant evening.

BELL MEMORIAL MOVEMENT.

The movement to perpetuate the name and fame of the inventor and to clinch

the title of Telephone City for Brantford for all time, was inaugurated in 1904 on the suggestion of W. F. Cockshutt, M.P., who was then president of the Brantford Board of Trade. Mr. Cockshutt was dispatched to Washington to secure from Dr. Bell an authoritative statement as to Brantford's claim to the invention, which he did, and shortly afterwards the Bell Memorial Association was organized.

After due consideration it was agreed that the form the memorial should take should be a monument in Brantford and a park at the Bell homestead. To carry out this scheme subscription lists were opened and approximately \$60,000 has been raised, including the lands now in the hands of the association. The total cost of the project will probably be \$65,000. The Bell homestead property has already been acquired and vested in the hands of the Brantford parks' commission, as also a suitable site for the monument in the city. The old home of the inventor will be preserved intact, and will be open to the public at all seasonable times.

Financial aid for the undertaking has been advanced from all parts of the world. King George, who as Prince of Wales headed the patronage list, has taken an active interest in the association, as has also Lord Strathcona, who is the honorary president. On the occasion of the tour of the present King and Queen through Canada as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, they were presented at Brantford with a silver telephone, fully equipped for long distance service, Alexander Melville Bell, the father of the inventor, making the presentation, in which the royal visitors evinced a deep interest.

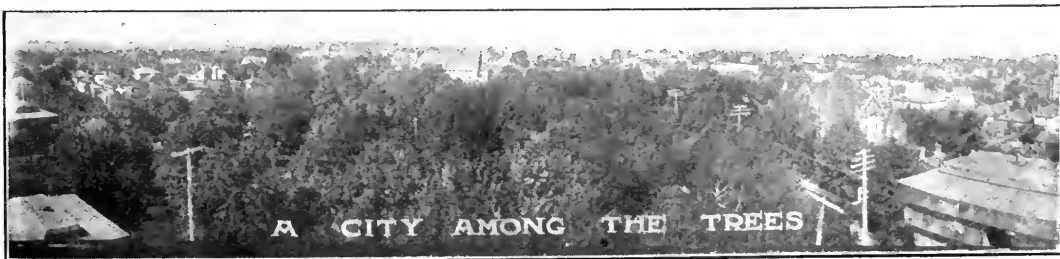
UNIQUE MONUMENT TO INVENTOR.

The choosing of an appropriate design for the monument offered no little diffi-

culty to the association, in consequence of which it was decided to place the selection in the hands of an independent commission of prominent men, well qualified for the task. The members invited to serve in this capacity included Sir Edmund Walker, of Toronto, Sir George Gibbons, of London, and State Senator Hill, of New York, all of whom consented to act. Ten designs were submitted in response to the call for models of monuments to cost \$25,000. After a careful scrutiny the committee decided on the design of Sculptor W. S. Allward, of Toronto, to whom the association executive later awarded the contract for the work.

The successful design, of which an illustration is presented, has been made as wide as possible so as to express the idea of great space between the two allegorical figures representing the speaker and the listener. The dominant notes expressed are Man discovering his power to transmit sound through space as shown in three floating figures representing the three messengers of Knowledge, Joy and Sorrow, and secondly, Humanity sending and receiving messages as represented by two heroic figures at either side. A portrait in relief of Bell also appears, while on the back of the design are four pillasters, on the top of each being emblems of the most important nations of the world, between which run the lines of telephone and binding the whole is the line of the earth's curvature, expressing the world-wide use of the telephone. The pedestal will be of granite and the figures of "Humanity" and the relief of Bell in standard bronze.

The formal unveiling of the monument, which will take place in the summer of 1913, will probably be made the occasion of a notable celebration in Brantford.



“Just Jane”

By

B. MacArthur

JANE did not have wistful brown eyes; nor a retrousse nose; nor small scarlet lips; nor any of the other things that heroines ought to have. She did not bewitch one with her vivacity, nor make one want to paint her and call the picture “Dusk”; nor did she give one a sense of serenity when one was in her presence. She was not very tall, nor very small, nor very blonde, nor very dark. She was just a girl—very much like hundreds of other girls, and if she had any particularly noticeable attribute, those who came in contact with her would have said it was that she was unnoticeable. She was a stenographer in a down-town office, and one of the reasons that her employer engaged her was this very same lack of attracting attention. She came and went regularly each day, took dictation in a most unassuming manner, and her employer first sighed with satisfaction and then got as used to her presence as he was to his big waste-paper basket, at which he never looked, but simply tore things up and threw them where he knew it ought to be.

Nevertheless, Jane was immaculately neat and trim, and had an air of youth which was in itself fetching. So when she married a young man very much like hundreds of other young men, nobody was much surprised. The wedding did not cause any comment whatsoever, except that Jane’s employer rebelled at her leaving, and offered her an increase in salary if she would stay. Jane was pleased, but nevertheless bade them good-bye without show of emotion. As she shook hands with the youngest clerk, he whispered, “Say, if I can ever be of any use to you, let me know, will you?”

“Yes, indeed,” replied she, and departed.

Jane had always had a secret longing to live in the country, and when she became engaged John offered this prospect as an added inducement to an early wedding. Those were great days, those Saturdays and Sundays when they prowled about the country together, looking for a house that would do. But there were many things to be considered—nearness to town, the train service, etc., and, above all, the rent; for John’s salary was not very large, and he was in every respect situated just like hundreds of other young men. At any rate, before long Jane found herself (as so many people do) compromising by living in Suburbville and enjoying the trials and triumphs of suburban life.

She had one servant—a big, pleasant Irish creature—who did the cooking and washing. Jane did all the rest, as was right and proper. Nevertheless, there was a great deal to do. Besides all the details to be remembered and attended to each day, besides all the actual labor of the hands which falls to the lot of the tidy housewife, she did much typewriting for John, and kept his clothes in the most perfect order. When the babies began to come, she kept them in the same immaculate state of cleanliness, so far as it is possible to keep babies immaculate. She often wished for another servant, but it never occurred to her to complain because she couldn’t have one. There wouldn’t, to Jane’s mind, have been the least sense in complaining, because she knew very well that John’s salary did not include two servants.

John was at the office all day, so of course he did not realize how much Jane had to do, and how incessantly she worked. It is true that there are some women who have constitutions of iron, and who tramp about looking for dust and dirt as blithely at nine o'clock of an evening as they do when the six o'clock whistles rouses them from their slumbers. But even as Jane was not particularly tall or short, nor extraordinary in any way whatsoever, neither was she particularly strong. John was also dimly conscious of this, but, like so many other young husbands, he did not really give the matter much thought. All he knew was that things at home were less what shall we say?—attractive. The wear and tear was beginning to show: the furniture looked a little battered; the house needed paint; the lawn was somewhat ragged-looking; the children were at a gawky age; Jane—yes, *Jane* looked very nearly sloppy. She no longer wore neat white collars and cuffs, or pretty, plain white dresses in summer. Calico and gingham had undoubtedly taken the place of the tasteful gowns in her trim little trousseau—now long since passed away. There were fewer and fewer small surprises at supper, fewer cheery talks in the evening when the children were in bed, and there were absolutely no pleasant trips to baseball games and happy, aimless excursions on holidays. When one is dead-tired physically, one finds one has a sad lack of spontaneity mentally. And Jane was always very tired by supper-time. Of course John was tired, too, but, then, he was supposed to be, and therein lay all the difference. It was Jane who was supposed to take his mind off business by cheerily talking of entertaining things, but when one's mind has been taken up all day with dust-pans, scrubbing-water, and schemes for cheaper catering, one does not easily fly into high-flown language about the opera, the latest fashions from France, or even the ambitions that lie nearest one's heart. And Jane was ambitious—ambitious for John, just as a man's wife ought to be, and, better still, she really believed it was only a question of time when John would make his mark and set up in business for himself. She had planned a college education for the two little boys, and other good things for them all. In the meantime, however, things were taking on a some-

what monotonous appearance, and life was—well, life was almost “dingy.” John himself realized it subconsciously. But he did not grumble nor complain; he simply ceased to make a point of taking the early train, and by and by he did not come home to supper at all if he did not want to. After the first few anxious times, Jane got used to it, and did not worry. “Business had detained him,” he had said, and Jane did not ask for any explicit explanation. She was to have it all explained quite completely, however, later on. One evening in March she was walking through the shopping district towards the railroad station, having spent the entire day comparing prices and making her necessary purchases as cheaply as possible. As she passed a confectioner's, she happened to glance inside, and there, sitting at a small marble table beneath a ring of electric lights, sat John, chatting gaily with a well-dressed though somewhat flashy-looking woman. Jane was almost on the point of dashing in and congratulating herself upon finding him just in time to make the train, but something chilly crept round her heart, and she simply stood and gazed at them instead. She looked at the woman's pony-coat and white gloves, at the hat with the gaily nodding plumes, at the interested, animated expression in John's face. Had *she* ever made him look so? A sudden memory of old times and light-heartedness came over her. She looked down at her own faded ulster, and then at the woman with John. A gust of wind blew the dust from the street into her eyes, and as she clung to her hat, she looked again. It was hard to say how old the woman was, for she was very well made up, but John's wife felt sure she was older than he, even though she might not look it. So Jane resolutely turned away and headed for the railroad station.

There is in every woman's make-up a tigress that sooner or later takes command. And now Jane's hour had come. The creature tore madly at her heart for some time after she got aboard the train, but she got it under control before she reached home, so that by the time the kiddies ran out to greet her, she had made up her mind not to say anything to John. After all, she thought, things *had* been dull at home. It had been almost a year

since she had planned a surprise for him at supper, for instance, and that was the way things were all thorough. She ran down to the grocery-store and bought some mushrooms—John used to love them, creamed in the chafing-dish. She got it out and dusted it off, set the table, and straightened up the room. She heard the 6.10 stop at the station. She put the mushrooms in the pan—he would be home any minute now. Jane went to the window. She was still there when the 7.10 went past, and she was there again for every train that evening. But John did not come until the 11.23. When he came, the dinner things were all put away, of course; so he never knew what a crooked little smile Jane gave as she threw away the burned mushrooms. What is quite so dead a thing as a surprise that has not come off?

He murmured something about "detraining business," but Jane simply said: "How did you enjoy the play?"

The next night Jane was sitting by the lamp, darning socks, and knowing perfectly what was going to happen—that there would be no John until the late train. She did not sigh, nor look pensive and unhappy, nor think of better days; she simply sewed with determined, unnatural vigor. Cornelia, the old Irish woman, clumped into the room, a soiled dish-rag over her arm. She had been crying. Jane asked her what was the matter. After a series of strange sounds and sniffings, Cornelia gave vent to her feelings in a sort of wail.

"Ye poor dear—'tain't right. Do something," and she fled.

After she had gone, Jane went on sewing for a while. Then, rising suddenly, she went close to the mirror and looked into its depths for a long while. What she saw was—just Jane—Jane, not very tall, not very blonde, not very young; Jane a little faded, a little thin, a little soiled, a little bitter. It was the last named that frightened her—she had despised it so in other women, and had congratulated herself that with her it would all be different. She agreed with Cornelia: she must "do something."

Spring weather had set in, and a great many people were trooping out to the just-opening amusement parks. It was at one of these that John had spent the

evening, and, after seeing the sights with the flashily-dressed lady of the confectioner's shop, he took her into the cafe for a little refreshment. He had hardly been seated long enough to glance over the bill of fare when a woman walked by him, escorted by a man whose appearance was familiar to John. He was the youngest clerk in the office of Jane's former employer, and John had always felt that Jane could have married him if she chose; so he watched his one-time rival with interest, as he guided his companion, a very well-dressed, rather middle-sized woman, to a table. As they seated themselves, she laughed gaily and looked around the room. She was made up so well that one had to look closely before being sure that she was made up at all. Her hair was delightfully Marcelled; the eyes, blackened only at the corners, looked deep and almond-shaped; the lips were scarlet and smiling. It was not until they had finished their refreshments and begun to walk towards him that John recognized Jane. He flushed to the roots of his hair, and, excusing himself to his companion, walked up behind them and accosted Jane's escort.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I will see this lady home."

And he did. When they reached the station platform at Suburbville, John said in a strange voice, "For heaven's sake, Jane, let us go home, where you can wash off this paint and powder!"

And Jane replied tranquilly, "I'm so sorry you don't like it. Jim does, so I always wear it when I go out with him. But you *must* allow me to powder my nose."

For two months she did not sew a button on John's clothes, or darn a sock, or straighten out his bureau drawers. She engaged another servant, and she bought a variety of nice clothes, sending the bills to John. He was not a bad sport, and had a fair sense of humor, so he paid as many of them as he could. For two months Jane did not refrain from treating herself to the theatre nor to any delicacy which she might choose for the table. She had her hours of horror as to what would come of it all—and *when* the sheriff would walk in after it was all over—but she was game and she went on, regardless of the future. Somehow, it would

have to take care of itself. John began coming home regularly at half after six o'clock, and one evening, when he did so, instead of finding Jane with the Marcel wave and the powdered nose, he found Jane of the faded gingham dress and the smooth, straight hair. She was sitting by the window, with the children on each side of her, and John stood still for a long while and watched her. She was telling them a story, and they had promised to go to bed, without protest, in exchange for the Prodigal Son told for the hundredth time. John listened to the old tale, too.

"Kind of hard on the one 'at was good all the time," said the older boy thoughtfully.

Then John cleared his throat and walked in.

"Here, you kids," he said, after they had greeted him, "run away to bed now!"

"We've got new ones," announced Tim, the smaller of the two—"have you seen 'em? Ma says the old ones were too shabby."

John suffered himself to be led into the next room to view the new beds. When he came back, Jane said supper was ready, and although he tried to bring the conversation to the point he wanted it, she frustrated every effort. After supper she lit the lamp, and, seating herself beside it, picked up a basket of socks, extracted one, spread out the heel on the palm of her hand, threaded a needle, and began darning. John watched her for a while through the smoke of his pipe. He look-

ed around upon the shabby little home—something swelled in his throat. He laid down his pipe, crossed over, and sat down on the floor at Jane's feet. She went on darning.

"Jane," he began.

"Well?" asked Jane. But she did not look at him.

"Jane," he said again, and, reaching up, he drew the sock slowly away. She jabbed the needle into it, dropped her eyes to his, and John possessed himself humbly of her hands. His voice wavered, but he said clearly:

"I'm an idiot, dear, a great hulking brute and a fool. I'm not good enough to be allowed to sit here at your feet—but if you'll forgive me, I won't be such an ass again. When I think of the disappointment I've been all along—the quitting, irresponsible shirk—and how I've let you work as you have without the least appreciation from me—it makes me feel as if you never could forgive me; but, Jane, if you can——"

She had intended to forgive him, of course, but she meant to do it in an unemotional, maternal sort of way, so she withdrew one hand for the purpose of patting him on the head, and saying, "Certainly," or, "Of course," and changing the subject. But when she felt the smooth dark hair beneath her palm, something gave way within her, and her arm slipped around his neck.

"I don't care what you are," she sobbed, "so long as you're *mine*!"



Accidents and Discoveries

By

H. Mortimer Batten

Editor's Notes—A piece of moss hid the silver of Gowganda mining camp. When it was dislodged a prospector, who was on the verge of starvation, made his fortune. There are hundreds of incidents such as that. "Accidents and Discoveries" is a collection of such incidents, made in Canada by Mr. Batten.

A GREAT many of the richest gold grounds have been located by men who, at the moment of their good fortune, were as little expecting to find gold as the old lady who was presented with the fabulous goose. Sometimes a wild animal has played the part of lucky medium, as for instance, in the case of the half-breed mountaineer, Paul des Reque, who, overtaken by sickness when alone in the Cariboo Hills, had laid himself down to die when he saw a Big Horn ram advancing along a ledge two hundred feet above his head. Steadying himself against an adjacent boulder, the half-breed lifted his rifle and fired. Down came the Big Horn, striking the ground almost at his feet, a cloud of dust and pebbles following the massive body in its descent. With prayers of thankfulness des Reque crept forward, but imagine his complete bewilderment and joy on discovering that the dust that had fallen was thickly charged with precious yellow grains!

No less extraordinary than the good fortune of the half-breed, was that which befell a young Englishman named Jim Shannan, and his Canadian partner, Anse Cobet in the autumn of 1901, when exploring the slopes of the Rocky Mountains in the North Thompson district.

It seems that from the very outset of the trip misfortune had dogged the steps of the adventurers, though not till food and

ammunition had almost run out did they turn their faces towards the south, hoping for a better season with the traps.

But misfortune had not yet finished with the pair. On the second day of the homeward journey, Anse fell ill with a severe attack of mountain fever, and a stiff dose of pepsissewa tea failed to take the desired effect. That night, to add to their plight, their solitary pack horse broke his hobbles and stampeded, nor did he put in an appearance when morning came.

The remainder of the journey was one long succession of hunger and privation. It was nine days before the two men sighted their *cache*—a small black speck across the vast stretches of timber to the east; and in the meantime they had followed a stream, and lived almost entirely on the fish they succeeded in catching with their hands. Both were lean and gaunt and hungry-looking, resembling more closely a pair of famished grey wolves than human beings. Both were without food and without ammunition, and about on their last legs.

"Home, Anse! Home!" cried Jim, and Anse hoarsely echoed his words. It seemed that new strength suddenly possessed their limbs. For Home it was—that small black speck on the horizon! Home that meant food and warmth and comfort, and

everything that makes life worth living to the lonely frontiersman.

But what a home awaited them! As the two neared the tiny hut, they saw to their horror that a hole, large enough to admit a coyote, had been gnawed through the door. All round the threshold was a litter of splinters, that showed how diligently the jaws of the housebreaker had been at work. With a cry of consternation, Jim ran forward, anxious to ascertain the exact extent of the damage.

A scene of disaster met his gaze. Round the doorway lay an incongruous pile of household goods that had proved too large or too cumbersome to drag outside through the opening. Muddy pawmarks stained the floor, and a fusty, unpleasant odor pervaded the atmosphere. From the appearance of the place one would certainly have thought that a troop of monkeys had been amusing themselves by turning it upside down. Certainly it seemed that every wild animal in the district had marked the departure of the two men, and unanimously agreed to hold a feast in the hut by way of celebrating the event.

Jim and Anse expressed their feelings in one word, much used throughout the West. Then, heedless of the disorder, Jim set to work to find out whether any of the stores were left. In one corner stood a sack of rice which had been ripped open, and from the trail of grains that ran from the sack to the doorway it was evident that its contents had been carried away by instalments. A chunk of bacon had been dragged from the hook on which it hung, as a tuft of rind, impaled on the point of the hook, bore adequate testimony. The flour bin had been upset, and the visitors, on finding no immediate use for the flour, had proceeded to roll in it, clean their paws in it, and make merry generally. Certainly these visitors had left no stone unturned in order to produce the desired effect.

"We've someone to thank for all this," said Anse vindictively, as he opened a tin of condensed milk that Jim had unearthed.

"Just wish we knew who it was," said the younger man, still rummaging among the ruins.

Anse ceased in his task for a moment and sniffed the air suspiciously. Looking up Jim followed his example.

"Smells to me something like a skunk,"

observed the latter, placing a handful of rice at his partners disposal.

The Canadian shook his head. Searching round he indicated a small footprint on the ground at his feet. It was unmistakably the mark of a wolverine.

"But he hasn't done all this?" insisted Jim, gazing despondently at the melee.

"Perhaps not," muttered Anse. "Looks to me as though there's been a fair party of them at it. But he began it anyway, and it was his idea. O, you don't know him!" he went on, waxing vehement. "He's a beast!—a little beast! Creeps about all season and watches you—watches everything. Knows when you come and when you go. Sees where you set the traps, then robs them. When your back's turned he's all there, but when you come back he ain't anywhere." He sunk back with a weary sigh, and gazed sombrely at Jim, who was doing his best to prepare a meal from the unpromising materials.

"Anse," said Jim, when they had eaten what little there was, "I'm still almighty hungry. You stop here and rest, while I go round with the gun."

But this opened up a new line of enquiry. There was the old muzzle loader, safe and sound, but where was the ammunition? They searched the shack in silence, but nowhere could the powder flask be found. Presently the two went outside, and discovered that a distinct runway extended from the door of the hut to a blueberry clump near by. And here—under the dripping entanglement was the place that the diligent mischief-worker had seen fit to deposit the spoils.

Two spoons, a knife, a fleshhook, an old dog collar and several other oddments, together with the battered powder flask, lay saturated on the trodden earth. Pouring out sufficient powder for two good charges, the men dried it carefully over the stove, and this done, they were ready to start.

"You stop and rest, Anse," said Jim, but Anse insisted on accompanying him. It was already dark, but there was a promise of a good moon to assist them in their hunting on which so much depended. They hoped at least to bag a gopher; though desperate with hunger, no risks would have proved too great for the men to face. They walked in silence, each too fagged to talk, but presently, as they reached the crest of a steep divide, Anse

remarked—"Moose about. We'd best make for the lake."

They turned down a narrow clearing which led towards the foot of the slope, where the lake nestled between the sheltering fir woods. In the meantime Jim dropped two heavy balls into the barrels of the old gun, on top of the charge of shot, while Anse stripped a long roll of bark from the trunk of a birch tree and fashioned a moose-call. Thus equipped, they crept stealthily towards a clump of brush that grew at the edge of the wide margin running between the water and the wood. They knew that it was along this margin that any moose or caribou that happened to be in the district were likely to appear. On such a place as this the great animals would fight their moonlight battles, arrange their love-matches, and revel in the cool splendor of the shadowy lowlands.

Noiselessly the two crept forward, and laid themselves down on the soft carpet of moss. Everything ready, Anse placed his lips to the bark trumpet, and let forth a deep, rumbling groan, alternating and sad, like the groan of a wounded Buffalo.

The echoes came and went through the dark woods and sped away into distance through the open forest vistas. A long pause, then again the rumbling call—the call which attracts the bull moose, but for some reason known only to himself, for it resembles little the call of his mate. Then the two crouched down, listening, watching—every nerve of their bodies tense.

So much depended upon the issue of that unlovely sound. Were they successful in securing a moose, their present misery would be ended, and they would have meat enough to supply them till they had safely reached civilization.

For a time all was silent. Somewhere in the dark expanse behind, sounded the harsh, strident scream of a lynx. Presently the great round moon peeped over the rugged buttes, and the lake before them shone in its soft light like a dazzling sheet of silver. A giant root, which lay partly submerged, looked like a great octopus that had crept near the edge to peer round at the outer world.

"Look!" whispered Anse. "Look!"

Jim looked, but he could see only the root in the direction his partner was gaz-

ing. But as he watched, the root began to move; the tortuous arms began to rear further out of the water, inch by inch, till at last the dark base to which they belonged became visible above the surface. And behind the arms the men saw two black projections which waved backwards and forwards, as though returning a reply to the hunter's call by semaphore. "Moose!" muttered Jim, with thumping heart.

Again Anse lifted the trumpet to his lips, and let forth a low, querulous growl. The two black projections jerked forward and with a strange little grunt the bull came shambling out of the water, the spray sparkling like precious jewels from beneath his spreading hoofs. Without pausing to shake himself, the monster jogged straight ahead towards the brush thicket.

Slowly Jim lifted the gun. His nerves were calm and his hands were steady as with cool deliberation he sighted at the heaving flank of his quarry.

Piff! Oh, horror! The weapon had missed fire! Only a few feet separated the two men and the great brown avalanche of destruction. Again Jim carefully sighted and this time a deafening report responded to his touch on the trigger. But at the critical moment the bull threw back his head. There was a hollow click, and the vibrating buzz of a bullet as it sped on into space. A tuft of hair flew from the bull's coat. He stopped, and with an absurd little squeal bucked into the air like a turbulent bronco, scattering the moist sand under his formidable hoofs.

"Run!" cried Anse. "Run!"

Over the loose ground the two men scattered towards the nearest tree, which happened to be a slender, wind-scragged larch. Glancing round, Jim saw that the moose was standing stock still, watching them stupidly. At first the Englishman thought that the animal was badly hit, but a shout from Anse put him on his guard. The next minute two sweeping antlers cut through the air only a few inches beneath Jim's feet.

"Better not climb too high," said Anse, with grim humor. "This larch isn't licensed to carry more than one."

Certainly it was not. When the two had reached a safe distance from the ground it began to betray ominous symptoms of capsizing.

As Jim looked down at the snorting moose he was filled with contempt and disgust for his own marksmanship. The bullet had merely carried off a point of the animal's antler, producing nothing more serious than a momentary stunning effect, while the shot had stung the creature into a fury which would take some time to wear off. It seemed that another night of cold and misery lay before them, and they tightened their belts in readiness for the promised siege.

"Seems to me, Anse," quoth Jim, "that you and I are the two unluckiest men south of the Arctic Circle."

"We are having a spell of it," Anse agreed. "Guess that first shot of yours would have fixed him all right."

Jim had often thought, but now he was certain, that Anse was one of Nature's gentlemen. For a time they sat in silence, thinking of their useless rifles that lay in the hut, while the moose, red-eyed and snorting, hurled chunks of trodden moss at them which he pawed up with his knife-edged hoofs.

"Anse," said Jim at last, "do you think I could reach down and lambast him with the gun?" Anse shook his head. "It ain't wise to try," he answered. "There's no telling when a moose will stand up on his hind legs and then—if he hits you! Think I'll just give another call. I can't make the matter worse, anyway."

The sound of the call increased the fury of the moose to boiling point. Pounding the earth he began to snort a challenge to the whole moose population of the north. at the same time devoting his energies to the task of clearing away the undergrowth. This went on for nearly an hour, when suddenly the moose "froze"—remained still, and stared with fixed intentness along the margin. Then, full into the moonlight, not fifty yards away, the men saw a second majestic rival for this mystical caller appear. It was a small bull, lighter in color than the first, and evidently younger. For a second the two animals glared at each other, then with a squeal like the sound of a child's tin trumpet, the newcomer blundered headlong over the rocks, towards his adversary.

For a time the two men forgot their hunger and misery as they peered through the drooping branches of the larch. Anything in the line of a fight pleased them

vastly. Often had Jim heard of the frantic battles that take place between the rivals of these great antlered cattle, but now such a combat was going on before his very eyes.

And what a fight it was! Grunting and straining the two mighty adversaries toiled in vain to outmatch each other's strength, and each might have been the mirrored reflection of the other, so simultaneous were their movements. The scintillating of dilated eyes, the black, prancing shadows of the two combatants, and the peaceful background of moonlit waters presented a picture that to the young Englishman, can never lose its vividness.

But bit by bit the dark bull was gaining ground, and the hopes of the two watchers were sinking fast, when the unexpected happened. Suddenly the light bull seemed to crumble up, and the next second the two staggered forward in a wildly struggling heap.

When they arose, it was clear to the most unobservant eye that something was out of order. Instead of being head to head as before, the two animals were now almost at a right angle from one another, their antlers locked together in a deadly embrace.

"This is where we come in," said Anse, and was about to climb down when Jim caught him by the arm.

"Look! Look!" muttered the latter, in a tense whisper. A slight movement in an adjacent thicket had attracted his notice, and a second later the men knew that a third watcher had witnessed the duel, anxious to profit thereby. A low, heavy animal, that moved with the slovenly slouch of a bear, crept out from the shadows, and with a muffled snarl approached the two helpless moose, now struggling wildly to free themselves.

"Say!" whispered Anse, "this looks like our old pard! Now if we were out on a natural history trip."

"God!" broke in Jim, enthusiastically, "If that don't beat all creation! Talk about pluck—"

Words may be adequate in describing the ordinary scenes of life, but here Jim found that they failed him.

The wolverine, however, was in no mood to gratify their expectations, and to put an end to it all by a deed of reckless bravery. He could wait; if you know the

wolverine you will understand that it is part of his business to wait; he has learnt the wisdom of it. At a slow, regular walk he proceeded to circle round the unhappy pair, in a horribly suggestive manner. Round and round he slouched, round and round, never looking up, never altering his pace, till the two frantic moose, horrified beyond endurance, staggered to the top of a large boulder of rock that slanted up from the ground.

The next instant one of the two had overstepped the edge. For a matter of ten feet they fell together, but when they reached the ground the larger bull was limp and lifeless, his neck broken. The survivor freed himself from the heavy bulk, and lifting his massive head lurched drunkenly towards the forest. But in that momentary glimpse the men saw that one of his antlers—the pride of his life, the source of his power—was missing!

Laboriously they climbed down from the larch. At last their luck had taken a turn for the better. Here was meat—fresh meat, enough and to spare, supplied them by the ordinary course of nature.

As they drew near, the wolverine looked up over the carcase of the moose, and snarled decisively. Then, seeing no better cover, he slouched sulkily into a hollow at the base of the rock.

The men lit a fire, and set to work to

appease their ravenous hunger. It is when the stomach is full that old scores are remembered and old enmities revived, and Anse, glancing maliciously towards the cranny, recalled the scene of disorder that had greeted their return to the hut that night.

Very deliberately he got up, and taking a handful of dry leaves, he piled them up at the mouth of the little cavern. These he lighted, and holding a heavy stone in his hand stood waiting for the wolverine to appear.

He had not long to wait. A stifled snarl, a flash of inexpressibly savage eyes, and the animal crawled to the entrance of the cranny, more dead than alive, to be stretched quivering with one well aimed blow. Anxious to do the job thoroughly, Anse proceeded to beat the limp body into a pulp, and while thus employed it slowly dawned upon him that the stone he was holding was extraordinarily heavy for its size. That led him to examine it, and as he did so a muffled exclamation broke from his lips. The quartz was plugged with pure, free gold!

At the feet of the two men lay a fortune. It was some minutes before they could grasp the fact. Then, having no lucid explanation, they were compelled to take refuge in a commonplace.

"Hell!" said Cobet. Jim echoed it.

THE OLD NURSE.

Within the cradle of her arm

To-day I had a peep,

A tired child, secure from harm,

Therein was fast asleep.

I gazed upon her furrowed face

Set with kind eyes of grey,

And thought how in that safe embrace

Two generations lay.

But far from here they walk alone—

She saw their first, faint stir—

And wrapt in comforts of their own,

How many think of her?

Alas! the after years sometimes

In gratitude beget—

He who the star-decked mountain climbs,

May upward paths forget.

—*Alexander Louis Fraser.*

The Affair of the Protocol

By

John Reed Scott

Author of "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars," "Beatrix of Clare," "The Woman in Question,"
"The Imposter," etc.

THE telephone rang. I picked up the receiver and answered.

"Who is this?" came a masculine voice.

"Who is it you want?" I demanded sharply. If there is one thing that irritates me, it is to be called on the telephone and, when I answer, to be met with such a question.

"I want to know who this is?" said the voice again.

"Didn't *you* call *me*?" I shouted.

"That is just what I'm trying to find out," was the placid reply.

"Well, you want to take a fresh start," said I, and hung up the receiver.

I was a bit testy, I suppose. I'd been at the French Ambassador's until midnight, and then at the Woodworth's ball until three. It was now ten; I had just arisen. I was wanting my coffee and to be let alone.

In a moment the telephone rang again. I glared at it and went on with my dressing. It rang again, then again. I snatched up the receiver.

"Well?" said I.

"Who is this?" asked the same voice.

"The devil," I answered savagely.

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing at all. Ring off, please—the line's growing hot."

Almost immediately it rang again.

"Whom do you want?" I asked.

"Is that Mr. Carter?" came the same voice.

"It is," said I. "You could have learned it sooner if you had asked it."

"This is the State Department, Mr. Carter," he went on, ignoring my remark. "The Secretary would like to see you immediately."

"Who's talking?" I demanded.

"Graves."

"Oh, I didn't recognize your voice."

"I recognized yours."

"I suppose so," said I. "Tell the Secretary I'll be there in half an hour—just as soon as I can get a bite of breakfast."

Thirty minutes later, I walked into the anteroom, greeted Graves, and was instantly shown into the inner office.

The Secretary was standing by the window. He swung around, at my entrance, and came forward with hand extended—a nervously-quiet man, of medium size and slender, with a narrow, almost ascetic face, a tiny brown mustache just streaked with gray, and sparse hair that parted in the middle.

"I'm glad, indeed, to see you, Carter," said he. "It is fortunate you are in town. We need your help—more, even, than in the De Lorg and Camperton affairs."

"It is at your disposal," I returned. "What can I do?"

He motioned to a chair. "Sit down and let me tell you the little I know."

"About the subject under discussion," I interpolated.

He smiled, passed me a cigar, and resumed his seat at the large flat table. I took the place opposite.

"I have lost a most valuable document," he said. "It concerns, directly, Great Britain and the United States. Indirectly, it concerns Japan and Russia. If it were known to either—especially to Japan—it would precipitate international complications of the gravest nature. I should be compelled to resign, and the President to disavow my act. It is a secret understanding, whereby England and America agree to a certain unity of action in event of certain conduct by Japan or Russia. Do you want to know more of the contents?"

"No," said I. "It only increases the opportunity for leakage."

"I thought as much," he replied. "I remember your peculiarity."

"What are the facts of the loss?" I asked. "When did you miss it, and where was it seen last?"

"It was this way," he said. "Stuart, the British First Secretary, brought the tentative draft to me about three o'clock yesterday afternoon. It had the Ambassador's notations in red ink on the margin. I was just about to start for Chevy Chase to play golf with the President, so I put it in a small portfolio, such as is used in the Department, and took it with me, intending to go around to my house and leave it there for examination that evening. As we passed the White House gates, the President's car was just emerging. He hailed me, indicated the place beside him, and I rode out with him, leaving my own motor to follow. This, of course, obliged me to take the portfolio along to Chevy Chase. There I left it with the man at the desk, and saw him put it in the safe. When I came to leave, about half after six, the same man returned it, and I carried it to my car, which was driven directly home. I went straight to my library. There I found Mrs. Armstrong, much perturbed over a personal affair that had just arisen. We discussed this matter at some length, and ended by my accompanying her upstairs. I was absent from the room possibly twenty minutes, when I suddenly recollected that the portfolio was lying on the desk in the library. I hurried back. It was just as I had left it. I locked it in the safe. After dinner I had no opportunity to examine the protocol. This morning I took the portfolio from the safe and

brought it with me to the office. When I opened it, the protocol was missing."

"And then?" I asked.

"I telephoned you; or, rather, I told Graves to do so."

"The portfolio?" I queried, nodding to one that lay on the table.

"Yes," he said, and pushed it across.

It was like a lawyer's bag, of leather, folding in the middle, with a compartment on either side, but with three flaps instead of one, all locking through a staple in the front, thus securely closing the sides as well as the ends. The lock itself was a small affair, with the corrugated key typical of the kind.

"There are, naturally, other portfolios in your office," said I. "May I see the keys?"

Graves, being called, produced four, all similar to the one in question, but with keys varying slightly in the notches.

"You have made a practice of using this particular portfolio?" I asked.

"I have—I carry the key on my ring."

"And it is always about you?"

"It is."

"Even when you're in evening clothes?"

He nodded.

"Where do you put the ring at night?"

"On my dressing-table."

"At what hour did you retire last night?"

"Shortly after twelve."

"How many pages were in the protocol?"

"About twenty—large sized and typewritten—all in a blue back tied with tape."

"Has the Secret Service been informed?"

"No," said he; "I wanted to consult you first. I didn't know whether you desired assistance."

"I don't," said I. "I prefer to work alone unless I need them. Tell them, but don't tell them of me."

"We'll have to work quickly if we're to save anything from the enemy, so to speak; recover the protocol before it reaches the Japanese Ambassador," he continued.

"May I use your telephone?" I asked.

"You may use anything I have," said he, and passed the telephone across to me.

"Get me the Chevy Chase Club," I said to the operator.

In a moment the bell rang.

"Let me have the office. . . . I want to speak to the clerk with whom the Secretary of State left a package yesterday afternoon about four."

"Who is this?"

"The Secretary of State," said I.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Secretary. I am the man, Clark; I returned the portfolio when you were about to leave, you will remember."

"I know you did," said I. "But do you recall if some one asked for it in the meanwhile?"

"Certainly, sir; your secretary, Mr. Graves. He wanted to get some papers from it."

"Thank you. Good-by." I handed back the telephone. "Did you authorize Graves to put anything in the portfolio while it was at Chevy Chase?" I inquired. "Graves was in Baltimore yesterday. Moreover, he couldn't open the portfolio. He hasn't a key."

"Do you mind if I ask him—just formally to eliminate him?"

For answer, the Secretary pushed a button. Graves responded.

"Mr. Graves, where were you yesterday afternoon, between four and seven?" I inquired.

"In Baltimore, from four yesterday afternoon until seven this morning."

Armstrong nodded in dismissal. "That's all."

"You see," said I, "the protocol was stolen yesterday at Chevy Chase."

"But they had to have a key—the portfolio is not cut," he objected.

"A key or a substitute portfolio."

"This portfolio is the one I carried yesterday."

"You are sure?" I inquired.

"Perfectly sure."

"Then, they have a duplicate key."

"But how did they obtain it?"

"You said you were in the habit of leaving it on your dressing-table at night. They could have obtained an impression then."

"Which is assuming that one of my servants is guilty."

"Is there a Japanese among them?"

"Not to my knowledge."

I was silent.

"Maybe they obtained a duplicate key at the factory," he said. "Or why did they bother with a key? Why didn't they steal the portfolio and all its contents?"

"For a number of reasons, two of which are the time and the portfolio itself. As they did not take the portfolio, you wouldn't be aware of your loss for some hours; and, besides, a portfolio is cumbersome to carry and likely to attract attention. However, we're not required to argue that proposition—they didn't take the portfolio, but they did loot it. The thing, now, is to find the loot."

"And to find it — quick," said the Secretary irritably, "before it passes into the Japanese Ambassador's hands."

"They have had about eighteen hours' start," I observed; "and the time necessary to go from Chevy Chase to the Japanese Embassy in a street-car isn't over half an hour—ten minutes, if 'Graves' went in a motor."

"I know, I know," he said, with a despairing gesture. "I fear we are too late."

"It is never too late to make a try," I answered. "Has the British Ambassador been advised of the loss?"

There was a knock on the door, and the messenger entered with a card. The Secretary glanced at it and nodded.

"The Ambassador is here now," he said. . . . "Good morning, Lord Brogham. It was good of you to come at once. You know Mr. Carter, of course."

If His Excellency was surprised to see me there, he did not show it.

"This is our second meeting to-day," he laughed, as we shook hands. "The first was at the Woodworths' ball this morning."

"I've got bad news, my lord," said Armstrong, without any preliminary. "The draft of the protocol has been stolen."

The Ambassador was in the act of lighting a cigar, and he paused with the match between his fingers, while a look of amazed concern overspread his face.

"You mean the draft with my notation on it?" he asked, with something of a gasp.

The Secretary nodded.

"Stolen!"

The Secretary nodded again. "Yes, stolen," he said.

"My God! Do you appreciate what it means?"

"I do. It means the end of my career, for one thing."

"And it means my disgrace and retirement," said the Ambassador—"not to speak of the fearful international complications—perhaps war—that will ensue. When was it stolen?"

"At Chevy Chase, yesterday afternoon," Armstrong answered.

"At Chevy Chase!" Brogham ejaculated. "How in God's name did it get there?"

"I was carrying it home to examine," the Secretary explained. "On the way, the President overtook me and bore me off to play golf," and he told him the circumstances in detail.

The Ambassador listened, a frown on his face. He kept pulling at his chin with his long, thin fingers.

"You have put your Secret Service at work?" he asked.

"Not yet. I wanted, first, to consult with Mr. Carter. He is our particular agent in delicate matters—matters which don't go on record."

The other's eyes turned toward me.

"I thought you were only a gentleman of leisure," he smiled.

"I am—at times," said I.

"At all times," amended the Secretary. "He never accepts compensation; he does it for the pleasure of solving the problems—and he does it well, as the Department has cause to know."

"I am sure I wish him quick success this time," the Ambassador replied. "Evans will help you, Mr. Carter."

Evans was the British secret agent, and a very fair one, I knew.

"With your Excellency's permission," said I, "I prefer to work alone."

"Two heads are better than one," he cautioned.

"And two persons are twice as many as one," I remarked.

"But, my dear sir, he must be told. British interests are quite as deeply involved as American."

"By all means, tell him everything—except of me. I remain unknown. . . . There is no other information you can give me, Mr. Secretary?"

"Nothing; you have all that I know—plus much that I don't know," said Armstrong.

"Then I'll get to work," I answered, and left them.

I walked up Seventeenth Street to the Metropolitan Club.

"I'm not in, if any one wants me," I said to the doorman, and went back to the telephones. "Get the Japanese Embassy," I said to the operator, and passed into a booth. In a moment, my buzzer rang.

"I want to speak to Mr. Aorti," I said (I knew he was not in town).

"Mr. Aorti is not here; he is in New York," was the answer in broken English and a Japanese accent. "Who is that?"

"This is the Metropolitan Club. Is the Marquis Tanera in?"

"No, sir."

"When do you expect him in?"

"I don't know. Maybe to-night. Wait a minute."

Presently another voice asked:

"Who is this, please?"

"Mr. Carter, at the Metropolitan Club."

"How do you do, Mr. Carter? I'm Wari, the Second Secretary. The Ambassador is at Old Point. He'll be back tomorrow. Anything I can do, sir?"

"No, nothing, thank you. It can wait until the Marquis returns. Good-by."

This was more luck than I had dared to expect. It gave me the rest of the day and the entire night to recover the protocol. For I had acquitted the Japanese Embassy of all complicity in the theft. The thief was an American—one who could successfully personate Graves in voice and appearance, and who was a member of the Chevy Chase Club besides. It was inconceivable that Japan had ventured to try to bribe him. Therefore, he was acting solely on his own initiative, knowing that Japan would jump at the chance to purchase the protocol.

I went up to the library, where it was quiet and I would not be disturbed, and, with a copy of the Chevy Chase year-book in my hands, settled back to study the list of members. I was looking for one who resembled Graves sufficiently to deceive the clerk and the locker-room attendants. If he chanced, also, to be hard-pushed financially, I had a strong lead to the right man—for, with the Japanese eliminated, there could be but one motive for the crime; money; and but one inducement, under all the circumstances; a pressing need.

I did not know all the seven hundred and fifty members, but I was familiar with those who were the habitués, and among them, if my theory were correct, I knew that I must find my man. I ran over the list slowly, name by name, mentally checking them off, until, half-way through the N's, I came upon "Norcross, George Alfred." And the "Something Which Tells" told me that I need go no farther.

Here was one who bore a striking resemblance to Graves, when his hat was pulled down over his eyes. Moreover, he was notoriously in need of cash—he had been posted repeatedly in the last year, and was known to have obligations in every bank that would accept them. He had been hard hit in some mining speculations, it was generally understood.

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past noon. It was not likely he was still there, but it was worth the try. He was a bachelor, with apartments in the Seneca—only two blocks away. I walked around. Luck favored me. He was in, the girl said, and I should go right up.

"Norcross, you're up in the mining business," I began, the salutations over, "and I want to ask what you know about the Pueblo. Is there anything in it?"

"I'm a poor one to ask," Norcross returned. "I thought I knew something about mines, but was mistaken—I don't and I never did!"

"You've been paying for your instruction—like the rest of us," said I, laughing. "Hence you're competent."

"If competence is based on the money one's experience has cost him, I'm ——— competent," was the answer.

"Just so," said I.

I had been studying the man. He had the same cast of countenance as Graves, the same mustache, the same color of hair, the same build, and the same manner of speech. The eyes and their expression were what changed his face. Let them be concealed, and the resemblance was striking.

"Where's your Pueblo?" said he. "I don't recall it."

I ventured a long shot.

"It is in Japan," said I.

And the shot went home—went home so true, indeed, that the cigarette dropped

from his fingers and he grew white. Truly, he was a novice in crime.

"What's up, Norcross?" I asked. "Going to faint?"

"No, no; just a bit of heart trouble. I'm all right now. You said the Pueblo is in Japan. Well, I don't know it. There's been quite enough in this hemisphere to occupy me. They're all rotten, or controlled by rotten men. Let them alone, Carter, let them alone."

"I will," said I. "Let's talk of something else. Have you heard the latest gossip? It's not generally known."

"No, tell me about it," he replied. "Have a cigarette."

"I always smoke my own—if you don't mind," I answered, taking out my case.

"Suit yourself—only get on with the gossip."

I slipped one hand in my pocket and leaned back.

"It seems," said I, "that the Secretary of State has lost a most important paper, in a most mysterious way. It is rumored," I went on, not seeming to notice the start he gave, "that it is a particularly precious document—so precious, indeed, that if it were to come into the hands of a certain Embassy, it would be almost sure to lead to war."

"This is most interesting," gasped Norcross. "When did the Secretary first miss it?"

"This morning," said I, looking at him casually, "when he came to his office."

"Scarcely three hours ago—and already known in the clubs!" he laughed suspiciously.

"No, not known in the clubs. Known only to you and to me and to one other."

He glanced furtively at me. I was looking at the table.

"You see, the Secretary discovered his loss this morning," I said, "but the theft occurred yesterday, in the late afternoon, at Chevy Chase."

"How could a State paper be stolen at Chevy Chase?" he scoffed, though I felt him wince with every word.

"Quite easily—the Secretary had taken it there."

"How does he know it was stolen there, if he didn't miss it until this morning?"

"He doesn't *know*. He only surmises."

"Surmises won't catch the thief," he ridiculed.

"You're right," I said. "Surmises won't catch the thief, but they may lead to him. In this case, Norcross, they have led to *you*."

"What!" he cried. "To me? You are pleased to jest, Mr. Carter."

"Unfortunately, I do not jest, and I'll trouble you to keep your hands above the table," said I, covering him with my revolver. "That is better."

"My God, Carter, are you crazy?" he exclaimed.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Shall I tell you how you did it, Mr. Norcross?" I asked. "You're not a thief at heart—you did this on the spur of the moment, and debts are pressing hard. You were in the big room at Chevy Chase when the Secretary of State came in. You saw the portfolio. Something told you it contained valuable papers—a draft of a secret treaty, maybe. You saw him deposit it at the office, and pass on to the locker-room. Debt and the devil tempted you. You were aware of your resemblance to Graves. When the Secretary had gone out on the links, you went to the locker-room, and, as Graves, got the key to the portfolio. You returned to the office, with your hat pulled down over your face, and, still personating Graves, had the clerk give you the portfolio. You abstracted the draft of the protocol, relocked the portfolio, redelivered it to the clerk, and then went back to the Secretary's locker and replaced his keys. Fortunately for us, the Japanese Ambassador is away from

Washington, and, with a document of such gravity and intrinsic worth, you preferred to negotiate with him alone. Otherwise, you would not have the papers in your possession *still*."

Norcross was a child in crime. For an instant, his eyes sought the drawer beside him. It told me what I wanted to know.

I got up, passed quickly around the table, and flung open the drawer. The lost protocol was found. I took it, assured myself that the sheets were intact, and put it in my pocket.

"I wish you good-day, Mr. Norcross," I said, and went out, leaving him staring after me, speechless.

The Secretary was just going out to luncheon as I entered his office.

"Hello!" he said. "What now?"

For answer, I handed him the protocol.

"Carter, you're a wonder!" he cried.

"I was fortunate in not having far to go—and in finding the person at home," I answered.

"And the Japanese Ambassador?"

"Knows nothing—he isn't even in town."

He looked at me questioningly. I bowed.

"I prefer not to disclose from whom I took it," I said. "This is his first theft. I am persuaded it will be his last."

The Secretary nodded, locked the portfolio in the safe, and we went out together.

That afternoon, the evening papers contained the news that George Alfred Norcross had committed suicide.





Westminster Bridge, London, England, under test load of the crowd returning from King Edward's funeral.

The Bridge and the Bridge Builder

By

Henry Rowntree

Illustrated with Photographs by R. E. W. Hagerty, B.A. Sc.

Bridge builders have played a large part in the history of the world. Whether in peace or war bridges have ever been strategic points, either as channels of commerce or as mediums of invasion. The history of "Bridges and Bridge-Builders" is therefore replete with features of interest, as will be readily understood on reading the article herewith presented, in which, in addition to the history, a description of some of the world's great bridges is given, together with several excellent illustrations.

THE history of almost all nations is wrapped up with the history of bridges. A bridge implies relationships with the outer world; the people who could not build bridges must either have lived always within the confines of certain rivers or coasts or mountains, or else they found a way to get across the rivers,

through the mountains or beyond their coasts. They must have used either bridges or boats. And in the end, the nation that was to be of any use could not depend even upon boats alone, but must have had bridges. Bridges have helped to make nations and races. Bridge-builders traveled in the van of the Roman



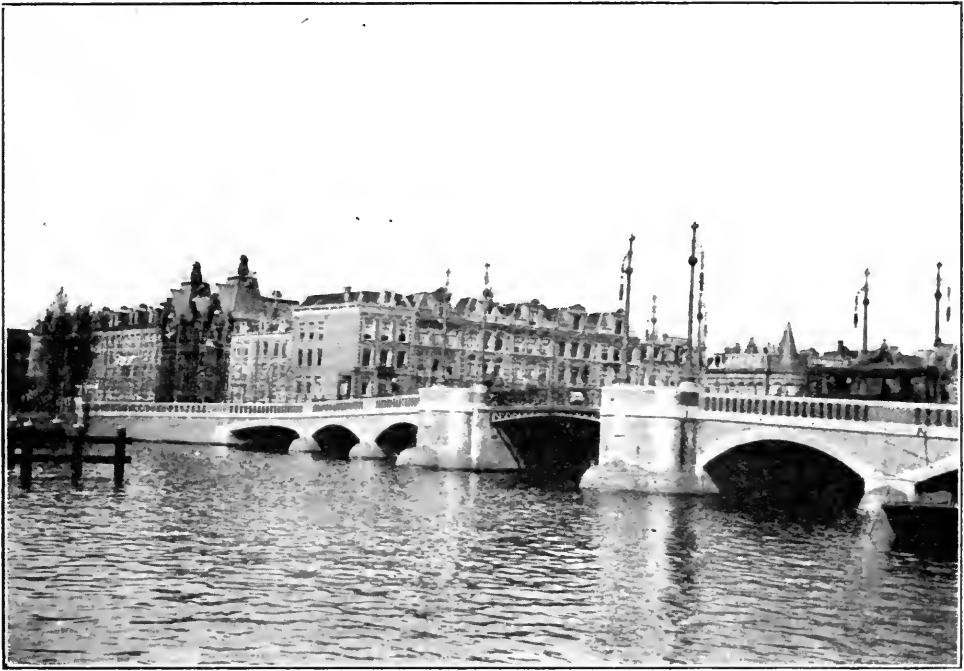
Masonry and cast iron bridge at Amsterdam.

army. Bold nations such as Rome flung bridges across the spaces which separated them from their enemies and crossed to victory. Timid nations, half-grown and unhealthy, were afraid of bridges because they gave their enemies a means of attack. To-day many a village might be made a town by the building of a bridge.

If locomotive steam engines had been invented before bridges, there would have been no Canadian Pacific Railway, no Grand Trunk Pacific. If there were no bridges across the St. Lawrence at certain points, there would be no city of Montreal—merely a town. Without bridges there would be no Winnipeg, no Niagara Falls towns, nothing but starveling villages kept alive by ferry boats or such other crude means of intercommunication. British Columbia would be to-day a foreign country to the rest of Canada if there had been no means of bridging the turbulent rivers of that province. The Americans who live on one side of the Niagara Gorge would have been utter strangers to the Canadians living on the Canadian side. They might as well be separated by leagues of ocean, were it not for bridges.

Thousands of years ago men crossed rivers on fallen trees or by stepping stones or by logs laid from one stone to another or by ferry; to-day, when mankind has need to cross a river or some great chasm, it invokes certain laws of science which, being applied by the men who have studied them, give a means of crossing almost *anything*, anywhere. It is a far cry from the stepping stones of Adam's time, from the first efforts of the Babylonians, to these days when engineers boldly project wisps of steel across a gorge, and the steady-headed steel workers swarm out over the abyss to rivet and weld and knit together the two sides of a river.

Whether the bridge-builder was one of the ancients or one of the modern engineers, he is one of the noble figures in history. As one of the first workers in the interests of democracy he is like a master teacher who succeeds in opening to the common people the beauties of some garden of learning into which only those have been able to go who could climb the wall or open the locked gate. The far side of a river was a closed book to those who could not swim or command a boat to ferry them over. But the bridge builder



A typical Dutch bridge, the architecture resembling in style the famous Dutch art.

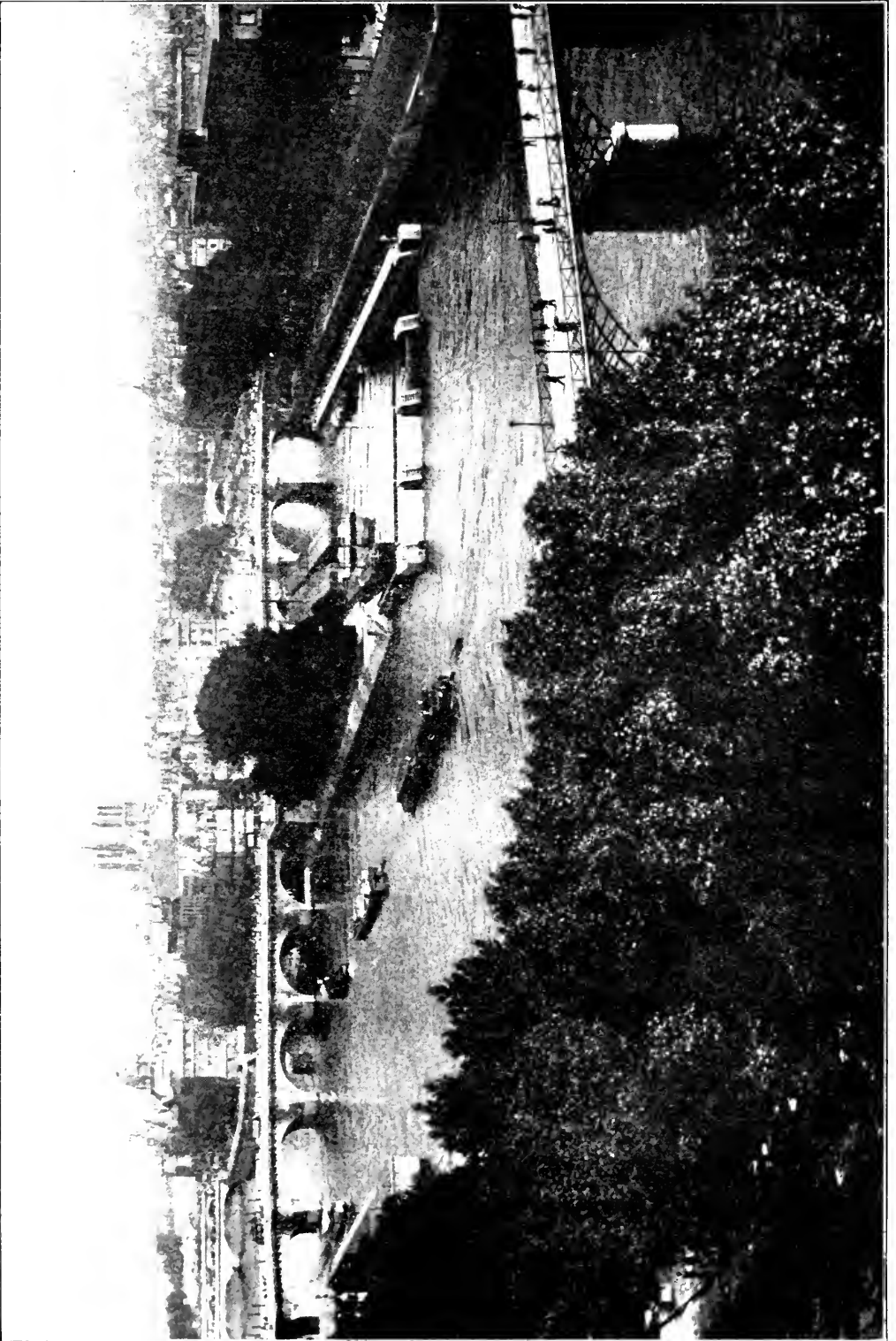
removed these disabilities; he made it possible for the people on two sides of a river to pass and re-pass from one side to the other, to exchange ideas, to intermarry and trade with one another, as they could never have done by the primitive means of crossing that river.

About ten years ago an American bridge-building firm was successful in obtaining the contract for the construction of a certain bridge in India. It was to carry a railway across a certain gorge which lay between Rangoon and Mandalay. The foundations of this bridge were to rest upon another bridge—a natural bridge of rock which lay three hundred and twenty feet below the intended level of the new bridge, but which was itself several hundred feet above the real bottom of the gorge. The bridge proper was to be two thousand, two hundred and sixty feet long. It took trains totaling one and a half miles in length to carry the steel for this bridge. It required three gigantic ocean freighters to carry the material to the nearest point on the coast where the bridge was to be built, but the work was finally accomplished, and the

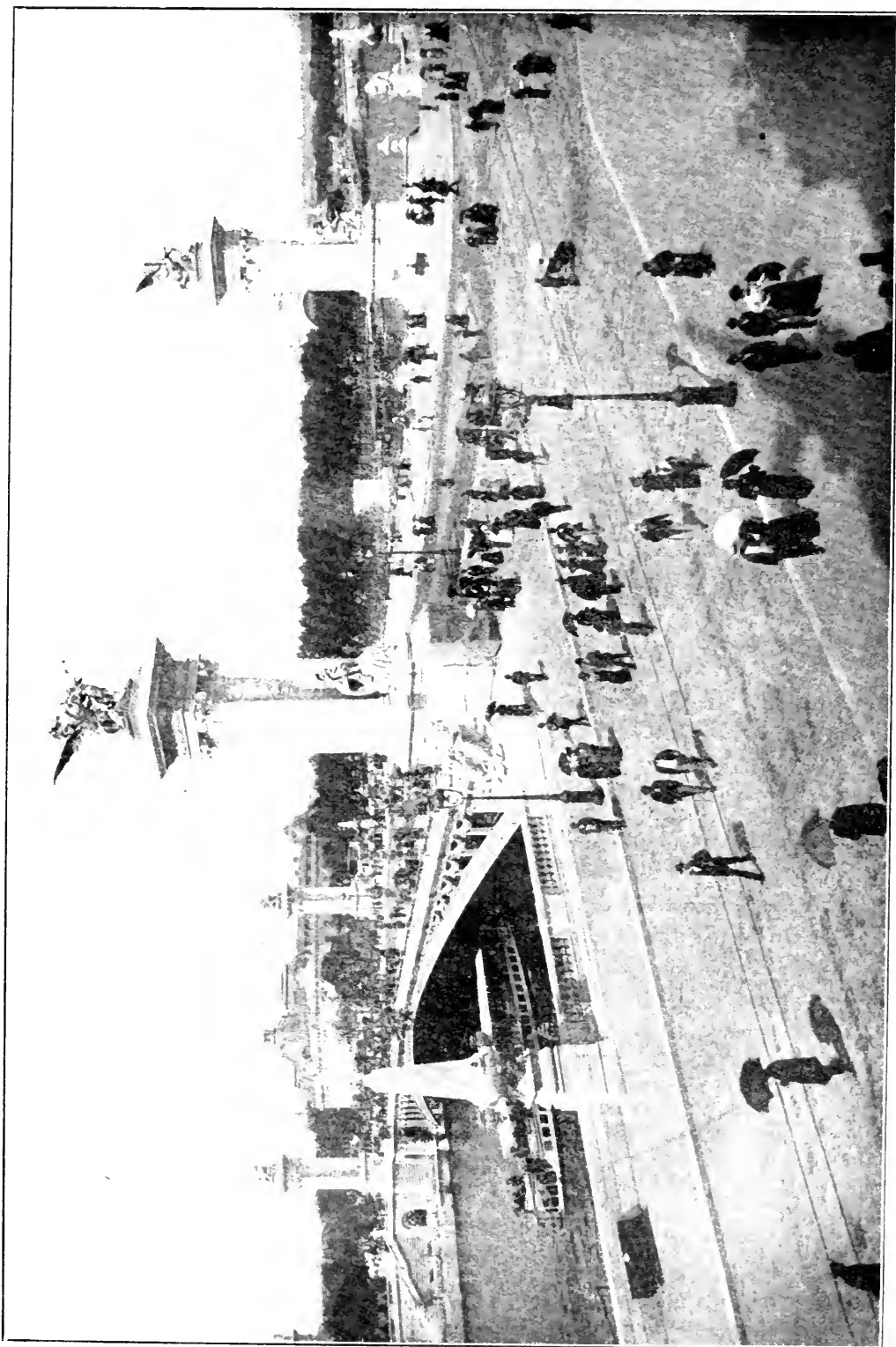
great Gokteik Bridge, at the time the third highest bridge in the world, was completed.

In the building of this bridge were employed some of the nicest calculations that the mind of man could engage in. The stresses and strains to which that bridge would be subjected, the best means of carrying these and of distributing them to the various points where the bridge rested were the earliest considerations of the engineers, and yet for them it was a comparatively simple matter, a mere mathematical problem. They were given the description of the railway company's needs, the conditions in the locality, and the rest was a matter of calculation.

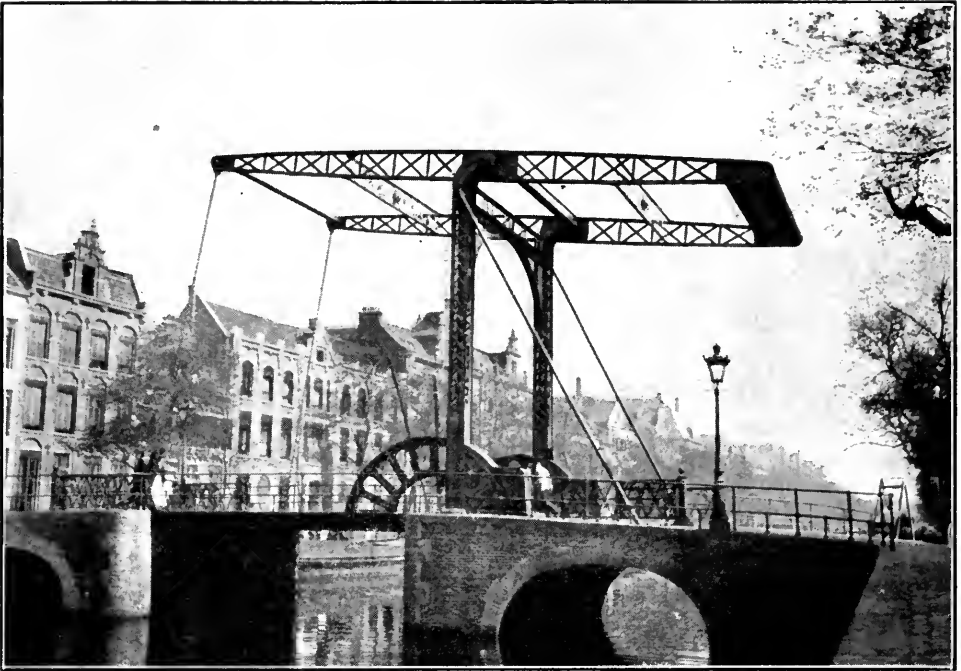
It was done in an office thousands of miles away from the place where the bridge was to go up, and yet, not so very far from the place where this great modern bridge had been erected, was the place where the first bridge-builders first worked out for themselves, unaided by text books or college training, the details of the earliest bridges, and the laws upon which they could be expected to stand. This was in Babylon.



View showing Pont Neuf and other of the bridges of Paris.



Pont Alexandre III., Paris, one of the most elaborate bridges in the world.



A unique type of single draw-bridge famed in Northern Europe.

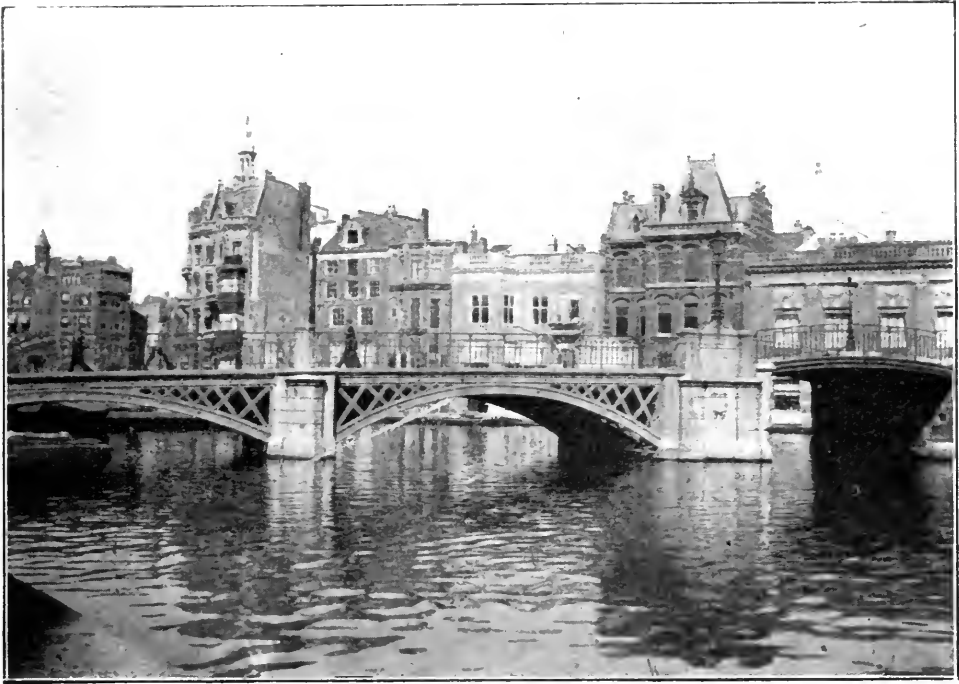
By the simple law of compression an arch, thrown across a given space, can be made to support weights. The pressure upon the point of the arch or at any point bearing down upon it, is conveyed to the bases from which the arch springs. This is one of the first principles of bridge-building, and one of the first people to learn it was a Babylonian. No one knows his name. He is forgotten forever, but it was he who taught the Babylonians to build a bridge across the Euphrates upon a single arch 660 feet between the abutments. This was about one hundred years after the flood. It was the wonder of the day. Great palaces stood at each end.

Later another Babylonian conceived the plan of building a bridge on a different principle, the principle of suspension. He directed that the Euphrates be diverted from its course. This was done, and in the dried bed of the river great piers of brick were built. When these were finished, it was ordered that wooden platforms should be constructed, like gang-planks, and stretched between the piers. Over these during the day the people walked from one bank of the Euphrates to the

other. At night the city sent armed men to take up the platforms and leave the space between the piers vacant, so that the city would be safe from the attacks of thieves from the other side of the river.

It was upon these two principles, thus employed in Babylonia, that the Gokteik was built and the greater part of the world's bridges have been constructed. It is upon them, amplified in some directions and refined in others, that the Government's engineers are at this moment carrying the G. T. P. across difficult places in our northern wildernesses.

Between those ancient bridge-builders and the modern bridge-builders the gentle art of spanning rivers and chasms experienced a period of terrible neglect. Bridge-building, like most of the other arts, languished during the Dark Ages. Men were too busily engaged in other pursuits to consider such practical affairs. Out of these times grew an order of monks, really a branch of the Benedictines, called the Brothers of the Bridge. Perhaps these men are the fathers of the real bridge-builders, the men, such as Kipling describes in his story by that name, who take a pride in their art and to whom the suc-



Another typical Dutch bridge.

cess or failure of the bridge means success or failure to themselves.

These old monks at first established their monasteries near the ends of certain important bridges, so that travelers, arriving in the strange country might have a place to eat and sleep. They constituted themselves into bodies of police also, protecting travelers against thieves and murderers who lurked in the shadows at the ends of bridges. As the evil times progressed, and men began to neglect the upkeep of the bridges, these monks undertook that duty, by various simple means obtaining the necessary funds. In time, if the bridges fell away or new bridges were needed, the monks found the means for building them and the engineers.

London Bridge is said to have owed its existence to one of these pious engineers. This first bridge across the Thames at London had existed in a very crude form in the days of King Ethelred and it is said that in those days it was a strategic point between warring parties. There is said to have been such a bridge in A.D. 978, and there are records which refer to one which was built in 1014 and destroyed in 1136. But the old

London Bridge with shops on either side was the work of Peter of Colechurch, who is said to have been connected with the "Brothers of the Bridge." Peter began the building of London Bridge in 1176. He was not a very crafty engineer else he would not have made so many piers for the support of the structure. He made these piers so numerous and so heavy that they formed a dangerous obstruction to the river and acted like a dam. He died in 1205 and was buried in the crypt of the chapel in the centre pier of the bridge, according to the rules of the Brothers of the Bridge. The bridge was completed four years later.

This bridge had all sorts of buildings on its sides. There were defence towers at certain intervals upon which the heads of traitors were displayed after execution. In 1212, a fire broke out in some of the buildings at one end of the bridge. Thousands of persons gathered on the bridge to watch it. Another fire broke out at the other end, and between the two, and the river beneath, there was scarcely a chance for escape. In the traditions which have come down it is said that three thousand persons died either by fire or by drown-



A municipal bridge in Amsterdam, Holland.

ing, on that bridge. The upper works were rebuilt in 1300 and destroyed by fire again in 1471. They were rebuilt but in 1481 a whole section of the houses which were on one side of the roadway, and which projected far out over the river, fell into the river. In 1632 the bridge having been rebuilt was again destroyed. At this time the roadway was only twelve feet wide between the houses. In 1666, when it was again rebuilt, the roadway was made twenty feet wide, and after other fires had come and gone, the buildings on the bridge were finally removed in 1756. The centre pier was then taken out, and two arches replaced with a seventy-two foot span.

How the bridge was kept up, how the revenues were collected is a story full of humor, and full of interesting side-lights upon the times. It was at first supported by a tax upon wool sacks, and the saying went abroad that it was built on a foundation of wool. Then there was an edict that every boat passing under the bridge must pay a certain tax. If a boatman came to the bridge to sell fish he must pay so much for his right to tie to the quay. Then there was another law that

every pedestrian passing over should pay one farthing and every man on horse-back one penny. Every conceivable excuse was taken to fine the customers of the bridge. There are records of how one John Smithers, master of the ship *Jeanne* was fined ten shillings for allowing the yard sticks on the masts of his vessel to break the windows in certain houses on the bridge when the ship rocked in the outgoing tide. A fisherman was fined several pence for letting his boat bump the bridge, and so on. One of the Kings of England being at war with the City of London seized the revenues of the city, including the bridge. Edward the First made up for this by restoring the bridge to the city and ordering certain bounties paid to it. There were times when its management was given into the hands of court favorites. Out of the revenues of the bridge, out of the farthings and pennies and the occasional shillings that were paid to the keepers of the bridge, the courtier dressed himself in silk hose, maintained his mansion and cut a noble figure before the King and the People,—while the bridge went to decay for lack of up-keep. In

1750 the strain was taken from London Bridge by the completion of Westminster bridge, and as the need grew Blackfriars and the Tower Bridge came into existence. But nothing in the history of the British Empire, can ever approach the romance of the old London Bridge.

The history of bridges is full of color and interest. At Osaka, Japan, there are said to be seven thousand bridges over the rivers and canals of that city. At Srinagar, India, is a unique affair built of wood, and called the Bridge of Shops. The best known bridge in Europe is the Rialto in Venice, which is said to have been built after plans made by Michael Angelo. It was built in 1588-91. The Bridge of Sighs followed it in 1597. The oldest stone bridge in England was built over the East Dart in Dartmoor two thousand years ago. The Caravan Bridge over the Meles River near Smyra is thought to be the oldest bridge in existence. Only the parapets and the pavement have been renewed. By the banks of this river Homer is supposed to have played thousands of years ago, and over this short bridge, amid the rabble of the caravans, St. Paul the Apostle probably crossed on his way to Smyrna.

The opening up of the new world, and the promotion of railways has made a very great difference in the art of building bridges. The first bridges were of masonry and wood, most modern bridges are of steel, or cement, or both. Between the famous bridges of Europe and those of America there is this outstanding difference, that the European builder endeavored to make his bridge both beautiful and useful. In America the tendency is to make *efficient* bridges and to do so at a minimum of cost. In Europe tenders for a bridge are not taken merely on the matter of price but by the beauty of the design. This has not hitherto been true of America: the lowest tender has too often been the one that was accepted without any regard to the final appearance of the structure. In recent years, however, there has commenced to be a different viewpoint. Municipal Bridges are being more carefully planned, and with more attention to beauty of line and ornament than has hitherto been paid here.

The number of bridges in a city may be great or small according to the topograph-

ical and other conditions of the area. But by the regulation of traffic and the proper planning of the streets the need for bridges may be reduced to a minimum. For instance, Paris is very untidy in the matter of her street traffic. The result is that she has twenty-six bridges across the Seine within ten miles. London, where the streets are badly laid out, manages with only a few bridges because her police know how to regulate traffic. New York gets along with only a few main arteries leading across to Brooklyn, probably because the street traffic is well regulated and the streets are planned better than in London.

But if Paris is untidy in her management of her streets, and therefore extravagant with bridges, she is at least a mistress in the art of making them beautiful. She employs all sorts of styles and yet uses each style well. For example, the ornamentation of any bridge is usually carefully designed so as to be in harmony with the architecture of the surrounding buildings. The "Pont Alexandre Trois" situated at the end of the avenue of that name, and leading into L'Esplanade des Invalides, is generally conceded to be the most beautiful bridge in the world. The foundation stone was laid in 1896 by Czar Nicholas II and the bridge was completed in 1900. It consists of a low steel arch three hundred and fifty-two feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide. At each end are massive Pylons seventy-five feet high surmounted by gilded groups of Pegassi flanked by other groups representing France at different periods in her history.

The oldest bridge in Paris is the Pont Neuf, at the west end of the City, crossing both arms of the Seine. It was finished in 1604 and is in a splendid state of preservation, although parts of it have been restored at different times. It is said that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this old bridge was a rendezvous for all the news-vendors, the jugglers, showmen, loungers and thieves of Paris. The famous Satirist Tabarin used to spout his witticisms to this very crowd.

There is a definite characteristic common to the bridges of each of the nations in Europe where bridges are used, except perhaps in London. The Londoners have made use of all styles that met their needs,

they paid little attention to anything else. But in Paris is the tendency toward ornamentation and toward making the bridge fit in with its surroundings. In Germany the bridges are usually of a very massive type, and in recent steel structures there is a tendency to imitate church architecture. In Holland the bridges are of the low arch type with a draw bridge in the centre. Holland architects seem to have a weakness for placing highly ornamented lamp-posts in the middle of their bridges. In Switzerland, natural conditions make necessary the use of great viaducts.

In building our municipal bridges in Canada there has not been as much thought for the beauty of the bridge as perhaps there should have been. This is, of course, due to the fact that the first duty of the civic fathers has usually been to provide the means of crossing the rivers or valleys, without waiting to consider the matter of external appearance. Railway

bridges are, of course, in a different class, they cost a great deal of money to build and if the country were to be asked to wait until the bridge could be ornamented, there would be trouble in store for railway directors. But in municipal affairs, especially since the use of steel and concrete has been made more general, there is little reason why future Canadian cities and towns should not be adorned with beautiful bridges. Carvings and sculptory may not be available, but it can at least be seen that the laws of pleasing proportion are observed.

A bridge in your town may do wonders to improve the business of the place. A bridge placed on a roadway which has hitherto been a source of inconvenience for the farmer and his wagon, may divert trade from the neighboring town to your own town. Bridges have made great cities, and the lack of them has un-made those that might have been great.

IF WE COULD LIVE AGAIN

If we could live again, dear,
 Adown the vanished years,
 The chequered scroll of memory
 Be-writ with joys, and tears,
 Would brighter be, dear heart, dear heart.
 Here where the page is soiled
 By grief, because we grew apart,
 And loveless hours toiled;
 And here where blank remains the leaf
 Where we had careless grown,
 Nor strove to rise the clouds above
 And waiting joy had known—
 Ah! we would truer, firmer start
 Upon the scroll the pen,
 If we could live again, dear heart,
 If we could live again.—*Ethel Burnett.*

The Falsehood of Mrs. Dalton

By

Ethelwynne Grant

THEY were lost; there was no mistake about it. Mrs. Dalton's brown eyes filled with tears. But then she was probably aware that they looked their best seen through a mist of tears.

"Are you quite sure, Billy, you couldn't find the way back?" she queried for the twentieth time.

"Certain," cheerfully affirmed Billy Aruton.

"Oh, dear," she sighed plaintively.

"How awfully inconsistent a woman is," he remarked thoughtfully. "Not a half hour ago you were sighing for something new, a novel experience. You've got it, yet you are not satisfied."

"I certainly don't call this novel," she pouted, sinking gracefully on the outstretched coat her companion had thrown down with a chivalrous regard for her Paris gown.

"Were you ever lost?" demanded Billy leisurely lighting a cigarette.

"N-no."

"There you are, then!" he triumphantly exclaimed; "What you have not hitherto experienced must of necessity be novel." Then reflectively—"people you read about, that get lost always light a fire. You are not properly lost until you light one."

As Mrs. Dalton watched him gather brushwood she admitted to herself that Fate might have been harder in the matter of the partner of her adventure. For Billy was of the type that young girls usually term awfully fascinating. Somewhat short of stature, square built, he was undeniably good to look at, yet it would have perplexed the beholder to name one handsome feature.

As the wood blazed up the two drew closer together, drawn by that mutual sympathy a cheerful fire imparts.

Mrs. Dalton was the first to fall under its influence.

"It's horrid being a widow," she sighed, apropos of nothing in particular.

Billy immediately looked sympathetic.

"I'm sure it wasn't my fault," she went on, "I certainly didn't poison Harry. Yet sometimes," smiling gaily at the genial, sprawling figure, "I almost could persuade myself I must be guilty in some way. People take it for granted that a widow simply must be crooked somewhere. By what course of reasoning they arrive at this conclusion I have so far failed to fathom. I suppose," thoughtfully, "like the gravitation of the earth and the solar system, we must take it on trust. Only yesterday that horrid Mrs. Appleton, as we were having tea on the hotel verandah remarked that she had always noticed widows were quite able to take care of themselves, and she looked in my direction quite pointedly."

Billy puffed furiously at his cigarette and muttered something not quite complimentary to the absent lady, and his companion continued aggrievedly:

"When you happen to smile it is always 'the blandishments of the widow.' Blandishments! hateful word—together I feel exactly like the sly scheming widow in a novel, who is always plotting to alienate the affections of the heroine's husband."

Here Billy put back his head and gave way to uproarious mirth, then murmured slyly, with a quick glance at the alluring

face framed by the flames, "There is always a cure, you know."

Mrs. Dalton shrugged her slender shoulders.

"Worse than the disease," she said indifferently, although a slight flush not caused altogether by the flames appeared for an instant on her smooth cheeks.

Billy looked up boldly after a few minutes' reverie. "Millicent, why did you marry Dalton?"

Mrs. Dalton glanced at Billy's face for a moment, hesitated for a fraction of a second, then spoke:

"In the first place, my parents wished it."

"That didn't influence you," Billy interrupted audaciously, his acquaintance with the widow dating many years.

"No, that's true," admitted the narrator with a candid laugh, "but long ago, goodness knows how long ago it does seem! I knew a boy, a dear but miserably poor. At the time I became acquainted with Harry Dalton, this boy and I were such dear pals that I thought any interruption of our friendship was impossible, until one day he suddenly left to seek his fortune. He left without a word of love between us, but this I attributed to his poverty."

The widow paused here and gazed at the fire, then with a sudden clenching of her hand and while a blanched look spread over her face she continued steadily:

"So sure was I that his lack of money was the only barrier between us that when Dalton proposed I did a reckless thing. I simply played the fool. I wrote to this boy and told him everything, that I could

never care for any man but him and that I was willing to wait years for him if need be. I watched feverishly for an answer. I waited one, two three weeks, and then sure that he did not care, I married Dalton."

When she finished, Billy was sitting upright, his face tense.

"I have thought since," she added slowly but distinctly, a peculiar expression in her magnificent eyes, "that he never received that letter."

"Why?" Billy asked harshly.

"Because, Billy," replied the widow, clenching her little jewelled hands, and her eyes wore the look of a gambler who is staking his last coin, but like a good gambler she took the leap fearlessly, "because, Billy, that boy was you!"

"God!" In an instant he had the lithe figure in his arms, that was now sobbing and laughing alternately, "to think all I've missed these years—"

"You don't think me bold, then?" she queried, smiling up at him through her tears.

"Bold?" he laughed joyously, and drew her closer. "I think you are an angel."

The fire was dying out, but neither cared. It had done its work.

That night Mrs. Dalton examined her countenance ruthlessly in her mirror. "Yes," she nodded to her radiant reflection, "you are pretty, but you're just a plain, downright liar. Yes," she went on mercilessly, "a wicked, deceitful woman." Then bowing her lovely head, she cried passionately, "but I wanted him so badly, God, I wanted Billy so much!"



Shadowing Great Men

By

Ralph Haines.

The public is always interested in the newspaper man. At any gathering "representatives of the Press" attract no little attention, not by reason of their personality, but because of the general interest which attaches to their work. They are continuously "in the public eye." The accompanying article presents a racy description of the varied and fascinating life of reporters who "shadow" great men, with whom they are required to keep constantly "in touch."

EVERY great man in the eye of the Public has a shadow, some have several. By a shadow I mean a newspaper reporter, or a whole herd of newspaper reporters, or a single newspaper. If Cæsar when he traveled had had one of these shadows he would probably never have been as great a success as he was. If he had had a competent newspaperman, or two following him to observe his human-ness and tell about it to an hundred thousand or ten hundred thousand readers the next morning he would not have wielded the same power in the hearts of the people. If it had been but once reported, and well circulated that Cæsar had a few weak points; if some shrewd editorial writer with a mastery of his tools had but been able to tell the masses what a little man Cæsar was after all—History would have told a somewhat different story. I will not say that the story would have been entirely different. In fact I don't think it would. But certainly a Roman morning paper, let alone for a while, would have served to spread disbelief and discontent, and might have done wonders towards improving the minds of the masses touching the man Cæsar.

There have been many Cæsars since but their wings have been clipped since the days of the original. The newspaper has spread abroad the standards by which men

are judged; it has quickened the judgment of the people; more than this, it has brought the public man nearer to the public view, and instead of his being able to do a hundred deeds which nobody ever heard about in the old days, to-day Cæsar is interviewed if he falls out of bed, and the reporter, if he secures an appointment, describes minutely the color of the bruises; if Cæsar refuses to see him he describes the refusal accurately and in colors, so that the public at least has the satisfaction of knowing that Cæsar has a bad temper and is peevish. In short Cæsar in the olden days was a demi-god and cast no shadow. The natural activity of the public mind had nothing on which to work except for gossip which came by word of mouth and which was very meagre at that. Nowadays Cæsar must endure the light of public opinion and the shadow,—the complement of public opinion, is the newspaper and the newspaperman.

You may often have seen a lean youth—reporters on this continent are nearly always lean fellows—sticking his head in the door of your office to ask if you had any "news" for him; or sitting in a court room listening to proceedings which would put another man to sleep but out of which the youth manages to dig something which will amuse you or enlighten you as you read it in the street car that

night or the next morning. You may have seen him step with impunity through the police lines at a great fire. Perhaps he annoyed you by asking if you owned the building and what the loss would be, also the insurance and the insurance companies concerned. You read his impressions of murders and railway wrecks, of divorce cases, pretty women prisoners, scenery, rich men's homes, and rich men themselves. Not only *rich* men but public men. He writes statements about them and their doings which, although there is no direct expression of opinion, convey impressions to you which are either in favor of, or against the man in question. When a great man comes to your city, a reporter, or sometimes two of them, go from each paper to see him, to find out what he has to say. If he is important enough they may chronicle his every word, if he is very great they may follow all his movements and even follow him out of the city and across the continent if he be going upon some noteworthy tour. The great man or the public man, cannot escape The Shadow. That very Shadow has made some of them great: it has nipped other Cæsars in the embryo.

The average newspaper reporter when he starts out in his journalistic career is either under educated or over-educated. It takes him a long time, sometimes, to level up, or level down, as the case may be. Sometimes he comes from college, a trifle wise, a bit blase, inclined to put opinions in his copy and to start a good story by saying "There was a meeting held last night in Brown's Hall——." Sometimes he is a young professional man, a lawyer or half-finished lawyer, who has not had enough capital to get a proper professional start in life and who had developed wandering propensities which find satisfaction in the irregular hours and the varied work of the newspaper reporter. Then again there are school-boys who manage to get assignments, or boys who have grown up from the copy-carrying stage. They are all put into the mill together. All have to learn and to unlearn. The college man and the office boy have the same chance of promotion and starvation. When they have been in the business four years they are cynics with a large C. When they have spent another three years they are either

drudges, too tired to be cynical, or successful feature-writers or editors too busy gathering honors or emoluments to remember their old superior attitude toward the rest of the world. For the greater part though, they are plain, ordinary every-day God-fearing citizens who grumble at their employers, as do all people on earth more or less, and who wouldn't quit the newspaper "game" if they had a chance.

In fiction and on the stage reporters are misrepresented. In fiction they are always on the hunt for a "big story," something sensational, something full of "human interest." The city editor is next to always portrayed as a gorilla with a kind heart. Or, the stage reporter is represented as an over-dressed fop with astonishing "nerve" and loud socks, who ends by being either kicked down the stairs of the indignant millionaire who has been accused of doing something crooked, or marrying the said millionaire's daughter under his very nose. The explanation may be that writers and play-wrights are not recruited from the local rooms of newspapers; or it may be that, having risen in the world to the dignity of a pen name, and the honor of being Bohemian at a cheap club, the said writer or play-wright looks back with contempt, and paints the scenes of his early struggles, not with fond sympathy, but with exaggerated antipathy. Anyway, the explanation does not matter. The truth is that the newspaperman is misrepresented, sometimes favorably, but more often unfavorably.

The political reporter is seldom featured in any story. The man who sits in the press gallery at Ottawa or Washington, or who accompanies Laurier, or Borden, on their political tours, have not a romantic enough life, nor sufficient connection with the aforesaid gorilla of a city editor to furnish amusement for magazine readers. The press gallery at Ottawa is a hum-drum place for the casual fiction impressionist. He seldom stops to think that that row of men sitting in a narrow box just over the heads of Parliament on one side of the Chamber, is *not* the press gallery, *not* the newspapermen, *not* the reporters, nor the "Press," but the eyes of the Nation, the ears of the nation and, to some extent, the judgment of the nation. If

the press gallery at Ottawa or at Washington went on strike to-morrow as a gallery once went on strike in one of the old lands, the Canadian Parliament or the American House of Representatives, whichever it might be, would in time be compelled to adjourn. There would be no speeches worth mentioning. Members of Parliament and Congressman seldom talk if the outside world is not going to listen.

In the telegraph reports which are sent out from Ottawa or from Washington, the names of great men are made or marred. There are men at Ottawa who have set out to *buy* their way into the favor of the press gallery, but the press gallery, although it may have consented to accept the gentleman's hospitality in the smoke-room now and again, will not bargain itself away. It still retains its judicial attitude of mind, and if the generous M.P. who is anxious for popularity, is not careful, and makes a fool of himself—he *dies* politically. It is not by the direct expression of opinion, as I said before, that his death, or on the other hand his translation into higher political spheres is brought about; it is by the coloring of a sentence, or the addition, or omission of a fact from the report which is telegraphed to the newspapers of the country.

Last summer when Sir Wilfrid Laurier toured the West a special car was attached to his train in which sixteen newspapermen were carried. They were given their sleeping accommodations and their meals. Without them a great deal of the effect of the trip would have been lost. Similarly, when Mr. R. L. Borden toured the West this past summer, a sleeper and a dining car were attached to the train for the accommodation of the newspapermen. Every morning and every night, from the various points visited by the political tourists, telegraphed accounts of the day's proceedings were sent back to the papers of the respective correspondents.

Business men, reading the accounts in the morning or the evening paper, scarcely have to be expected to realize the circumstances under which the "copy" was written.

Sometimes it is written as "running copy" while the politician in question is speaking at the meeting. The correspondent takes what he requires from the

gentleman's speech as it comes from his lips. Afterward, he edits it, reads it over to find some point that may make a good "Introduction," writes the same in front of the speech and files it with the telegraph operator. It is possible that the speech is delivered too late to be wired through just then and the correspondent may take the time to write it after the meeting, back in the car. If the train is not moving it is not a difficult matter to write the copy on one of the ordinary tables which the car porter may erect, just as in a pullman. But if the train is in motion is is a very much more difficult matter and the only real solution is a typewriting machine. With this the motion of the train has less effect and the copy is certainly more legible.

There is always the problem of filing the copy in time for the paper for which it is intended. If there are several papers represented and only one, or at most two operators in the town, and if in addition the meeting is held at a late hour so that the copy cannot be filed early—there is trouble. "Running copy" is the rule then. Sometimes it has to go with a very scant introduction. Sometimes, an enterprising reporter, will find out in advance what the feature of the meeting will be, or he may even "fake" a story. But it is risky.

The contact with public men and the methods of conducting public business are of great value to the reporter. Very often he profits by what he learns and in time gets into politics himself, or into the public administration. At other times he becomes a scholar in human nature and learns how to read it and handle it. Sometimes he takes less interest in his work than he should, just as in all lines of business men sometimes do, and then he falls into the rut of a daily grind. He is sent to ask people pertinent questions about themselves and their affairs. He is told that he is impudent. He is made fun of. But after all he is only the agent of Democracy. While mere prying journalism is not to be defended, still were it not for the legitimate enquiry of the newspaperman Democracy would often be grievously handicapped: and there might spring up once more, the old Cæsar without his warning shadow.

Eugene

By

Margery Williams

EUGENE Lafayette Brice sat on the top step of the staircase. Below him the straight, shabbily-carpeted flight stretched down to the hall, lit by a solitary, flickering gas-jet, which caused strange shadows about the hat-rack and the horse-hair sofa, and the fly-specked gilt frame from which Abraham Lincoln looked down impassively on all who came or went. A dim fog seemed to hang always in this hall, where dwelt a stuffy atmosphere of ancient dinners and cheap-cigar smoke. From where Eugene sat, it had the look of some gruesome subterranean tunnel.

Eugene was six, nearly seven, but the taste of his mother kept him still clad in velveteen kilts and three-quarter socks. Eugene detested his kilts. He felt dimly that they covered him with ridicule. In truth, they accorded badly with his plain freckled face, precociously old in expression, and his short fair hair, producing an effect which added needlessly to his unpopularity in the boarding-house. He was not a pleasing child. If people noticed him at all, it was to dislike him. He was sullen and ill-mannered, wise beyond his years, the plague of the servants, and the aversion of all the boarders. Eugene saw it. He was rather acutely conscious of his failure to please, in any direction. Even Mary, the slatternly colored chambermaid, who derived a considerable income from running errands for Eugene's mother instead of attending to her proper work, turned upon him roundly whenever she caught him alone.

When the servants chased him off he fell back upon the boarders. They convicted him of "tagging." He had an air of hanging about to listen, when he was

in reality merely lonely. He lingered near groups until some brisk voice said invariably, "Well, Eugene, do you want anything?" Usually he slunk off then with the look of one detected in crime. His sensitiveness, perverted at the outset, took refuge in antagonism. He pitted himself against the combined endurance of the household, and in the result the household suffered.

When his mother swept into the dining-room at meal-times, her hair faultlessly arranged, and wafting *peau d'Espagne* as she moved, Eugene followed in her wake like a small dog. He was conscious of covert glances cast at him across the long table. He ate silently, and it was impossible to tell from the impassive countenance of the waiter who brought him the soup that the two were on terms of deadly warfare.

He sat on the stairs to-night because his mother had a card-party in her room, and for practical reasons it was impossible for Eugene to go to bed until it ended. He was not in the habit of going to bed before eleven on any night. The effect showed in his pallid, grimy complexion, unwholesomely pasty. He had edged casually into the drawing-room downstairs, a place of shabby furniture and much gilding, only to meet with short shrift at the hands of its few occupants. Afterwards he had tried the dining-room, on the pretence of getting a drink from the ice-cooler, but at the first evidence of lingering the colored waiter, busy clearing the tables and sorting the silver, had turned on him in a sort of long-suffering fury.

"Yoh tek'n' go 'long, Mars' 'Gene! I ain't gwine hev you a-foolin' roun'

whar'm busy—nossir! Dis din'-room ain' no place fur chillens when I'm wukkin'."

Eugene had loitered, peering down the "dummy," from which rose clatter and odors from the kitchen below.

"I—say, Adolf, I want a piece of bread!"

The waiter's suspicions deepened immediately.

"I ain' here to be cuttin' yoh no braid not affer yoh had yoh dinner. Yoh ain' got no *user* braid, less'n' yoh's up ter some devilry. An' ef yoh don't te'n' clar outer hyar I'se gwine tell Mis' Schultz on yer, a-comin' roun' hyar wantin' braid. She ain' 'fordin' to throw no braid 'roun' fur foolishness!"

Eugene had come with every intention of being friendly with Adolf, if Adolf would let him. He had even dreamed of asking the permission, grumbling accorded at times, of helping Adolf lay the silver round for the next meal. But he thrust his tongue out now instinctively as he gained the doorway.

"Yah, nigger!" he called.

Thereafter the stairs had been his only refuge. He sat there with his chin on his doubled fists, kicking at the step below him. There was a threadbare spot on the carpet, and by careful assistance with his toe he had succeeded in creating a tolerable hole. He could hear the waiter still clattering forks and spoons in the dining-room. Now and then, on one of the upper floors, a door was opened and shut; there came a momentary buzz of voices. It was Christmas Eve, and the younger contingent of the boarding-house were dodging mysteriously in and out of one another's rooms.

The second-floor front, in particular, was occupied by a family that boasted two children, a boy and a girl, a little older than Eugene. There were also a father and a grandmother, and a perpetual atmosphere of festivity seemed to dwell behind the closed door. Of an evening, creeping up, Eugene could hear their voices through the transom. They were always playing games. They were comparative new-comers in the house, and until their advent Eugene had achieved more or less companionship with a certain little girl who lived on the landing below his own. But in an evil moment she had made friends with the new child-

ren, particularly the little girl, and immediately her manners underwent a change. She was to be seen continually carrying boxes of paper dolls between her own room and the Smiths', and she looked upon Eugene with a cold and critical eye. She spent her evenings there. The Smiths were essentially "nice" children, and it had been enjoined upon them from the first not to associate with Eugene. With the faultless insight of childhood, they scented, from their relatives' attitude, something deeper than the mere objection to Eugene's manners or his up-bringing. Without in the least knowing why, they perceived that he was a pariah, a person banned for dark and mysterious reasons from the social level of children who had nice parents. They preserved a virtuous and oblivious air when they encountered him on the stairs or landing. And the little girl who had been formerly Eugene's playmate was most prominent in this game of ostracism. Her mother had discovered, coincident with the Smiths' arrival, that she had never cared very much for Addie going with that Eugene, anyhow.

Eugene was puzzled. It was plainly not a matter of wealth. He was accustomed to say at any moment, "Mamma, say, gimme a dollar!" Nearly always he got it. His room was littered with expensive toys, and he might devour candy unchecked. Since his possessions had no meaning for a little boy compelled to play with them alone, he tried to use them as a means of enticement to the other children. But he failed utterly. His tale of riches never even impressed them. He would say, "I've got more'n five dollars in my bank. Less you'n' me go get some candy—huh?" He was prepared to be lavishly generous if they showed the least signs of capitulation, but their parents' injunction stuck always in their minds. They could have no interest in the wealth of a boy who was not "nice." They even suspected him of lying.

Sometimes he attributed their attitude to his clothes. He felt a deadly shame of his velveteen kilts, his bare knees. Even his name savored of the ridiculous. The little Smith boy's name was Charlie. It seemed to Eugene a much better name.

As Eugene sat on the stair-head, small, hesitating steps were heard descending

from the upper regions. It was the little girl whom the charmed circle of "niceness" had recently swallowed, like an encroaching tide. She wore slippers and a new sash. She hopped slowly from step to step, hugging a doll in her arms, and she pretended not to notice Eugene until she was on the landing just behind him. Then she paused.

"Lemme pass."

Eugene looked up at her sullenly.

"Where you goin'?"

"S my business. I want'er get a drink. Now, Eugene, you let me go right by!"

"I ain't stoppin', you."

But he shifted his position so as to block more effectually the stairway.

"Say—you been with the Smiths?"

"M'm."

Eugene hesitated. "Say, now, to-morrow's Christmas!"

"Don't I know it? The Smith's, they've got a tree. It's goin' to be awful big. And Mr. Smith's bought seven boxes of candy. We saw 'em in the closet. I'm goin' to have somethin' off their tree, too. Mr. Smith, he told Mabel, 'n' Mabel told me. 'N' she knows what it is!"

Eugene kicked at the step.

"I bet they haven't got a tree like I got. Mine—it's—it's—it goes 'way up t' the ceilin', an' there's everything you can think of on it! An' I'm goin' to have a real theatre what you can get inside, an' real scenes, 'n' a stable 'n' a printin'-press 'n' a hook-and-ladder company. one of those what the horses goes up 'n' down!"

"Huh!" said the little girl. But her eyes glittered warily.

"'N' a cook-stove to burn alcohol!"

"Boys don't have cook-stoves. You story!"

"I guess I can have a cook-stove iffer want it. I—I'll let you cook on it."

"Mabel Smith's goin' to have a cook-stove," said the little girl.

"Mine's a bigger," said Eugene, stoutly.

"You're a story!"

She was keeping one ear warily cocked toward the upper floor. Eugene saw signs of weakening.

"Less you 'n' me play with it to-morrow!"

"I'm goin' with the Smiths."

Eugene made a desperate shot. "Less all of us go play with it!"

The little girl stiffened.

"The Smiths wouldn't ever. Mr. Smith's awful p'tic'lar. Mabel Smith says he wouldn't ever let her go with you. He says you're too rough."

"I ain't rough, either!"

"He says you're rough. And he won't let 'em play anywheres but just in their room."

Eugene thought.

"I—say, Addie! S'posin' you was to ask Mr. Smith to let me come in some time, huh?"

"He wouldn't ever!"

"But jes' s'posin' you—s'posin' I was to knock some ev'nin', an' you was there, an' s'posin' some one opened the door, annen you'd say, 'That's Eugene,' an'—an' I was a friend of yours or sumpin', an' you'd let on you didn't know I was comin', an' you'd say I wasn't rough nor nothin', and, Mr. Smith let me in. An' s'posin' I told him I'd be awful quiet if he'd let me play. Huh?"

The little girl was obviously considering. She took an attitude of importance.

"Annen I'd bring my hook-'n'-ladder comp'ny an' everything, and we'd have real plays in the theatre!"

"I—"

"To-morrow night I'll come 'n' knock—huh?—an' you can do it. You'll be awfully mean if you don't!"

Addie suddenly remembered her errand.

"You lemme pass now, Eugene, or—I won't say nothing!"

Eugene drew his legs back slowly. "You say, 'Hoper may die if I don't,' then!"

"I—now—maybe I'll see!"

She passed on down the staircase, jumping the last two steps. Secretly she was regretting certain advantages of the days when she had "gone with" Eugene. At just this period the Smith children and herself were immersed in theatrical projects. A real theatre would be lots of fun.

It seemed to Eugene that the Smiths took an extraordinary time over their supper on Christmas night. Peeping through the crack of the dining-room door, he watched the contingent finally rise and begin to file their way out, the two children first, resplendent in holiday clothes, the little girl with a new gold locket dangling ostentatiously and a tiny turquoise ring

on her pink second finger, then the grandmother mildly beaming, lastly Mr. Smith himself. Eugene concealed himself while the procession passed him in the hall and went upstairs. Presently a door shut.

Eugene waited for nearly twenty minutes. Then he began to make his way desultorily up the staircase, with many pauses. He haunted for a long time, fearfully, the second-floor landing, till the tell-tale creak of a board under his feet forced him to precipitate himself at the door. Through the transom he could hear the sudden hush that followed his knock. He almost ran away. Some one pushed back a chair and came forward with a firm, decisive tread.

In the crack of the half-opened door appeared Mr. Smith's head. An atmosphere of Christmas seemed to float visibly past him out to the dingy landing. He looked inquiringly at Eugene. He had no desire to be an ogre, least of all on Christmas night. He was even a genial man. He simply didn't understand.

"Well, Eugene, did you want anything?"

"I—I—now——"

He fidgeted miserably on the barred threshold. Inside the room a deadly silence reigned. The base little girl said nothing at all.

"Did some one send you here?" asked Mr. Smith kindly.

"No, I—I just——"

"Then I guess you'd better run away again," said Mr. Smith. He spoke gently, having no wish to hurt Eugene's feelings. He closed the door. Eugene was left standing outside. And within, voices, as in a sudden relief, resumed their gay babel.

Eugene Lafayette Brice went slowly up to his room. The big Christmas tree, with its glittering spun-glass ornaments, loomed to the ceiling. There was imitation snow beneath its branches, over which the hook-and-ladder company were prancing triumphant. A little mechanical

clown who turned somersaults was arrested in mid-flight, clinging to his gilt trapeze. Many of his mother's friends had brought him expensive presents and these, too, contributed to the litter. It would seem that a small boy could have nothing left to desire.

Eugene looked up at his theatre, with one of the marionettes suspended limp and bodiless across the mimic footlights. Something happened to his throat, and he gulped savagely.

There were voices in the room beyond the folding doors, and the clink of glasses. His mother was laughing. Presently some one threw cards down noisily on the table. A young man sauntered through into the room where Eugene stood, a cigarette in his mouth. He had a pleasant, boyish face. He was the only one of the shifting crowd of acquaintances whom Eugene liked. His manner missed the patronage which the rest of his mother's friends extended to him, as to a pet dog; once he had even taken Eugene to the Zoo. But to-day Eugene hated him. He hated every one.

The young man came forward and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Hello, Cap! Having a good time, eh?"

Eugene wriggled out of the friendly grasp. He haunched his shoulders defensively and glared at the theatre through a choking mist.

"Now, you leave me 'lone, I tell you——"

"What's the matter?"

Eugene gulped again. "I—suthin's prickin' my foot."

He made feint of examining his shoe. The young man laughed and went back to the card table.

The game recommenced, and through the chatter and laughter no one could be aware that in the next room a small boy had flung himself down on the imitation snow beneath the biggest Christmas tree in the world, and was sobbing abandonedly.

Canadian Carelessness

By

Reg. Calbeck

Scarcely a day passes but that several motor accidents, some resulting in fatalities, are recorded in various parts of Canada. The results are apparent; the causes are not so plainly seen. In the following article, by a study of conditions and by comparisons, the writer seeks to show the main underlying cause of so many of these accidents, which he attributes to Canadian carelessness or lack of discipline on the part of the people of the Dominion. Whether or not they agree with his conclusions, readers of the article will find it of timely interest.

WHY IS IT —?

THAT in London, England, with its population of six millions, its crooked and narrow streets, and its congested business centres, the enormous pedestrian and vehicular traffic is handled more easily than in a Canadian city, say Toronto?

That in London, with its vehicular traffic exceeding fifteen miles an hour and its average automobile speed of more than twenty miles an hour, there are comparatively fewer accidents than in Toronto, where vehicles travel at less than ten miles an hour and automobiles at from ten to fifteen?

That in London there is not a single mounted cycle or motor cycle police officer while in Toronto there are three?

That in London there is not a single police officer whose duty it is to regulate the speed of motor cars, while in Toronto every man on the force is under orders to catch the "numbers" of speeders, and cycle men are specially detailed to run them down?

That in London there are fewer convictions for excessive speeding in a year than complaints in Toronto in a month?

That in London a single foot-officer can regulate the traffic of Picadilly Circus

of comparative conditions in London and Toronto is well calculated to induce Canada with less difficulty than a dozen could handle conditions at Yonge and Queen streets in Toronto?

That in London one can safely drive through the Strand at a speed of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, while it is often dangerous to motor up Yonge Street in Toronto at a rate exceeding five miles an hour?

And why is it that the percentage of accidents on Canadian and United States railways far exceeds that of any country in Europe?

And once again, why is it that the percentage of accidents in factories on this continent far exceeds that in Britain, France or Germany?

WHY IT IS.

There is an answer and a reason.

The answer—a lack of discipline and a spirit of fair play on the part of Canadians as compared with the people of Britain, France or Germany.

The reason—a failure to instill in the minds of the young—in the home, in the school, and in the church—the importance of self control, respect for law and obedience to authority.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

There is food for thought in the series of questions presented. The mere recital dawns to reflect on the possible reasons for their existence. Thus, it may be that in the process of determining the cause, new light may be shed on the general problem which will facilitate some course of remedial treatment in this country.

In any event, the people throughout Canada and the United States, are confronted with the fact that they are unable to handle traffic as do the more populous centres of Europe. Serious as have been the conditions in the past the dangers in this regard have been intensified in recent years with the introduction of motor travel, particularly by automobile, which has resulted on this side of the Atlantic in such slaughter that stringent measures are being taken to regulate it. But formidable difficulties have arisen in devising such governing regulations. The outward conditions are evident; the underlying causes are not so apparent. In order to ascertain these it is necessary to consult the authorities—men who by reason of their training and experience are familiar with conditions and are able to accurately judge of the difference between right and wrong and the relation between cause and effect.

Certain it is that the problem touching the entire question of the regulation of traffic and the safety of human life on city thoroughfares, in view of the multiplicity of changing conditions and serious accidents, is one which deserves prompt consideration on the part of administrators of the law and the public in general, in whose interests the law is enforced.

THE PRIMARY CAUSE.

What is the primary cause of so many automobile accidents in Toronto?

While the causes may be numerous and varied, undoubtedly the primary one—the one which largely underlies all others—is carelessness on the part of the general public. In many cases the carelessness has developed into recklessness. There are a great many people in Toronto who are living in a world of their own and imagine they are a law unto themselves. The conditions which they are creating as a result of putting their false theories into practice are becoming serious, much more so than most of us realize. What

has come over the people of to-day that they should thus boldly disregard regulations devised for their own safety? Is it a lack of respect for authority? Is it a failure to properly regard the rights of others? Is it a determination to do pretty much as they please? And what is the cause? Is it due to a lack of training in the home, or the school, or the church? Is it because of the changing ideals of the people? Is it a result of ideas which are being brought in from the United States? Whatever may be the cause the fact remains that the problem of handling street traffic is becoming increasingly difficult. The number of accidents from automobile and other traffic has steadily grown with the expansion of the city and the mobile traffic has increased with the increase in population and machines, as might be expected, but the main cause is still carelessness and the tendency on the part of all classes to rush regardless of the rights of others or the conditions which surround them. Why, you can scarcely go down Yonge street but that some young girl in an attempt to dash across the street clutches your arm or brushes your coat as she passes in order to get ahead of you the sooner. It is all most ill-mannered and is giving Canada a bad reputation. If this thing keeps on, I confess I don't know what we are coming to. In the old land, particularly in London, about which we hear so much in the way of regulating traffic and maintaining order, conditions are much different. There people willingly obey orders and submit to authority. Why? Because during an extended period they have been trained and educated to a respect for law and its proper enforcement.

A SEVERE INDICTMENT.

It may be said that these statements constitute a severe arraignment of public discipline. Canadians may well ask themselves, are they true? Can it be justly charged that the public is careless in the exercise of its privileges? That the rights of others are sacrificed to self interest? That a spirit of defiance has seized people which has imbued them with false notions of liberty? That there is no longer the discipline which once prevailed in the homes and schools of this country and left its impress on the lives of its citizens?

Answer these questions as you will, the fact remains that statistics bear out the theory that despite the additional precautions which are being taken to more adequately protect the public from danger on the highways, an increasing percentage of accidents on streets to-day can be traced directly to carelessness—merely a total disregard on the part of the public to conform itself to the regulations devised for its protection.

There can be but one result. As people become more reckless the measures of protection must become more stringent. The automobile naturally is the source of most anxiety. In an effort to better conditions the owners of machines and the police authorities have united in a more vigorous enforcement of regulations. The motor organizations, for instance, by an educational campaign, are impressing on owners the importance of observing the law, are lending assistance in the investigation of any complaints as to negligence and in the prosecution of offenders where such is considered desirable in the interests of justice. The police, too, are alive to the situation, as is shown by the fact that three special motor-cycle men are now on regular duty to enforce speed regulations in Toronto, particularly with regard to automobiles, while all the men of the force are instructed to take the numbers of any machines exceeding the speed limit.

FATALITIES ARE RECORDED.

Notwithstanding these measures, however, the number of deaths which might be classed under the head of "traffic" in Toronto, shows a steady increase. For the past two years the "fatality" figures, which do not of course include the scores of serious or minor accidents unrecorded, are as follows:

1909: Killed by vehicles, 3; by trains, 3; by trolley cars 8; total 14.

1910: Killed by vehicles, 8; by trains, 10; by trolley cars, 13; total 31.

The figures for 1911 will not be available until the end of the year, but it is expected these will show a continued increase over those of preceding years.

Conditions are practically the same all over the country. The general complaint against automobile accidents is changing in its character; it is no longer directed so much by the public against reckless users

as by the users against a careless public. Nor is the situation different in the United States. The report of the Board of Commissioners of Massachusetts just issued shows that 1557 men were run down on the highways of that State in eleven months, 100 of whom were killed. The conclusion of the board as to the main cause of the increased accidents was that pedestrians were becoming careless on the highways.

Apparently, with the speed limit reduced to 10 miles an hour in congested districts and a rigid enforcement of the law by the regular force supplemented by special men against offenders who exceed 15 or 20 miles, the authorities are doing all possible, with the co-operation of motor organizations, to eliminate the dangers attendant upon motor traffic in Toronto.

Merely by way of contrast it might be added that conditions on the continent are vastly different. There, the public not only co-operate with the authorities in facilitating traffic, but actually lend their aid in making such pastimes as automobiling pleasant for those who participate in it. Driving along a country road in Germany, for instance, where no restrictions as to speed are imposed, one is tempted to go the limit. If perchance, while thus enjoying full liberty, a driver suddenly toots his horn as a warning to peasants ahead to clear the road, it not infrequently happens that they call out to him as he whirls past some kindly word of greeting in their native tongue, such as "good luck to you," or "a fine driver." All of which shows not only a difference in discipline as evidenced in the obedience to demand, but likewise of spirit as expressed in the good wishes. On this side of the Atlantic there is nothing to approach it.

A DEMAND FOR DISCIPLINE.

The conclusion which one must reach in studying the traffic question, with special reference to accidents, is that a reduction of accidents is to be effected only through the exercise of greater care on the part of the public.

To this end it is essential to the proper maintenance of law and order, to the adequate control of street traffic and to the safety of human life that a spirit of discipline should be developed in Toronto.

What has happened in the homes of a city which boasts of its prestige among the cities of the Dominion, that there should be this lack of discipline?

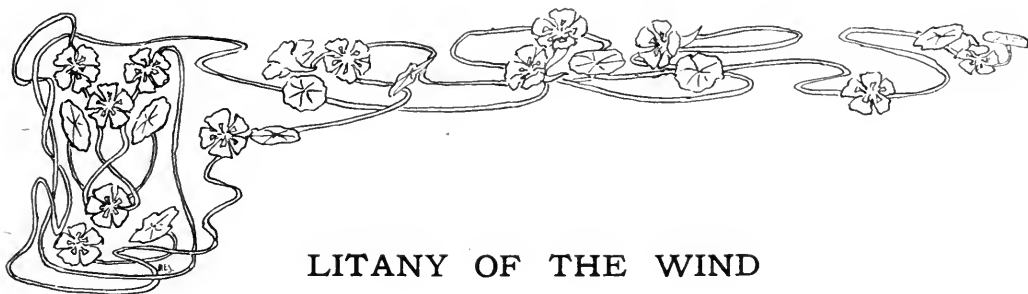
What has become of the school system in this province that should instill into young minds the importance of self-control, respect for others and obedience to authority?

What has befallen the agencies which should battle against the false ideals of liberty in a great metropolis and aid mightily in the preservation of peace and the maintenance of order?

As applied to the regulation of street traffic the development of discipline through these channels may seem somewhat unique, but the experience of large

centres in the Old Land and in Europe has been invariably that regardless of regulations the safety of human life on thoroughfares depends largely on the degree of care exercised by the general public. The task of educating and training citizens to a respect for law and authority must commence in the home, continue through the school, and be prosecuted by the State in all the spheres of citizenship by the proper enforcement of enactments and the maintenance of order.

For all these institutions there is a great work—a service which will tell not alone in the city of Toronto, but in the making in the solution of the problems of traffic of Canadian citizens in the truest and broadest sense.



LITANY OF THE WIND

O Wind, blow fresh, O Wind, blow free
 And blow my absent Love to me!
 The Wind blows harsh, the Wind blows proud,
 I hear my lover singing loud.
 O Wind, blow smooth, O Wind, blow sweet
 And waft my lover to my feet!
 The Wind blows wild, the Wind blows weird,
 I thought my lover's step I heard.
 O Wind, blow strong, O blow again
 And bring my lover in your train;
 The Wind blows strange, the Wind blows chill,
 My lover stands upon the sill.
 O Wind, blow soft, O wind breathe low,
 I am afraid my love will go!
 The Wind blows far, the Wind has gone
 And I am with my Love alone.
 O Wind, blow fierce across the lea
 You cannot take my Love from me!

—*Elsie V. H. Baldwin*

The Making of the Treaty

By

Alan Sullivan

THERE was no particular reason why Blantyre should have left his father's place in Essex, except, that, being a younger son he was like a fifth wheel to the parental coach, but the only reason for his filling a post in the Indian Department at Ottawa was that he had a great name behind him, and also perhaps because the commissioner had memories of Essex. But Blantyre brought to Canada such a lofty uninterest in the method by which most men earn their living that he was shunted from Ottawa to Winnipeg and from Winnipeg to the prairie country south of Regina, and here his luck changed.

Mackintosh was on his way west to make treaty with the Fort Pelly Indians, Mackintosh who knew more about the prairie men and could speak more red languages than anyone out of the Hudson's Bay Company. Also Mackintosh knew more of English history, it being his hobby, than any man in Canada. So when he heard that a son of so great a family was within a hundred miles he sent for Blantyre. The two struck up a queer, disjointed friendship. Mackintosh saw in the shiftless nobleman, the representative, however unworthy, of ancient glories, and Blantyre, having received not a few hard knocks, had learned to recognize a strong man when he saw one. So the two journeyed west in official ease and comfort. Then the unexpected happened, and, one evening, the Scotchman walked into camp with his four fingers dangling from the palm of one hand and a gun with a shattered breech in the other. When it was bound up by the sergeant and Joe Green-sky, the interpreter for Fort Good Hope, he turned by Blantyre:

"Ye must go on," he said, quietly, "I'm for Regina to get the powder out of me, but you're my deputy and the Queen's man. Ye'll no force them, ye mind, but ca' canny, for they're kittle cattle. I told ye enough before this, an' it was well that I told ye."

Blantyre stared at him. "But, I say—"

"Ye'll no say much, if ye take my advice, go on an' serve your country. Man alive, it's the chance of your life."

He swung, white-faced, into the saddle, for fire was shooting up his arm and plucking at the shoulder sinews. Then, a private behind him, with a packhorse, he rode off for Regina.

Two weeks later it was told among the Wood Saulteaux that the servant of the White Queen was coming to make treaty, and the news ran till it spread to the camp of Na-quape, the wild one, in the ——— Lake country, northwest of Fort Pelly. When Bel-agisti, the left-handed, Na-quape's oldest wife, heard it, she laughed viciously and scraped the harder at a deer skin across her knees.

But Na-quape called council, and to the surprise of the elder men said that though he hated the whites, this time he would go to hear what might be said. Then he painted his face and trailed across the prairie with his wise men. Soop, the wanderer, and Min-gan, the spotted wolf, and his fifty fighting men and their women at a laboring and respectful distance, to where Blantyre's camp shone white in the green immensity of the wilderness.

The sergeant had, so far as he could, taken Blantyre under a red-coated wing, for had he not served under an uncle of the great family in Afghanistan, who rode hard, and strove hard, and fought hard,

and who had just such a drawl as that which slipped so languidly through Blantyre's tawny moustache.

So when Na-quape arrived he found the deputy's tent open, with the deputy sitting at a folding table in front of it, he found the three mounted police standing on one side, with the flag on the other, and in the rear the canvas habitation of a nomadic trader, who had use for all the treaty money in Blantyre's sack.

Blantyre saw a straight, immobile, copper-colored statue. Around his forehead was a band of marten fur, from which the black feather-crowned hair fell away in two long, oiled and shining plaits. Little brass discs dangled beside his face. His body was bright with shirt and leggings of vivid blankets. About his neck a skinning knife hung in an embroidered-sheath and in his belt stuck the heavy handle of a great buffalo knife, with a ten-inch blade, and, last, there was the muzzle-loader, with its barrel sawn off short. Thus, in freedom, stood Na-quape, and at a wave of his hand the fighting men settled behind him in a semi-circle on the grass.

Very slowly he opened the firebag that had once been the lower mandible of a crane and drew from it steel and flint and touchwood and tobacco.

"I say," put in Blantyre, suddenly.

Na-quape lifted his dark eyes. "When I am ready I will speak," he said slowly. Then a fighting man brought and filled the great soap-stone puagun, the pipe, with its yard-long stem and strange straight bowl that had been handed down from father to son for more years than even the oldest of them knew.

Blantyre moved restlessly while it passed silently from lip to lip, then opened his eyes wider, for Na-quape was holding the mouthpiece toward him.

The pipe was very old and without question very dirty, and Blantyre's lips that clung so tenaciously to his brier lifted instinctively. He could not guess that he was asked to share in a ceremonial that was pregnant with meaning to every red man.

He only knew that the thing was to him unspeakably filthy, and just as he was about to imperil the life of every white settler in the country, the sergeant whispered: "Take it, sir, for God's sake take it."

So the deputy took it and drew a whiff of acrid smoke, while tense sinews relaxed and invisible short guns were laid softly down beneath draped blankets by the silent semi-circle on the grass.

Then Na-quape, speaking to Joe Greensky, held his luminous gaze on Blantyre and said:

"It is well that you smoked, but you sent for me as you send for a dog. You may be a great man from far off, but am I not a great man in my own country? So-speak."

Blantyre began wrong. There was no question about that, and the sergeant saw it.

"Don't be foolish," he said petulantly. "I represent the great white queen, whose servants we are. The land is hers, and —"

Na-quape waved a magnificent arm, "You say this land is hers?"

Blantyre nodded. He was getting very impatient. He was full of ancestral conception of Kaffirs and Hindoos, and it did not appear seemly that his heathen should have so much to say. He saw no reason to distinguish between brown and black and red men. He was racially color-blind.

"Look here, Na-quape, or whatever your name is," he said sharply. "Either you take treaty or you don't." Joe Greensky turned to stare at him round-eyed, but he blundered on. "If you take it, you will be well looked after. Money and reserves of your own and all that sort of thing, and if you don't, look out for yourself."

He settled back in his chair angrily and waited for the interpreter, but the whole Indian Department could not have made the French halfbreed render that speech, so he stammered and stuck. And into the gap came Na-quape, very quiet, very lofty, but with a thin thread of passion in his voice that ran through the semi-circle like quicksilver.

"Am I a child that you speak thus? Who gave the white queen this land? My father's father hunted here and his father before him."

Then Blantyre, with a dawning comprehension of what manner of man he addressed, said carefully:

"The Queen is our mother," and hesitating a little and wondering how Macintosh would have put it, "She loves you. We are her messengers and we obey."

"Are you finished?" answered Na-quape.

"Yes, speak."

Then Na-quape drew himself up and folded his arms and thundered. "My answer is, No! I hate you and I hate all white men, but you are safe with the red-coats. If I came to your country where you were a free man and said, 'I will take it and give you in return the value of one beaver skin a year,' what would you say to me?"

There was a long pause and the sergeant stooped over Blantyre. "Smooth him down, sir, smooth him down. There are too few of us for this game. Say something quick."

But Blantyre's temper had the better of him, and he got up facing the hook-nosed, contemptuous chief, "I'm not here to talk rubbish."

The words snapped out viciously, needing no interpreter. Na-quape caught them. The fighting men half rose and old Bel-agisti ran forward plucking at Na-quape's robe.

Blantyre was brave, there was no question of that, and, oblivious to Na-quape and his warriors, he added angrily: "I do not deal with women."

Greensky caught the words and shot them over, because he knew that Bel-agisti had cursed him for a renegade the year before at Fort Pelly.

"You tell me you do not deal with women," snarled Na-quape, "and yet you are the messenger of a queen. You give me crooked words. Here is my answer." His great buffalo knife flashed out and up and Blantyre held his breath. Then it came down, the point clean through the table. The short gun clattered to the ground and Na-quape held out empty hands, "I will not take treaty. Now, if you dare, arrest me and bring me to the red-coats' camp in Regina."

In the tense silence that followed the two stared hard at each other, the nobleman of the east and this prince of the west. Each spurred on by pride and kinship and all that had gone before him. Na-quape's ancestors had roamed the prairies, knowing no man's law but their own, a thousand years before. Blantyre's progenitors rose from the Saxon ruck and faced King John at Runnymede. By custom and order and tribal love and the passage of countless unhampered seasons

they were free men, more free than the otter and lynx and buffalo that perished at their hands, and behind him were those ready to strike at the crooking of his finger.

And opposite was Blantyre, who, conscious of something that had risen in him for the first time in all his haphazard life, saw himself for once as the representative of a conquering race. A slow bulldog fury was beginning to burn in the mind that had so long put aside duty or any thought of that noble service by which far ends of the earth have been administered for centuries by nameless Englishmen. And just as the storm was breaking the sergeant edged his way in between the two and spoke with the hard won wisdom of the ranks, "Flour, sir, bacon, sugar. Give 'em anything, but give 'em something."

Blantyre brought himself up short. He had forgotten something to the stranger in his house; and it was not so much danger which, half guessing, he did not fear, as a sudden shamed sense of hospitality forgotten. "I say," he drawled, "will you have some tea?"

Greensky shot the words over. He could say that with pleasure, and threw in a personal compliment to Na-quape that slipped uncomprehended past the others, but touched the frowning chief in the psychological place.

Bel-agisti hobbled back chattering to her women. The red man's face relaxed, and the glimmer of a smile eased the angry brows behind them.

"But I tell you I hate you," he said stubbornly, "and shall I eat with you?"

"Yes, old man, certainly. Charmed, I'm sure. Have some tea," replied Blantyre with a gleam in his blue eyes. "Too hot to talk about hating."

Na-quape turned and beckoned. The crescent of fighting men rolled forward, leaving each his short gun glinting in the long grass. Closely folded blankets were laid aside and the deputy saw lean bodies, and caught the play of tireless sinews that slipped smoothly beneath the copper-colored skin. They were men, these savages, he thought. Then the women came with their skinning knives and made the feast ready, and when Na-quape had eaten, he spoke, but this time as to a man whose bread he had broken.

As Blantyre listened he became slowly aware that he was reading one of the mysteries of the world, for far back as nations go, no one of them but can trace their parentage to some ancient stock, while this wild man who talked so proudly seemed to be sprung indeed from the wild land he trod. There was a fibre in the blue-eyed Englishman that answered to this, and as he listened he learned, till out of his learning began to grow that respect shared by all who knew the red man as he was before he became what his white brother made him. Blantyre had heard orators, but he had never before recognized the truth as he got it from Na-quape. The chief held out the pipe again, "It is the pipe of Peguis, the chief of chiefs," he said simply, and this time it did not seem so dirty to Blantyre.

Then Na-quape rose and held out his hand in amity. "You say it is too hot for hate, and perhaps you are right. The winter is coming and then it will be too cold for hate. I cannot eat my words and I will not take treaty. But if you come again, I will be here on this day of the next year, and then we shall talk treaty."

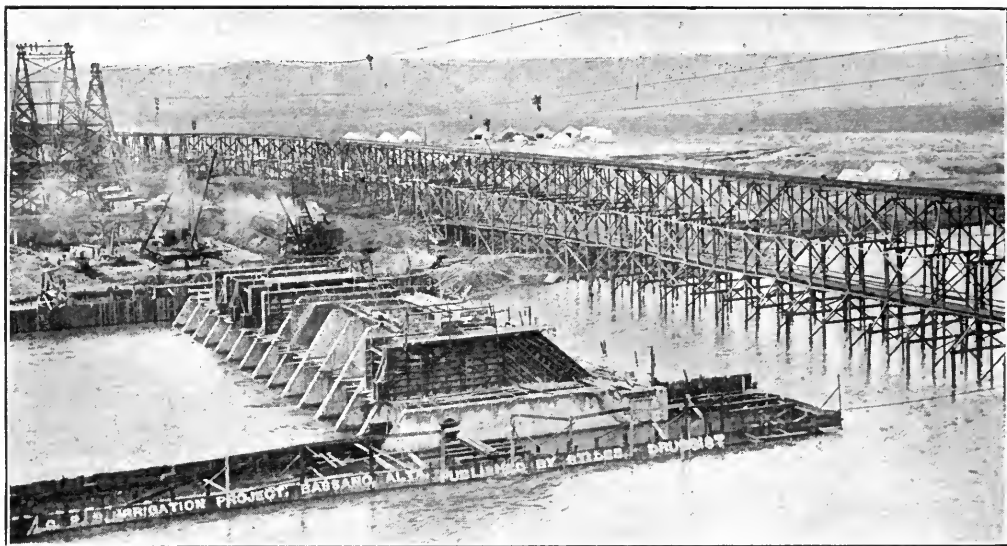
Blantyre felt a hard palm close over his own, but something rose in his throat and he could not speak. Na-quape mounted his horse and moved majestically into the west, behind him the fighting men and behind them trailed the women. As they came they went, austere and magnificent. He turned to the sergeant, who with his three privates was staring after the little troop, "Tention," he rapped out, "Salute."

JUST AS USUAL.

I took my skates from off the shelf,
 Unfit for use those skates I found,
 And thus I muttered to myself,
 "I think I'd better have them ground."
 I sent them to the shop straightway—
 A shop which every skater knows—
 And steadily, by night and day,
 It froze!

The grinder ground, the time passed by,
 At last those skates returned to me.
 "Now for enjoyment!" was my cry;
 "To-morrow on the ice I'll be."
 To-morrow came, and then, of course,
 I saw that drizzle was abroad—
 Without a vestige of remorse,
 It thawed!

—Anonymous.



The mode of the construction of the great dam is very clearly shown here.

The Bassano Dam

By

Allan A. McQueen

This is the day of big things—of remarkable plans and stupendous undertakings. Those Canadians who are not familiar with the recent progress of the Canadian West will be surprised to learn of the reclamation of half a million acres of land in that part of the Dominion by means of an irrigation plant, which is described in this interesting article. The scheme has cost a mint of money, but the Canadian Pacific is behind it, and is said to be carrying it through as a profitable business proposition.

THE principle of conservation has not only been applied to minerals, our forests, our fisheries, but also to water. The western part of the United States and of Canada owes a large proportion of its progress to irrigation—the principle of the conservation and proper distribution of the available water supply. One of the most striking things in the development of that country was the pro-

gress achieved through the aid of irrigation.

For these enlarged benefits, the agriculturists of the "dry belt" are indebted to wise legislation, but to a greater extent to the progressiveness of the railway companies, sensibly self-interested. Millions have been spent, millions are being spent in irrigation projects—making fit for culture otherwise non-tillable land.

There is, primarily, some large reservoir or source of supply, from which branch the main canals. These canals are allowed only a very slight grade in order that there shall be very little natural flow, since, of course, the only outlet is that of demand. In order to lessen the grade the canals are divided where necessary by wiers (corresponding to the locks of ship canals) which keep the water at the desired height. From these canals radiate those of lesser importance serving an area of several square miles, the canals thus growing lesser and lesser in size until we come to the private ditches of a quarter-section. It is an essential point that each canal or ditch of the whole system is "gated off" from that from which it radiates. Thus there is assured distribution where and when desired, moreover allowing no waste. The canals are supervised by district "ditch-riders," to whom application must be made for water.

In view, then, of the great importance of irrigation it was a matter of peculiar interest to the writer to view the tremendous project which the C. P. R. Irrigation Department have undertaken near Bassano, Alberta—a thriving and prosperous divisional point on the mainline about 200 miles from Calgary.

This work is nothing more or less than the establishment of one of those large reservoirs to supply the eastern section of the Irrigation Block.

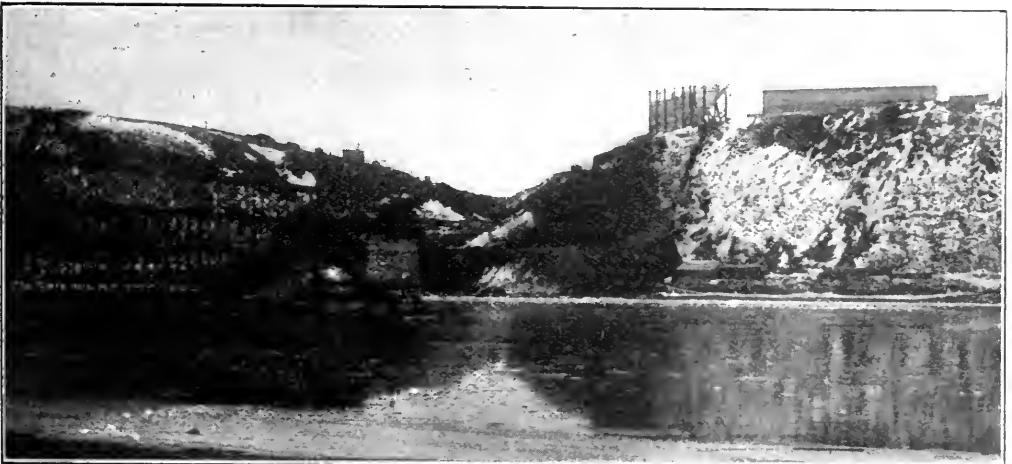
WHERE IT IS.

By reference to the appended topographical map, the reader will more readily understand the peculiar fitness of the location and the engineering features of the scheme.

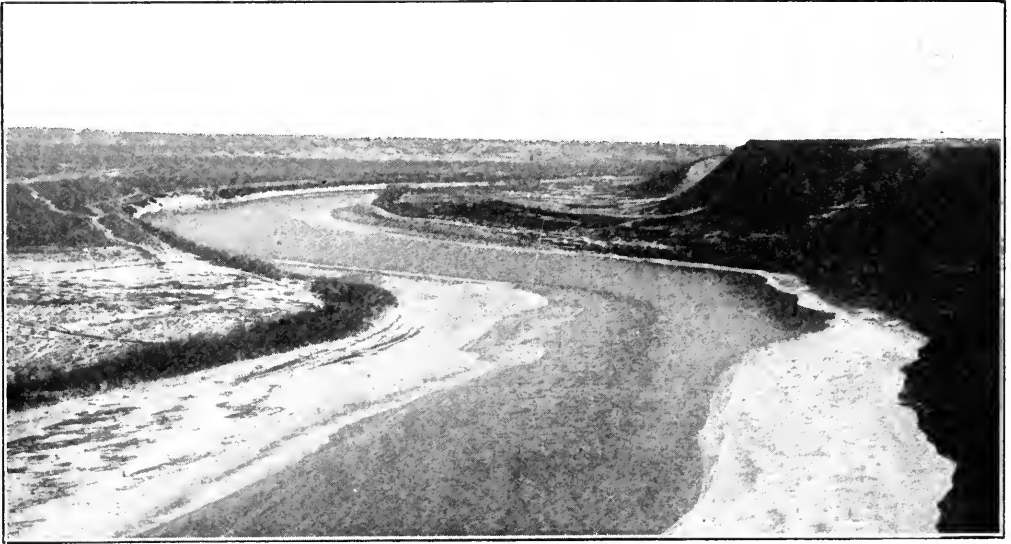
The Bow River describes at this point a large bend shaped as a horse-shoe, the banks, as with all western rivers, rising on either side to a considerable height, owing to the erosion of the river through the prairie moraine. The course of the river is as described by the arrows. Thus by placing a dam, as shown, it is possible to raise the water in the Bow River sufficiently high to draw it off into the natural coulee, Crawling Valley. Also the coulee is being cut to the level of high water. The bank through which the coulee cuts is now about one hundred feet above the water. The ultimate grade of the coulee will be about forty feet above present water level.

The main canal is being built from the reservoir following the course of Crawling Valley for about four and one-half miles, where the coulee ends. At this point another dam is to be built—technically, a tail-pond dam—from which pond radiate the northern and southern ditches of the Eastern Irrigation Block—the feeders of countless ramifications of ditches.

The reader is now acquainted with the unique physical features of the location, and, in a broad way, with the engineer-



The eastern end of the Bend where the dam begins. Note the entrance to Crawling Valley above the grade of the river.



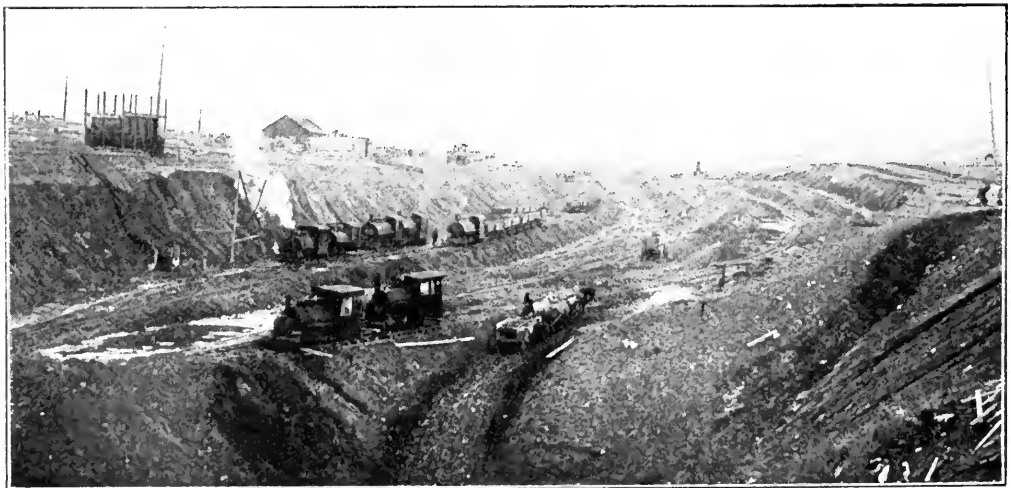
The western portion of Horse Shoe Bend, where the earth dam ends.

ing difficulties which are being overcome. What is vastly more interesting is to know how these were coped with.

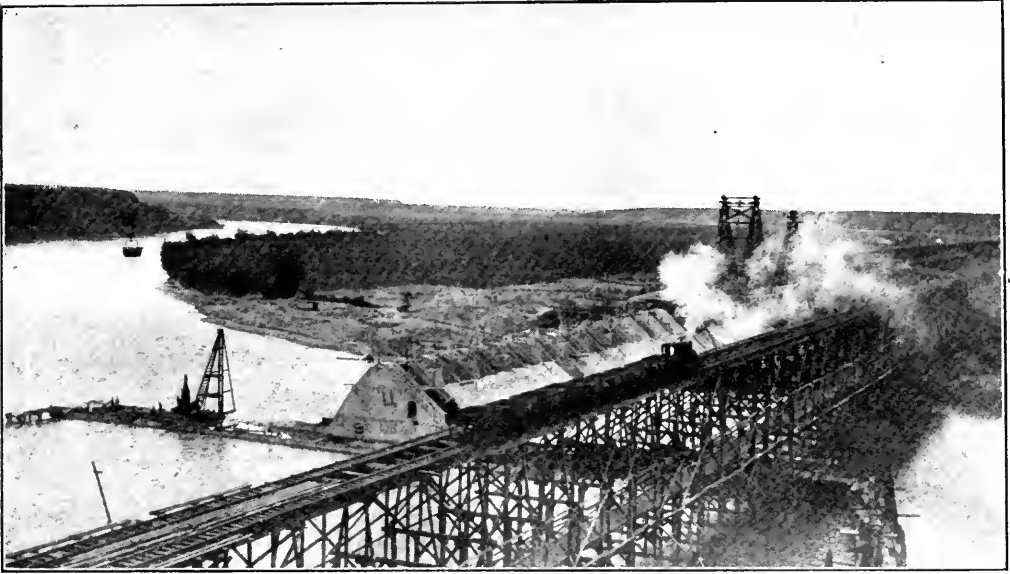
HUMAN ACTIVITY AT THE DAM.

Words can hardly give an idea of the scene of animation at the dam. Far up Crawling Valley extended the huge ditch, paved with a mystifying maze of temporary tracks and side switches. At first, amid the clatter and bustle of it all, there

seemed merely an "olla podrida" of noise and bustle, but gradually the "modus operandi" became apparent. The operations first started at the steam shovel. Like great leviathans, panting their exhaust steam, with clattering of chains and shrieking of whistles, they toiled and tore at the never-ending wall of rubble in front of them. The "cut" is then loaded from the shovel upon the waiting train of dump cars, with their



At work in the ditch. About fifteen miles of track have been laid.



Showing the progress attained late this summer. The dam will be completed in the spring of 1912.

yawning maws. The trains as loaded, are then drawn by old-fashioned antediluvian work-engines rattling and bumping down the ditch, over the trestle, far across the valley to be eventually dumped where desired as part of the dam. Thus robbing the ditch to pay the dam.

A MONSTER TRESTLE.

The trestle is one of the most interesting features. In its construction alone has been used over five million feet of lumber. The length is something over a mile and a quarter. Temporary, as far as actual use goes, it, however, affords facile and quick transit for the work trams across the river and, being in all its length, very little above the level of Crawling Valley ditch, there is no grade in the haul—a tremendous saving of work. The other very evident advantage is that, being higher than the ultimate crest of the dam, the rubble is absolutely disposed of in one handling.

The valley at the bend is one and one-eighth miles wide. Across this stretches the earth embankment, which is, approximately seven thousand two hundred feet in length. The base will be three hundred and fifty feet in width with a crest of fifty feet. The whole structure when finished will contain nearly one million cubic yards of gravel. Its upper surface

will be paved with boulder concrete—reinforced concrete slabs. When finished it will back the river up for about twelve miles and provide water to irrigate about five hundred thousand acres.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FLOODS.

The spillway built in the existing river channel will regulate the amount of water to be retained in the reservoir, and act as a safety valve in the event of floods. This sillway consists of forty-eight separate gates in all, fifteen feet in width by ninety feet long by forty feet high. This structure is connected at the easterly end with the canal head gates. The total length of the weir will be about eight hundred feet, its overflow crest having a height of forty feet above which eleven feet of water may be retained by structural steel gates. It is this eleven feet of water which provides the “head” for the canal, the other forty feet of water being merely raised in order to be level with the grade of the ditch.

The spillway will contain about forty thousand cubic yards of concrete and one thousand, two hundred and fifty tons of reinforcing steel. It is interesting here to note the manner in which this concrete was placed in position. In the background of one of the illustrations will be observed a high derrick supporting aerial



A typical irrigation canal in Southern Alberta.

cables. On one of these cables is seen a traveler-pulley, from which a bucket of concrete is barely starting to lower. The concrete was mixed near the foot of the derrick, hoisted, transported and finally deposited under the supervision of an engineer in the derrick engine-house. The work is being done by two contractors—one on the concrete and the other on the earth dam and ditch excavation. There are thus two construction camps—one on either side of Crawling Valley.

The camps themselves are most interesting. They are, so to speak, complete little cities. The contractors have installed a private water system and pumping station. About seven miles of pipe have been laid. The camps are both electric lighted. Sanitation is very carefully looked after. There are also blacksmith shops, machine shops, and a small foundry capable of supplying the smaller castings required for repairs.



What Women Want

By

Laura B. McCully, B.A., M.A.

It is always a perplexing problem to know what women want. With the women themselves it is often difficult to explain why. Such is not the case, however, in regard to the Suffrage movement. Not only have they shown that they want the franchise, but are now arguing the question on its merits, and are advancing reasons. The accompanying article deals with the Woman Suffrage question from a Canadian standpoint. It is of interest to note that the writer, Miss McCully, was the first woman to hold an open air meeting in the interests of the suffrage movement in Canada, the gathering having taken place in High Park, Toronto, in August, 1908.

NOW that nearly every morning paper is found to contain accounts of fresh outbreaks on the part of the Suffragettes in England, discussion regarding the question waxes daily louder. The average Canadian citizen is more than shocked at the unheard-of proceedings of the militants, he is bewildered. Daily women here who profess themselves Suffragists are asked: "Why do English women do such things? Of what use is it? And what in the name of reason is the row about?"

On the other hand, women who have worked in the suffrage cause are almost too impatient to answer. They say, "Can men not see, by the very opposition which the extension of the franchise meets, how important it is? Do they not realize that the thing has been promised again and again by those in power, and the promises shamelessly broken?" When reproached with violence, the militants simply make answer that nothing else will stir the public, that their treasury was empty and their followers few in 1906, when the new methods were begun, and that now thousands flock to their standards, and thousands of pounds are subscribed at every meeting. These statements are indisputable. Holloway Gaol has been a very nursery for Suffrage.

And if ever end justified means in politics, then the Suffragettes stand justified of their actions, leaving out the moral question altogether.

FACTS VERSUS LAWS.

To the average citizen, and especially to the man on the street, one argument may appeal, and may also explain. It was a mind of singular perspicacity which declared that "law is anything which is boldly asserted and stoutly maintained." The whole fabric of law has been built up to embody codes which custom from time to time made general rules of conduct. The idea of crystallizing and perpetuating these rules in law came through the necessity of restraining certain members of the community who would not play the game according to the generally accepted code. With the progress of enlightenment and the development of the race, many laws became obsolete, as the custom changed. They were then altered, and whether for the better or for the worse was always a disputed point. An instance is found in the banking laws. It is a well-known fact that great fortunes here in Canada have been founded by ignoring them. This does not necessarily say that the men who did so were scoundrels.

They played the game according to the custom. They could not have competed with others had they not done so. Perhaps it is time to think rather of altering the law to suit the generally accepted rules of the game than of searching for a scapegoat.

It is precisely the same in the case of the Suffragettes. The laws say that citizens must not create disturbances in public places. Facts say that manhood suffrage was obtained by means little short of an armed uprising. Bishops were stoned, men were hanged to lamp-posts, and churches and other places burnt. "But," cries our respectable average citizen, "it's worse when women do such things. It is unnatural and revolting!"

Now in this instance, ideals are at war with facts, and it is highly improbable that facts will give way. A woman is a human being, not an ideal, and as a human being she is liable to all the ills of humanity. If their pressure upon her becomes too heavy, she must throw it off or perish. Her sex is no "abracadabra" to save her from death by overwork, pestilence or accident. Regardless of the nice feelings of nice people, it is a fact that in England conditions are such as to reduce a great body of women to a state far lower than that of any animal.

There is no particular reason why a woman whose life is spent between child-bearing under adverse circumstances and labor in a sweatshop should be either too refined or timid to throw stones at windows. Her disabilities, over and above those of men of the same class, are such as would warrant her in trying to improve her position at the cannon's mouth. Such cases are legion in England, and women who are fighting them, however better placed in the social scale, cannot but feel that the desperate condition justifies radical methods, for "law is anything which is boldly asserted and stoutly maintained."

However, it is not the purpose of this article to defend the methods of the Suffragettes. Despite persistent press misrepresentation, it is a well-known fact that they met with violence before they tried it. Their conduct neither needs, nor would space permit, of an apologia here.

BREAKING INTO TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Rather are Canadians interested in the causes and objects of the agitation in this

country. Since the conditions above described do not prevail in Canada, why do women want the ballot? Do they, indeed, want it, as a body?

There is one form of oppression from which women suffer here as elsewhere, but that will be dealt with later. The two queries can be better answered by examining the cause of the movement than in any other way. To many persons it may be a surprise to learn that it had its birth in the controversy over the admission of women to the University of Toronto. In the early eighties application for the privilege of entering the medical faculty was made by Mrs. Emily Stowe. After a lengthy conflict she was refused. She challenged the Senate with the ultimatum, "You may refuse to admit women now, but the day will come when these doors will swing open to every female who may choose to apply." Professor McCaul retorted that it would not be in his time, but he lived to see the statement a fact.

Mrs. Stowe was compelled to go to New York for her degree, and after returning, was harassed in her practice, till at last the all-powerful Medical Council decided to permit her to carry on her profession in peace. She then began an active agitation for the admission of women to the University and for the ballot. Not many years later the first demand was granted. In view of the facts narrated, it is surprising to find University of Toronto women who repudiate Suffrage loudly, thus scorning the pit from which, as far as academic standing goes, they were digged.

Now that higher education has been achieved, the objective has changed. Women now look for the right to exercise their training in the fields of civic, provincial and national affairs. They have obtained the civic franchise, and only one logical step remains, for to gain the Provincial ballot will mean the Dominion, according to the terms of Confederation.

There are two fundamental laws of human nature which go far towards explaining why women want or ought to want the franchise. First, the human being desires to do; secondly to do in company with other human beings. Balk a child in the first of these and he becomes an idiot, in the second and you make him a rank individualist. By the old state of affairs woman was cut off from doing in the field of thought, hence her mental inferiority,

now rapidly becoming a tradition. She was cut off from physical doing, that is, from sports and athletics, hence her physical unfitness, now also disappearing. But she remains cut off from political doing, till, with some show of truth, Mr. Kipling and others accuse her of lacking a sense of abstract justice and how to govern. The attitude of these people is just as reasonable as if they should mock a man for not seeing while they forcibly held him blindfolded.

It is interesting to observe how admission to the University was followed by heightened interest in the Suffrage cause. Dr. Stowe's daughter, now Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, entered the medical course as a veritable pioneer. She was a sensitive girl of tender age and unusual ability, and her career was one long struggle which to this day she recalls with nervous dread. What medical women of Ontario owe to her cannot be estimated. Young as she was, upon her fell the brunt of insults from students and opposition from the faculty in forms hardly tellable in a magazine article. She and her cause emerged triumphant, but somewhat dubious regarding the chivalry of man, and more Suffragist than ever.

From this time forward the women realized that however important education and the emancipation of the body, no human being is complete without the legal status of a citizen, and that the absence of citizenship entails on a mature, rate-paying subject all sorts of obligation without corresponding rights and privileges. Redress of grievances is hard to obtain. Frequently women cannot be efficient as mothers or wives without the franchise. They may clean their homes, but every breeze wafts in germs from a neglected alley. They may scald out milk-bottles, but they cannot prevent the dispensing of tubercular milk.

A MISSION OF CONSERVATION.

The fundamental difference between the two sexes is one reason why both are needed to govern. Man makes everything else, but woman makes man. Each cares for his or her product supremely. Man is delighted with his sixteen-story building or his invention. His creation is dear because of what it cost him in sweat and sorrow. So woman cares for her child.

In an ideal state there would be perfect adjustment between these two principles, but as it is, woman remains politically unrepresented. As a result, in the body politic, there is great emphasis on property and a corresponding disregard of human life. Yet without man there could be no wealth, and the true unit of value is not an acre nor a dollar, but the average man.

Women protest when this great fundamental truth is disregarded. Sometimes they do it merely at the promptings of their sure instinct. But many do it in the light of knowledge. Every day some instance more or less flagrant occurs. Workmen are buried in the debris of dynamiting the road of a new railway, and no one troubles to dig out the bodies, dead or alive. A prospective mother is condemned to death, and women are obliged to reiterate their appeals for the sake of the unborn, innocent child, while men in high places delay, till all that society can do to blast that already shadowed future is done past repair.

There is a great field of political work waiting for Canadian women. First of all, there is the slum in the heart of the city. This is distinctly a house-cleaning problem, and one which men are constitutionally as unfit to handle as women are to heave coal. Without the franchise women has to do the double work of finding out what reforms are needed and then of cajoling, urging and begging from door to door for the needful votes. This is quite a familiar sight during the last two decades, and one very cogent reason why women want the vote.

During the great Women's Parliament, (The International Council), held at Toronto University in the summer of 1909, suffrage held the centre of the floor. Meetings were packed whenever it was mooted, and enthusiasm insured. Lady Aberdeen declared herself once and for all in favor, and presided at a meeting in Convocation Hall over a house filled to capacity. Unanimously and amid plaudits, delegates of all nations gave their adherence to the Suffrage Cause, and agreed that the franchise was indispensable to all progression. There is no time to do the work and canvass for votes as well. Many problems are of a nature in which men take absolutely no interest and will not go to the polls for.

SUFFRAGE AND PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

During the present provincial campaign, suffrage will have something to say, though not so much as its friends could wish. Mr. Rowell, the Liberal leader, promised to speak to the question at his meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto. He forgot to do so, as he later assured the Liberal women who had asked this concession and expected it, on the ground of loyal Liberal partisanship.

On the other hand, there has been talk of Sir James Whitney presenting the question to his cabinet. As the Suffrage Society in Ontario includes some ardent conservatives, this would seem no unprecedented stretching of generosity. It will be remembered that Sir John A. Macdonald gave manhood suffrage, a precedent which Sir James may well follow. At the outset, it cannot be too much emphasized that this particular extension of franchise is by no means opposed to fundamental Conservative principles. The reason for opposition to extensions in England was one of reasonable doubt as to the advisability of throwing into the field a great lumber of uneducated voters of the lower class. Statistically, the women of Ontario are better educated than the men. Provincial politics are no harder than the differential calculus or counterpoint,—not so hard if one may judge by the occasional inspired utterances of back-benchers here in the Legislature, utterances in which they quite transcend all rules of grammar, rhetoric, or exactness in regard to facts.

There is one type of opposition which promises to prove a serious obstacle. Certain liquor interests look on the enfranchisement of women as their death-knell. Their conclusion is fallacious and ungrounded. Many temperance workers are Suffragists, but the reverse does not follow. In this case there is an extreme probability that the matter would be placed in *status quo* at once. Whatever private views on Temperance, it should be understood once for all that the questions have no logical connection whatever, and that differences of opinion exist inside as well as outside the Canadian Suffrage Society on the subject of how best to discourage drunkenness.

While this difficulty is only a seeming one, there is another which must be met

in a very different spirit. It is the greatest menace of civilization to-day, and it concerns women as does no other problem. Furthermore, they can solve it, and they alone. It will be remembered how, but a few weeks since, San Francisco itself went against suffrage, while the state of California as a whole gave it a good working majority, adding another white star to the "free" states. The country sections backed the women solidly, but against them the Chinamen voted "en masse" and so did every interest involved in the white slave traffic, of which 'Frisco is a centre.

SUFFRAGE AND THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

These interests fear and hate enfranchisement of women, and Suffragists fear and hate them, and mean to destroy them root, stock and branch. The degradation of women as a systematic, commercial enterprise is not to be tolerated by those advocating their enfranchisement. It is the evil that weighs heaviest upon the female sex, that disgraces it, that threatens its present status, such as it is, Private immorality must take care of itself, but the nefarious syndicate, the cadet and the keeper of a house with barred windows and a lime-pit in its cellar are not to be paralleled in the whole history of the world as they exist to-day in Christian countries. Infinitely better off were the black chattels of the south than these wretches of our own color and race. Up-to-date men have chosen to ignore the alarming statistics of the growth of the number of degraded and also of missing women. This is the first of all reasons why women want the vote.

Many more interests are involved in this traffic than is commonly supposed. Those who desire to exploit labor to the last penny are interested. It is financially impossible for an increasing number of men to marry, owing to industrial conditions. Now, the instinct to mate is as fundamental as the instinct to eat, and revolution would follow in six months if it were denied. Hence, the necessity of higher wages or of keeping up the supply of white slaves.

This is becoming more and more difficult because of the spread of enlightenment among women. As a result, they are trapped by sham marriages, stolen and preyed upon in various ways. The

evil of child debasement is increasing out of all due proportion, and the average age of the "woman" of no character is below twenty and sinking constantly.

In spite of these appalling facts, we find "respectable" people who are willing to let houses at exorbitant prices and ask no questions, churches that are content to own such property, and an entire community which declines to ask itself how dividends are made. And, strange as it may seem, there innocent and honorable persons whose living proceeds from such sources. As a result, touch a brick, and the whole fabric collapses. This is another flagrant case of the injustice of putting laws on the statute books and then ignoring them for a century or so. Nevertheless, reform knows no compromise in a case like this.

It is well understood that the granting of the ballot to women is followed by legislation raising the age of consent and penalizing nefarious traffic. Because the victim's life is never safe, and sure to be cut short, the keeper who holds or conspires to hold any woman or child against her will, for immoral purposes, should be subject to the death penalty. It is impossible to estimate the damage to the community, over and above the victim. Till recently the death penalty was meted out for rape, a crime which by comparison seems far more excusable, since less deliberate and less destructive.

Again, laws obstructing a woman's right to sell herself, if she choose, should be rescinded, leaving only such clauses as provide for orderly conduct in public places. It is not possible to make men or women good by Act of Parliament. The sooner the unfit eliminate themselves, the better for humanity. Most important of all, removal of dead-letter hypocritical regulations would leave the cadet and the Tammany Hall politician minus an occupation. And a chief source of revenue. These persons make fortunes by affording legal and political protection at exorbitant prices to women of no character. This gives them a direct monetary interest in the degradation of the community.

Like all other politicians, the Suffragists have found it necessary to supply "casus belli." They are preparing a platform whose planks include many of the

projects outlined. This platform will shortly be presented to the public.

UNEQUAL LAWS IN CANADA.

Recently, while electioneering, a suffrage worker encountered the old cry, "Women's place is the home." No doubt this is an inspired utterance, but if so, it is a pity in a monogamic community like ours that at least a million more women than men should insist upon arriving at years of maturity. This is the case in the British Isles, and, they now say, in America also. Indelicate as it is, the fact remains, and there is nothing for the extra women to do but work. Nor can anyone reproach them, for only a Mormon elder secretly indulging in "new polygamy" can, with any consistency assail them with the historic phrase just quoted.

In our Canadian West, women are now fighting for the right to take up government land. They are landless, while their brothers, working not one whit harder, may take up what they need. The steam plow and similar devices make a woman of ordinary hardihood as efficient at field-work as a man. The West is increasingly full of women farmers. Why this injustice to them?

Again, a western wife has no claim, whatever, on her husband's estate. When we consider what taking up land in pioneer districts involves on the woman's part, as well as the man's, the injustice seems inexcusable. It is useless to talk of woman's place being the home if her husband may sell the product of their joint labors over her head, and abscond, leaving her penniless.

The recent struggles of women lawyers to establish their right to register, graduate and practice in Ontario are an example of the prejudices which still persist, and the disadvantage at which woman's inferior political status places her.

Recently, in the Province of Quebec, a man died after considerable length of illness, during which his wife, who was then pregnant, faithfully nursed him. It was stipulated that several months should pass before the opening of his will. During that time the child was born. It was found that the father had bequeathed sole guardianship of that babe to his own father. The law upheld the will, and a turmoil of indignation of all decent people was neither here nor there.

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM.

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new, and God fulfils himself in many ways." Till the world shall pass away, the vast majority of women will prefer the making of men to any other occupation whatever. There is no danger of empty nests. But the way should be made easier and the calling dignified by a full and honorable citizenship. It cannot be overlooked that the home is made tenable or the reverse by laws and customs which prevail in the community. As for the exceptional, the great women, the world misses their services every day.

It is well to recall how Elizabeth saved and Victoria prospered England. Farther back the tradition goes to those splendid, boastful words of Deborah, of how village and field was laid waste "till I arose—I, Deborah, a *mother in Israel*."

Seeing that men have long had the sole government of affairs and the making of laws, and that they have allowed these to become oppressive to women, so as to force gentle and quiet spirits to revolt, it seems useless to resent the possibility of a woman judge or premier. They may trust her to care for the interests of their sons better than they have done for the daughters of our race. Despite the worship of things, despite the gross materialism of the age, despite the leaping growth of immorality, a torch has been lit which cannot go out. The leaven of spirituality is at work, the fervor of self-sacrifice is spreading, and a Renaissance like to no other in human history is at hand. The force which makes for the prizing of man above his mere works, for the setting of justice before law and of humanity before achievement, the *everlasting maternal* has declared itself and will make a stand to save the Anglo-Saxon race. Who is with us?

 THE GLIMPSE

Sometimes, in youth,
When Spring's hid-music sets the blood aflame,
A voice from out the inmost heart of Life
Calls us by name.

And, in a flash, before our startled sight,
Of Beauty's self the uttermost, ultimate height
Stands forth revealed in light!

It is not lost!
That glimpse of winged splendor in Life's morn
Though sought and found not through maturer
years.

Is not forever gone!
But, as a glory in the west appears
Where all was grey,
So, ere our thin-spun thread be worn away,
Who knows but, through the mist of gathering tears
In dying eyes,
The ineffable vision of an earlier day
Once more may rise?

—By Helen Power.

Escorts:

The Right and the Wrong Way of Receiving the Governor-General

By

Brian Bellasis

In view of the fact that H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught will be visiting many Canadian centres during his regime as Governor-General, the question of "escorts" becomes an important problem in arranging civic receptions. That the public is not well versed in the procedure to be followed on such occasions was amply demonstrated on the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess to Toronto, where the so-called "procession" which included the aldermen with plug hats met with severe criticism. In this article the writer discusses the character and duties of escorts, and tells of the right and the wrong way of receiving the Governor-General.

WHEN the President honors a small American town with his presence, there is usually a motley turnout of all the bands, fire brigades and near-military splendor of all kinds that the place can muster. The President's carriage is the most splendid that the local livery can provide; imposing hearse horses are requisitioned to pull it—provided enthusiastic citizens do not perform this office themselves—and all the Sons of Temperance and volunteer hose companies and bands within miles are brought to town to march their varied steps and play their individual variations of Hail Columbia in a dusty procession with the Great Man smiling uncomfortably somewhere near the middle.

This is one of the drawbacks of too aggressive democracy. In Canada where we act democracy rather more than we talk it we order these things better. There are fixed and proper rules to be observed when meeting, greeting and escorting our great men, and thereby we escape the rag-tag-

and-bobtail effect produced when ceremonies and semi-ceremonials are left to individual lack of taste and judgment.

With real Royalty at Rideau Hall—and Royalty with a pretty extensive programme of tours and visits mapped out for it—there will be some searching of hearts and books of etiquette among the local authorities throughout Canada. But Mayors and Town Councils may take heart—everything is laid down and provided for them. They have nothing to do but see that their arrangements run smoothly down the iron rails of formulated etiquette—and when in doubt there is always a polite, omniscient A.D.C. on whom they can lav the burden of their fears and sorrows.

The results produced by iron-bound etiquette are sometimes disappointing to those whose tastes run to elephants and steam calliopes. There were some criticisms of the "procession"—which was not a procession strictly speaking—of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught



Scene during the visit of King George, then Prince of Wales, to Quebec in 1908. This shows the officers and rear guard of an escort of North-West Mounted Police.

when they visited, in their recent and first official visits to Toronto and other Canadian cities. Complaint was made that the display was "economical in appearance," and that the absence of military music and of serried ranks of brilliant uniforms deprived the entry into Toronto of the Royal Governor-General of the impressiveness it should have had.

As a matter of fact, bands and marching men — perhaps some of the critics would have liked the Knights of Damon, the Ancient Order of Moose and the Silver Cornet Band of the Amalgamated Shoe Polishers weighing in as well — would have been as out of place as would the provision of a tandem bicycle instead of a carriage for the accommodation of the royal pair. Except in the Far East royalty is not to be confused with a three-ring circus, and those Torontonians who turned out to see a circus procession were rightly disappointed.

Even in England the occasions are very few indeed when the public views royalty in its full gilded glory. Only at a Coronation is it seen at its highest splendor — and a Coronation one's loyalty prompts

one to wish to happen as seldom as possible. At the opening of Parliament a state procession is to be seen with golden coaches, twinkling escorts of guardsmen and all the rest of it, but this is practically the only annual affair in which is displayed much of the pomp associated with a "state" occasion. There are other state affairs, but they are as tame or even tamer than the reception of the Governor-General the other day.

The Toronto critics chiefly found fault with the escort — the one part of the "procession" which was absolutely faultless. The composition and arrangement of escorts of all kinds and for all occasions is rigidly laid down in the cavalry regulations and elsewhere, and provided the civil authorities do not upset matters, no commanding officer can find any difficulty in doing exactly the right thing. The rest of the criticisms were leveled — and rightly so — at the "dozen sea-going hacks traveling at funereal speed and filled with solemn aldermen in plug hats." But this was a civil mistake and not a military one.

The proper routine established by long experience is for a Guard of Honor to

assemble directly in front of the station or landing on which the distinguished guest arrives. In theory this guard is for the purpose of preserving order—keeping the crowd from rushing in. In practice this duty is performed by the local police. The guard is therefore drawn up facing the outlet from the station. It is made up of one hundred men on foot and their band, and is therefore usually selected in turn from an infantry or garrison artillery unit in the local district. This guard presents arms and the band plays the national anthem as a compliment. The Duke or whoever the distinguished guest may be, usually inspects the guard and thanks the captain in command. If there is a man in the ranks wearing many medals or some rare medal or a V.C. the Duke is almost certain to stop and ask him a few questions. With the departure of the Duke from the station the guard's work ends, and the duty of the escort begins.

Although to the cheering crowd on the sidewalks and in the windows it may seem that the cavalymen who go bobbing and jingling by are chiefly ornamental, they have none the less a real and what may be a dangerous duty to perform. In their hands lies responsibility for the life and dignity of the Royal Personage and their

swords are carried drawn ready for instant service in his protection and one section have their carbines ready.

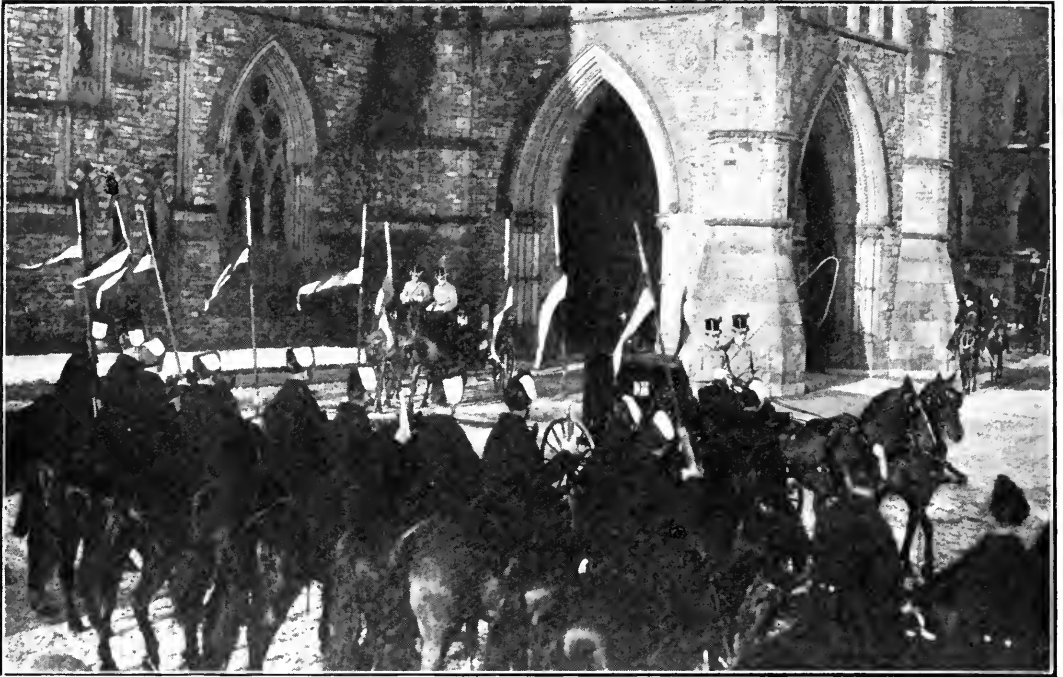
Quite recently there have been instances of the real necessity for an escort. The assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, for example, when the escort, if they could not prevent the tragedy, at least did something to avenge it. And again it is said that the desire to throw his bomb into the King of Spain's carriage before the body of the escorting officer was interposed caused the would-be assassin to throw too soon and thus frustrated that attempt.

Even in Canada the Governor-General's escort has been called upon to perform real defensive service and has demonstrated both by action and disgraceful inaction the real usefulness of the so-called "ornamental fringe."

This happened in the 'forties when Lord Elgin earned the hatred of the mob by giving the royal assent to the obnoxious Rebellion Losses bill. In Montreal he was attacked by the mob and pelted with rotten eggs, his escort sitting on their horses laughing at the spectacle or actually assisting the rioters, to their eternal disgrace, no matter how much they may have sympathized with the popular feel-



The escort that was criticized. The Governor-General's escort of Royal Canadian Dragoons guarding the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their way from North Toronto to the City Hall at Toronto.



Escort of the Princess Louise Dagoon Guards, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, showing the formation of the escort when not in movement with the royal carriage.

ing; they failed to carry out the duties to which they were sworn.

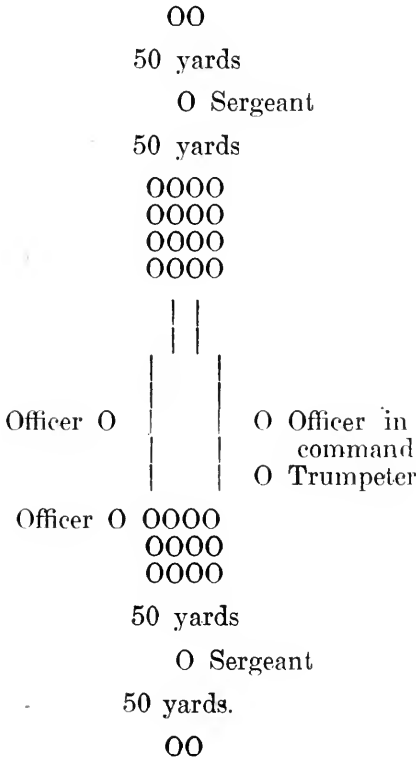
In Toronto, on the other hand, the Governor-General's bodyguard — although their sympathies were equally with the mob—did their duty nobly. When the rioters burned down the Parliament Buildings in Montreal, the House removed to Toronto, and it was when opening the new Parliament there that Lord Elgin was again in danger. But his escort saw him safely through the noisy and threatening crowd, as was their duty.

Thus the reminder to officers of the important nature of their duty in the regulations is no empty form of words: "The officer in command of an escort has a most important duty to perform; he is at all times immediately and solely responsible for the safety of the Royal Personage and his place cannot be supplied by anyone not belonging to the escort, and he must on no account be interfered with by any other officer."

The officer in command of an escort is placed where his royal charge may be under his personal protection. He rides "near the door of the Royal carriage on the side on which the principal Royal Personage is seated"—usually, of course, on the right. On the opposite side rides the officer next in seniority, the bodies of both these officers being in a line with the carriage window, and on no account may they quit their posts while the carriage is occupied. In this position they are not only in the best place to defend the distinguished occupant of the carriage with their swords, but also to screen him from distant attack, and confuse the aim of the thrower of a missile—as in the case of the King of Spain already quoted.

The Governor-General's escort consists of three officers and thirty-five non-commissioned officers and men, and is used at practically all times, even on such state occasions as the opening of Parliament.

In fact, when one looks at a plan of an escort one sees that it is a scientifically designed little fighting machine. It has been so since those days when the King traveled surrounded by a miniature army, ready to flush ambushed enemies along the road and to rally round the royal coach in proper order of battle.



In front ride two men, the van guard, who act as scouts along the road, and who can communicate anything suspicious that they notice to their sergeant, fifty yards behind them. Behind him again is the first detachment of the advanced guard, whose duty it is to supply men to protect the flanks when danger arises and to check the first rush of an attack. The second advanced detachment and the detachments of the rear guard form round the carriage, the last and strongest line of defence. Immediately behind the carriage is the standard and the trumpeter, marking the rallying point. And in every escort the same plan is carried out to the degree that the size

or the body of men allows. Though when it comes down to the single guardsman who rides beside the carriage of the Speaker of the House of Commons on state occasions, the escort becomes a fighting machine which depends more on the strength of its good right arm than on its scientific organization.

The Field Officer's Escort—so called because an officer above the rank of captain is in command—is that which is employed to escort the Sovereign on occasions of full state. It consists of a field officer, two captains, four subalterns, two sergeant-majors, eight sergeants, two farriers, one trumpeter and ninety-six men.

The next most elaborate escort is that which usually guards foreign sovereigns when visiting the King. In this case a captain is in command and under him are two subalterns and fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and men.

A "Captain's Escort" is the one most frequently seen, being employed when the King needs escort on occasions of semi-state. Naturally the smaller the escort the more capable it is of rapid movement, and the big escorts of state occasions are suitable only for the slow and stately walk at which such processions move.

Of course when there is more than one distinguished person in a procession it becomes a far more spectacular affair than in the case of a single royalty. Then, of course, each royal personage has his individual escort, with the result that the carriages are sandwiched between little cavalcades of military splendor.

For an escort "de luxe" one must wait for a coronation. In a sense the whole procession is an escort, but even that immediately surrounding the great state coach is as far above ordinary escorts as the coronation is above other ceremonials.

There is a right and wrong way to do everything, and when one is dealing with royalty one cannot be too particular in choosing the right. The Duke of Connaught moreover has a reputation for strictness in these matters, and is as likely to object to being treated as a circus quite as much as he would to being shorn of the honors properly due to him.

Public Opinion

What are the Strongest Factors in Molding its Expression and Sentiment?

By

Frederick Greyson

Public opinion is the driving power of the nation. It makes and unmakes laws, saves criminals from the gallows, hurries others up the steps of the scaffold and ordains our relations with our national neighbors and with our government. But how is it made? What are the strongest forces in the making of it? After a careful study of the subject the writer of this article has attempted to trace to their sources the various influences which from time to time have played their part in molding the expression of the nation. The question makes an interesting study.

PUBLIC opinion is the driving power of any democratic nation. No group of people living under democratic conditions and under the one form of Government have really the right to call themselves a nation until it can be said of them that there are common interests, common matters of debate, in short, common matters of public opinion among them. In some respects it might be said that a nation is no greater than the strength of its public opinions.

But if public opinion is the driving power of a nation, both in its external and internal affairs, there is something behind public opinion again. What makes public opinion? How does it grow? Answer these questions in detail and apply them skillfully to any one nation, and you will prove yourself to be of great value to any political party, to any great Foreign office, to any great advertising company. The man who can make public opinion and the man who can read it, who can guess what will be its attitude on this or that, is a clever man.

It was once commonly believed that the

press and the pulpit and the platform made public opinion. This is not utterly so. In Canada there have been some changes in the policies of the newspapers, which tend to keep them abreast of modern progress and to maintain their efficiency as makers of public opinion, but the vast majority of journals in this country have stood by the old-fashioned methods, and have lost power. The rabid party newspaper no longer carries the weight that once it carried. There are not so many rabid partisans, and those who are not partisans are more apt to be alienated from a party which is too zealously and narrow-mindedly supported. Canadians have come to look upon the party organs, in a great many cases at least, as being merely inspired *politicians*. The Liberal would not more consider any charge made against his party by a rabid Conservative paper than a Conservative would believe all the defenses, however good, that might be set up by the paper of the other party.

The pulpit and the platform have suffered in the same way that the press in Canada has suffered. Partisan zeal makes

the intelligent man, who wishes to be informed, wary. It is getting to be so now-a-days that the layman searches for the *motive* underlying any ardent exhortation: he has been taught to suspect the wiliness of Interests: he has learned to dislike the mere airing of prejudices based upon old traditions: he knows that in Canada, as yet, there is not any fundamental difference between one political party or another: to vote against a good issue or a Government which was giving good service merely because it happened to be of a brand of politics he did not approve of, is no longer the fashion. The mental attitude of the Missourian, and his constant yearning to be *shown* makes the old party appeal, the old appeal to prejudice and tradition, almost obsolete in Canada to-day.

There used to be a woman in one of the rich counties of Ontario, who—so Sir John Macdonald and his supporters are said to have believed—could make the public opinion of that county just as she wished. What she willed the county did, and—was a matter of great concern to the politicians of that day. In her prime she had been rather a comely matron, and lived with her husband, a well-to-do Englishman who was interested in mills and farm land, in a big house in the county centre. The husband was an affable sort of man, a good business man and well-liked in a thousand different ways; but in politics he had no voice. No one cared what he thought, or said or did.

On the other hand his wife, who was equally popular, wielded the enormous influence of which I have spoken. Her house was open at all times to all the visitors that ever came to the town. The wives of the farmers who came to town to serve on the jury or attend Quarterly meeting had not completed their stay until they had “dropped in” to the house of the most respected woman in the county, and had a piece of her latest cake or her best tea. As for the woman herself, she made it her business to see that she missed none of them. She knew each family and its troubles. She understood the temperament of almost every man—through his wife—and of every woman, through her conversation, and to these people she dispensed the knowledge of men and affairs and issues, as they came to the public eye. Every traveling stranger passing through

the county was bound to be a guest at that house. The affable husband passed the cigars after dinner and appeared to be guiding the conversation, but in reality the quiet modest woman who sat back on the old-fashioned furniture—which was not old fashioned in those days—was securing material for her own mind, and for the whole county. Her shrewd appraisal of men and motives, her utter indifference to what might have been her own interests, made her a very autocrat. The simple advice or argument which she gave to the farmer’s wife, the public spirit which she seemed able to evoke in the breasts of the most ignorant and stolid made her a power to be feared.

The politicians came to her once with an offer to make her husband the candidate for that riding but she, through the husband, refused.

“But,” said the husband, mildly protesting, after he had carried out the request of his wife. “I tell you the truth, Martha, I wouldn’t mind having that nomination. Look at the chance it would give me to have some influence in the affairs of this country——.” He knew her weakness for that sort of an appeal, but she, on the other hand, knew him.

“John,” she said, “you stay out of politics. You know perfectly well that you can make money better than any one else in this town. Leave the politics to me. If you don’t believe that we *have* our share in the public life of the country watch the coming election. Mr. ——— is going to be defeated.”

“What?”

“He is going to be defeated.”

“But he has an enormous majority, and the Conservatives have been in power in this country for years ——”

“They are going to lose this time. Mr. ——— has been neglecting his opportunities and more than that ——”

She explained the rest piece by piece, but that does not matter. The point is, that, after she had driven thirty miles to a certain big city in Upper Canada, through the woods where the wolves howled at night and over roads that would daunt the modern automobilist, and after she had obtained there, in sundry innocent conversations with unsuspecting politicians who had been invited there to meet her by her hostess the judge’s wife, she went into the election, armed with

Spanish bun, raspberry vinegar and tea, and convinced the women of that county that Mr. _____ must be defeated. She set public opinion against him. And defeated he was. She was not a scandal monger nor a busy-body; but a wonderful woman for whom men and women alike held affection and respect. When she died the whole county wore cedar sprays out of remembrance, and the cemetery was black with the best people of three counties.

Public opinion is not made in this way now-a-days, although individuals may exercise influence to a certain extent. There is less disinterestedness than was the case with the woman in the above incident. People in these times who can use their influence, use it to further their own ends or to gratify their own prejudices, more often than not. But even so, the ambition to *make* public opinion, in no matter how small sphere, has given way in most cases to the ambition to be able to read it. The "Weather Cock" is a necessary adjunct to each party. Sometimes it is the leader of the party himself. Sometimes it is merely a humble follower. But no matter how humble, if he is a good "weather cock" he is insured for life, as a member of that party.

When the present government was in opposition two years ago there was a certain member of that party whom almost everyone in the party hated with a long lasting hatred, and yet, they were compelled to let him in to the caucuses. For he was a good weather-cock. This man was forever trying to "knife" someone. He could not be relied upon in anything unless it was something that furthered his own interests. He was scarcely ever true to a friendship and he was forever making speeches that embarrassed the party. But partly because he owned a newspaper and partly because he was a good indicator of public opinion, the party retained his services, and paid for them in many a bitter moment.

This man could be depended upon to foresee what would be the popular moves in the eyes of the "herd." He could size up a bill and measure just about what success its passage would give to the government in improving its standing in the eyes of the people. He could be relied upon to prescribe amendments that would reflect credit upon the amendor. If he

had had any sense of personal honor, had he had any "balance," he might have been the leader of that party. But he had not. He was merely the weather-cock of public opinion.

You can, as I said before, secure a fairly valuable side-light upon the strength of a nation by studying the *strengths* of its public opinion.. Public opinion in Russia is muzzled: One must leave Russia out of the question. Public opinion in Spain does not exist. That is to say, there are a thousand communities with a thousand and different public interests, but there are few common public interests. There is scarcely any public opinion common to all of Spain. All that holds Spain together is a throne, force of arms, geographical accident, and a very weak race instinct. It is hard to arouse the Spanish people on the question of education in that country. They may indeed respond to an appeal to war, but then that is the simplest and easiest sort of an appeal to address to such a people, so slipshod in their appreciation of business principles. The United States has probably as strong public opinion as any nation of its size. In other words, the American people will respond en masse when an appeal is made to them.

The closer knit the interests of a country are the stronger the display of public opinion in that country. It is the intermingling of interests, and that position of common ideals that make a national spirit. The more diversified the interests the weaker the public opinion is liable to be. England is close knit. England has been a completed nation for centuries. Her interests have grown more and more together until the national fabric of England is like a piece of steel. Touch Manchester and the vibration travels swiftly through the whole frame of the nation and makes it quiver from end to end. Public opinion bridles in an instant if Lancashire is threatened with industrial menace. A show of trade hostility against a single county in England calls forth the resentment of the whole country, so closely are its interests interwoven. But in Canada it is like pounding sand to try to convince the British Columbian of the grave danger in which the Maritime provinces stand in regard to their economic, and even political welfare. It would take dynamite to rouse Winnipeg to a sense of

Quebec's needs. It would require a crowbar to oust Toronto from its own self-interestedness and abstract hobbies. Canada is young. She is a nation only in so far as her various areas are under one government and one flag. But the races are different and the interests are different. It is hard to rouse public opinion in Canada except perhaps upon some old appeal to prejudice or tradition. If the enactment of some new tariff law by, say, Germany, affects the economic health of New Brunswick, British Columbia, unless she is similarly injured, does not feel the shock. The thing which touched the eastern coast did not send its vibration through the western coast. When British Columbia was at fever heat over the Asiatic problem the Maritime Provinces were coolly indifferent. The tremor that stirred the Pacific province travelled no farther than the Rocky Mountain barrier—except in official despatches to Ottawa. In short, Canada is not yet tuned up to that density and tenseness which makes England so perfect as a nation. The fabric is loose in Canada. There are vast gaps and open spaces. Public opinion in Manitoba can seldom leap over the barrier wilderness which lies between that province and the heart of Ontario.

In the recent reciprocity election, it is safe to say that the average man who voted, did not vote for or against reciprocity because he thought it would be of advantage or disadvantage to the *whole* country. He could look upon the matter only locally, or provincially. Some parts of Canada wanted it; others did not. Those for whom it would have meant better trade conditions voted for it without stopping to consider the rest of the country, and those who were adversely affected, reversed them. No one could expect anything else, for in Canada the thousand interests which are scattered over the Dominion from coast to coast, have not been long enough in juxta-position to grow together. There are business interests here which should not be here; they are not naturally adapted to this country. There are others which should be here which have not yet grown up. Some day Canada's varied business interests will have grown together so that what hurts one hurts all, and what helps one helps all. Until that day comes the national fabric of Canada is not yet complete. The sense of oneness is not

here, and a healthy public opinion is missing.

A war, as everybody knows, is the best thing that can happen to some nations. A war forces the varied interests of a nation together, makes them fight together. Let some nation merely raise its hand against Canada and Canada will congeal like a flash into a solid body. But peace lends itself to expansion. Only those parts of the British Empire which feel the menace of another nation's envy and covetousness, are really prepared for the Imperialism which is being talked of so much. Canada does not feel any shadow brooding over her at nights, any greedy hand reaching out for her territory. But when she does, Imperialism will leap up within her like a flame, not because she merely wishes protection, but because she will feel a common interest, a brotherhood among her people. When the whole Empire sees some threat impending, then, and, I venture to say, then only, will the scattered parts fly together like atoms of steel to a magnet, and stand clustered against all-comers, instinct with the common interest, and common public opinion.

Of course, on any single issue, as in the case of reciprocity, the nation expresses itself, and the verdict of the majority is said to be due to public opinion. As a matter of fact it is due to various combinations of local opinion. Given a political subject upon which an expression of opinion is required, the result, in a Canadian election is a combination of what the leading cities think, and what the rural districts think. The country does not speak as a whole, divided only upon some great underlying principle such as Liberalism or Conservatism, but as a collection of interests.

In this consensus of interests each city plays its part. Montreal, aside from the French who are more or less under the sway of the Church, is interested in the preservation of east and west trade routes, in the maintenance of the banks, and in the doing of those things which confirm the confidence of the English investor in Canadian enterprises. Montreal, although it has so much tradition, is swayed less by tradition than is Toronto. Toronto is forever digging up the photograph of some remarkable old gentleman who owned a wind-mill or a distillery or something else and who was quite a man "back in

the fifties." Toronto is always remembering what sort of a house so-and-so's grandfather used to live in, and who it was that so-and-so's brother's wife's grandmother ran away with from boarding school. Toronto is Conservative because it is "genteel" to be Conservative, and so she places herself, election after election, in the hands of whatever gentleman happens to have control of the Tory machine in that city.

It is true that all the cities are Conservative but Toronto is worse than the others. The others may vote for Mr. Borden consistently and yet have some spark of Liberalism in their make-up, but Toronto emanates Toryism. Her influence upon the surrounding counties is decidedly Tory, despite the *Globe*. Winnipeg is a slightly Americanizing influence in Canada. Her hotels are places where the passing Canadian gets the germ of Winnipeg into his blood, the germ of westernism, slightly tinged with Milwaukee-St. Paul-and-Chicago-ism. Vancouver and Victoria affect public opinion in opposite ways. Vancouver tends to make one a Conservative with Radical leanings: Victoria to make one a Liberal with Conservative leanings.

I think that Vancouver and Montreal will be the two first cities in Canada to obtain the truly national spirit. The reason for thinking this is of course perfectly obvious; they are the most metropolitan of the cities, almost cosmopolitan. Upon them is focussed, to a greater or less extent, the attitude of the outside world. They are the ones who receive the strangers, and who are being thereby constantly reminded by the attitude of the strangers, that Canada after all is recognized by the outsider at least as a whole, no matter how much broken up it may appear to be in the eye of the Canadian. Not only are outside influences focussed upon these two cities, but the inside influences as well. In them, therefore, we may first look for the growth of true national spirit, truly representative public opinion.

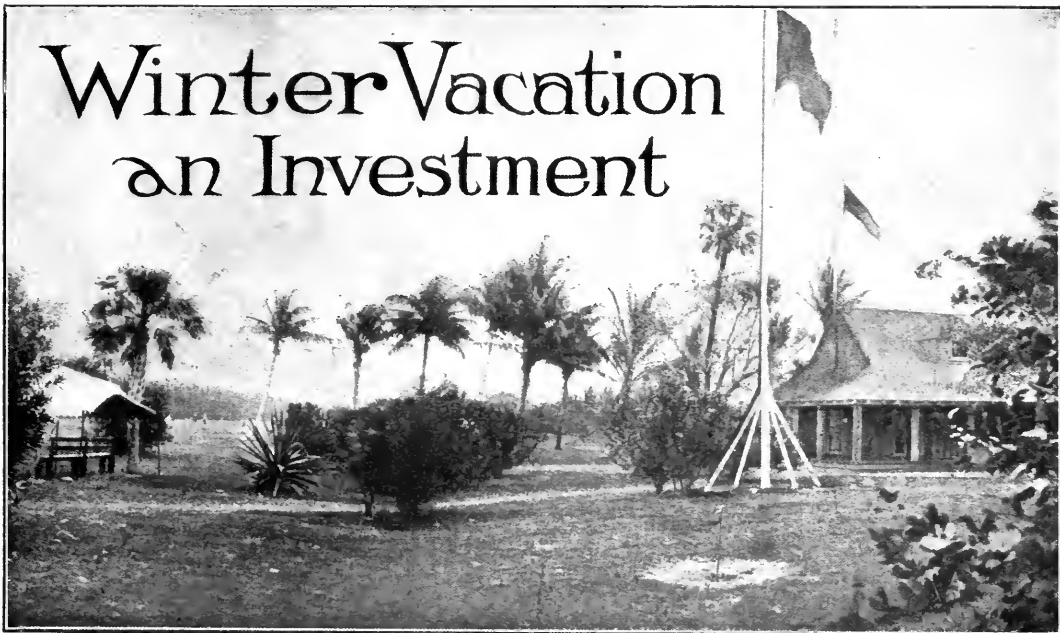
Tales of wasteful administration of public funds and stories of scandal in the lives of public men, do not play such a successful part in the making of public opinion in Canada as some gifted politicians seem to think. Of course, such facts as that a Government has wasted money on a piece of public work, or that the Honorable Mr.

Blink, Minister of Bottles and Corkscrews, is known to lead a dissolute life, are all good campaigning material, and must not be neglected by the party worker, or the speaker on the platform. But the wise men of the parties know that these things after all count for very little, except in so far as they irritate the accused Government, draw their fire, and demonstrate to the country that the Government has been in power too long and needs changing. To be perfectly honest with ourselves, the "herd," as the mass of voters are sometimes called by the contemptuous political "herders," are not so set against dissipation and wastefulness as they sometimes pretend. After all, the world loves a good-natured rogue, and does not forget that many a great statesman or hero has had his little foibles—the accompaniment of genius. As for extravagance, so long as times are good, and there is not direct taxation as in England, few people, except the foggies and the real students, pay any attention.

Public opinion is swayed by a figure—a man. Canadians are too busy making money or tending their investments to take the time which they should take to watch public expenditures and public policy. When it touches their purses they look up and howl, when it touches some underlying sentiment or prejudice they may be roused, but nine times out of ten they will follow—a figure. The eye appreciates a man five times as easily as the ear appreciates a tariff argument. A Laurier or Whitney could command allegiance where other men would be howled out of town if they presented the same proposals.

This is not a good thing. It indicates a laziness on the part of the electorate which is not desirable. Yet, somehow or other, these figures, such as Whitney and Laurier, command well, and seem to lead well, for a time at least. It is great issues that beget great men; not great men that beget great issues. When public opinion in Canada comes to be a truly national thing, when localism and provincialism are lessened, then Canada will have greater issues and great men. And if they are truly great men they will not try to guess public opinion in advance and act accordingly to their own advancement. But they will lead public opinion, press, pulpit, platform and all.

Winter Vacation an Investment



By James Grant

Are our theories of vacation correct? Here's a writer who holds they are sometimes wrong. Do Canadians take their vacation at the right time from the standpoint of recreation and business? This article on "Winter Vacation as an Investment" presents the whole problem in a new light and is well calculated to induce the people of the Dominion to give it some thought with a view to reaping the utmost advantage and benefit from their holidays.

OUR theories of vacation are sometimes wrong. A vacation is to be considered from two standpoints; from the standpoint of health, the recuperation of lost strength; and from the standpoint of a business investment. Some people make use of their two weeks or their month every year to go to a summer resort or a health resort, and rest—incidentally few of them really *do* rest; and others take the time which is at their disposal and invest it on capital account by using it to acquire new experiences, greater knowledge and freshness of viewpoint.

Looking into this question of holidays and vacations, considering the different

ways in which different people spend these periods of relaxation, one fact stands out very clearly: the average Canadian wastes his vacations as utterly as though he threw it into the waste-paper basket, because he fritters away valuable time instead of studying the whole question so as to get a maximum of service out of a minimum of vacation.

A certain Winnipeg real estate man adopted a rule of taking three weeks' holidays every year. There had been years indeed when he took no holidays whatever, because he did not believe that his business could be run without him. This is the conceit of the average successful business man of to-day; it is also his misfortune and his handicap.



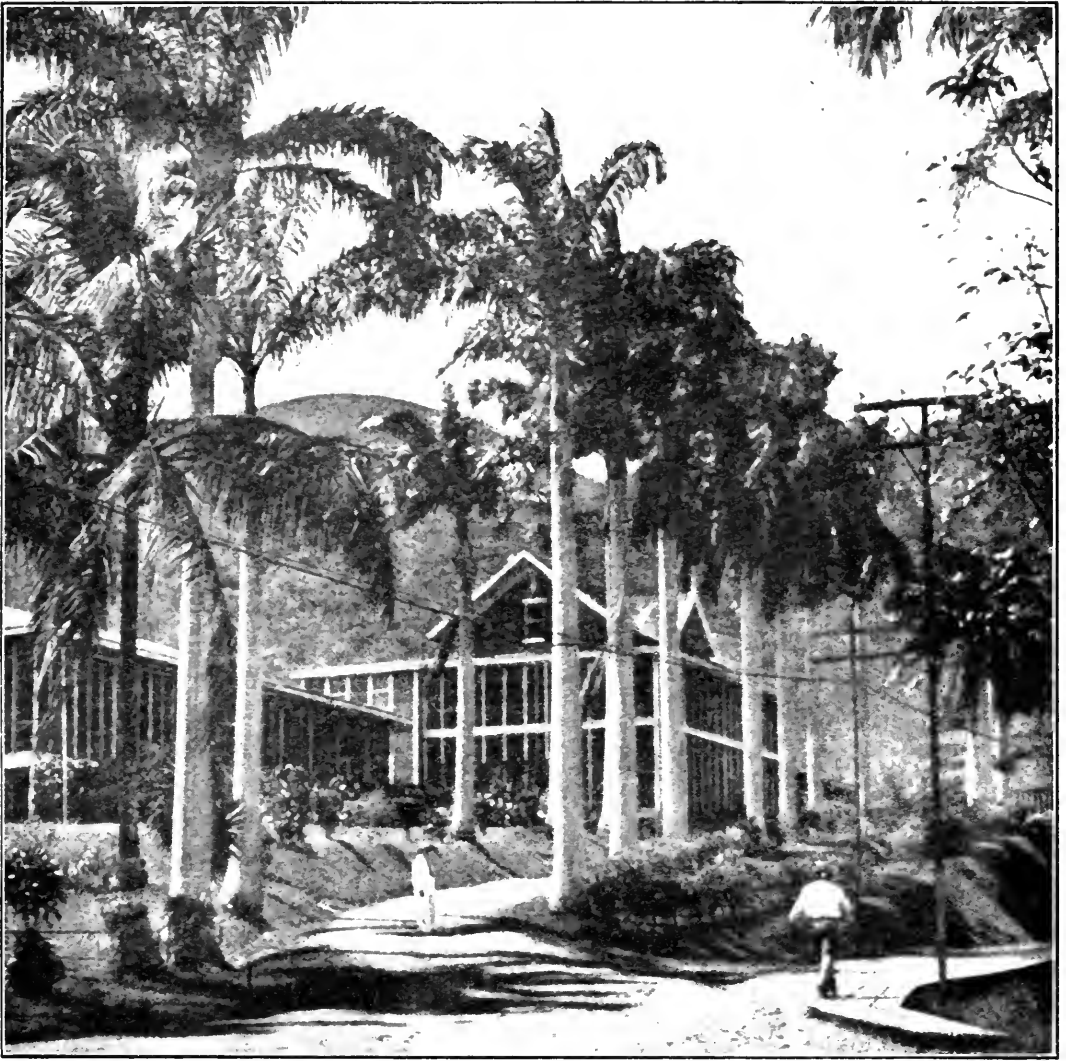
Scenes in Havana, Cuba.

Through one or two nervous breakdowns, however, when his business trembled in the balance with his own health simply because he *had* made it so dependent upon himself, this man was compelled to admit that holidays were necessary, and he set aside the three weeks every year for his own recreation—grudgingly.

He did not know how to take a holiday. In those three weeks he used to pack himself off to a "health resort." There, for the full length of time, he played invalid. He mesmerized himself into thinking that he was a poor, exhausted wreck

of a man, whose health was delicate and who needed most careful attention. He brought his wife with him for company and amusement. He hired a sort of nurse-companion to look after him, study his diet, and give him a regular course in massages and electric baths.

As time went by, and year followed year with the same treatment, the real estate man came to be a sort of pink baby. He grew soft and liked to read the circulars which come wrapped around patent medicine bottles and which describe "symptoms." He took a great delight in buying doctor books and in prescribing



Scenes Along the Panama Canal.

remedies for his friends. He was not ill, he would not have admitted such a thing to himself, but he had conceived a certain "duty" that he owed his family and his business, to say nothing of himself; and he interpreted it as meaning that he should spend three weeks per annum as I have described.

In five years the real estate man was on the verge of collapse. He had deteriorated into a namby-pamby. He woke one morning with a heavy cold on his chest. He thought he was about to die. He sent for a doctor, and the doctor accidentally

happened to look serious. This confirmed the patient's alarm. All the coddling which he had been giving himself for the past five years began to re-act upon him. His imagination told him he was going to die. He felt sure of it. He called his lawyer and gave his will. He pitied himself. He gave final directions about his business and then —

Deans, the bookkeeper, came up one morning. He wanted to see the chief.

"I'm too sick!" moaned the chief peevishly. "I cannot see him. I have left all instructions. The bookkeeper's salary is

to be raised. Tell him—when I am gone—that —”

But the bookkeeper broke into the room.

“Mr. Brown,” he said, although Brown isn’t the real name, “this is serious business!”

“What is?” whispered Brown, still basking in the expectation of a pleasant death with the family gathered around.

“Peabody has skipped.”

“Eh!”

“Peabody has skipped with the funds!”

“Wha —! Oh, but I’m not well, Deans. I’m not long for this world I’m afraid. You’ll have to —”

“But I tell you, sir, you have got to get busy at once and go to Europe, or Peabody’ll get away. He sailed from Montreal yesterday. We just found out. He has taken almost everything with him. You have got to follow him. If we tell the police we’ll hurt our credit.

Brown grew livid, then a change came over his face. He was getting excited. The lines of apathy faded out of his face, and in their place were the old hard business-like lines which had characterized Brown before he took to health resorts. The excitement brought on perspiration. It broke the only serious phase of the case—Brown’s belief that he was going to die. It roused him. He got better in a twinkling, and sailed for Europe in time to catch the absconding cashier without having to make public the affair.

Two months later he arrived back in the C. P. R. station. The bookkeeper met him and they walked out through the Royal Alec.

“Say, Deans!” exclaimed the employer, as they reached the rotunda, “I want you to tell me something. Don’t I look better, and talk better and seem better all around than I ever was before?”

“You — why yes, sir, you do.”

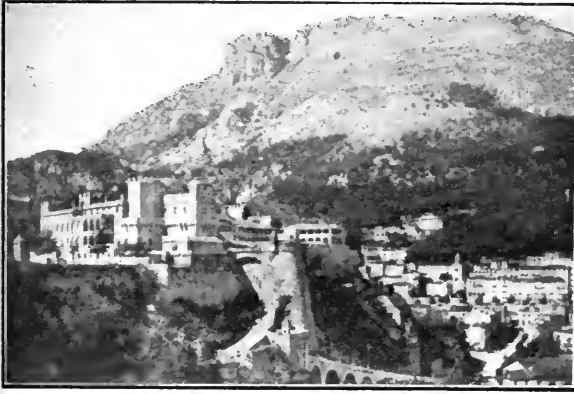
“I thought you’d say that,” laughed Brown, “but as a matter of fact Deans, I want you to know that I haven’t got such a thing as *health* or *appetite* or *digestion* or *sleep* to worry about. I’m a good, sound, healthy man, and the only danger to me lies in thinking that I’m not. If ever I hear of one of you fellows in the office going to that health resort without a doctor’s sworn certificate, I’ll pick him up and fire him or tell him to get some new thoughts into his head—take a new job

where he’ll see new things and have his attention taken from himself. That’s what Europe did for me. Health resorts were killing me. With a fair amount of work and with fair salary and fair comfort, the average man doesn’t need health resorts or rest cures; he needs a change. He needs to get up and see something new.”

Thereafter Brown was not ill again, except with an occasional cold or a touch of rheumatism which wasn’t serious. Instead of taking three weeks’ holidays every year, he worked hard for two years, and then made a trip to Europe again for two months. Next time he went down to the Bahamas, then to California, to South America, and last year he went to Japan. The new ideas, the enlarged viewpoint and the freshness which these travels gave to Brown’s mind have made him the most successful man in his line of business in Winnipeg. Instead of being the club bore, telling the members how to cure this and that and something else, he is the most popular man in the club, because his outlook is bigger and brighter than most of them, and he has learned to talk interestingly. More than that, whereas he had formerly been content to have just one office and do merely a local business, he now has three offices in Canada, and is rapidly building up a national business.

Now Brown’s story does not apply to everyone, but it applies to a great many. It concerns clerks and school teachers, stenographers and professors, great business men and little business men. The average man was given a healthy body to start with. Even if it may not be robust, with a little common sense in using it, the owner need never have to take rest cures at summer resorts or treatments for brain fag. Doctors will tell you that most of the alleged nervous prostration and general debility which people suffer nowadays comes either from dissipation or too much application to one subject. Leaving out dissipation, it might be said that stagnant ideas cause more ill-health than a stagnant liver; narrowness of life and littleness of outlook is almost as harmful as poison, and will breed bodily ills that should ordinarily never have come. The remedy for such conditions lies in enlarging one’s outlook.

This refers to the question of travel. Travel cured Brown and made him a first-



Le Palais du Prince Monaco.

class business man instead of a second-rater. Brown invested his holidays in traveling as far and wide as he could afford to go; he said it benefited his health and his business. There are others who, fortunately, have not to worry about health, to whom travel would mean increased efficiency in their work, quicker promotion and earlier success.

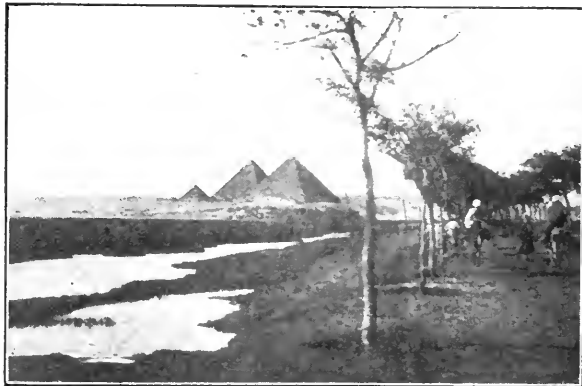
Consider the average young Canadian business man, the bookkeeper, the ledger-keeper in a great office, or the head of a department. He arranges to take his miserable little two weeks' holidays some time in July or August. He writes to his favorite boarding house on Lake Somewhere, buys new duck trousers, new tennis racket, running shoes, pipe-tobacco, yachting cap and dancing pumps, and hies him off on the twelve-noon train. He weighs himself before he leaves. He vows he will go to bed early and drink no tea—nor anything but milk. He takes a canoe with him or rents one from the boathouse at the summer resort. He picks out the prettiest girl he can find and tries to work out a good line of fun. He paddles her out on the lake in the evening and takes her for long walks. Likely as not he falls in love and gets married and there is an end of him until such time as—in the far, far future—the children have been educated and the bank account re-established. And then, perhaps, he is able to take a voyage out into the real world. But it is too late to do him the good which it might have done him earlier in life.

If he doesn't marry the first time he goes to the summer resort he does so eventually; it is only a matter of time, unless

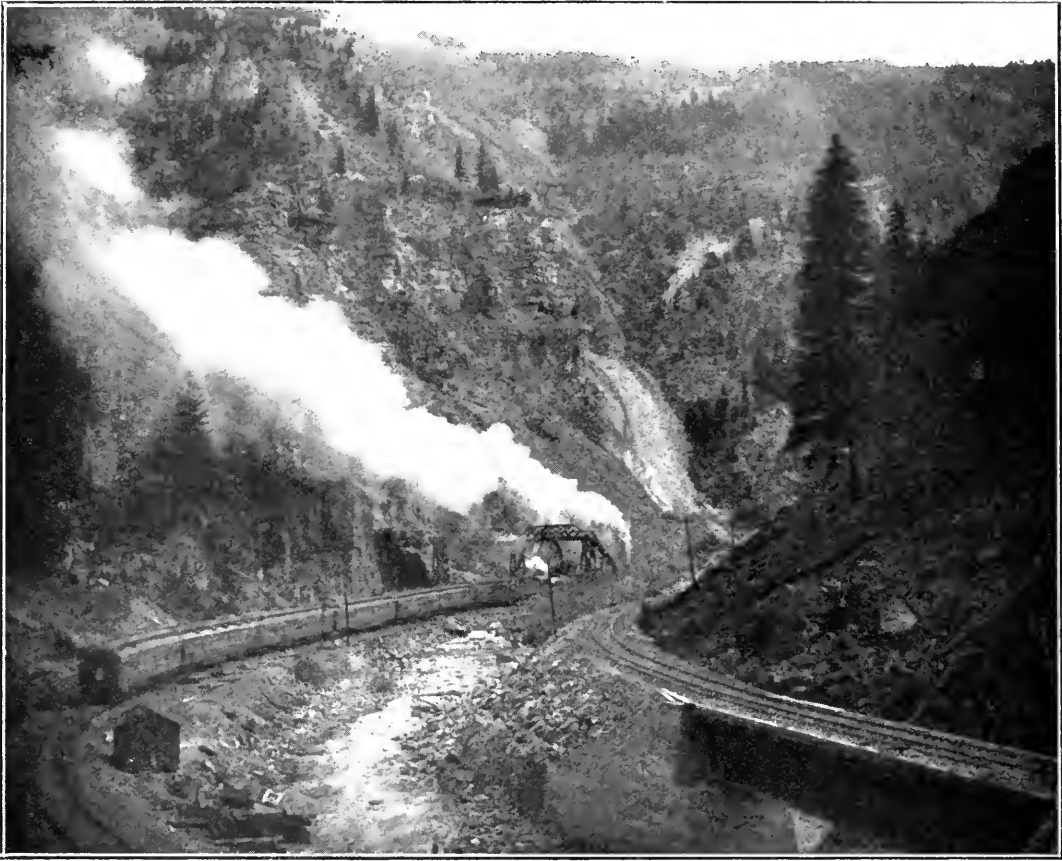
he is a confirmed bachelor, in which case he becomes a sort of fossil, kicking about the summer resort, spoiling the fun of the couples who sit out the Tuesday night dances, and grows older and narrower every year. He is content to have gained a few pounds in weight at the end of the time. For women it is much the same. They feel, when the summer comes that they must have recreation, and this is the sort they take. It does them good, no doubt. It would never do to close up the beautiful summer resorts with which Canada abounds. But the argument we have in mind is that before the young man or the young woman falls into the regular habit of spending the usual summer holiday in the usual local summer resort, he or she should try, at least once, to make a real journey, to make a real excursion into the great outer world which lies outside the portals to the country. They should see how other people live.

There was an employer of labor in Montreal—he is dead now, and his business continues to run successfully because he *was* such a good employer—who believed in the value of travel. In his staff were a number of young men of varying degrees of ability. Most of them, when the usual holiday time came round, trotted off to certain favorite lakes in the Laurentians or down to the Adirondacks, where they danced and canoed and flirted and gathered a coat of tan—if not wives. One young man came to his employer one morning and asked to be allowed to arrange his holidays in a special way.

"Well," said the employer, "how do you want to fix them?"



Route to the Pyramids.



Eagle River Canyon, Colorado.

"I want," said the young man, "to take no holidays this year at all. I'll do without them for this year if you'll let me have a month next year."

"What do you want the month for?"

"I want to go to England."

"But a month is a pretty short trip."

"Yes, but I want to go."

"Tell me why do you want to go? Relatives? Girl? Rich uncle? What is it, Johnson?"

"None of those, sir. I want to go. I want to see what England is like."

"Very well," said the employer. "You get no holidays this year. Next year you take a month."

The young man hoarded his money and his energies. His friends told him he needed the holiday and he should take the rest for his health's sake. He said no. He knew there would be some strain upon him in working all through the sum-

mer, but he knew also that by taking judicious recreation in his evenings and at the week-ends, he could keep himself in first-class health. He did, and next summer, having saved some money, he asked for the month's holidays.

But instead of the month the employer made him an offer.

"See here!" he said, "I'll give you six weeks if you'll take those holidays this winter. A month is all very well for you, but since you have ambition enough to work two years to get a month, I'll throw in an extra two weeks if you'll take them a little later on, when there aren't so many of the staff away."

"It is very kind of you ——" began the clerk.

"Not at all, retorted the employer, "if you are the kind of man I think you are. If you keep your eyes open while you are away for new ideas and so on, it is worth

my while investing another two weeks in you."

So Johnson went, and when he returned he was in a different class from the other men with whom he had worked. He had traveled first class—even though it did cost him a little more money—and in the first class he had met men and women he could never have met otherwise, at his age. He learned valuable things from some of the old business men with whom he talked in the smoking room, and—perhaps not the least of the benefits—he learned to be at ease with such people, how to approach them, and how to make small talk, which, although only minor matters, nevertheless assist in the making of a successful business man. Johnson's employer benefited by Johnson's freshened ideas, by his greater working efficiency, and by the fact that he was later able to send Johnson on important business missions among the men of the city. *And Johnson was only an ordinary young business man, after all.*

There is another question to be asked in this regard. Why should Canadians always take their holidays in the summer-time? Business is brisk then. There are always thousands of travelers in Canada who lend a stimulus to trade which ends only at Christmas. Why should not the average young business man, or even the business woman, try to arrange his or her holidays after the first of the New Year, when the stocktaking is finished, and when business has settled down after the Christmas rush?

Canada in summer is not such an unlovely place in which to live. The heat, after all, is not so very trying as we sometimes lead ourselves to believe, and even so, the average big office building or the average warehouse is often cooler than the much praised summer resort. We are in the habit of saying that the air is not fresh—part of the danger of the city to our health lies in this constant repetition of our ideas that the city is "stuffy" and unhealthy and so on.

It is true that the air may not be very fresh, and there may be a considerable number of germs floating about, but is the same not true of our long winters and our still longer spring thaws. Far fewer persons suffer from the effects of heat in

the summer than from la grippe and colds of all kinds in the winter. Many a winter cold is the beginning of a strong man's undoing. With proper care, on a hot summer's day a fairly healthy person ought to feel no ill effects.

Then, too, in the summer there are a thousand things that one can do in the evenings or in the week-ends that make up for the lack of a summer vacation. Most of the great cities, and even the smaller ones, in this country, are surrounded with ideal places for an evening's recreation in summer. Halifax and Quebec, Montreal and Toronto. Winnipeg and Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria, have all scores of places where they can send their workers for the evening or for the week-end.

A business man in Quebec used to live out at Lac St. Joseph, at a simple little hotel there, and came in and out from his office on the Canadian Northern every day. He had, it is true, to rise a little earlier than usual in the mornings in order to catch the steam launch which carried him across the little lake to the railway station. But he made it, and not only that, but he grew healthier with the regular exercise and the regular sleep. The train run was merely a matter of about twenty miles, and the fare was not great. He took no holidays that summer at all, nor in any summer, indeed. When he reached the lake again after the day's work, he changed his clothes, had a swim, and went out fishing or paddling or sailing. Sundays saw him exploring the trout brooks or walking down to swap gossip with the curé of a nearby village after Mass. His wife and children became bronzed with the sunshine and good air. The board was good, and it was cheap; in fact, he *made* money by renting his house furnished in the city for the summer. That winter he and the family made a journey to the West Indies. Last winter they were in Italy, and the father of the family is not a wealthy man, either—but he is wise.

In Toronto a number of young men of whom I know have a camp at the Island. They employ a cook and share the expenses like a club. They come back and forth from city on the ferry boats, and have a jolly summer all round. In Win-

nipeg another group of young men have a camp on a certain river, and they too come in and out from their offices. A certain young bank clerk in Vancouver who had bought a suburban lot for which, at the time, he could find no innocent buyer, bade adieu to his boarding house and founded a camp among the big trees for himself and some of his chums.

If not by camping out, at least by an occasional inexpensive week-end trip, a man or woman can make the summer endurable, at least. The mistake which a great many of these people make—although, after all, it is their own business, not mine—is that they take their usual allotment of time from “the office” and squander it on some perfectly ordinary and commonplace summer resort, from which they return without much profit. To these people the admonition holds good: save up your holidays, or get the most *experience* out of them you can. Invest your vacation on Capital account. Make the two weeks that are due to you from the office next summer serve as an investment from which in your old age you may draw returns.

Of course for school teachers and for people with children it is not easy to get away in the winter. The members of the teaching profession, be it noted, are among the best travelers of the day. They make use of their long vacation to see other cities or other countries than their own, and there is no question that they and the children with whom they come in contact benefit from this. In their case, and, in fact, in any case, summer travel is a splendid thing—much better than doing more commonplace things. But by every standard of reason it would be just as well if the whole scheme of things were reversed and the long vacation for Canadian school children should come in winter when there is greater hardship in getting to and from school, when the problem of clothing the child is much more serious for the poor parents, and when there are far more diseases to be communicated in the close atmosphere of the heated school-room than in the room where the windows may be left open and fresh air brought in all the time. However this is another question. It touches this question of winter travel only at one point.

Of course travel is of different kinds. There are tours around the world—which are not of especial value for beginners, because the traveler gets too many impressions at once, and is not likely to digest what he sees. Moreover, these tours are expensive. Then there are tours to Florida, or California, or to the British Columbian coast from the East, or to the East from British Columbia; then there are journeys to the Indies, or tours, including that region and South America; on the other hand there are to be had trips to England, to the Continent, to the Mediterranean, Italy, Egypt, India.

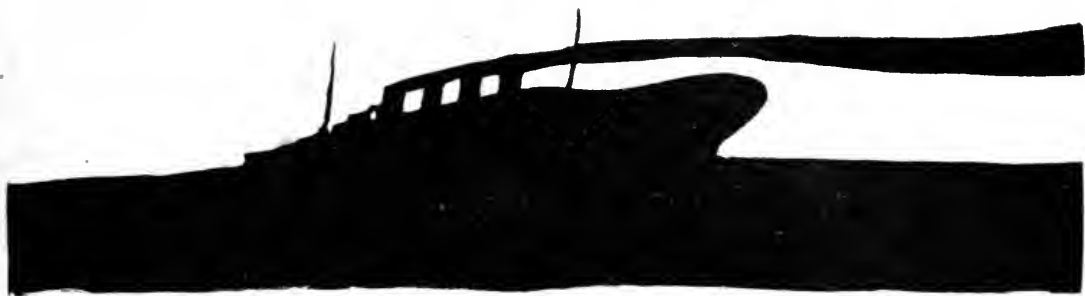
The travel companies with their ready-made itineraries and their estimated costs of everything, are not to be despised. Superior gentlemen who write editorials and magazine articles may choose to poke fun at the —’s tourist or the sightseer, but after all this is merely a form of affectation on the part of these gentle writers. These travel companies supply fairly good estimates of the costs of all sorts of trips and even if you do not place yourself under their guidance, the information which is to be found in their folders is a good basis upon which to estimate the cost of a trip—anywhere.

As a matter of fact, London and Paris and Berlin and New York are the places where the young Canadian business man or student can learn most in least time and at a minimum of expense. Tours to Italy and the Levant are all very well for students of the classics or of ancient history or of art. But for the young Canadian who wishes to become broader minded and more thoroughly informed there is nothing much better than the cities mentioned.

For the sake of health—if one must travel for health—there is, of course, the southern winter resort. Drives and excursions, dances and walks, and placid corners in the verandah where one may read and rest, abound in these places. One meets interesting people and makes good friends, sometimes, if one so wishes. There is plenty of amusement, and little opportunity for becoming “bored.” If one wishes scenery there is the Grand Canyon on the way to California or our own Canadian scenery in the Rockies. If one requires novelty there is Japan or South

America. For information the average Canadian can do no better than make his way to the Old Country. The cities of the Old World are refreshing; a man gains a new angle from which to judge his own city, and his own country. A letter of introduction or two will give a man the entré to industrial places where he may learn new things about his own line of business. For those who love art, there is everything to find. For those who love

history, the same. For those who wish to find the romantic, what better is there than a London street in a fog. But leaving these things aside, whatever the purpose, the questions remain: Are you using your vacations to advantage? Would it not be better to hoard your summer holidays until you had enough, one winter, to sally forth upon the *real* world, and see the rest of the nations?



LOVE IN DEATH

One day I'll rest by a busy street,
Where all day long the tread
Of passers-by goes to and fro,
Yet waken not the dead.

I'll lie so still, give out no cry,
Though loud on the pavement fall
The step of him who long, as friend,
Was loved the best of all.

I'll lie so still and make no moan,
Though clear, in the crowded throng,
The step of him I'll hear who once,
As Judas, wrought me wrong.

Though on my grave the mould will creep,
And the flowers above it die,
My name will blush red on the stone
When *she* one day goes by!

—By "Arrah Luen."

The Whisper

They were three big men from, of and in and over
 all the Earth,
 And they hurried to their Mother for the Season,
 For the time, in all the year demanding greeting,
 Love and Mirth,
 They were hasting, tho' they scarcely sensed the
 reason;
 'Twas an almost primal instinct fetched them back
 beneath the roof
 For Christmas—'Way from scenery rugged—
 wild,
 Just the call—whate'er the distance—
 Reaching out with still insistence—
 The whisper of the mother for her child.

* * *

Be you busy in the city's marts—or ranching in the
 West—
 Be you lumbering where the forest-monarch lies,
 Or searching for the nugget—you must drop the
 weary quest,
 To glimpse again the love-light in the eyes
 'Neath the mother's fluttering lashes—round the
 “waiting-for-you” lips,
 On the plucky little face that ever smiled
 From the days when you—a baby—
 Understood more clearly, may be,
 The whisper of the mother to her child.

* * *

That's the spirit of each Christmas since the morn
 when Mary held
 The Saviour of the World to loving breast,
 The Mother-Love now flowing still, as on the day it
 welled
 Unstinted over you—and in your nest
 Of arms that strained you closely, giving guard, in
 sheer content
 Of weariness—to All Things reconciled—
 When the passionate clutch that caught you,
 All the mystic meanings taught you,
 Of the whisper of a mother to her child.

George Trafford Batty

TORONTO, XMAS—1911.

“I Had a Friend”

By

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

The articles in the “Success Series” now running in this magazine have been greatly appreciated by readers. This month we are privileged to present a chapter, “I Had a Friend,” from Dr. Marden’s new book, “Self Investment,” which will be published shortly. Friendship is of all things the most rare, and therefore most scarce, because most excellent, whose comforts in misery are always sweet, and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate.

“I HAD a friend!” Is there anything more beautiful in all this world than the consciousness of possessing sweet, loyal, helpful friends, whose devotion is not affected in the least by a fortune or the lack of it; friends who love us even more in adversity than in prosperity?

At the breaking out of the Civil War, when the qualifications of the different candidates for the Presidency were being discussed, and Lincoln was mentioned, someone said: “Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends.” It is true that Lincoln was poor, that when he was elected to the legislature of his State he borrowed money to buy a suit of clothes, in order that he might make a respectable appearance, and that he walked a hundred miles to take his seat. It is a matter of history that he also borrowed money to move his family to Washington after he was elected President, but how rich was this marvelous man in his friendships!

Friends are silent partners—every one of them interested in everything that interests the other, every one trying to help the other to succeed in life, to make a good impression, to stand for the best thing in him and not the worst, trying to help the other do what he is endeavoring to do, rejoicing in every good thing that comes to him. Can anything be more sublime,

more beautiful, than the loyalty, the devotion of friends!

Even with all his remarkable ability. Theodore Roosevelt could never have accomplished anything equal to what he has but for the powerful, persistent, enthusiastic assistance of his friends. It is doubtful whether he would ever have been President but for the loyalty of friends, especially of those he made while a student at Harvard University. Hundreds of his classmates and college mates were working hard for him, both while he was candidate for Governor of New York and for President of the United States. The wonderfully enthusiastic friendship of his regiment of “Rough Riders” came back to him in tens of thousands of votes in the South and West in the Presidential election.

Just think what it means to have enthusiastic friends always looking out for our interests, working for us all the time, saying a good word for us at every opportunity, supporting us, speaking for us in our absence when we need a friend, shielding our sensitive, weak spots, stopping slanders, killing lies which would injure us, correcting false impressions, trying to set us right, overcoming the prejudices created by some mistake or slip, or a first bad impression we made in some silly moment. always doing something to give us a lift or help us along!

What sorry figures many of us would cut but for our friends! What marred and scarred reputations most of us would have but for the cruel blows that have been warded off by our friends, the healing balm that they have applied to the hurts of the world! Many of us would have been very much poorer financially, too, but for the hosts of friends who have sent us customers and clients and business, who have always turned our way everything they could.

Oh, what a boon our friends are to our weaknesses, our idiosyncrasies and shortcomings, our failures generally! How they throw a mantle of charity over our faults, and cover up our defects!

What is more beautiful than to see a man trying to draw the curtain before the weaknesses or the scars of his friend, to shield him from the harsh criticism of the thoughtless or heartless, to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop! We cannot help admiring such a man, because we know that he is a true friend.

Is there anything more sacred in the world than the office of a true friend? How few of us appreciate what it means to have the reputation of another in our keeping! The report we send out, our estimate of another, may have a great deal to do with the success or failure of the individual. The scandal which we allow to pass unchallenged may mar a reputation for life.

One of the most touching things I know of is the office of a real friend to one who is not a friend to himself—one who has lost his self-respect, his self-control, and fallen to the level of the brute. Ah! this is friendship, indeed, which will stand by us when we will not stand by ourselves! I know a man who thus stood by a friend who had become such a slave to drink and all sorts of vice that even his family had turned him out-of-doors. When his father and mother and wife and children had forsaken him, this friend remained loyal. He followed him at night in his debauches, and many a time saved him from freezing to death when he was so inebriated that he could not stand. Scores of times this man left his home and searched in the slums for his friend, to keep him from the hands of a policeman, and to shield him from the cold; and this great love and devotion finally redeemed

the fallen man and sent him back to decency and to his home. Can any money measure the value of such devotion!

Oh! what a difference a friend has made in the lives of most of us! How many people a strong loyal friendship has kept from utter despair, from giving up the struggle for success! How many men and women have been kept from suicide by the thought that someone loved them, believed in them; how many have preferred to suffer tortures to dishonoring or disappointing their friends! The thrill of encouragement which has come from the pressure of a friendly hand, or a sympathetic, friendly word, has proved the turning-point in many a life.

Many a man endures hardships and suffers privations and criticism in the hope of winning at last for the sake of his friends, of those who love and believe in him and see in him what others do not, when, if he had only himself to consider, he would give up.

The faith of friends is a perpetual stimulus. How it nerves and encourages us to do our best, when we feel that scores of friends really believe in us when others misunderstand and denounce us!

"Life is to be fortified by many friendships," said Sydney Smith. "To love and to be loved is the great happiness of existence."

Was there ever such capital for starting in business for oneself as plenty of friends? How many people, who are now successful, would have given up the struggle in some great crisis of their lives, but for the encouragement of a friend which tided them over the critical place! How barren and lean our lives would be if stripped of all that our friends have done for us!

If you are starting out in a profession or in business, the reputation of having a lot of staunch friends will give you backing, will bring you patients, clients, customers. It has been said that "destiny is determined by friendship."

It would be interesting and helpful if we could analyze the lives of successful people, and those who have been highly honored by their fellow men, and find out the secret of their success.

I have tried to make this analysis in the case of one man, whose career I have for a long time carefully studied; and I believe that at least twenty per cent. of his

success is due to his remarkable ability to make friends. He has cultivated the friendship faculty most assiduously from boyhood, and he fastens people to him so solidly and enthusiastically, that they would do almost anything for him.

When he began his career the friendships he had formed in school and college were of immense value in helping him to positions which not only opened up unusual opportunities, but added very largely to his reputation as well.

In other words, his natural ability has been multiplied many times by the help of his hosts of friends. He seems to have a peculiar faculty of enlisting their interest, their hearty, enthusiastic support in everything he does, so that they are always trying to advance his interests.

Very few give the credit they ought to their friends. Most successful men think that they have won out because of their great ability, because they have fought and conquered; and they are always boasting of the wonderful things they have done. They attribute their success wholly to their own smartness, their own sagacity and shrewdness, to their push, their progressiveness. They do not realize that scores of friends, like so many unpaid traveling salesmen, have been helping them at every opportunity.

"True friendship," says C. C. Colton, "is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost."

The character and standing of your friends will have a very marked influence upon your life. Make it a rule to choose upwards just as far as possible. Try to associate with people who are your superiors, not so much with people who have more money, but with those who have had greater advantages for culture and self-improvement, who are better educated and better informed, in order that you may absorb as much as possible that will help you. This will tend to raise your own ideals, to inspire you to higher things, to make a greater effort to be somebody yourself.

I know young people who have plenty of friends, but they are not the kind that help or elevate them. They have chosen the downward, instead of upward.

If you habitually associate with people below you, they will tend to drag you down, lower your ideals, your ambition.

We little realize what a great molding, fashioning influence our friends and acquaintances have upon us. Every person we come in contact with stamps an indelible influence upon us, and the influence will be like his character. If we form a habit of always trying to better our friendships and acquaintances, we unconsciously acquire the habit of perpetual self-betterment, self-improvement.

The great thing is to keep the life standards high. An inspiring habit will tend to do this. However, we should not be intolerant and expect too much of our friends.

"Take your friends more as you find them, without the desire to make them live up to some ideal standard of your own," says a writer. "You may find that their own standard, while different, may not be so bad, after all."

It is possible to measure up a man we have never seen, by studying his friends. It is possible to tell pretty nearly how much of a man he is, whether he will stand by his word or whether he is unreliable, or treacherous.

Look out for the man who has practically no friends. You will find something wrong in him somewhere. If he was worthy of friends he would have had them.

"To be rich in friends," is not a sentimental expression; it is of real market worth. To the man or woman "rich in friends" doors are opened and opportunities presented that often are not within reach of those merely rich in money, and are never heard of by the woe-begone who live in the depths.

He is poor indeed who has no friends! What wealth would be a substitute for friendships! How many millionaires would give a large part of their wealth to regain the friends they have lost by neglect while they were making their money!

Not half a dozen people outside of his immediate family attended the funeral of a very rich man who died not long since in New York. But a few weeks later a large church was filled to the doors and the streets were rendered impassable by the crowds assembled to pay the last respects to a man who died without leaving a thousand dollars behind him.

The latter loved his friends as a miser loves his gold. Everybody who knew him seemed to be his friend. He took infinite-

ly more pride in thinking that he was rich in friendships than he could have possibly have taken in a fortune. He would divide his last dollar with anyone who needed it. He did not try to sell his services as dearly as possible. He gave himself to his friends—gave himself without reserve, royally, generously, magnanimously. There was no stinting of effort or service in this man's life, nothing that ever suggested selfishness or greed. Is it any wonder that thousands of people should regard his death as a great personal loss?

"In friendship," says Seneca, "there must be no reserve; as much deliberation as you please before the league is struck, but no doubtings nor jealousies after. . . .

It requires time to consider a friendship, but the resolution once taken entitles him to my very heart. . . . The purpose of friendship is to have one dearer to men than myself, and for the saving of whose life I would gladly lay down my own, taking with me the consciousness that only the wise can be friends: others are mere companions."

It is only he who loses his life, who gives it royally, in kindly, helpful service to others, that finds it. This is the sowing that gives the bountiful harvest. The man who gets all he can and gives nothing cannot get real riches. He is like the farmer who thinks too much of his seed-corn to sow it and hoards it, thinking he will be the richer for the hoarding. He does not give it to the soil because he cannot see the harvest in the seed. It is not so much a question of how far we have gotten along in the world ourselves, as of how many others we have helped to get on.

Perhaps really the richest man who ever lived upon this continent was Abraham Lincoln, because he gave himself to his people. He did not try to sell his ability to the highest bidder. Great fees had no attraction for him. Lincoln lives in history because he thought more of his friends—and all his countrymen were his friends—than he did of his pocketbook. He gave himself to his country as a farmer give his seed to the earth, and what a harvest from that sowing! The end of it no man shall see.

One of the saddest phases of our strenuous American life is the terrible slaughter of friendships by our dollar-chasers.

Our strenuous, rushing, electric life in this country is not conducive to the formation of real friendships, such as exist in some foreign countries. We do not have time for them. The vast resources and marvelous opportunities tend to develop an abnormal ambition. The great prizes appeal to our selfish natures, to the brute in us, and we rush and drive at such a killing pace that we cannot take time to cultivate friendships, except those which will help us to our goal.

The result is that we Americans and Canadians have a great many very pleasant acquaintances, helpful acquaintances which pay us well, but we have comparatively few friends in the highest sense of the word.

The fact is that the tremendous material prizes abnormally develop some very undesirable qualities, stunt and starve many of our most desirable qualities, and make us one-sided.

We have developed colossal money glands in our brain for secreting dollars; and, in the process, we have lost that which is invaluable. We have commercialized our friendships, commercialized our ability, our energy, our time. Everything possible has been turned into dollars; and the result is that we have money, but many of us have not much else.

Thousands of rich men are nobodies outside of their own little business ruts. They have not developed enough of their higher brain-cells, not enough of the better part of themselves to rank as high class men. They are first class money makers, second or third class in everything else. They have cashed in everything—their friendships, their influence, their life-work—everything into dollars.

Is there anything more chilling in this world than to have a lot of money but practically no friends? What does that thing which we call success amount to if we have sacrificed our friendships, if we have sacrificed the most sacred things in life in getting it? We may have plenty of acquaintances, but acquaintances are not friends. There are plenty of rich people in this country to-day who scarcely know the luxury of real friendship.

There is something that is called friendship which follows us as long as we are prosperous and have anything to give of

money or influence, but which forsakes us when we are down. "True friendship," said Washington, "is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."

I knew a man who once thought he was unusually rich in real friendships, but when he lost his money and with it much of his influence, those who were apparently devoted to him before foresook him, and the poor man was so distressed and disappointed over their disaffection that he nearly lost his mental balance.

But a few real friends clung to him in his adversity. When his home and his large business were gone, two of his old servants drew every penny they had out of the savings-bank and insisted upon his taking it to help him to start again. An engineer who used to work for him also remained loyal in adversity and loaned him every cent he had. Through the devotion of those true friends, this man soon recovered his standing and in a comparatively short time became rich again.

Never trust people who trade on friendship, who use it as their greatest asset, people who see capital in your friendship because they can use you to their own advantage. There never was a time when so many used their friends for personal gain as now.

He who prizes his friends should be very careful about his business transactions with them, and especially careful about borrowing money from them. It is a remarkable trait of human nature that some people will do almost anything for us, and we can ask almost any favor of them without losing their confidence or friendship, except that of loaning us money.

How many of us regret the day that we asked a friend for a loan, for, even when it was freely granted, there was not always quite the same feeling afterwards. Some people can never loan others money without having a sort of contempt for them ever afterwards. This ought not to be so, but it is. There are people who will forgive almost anything except a request for money or material assistance. Somehow this is not compatible with the average friendship. You say that real friendship would not be so easily forfeited, but unfortunately most of us have had a sad experience along this line. We may have

gotten the money or the help, but a little estrangement, a strained relation between us and our friend, has resulted.

There is a new kind of friendship which is coming more and more into vogue; and that is, business friendship—the friendship that means pecuniary gain. It is a dangerous friendship because of the selfish motive. It is dangerous because it simulates the genuine so nearly that it is difficult to distinguish between one's real friends and those who are false.

I know a man who is thoroughly wanting in the capacity for real friendships; and yet he has so assiduously cultivated the friendship of people for business purposes—cultivated it as so much power to be used to further his own ends—that he appears to be friendly to everybody, and a stranger who meets him for the first time often thinks that he has gained a real friend, when he would really sacrifice him at the first opportunity, without the slightest hesitation, if he saw it would be to his advantage.

It is impossible for the man who looks at everything through selfish glasses to be a real friend to anybody.

There are plenty of people in New York and the large cities who make a profession of trading in their friendships. They have that peculiar magnetic power which attracts people quickly and strongly; but all the time they are weaving their little spider's web, and before the victim is aware of it, he finds himself hopelessly immeshed.

One of the most despicable things a man can do is to use others as a ladder to climb to some coveted position, and then, after he has attained it, to kick the ladder down.

The habit of cultivating friendships because it pays, because it will increase one's business, one's pull, one's influence, one's credit; because it brings more clients, more patients, more customers, is dangerous, for it tends to kill the real friendship faculties.

What a delightful, delicious thing it is to have friends who love us for our own sake, who have no "axes to grind," who are always ready to make any sacrifice of comfort, of time or money when we are in need!

Cicero said that man had received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful than friendship.

But friendship must be cultivated. It cannot be bought; it is priceless. If you abandon your friends for a quarter of a century or more while you are buried in your pursuit of wealth, you cannot expect to go back and find them where you left them. Did you ever get or keep anything worth while without an effort equal to its value?

Only he has friends worth while who is willing to pay the price for making and keeping them. He may not have quite as large a fortune as if he gave all of his time to money making. But wouldn't you rather have more good, staunch friends who believe in you, and who would stand by you in the severest adversity, than have a little more money? What will enrich the life so much as hosts of good loyal friends?

Many people seem to think that friendship is a one-sided affair. They enjoy their friends, enjoy having them come to see them, but they rarely think of putting themselves out to reciprocate, or take the trouble to keep up their friendships, while the fact is, reciprocation is the very essence of friendship.

It does not matter how much knowledge you have, or what your accomplishments are, you will live a cold, friendless, isolated life and will be unattractive, unless you have come in close constant contact with other lives, unless you have cultivated your sympathies and have taken a real interest in others, have suffered with them, rejoiced with them, helped them.

I am acquainted with a young man who is always complaining that he has no friends, and who says that in his loneliness he sometimes contemplates suicide; but no one who knows him wonders at his isolation, for he possesses qualities which everybody detests. He is close-fisted, mean, stingy in money matters, is always criticising others, is pessimistic, lacks charity and magnanimity, is full of prejudice, is utterly selfish and greedy, is always questioning people's motives when they do a generous act, and yet he wonders why he does not have friends.

If you would have friends, you must cultivate the qualities which you admire in others. Strong friendships rest upon a social, generous, hearty nature. There is nothing like magnanimity and real charity, kindness and a spirit of helpfulness

for attracting others. Your interest in people must be a real one, or you will not draw them to you.

No great friendship can rest upon pretense or deception. Opposite qualities cannot attract each other. After all, friendships rest largely upon admiration. There must be something worthy in you, something lovable, before anybody will love you. If you are chock-full of despicable qualities, you cannot expect any one to care for you.

Many people are not capable of forming great friendships because they do not have the qualities themselves which attract noble qualities in others.

If you are uncharitable, intolerant, if you lack generosity, cordiality, if you are narrow and bigoted, unsympathetic, small and mean, you cannot expect that generous, large-hearted, noble characters will flock around you. If you expect to make friends with large-souled, noble characters, you must cultivate large-heartedness, generosity and tolerance. One reason why so many people have so few friends is that they have so little to give, and they expect so much. A happy temperament, a desire to scatter joy and gladness, to be helpful to everybody, are wonderful aids to friendship.

You will be amazed to see how quickly friends will flock about you just as soon as you begin to cultivate attractable and lovable qualities.

Justice and truth are absolutely essential to the highest friendship, and we respect a friend all the more because he is just and true, even when it hurts and mortifies us most. We cannot help respecting justice and truth because we are built on these lines; they are a part of our very nature. The friendship which shrinks from telling the truth, which cannot bear to pain one when justice demands it, does not command as high a quality of admiration as the friendship which is absolutely just and truthful.

There is something inherent in human nature which makes us despise the hypocrite. We may overlook a weakness in a friend, which makes it hard for him to be absolutely truthful, but if we ever detect him trying to deceive us, we never have quite the same confidence in him again, and confidence is the very basis of real friendship.

"Friendship carries with it love. The true friend is not one made in a hurry. There is no friend like the old one with whom you went birdnesting in your youth, the friend that has plodded along life's road with you shoulder to shoulder.

"When you have a friend who has proven himself such, never let up so long as you live in your evidences of gratitude for the kindness he has shown you. Repay him with interest for his good offices, and let your actions towards him ever be a source of happiness and pleasure to him.

"Nothing is so much appreciated between friends as gratitude, and nothing will kill friendship like ingratitude.

"Genuine friendship is such a rare jewel that when you have a positive demonstration of it, let it be your great concern that you will do nothing to mar this friendship, for broken friendship is a source of grief to both friends so long as they live."

The friendships that last rest more upon a solid respect, admiration, and great congeniality than upon a passionate love. Where the love is so great that it defeats justice and truth, friends are more likely to fall out. The strongest, the most lasting, devoted friendships are those which are based upon principle, upon respect, admiration, and esteem.

"I would go to hell, if there were such a place, with any friend of mine, and I would want no heaven of which I have ever read if any friend of mine were in the outer dark," was the startling asser-

tion of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, in the course of a sermon on "The Companionship of Friends."

"False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade," says Bovee.

Real friendship will follow us into the shadows, in the dark as well as in the sunshine.

The capacity for friendship is a great test of character. We instinctively believe in people who are known to stick to their friends through thick and thin. It is an indication of the possession of splendid qualities. You can generally trust a man who never goes back on a friend. People who lack loyalty have no capacity for great friendship.

After all, isn't a man's success best measured by the number and quality of his friendships? For, no matter how much money he may have accumulated, if he doesn't have a lot of friends there is certainly some tremendous lack in him somewhere, a great lack of sterling qualities. Children ought to be taught that the most sacred thing in this world is a true friend, and they ought to be trained to cultivate a capacity for friendships. This would broaden their characters, develop fine qualities, and sweeten their lives as nothing else could.

One of the most beautiful things that can ever be said of a human being is that he has a host of loyal, true friends. "No man is useless," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "while he has a friend."



Smoke Bellew

By

Jack London

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE has secured the Canadian rights on the *Smoke Bellew* series of stories by Jack London, the famous writer, the first, "The Taste of the Meat" appearing in this issue. Mr. London has never been bookish or narrow; from the first his best qualities have been those that go with the life he has led and has described,—a wonderful ability for seeing the insignificant thing in the wildest forms of nature, an immediate sympathy for all that is vigorous and compelling in human nature, a gift that is almost like clairvoyance for feeling the mental and emotional processes that are most elemental. This power of vivifying and making real what is strange and incredible in itself has made him one of the most fascinating story-tellers of the day, and, indeed, one of the most successful.

The Taste of the Meat

TALE ONE*

IN the beginning he was Christopher Bellew. By the time he was at college he had become Chris. Bellew. Later, in the Bohemian crowd of San Francisco, he was called Kit Bellew. And in the end he was known by no other name than Smoke Bellew. And this history of the evolution of his name is the history of his evolution. Nor would it have happened had he not had a fond mother and an iron uncle, and had he not received a letter from Gillet Bellamy.

"I have just seen a copy of the *Billow*," Gillet wrote from Paris. "Of course, O'Hara will succeed with it. But he's missing some plays." (Here followed details in the improvement of the budding society weekly). "Go down and see him. Let him think they're your own suggestions. Don't let him know they're from

me. If he does, he'll make me Paris correspondent, which I can't afford, because I'm getting real money for my stuff from the big magazines. Above all, don't forget to make him fire that dub who's doing the musical and art criticism. Another thing, San Francisco has always had a literature of her own. But she hasn't any now. Tell him to kick around and get some gink to turn out a live serial, and to put into it the real romance and glamor and color of San Francisco."

And down to the office of the *Billow* went Kit Bellew faithfully to instruct. O'Hara listened. O'Hara debated. O'Hara agreed. O'Hara fired the dub who wrote criticism. Further, O'Hara had a way with him—the very way that was feared by Gillet in distant Paris. When O'Hara wanted anything, no friend could deny

*Tale Two, "The Meat" will appear in the February number of Maclean's Magazine.

him. He was sweetly and compellingly irresistible. Before Kit Bellew could escape from the office, he had become an associate editor, had agreed to write weekly columns of criticism till some decent pen was found, and had pledged himself to write a weekly installment of ten thousand words on the San Francisco serial—and all this without pay. The *Billow* wasn't paying yet, O'Hara explained; and just as convincingly had he expounded that there was only one man in San Francisco capable of writing the serial, and that man Kit Bellew.

"Oh, Lord, I'm the gink!" Kit had groaned to himself afterward on the narrow stairway.

And thereat had begun his servitude to O'Hara and the insatiable columns of the *Billow*. Week after week he held down an office chair, stood off creditors, wrangled with printers, and turned out twenty-five thousand words of all sorts weekly. Nor did his labors lighten. The *Billow* was ambitious. It went in for illustration. The processes were expensive. It never had any money to pay Kit Bellew, and by the same token it was unable to pay for any additions to the office staff.

"This is what comes of being a good fellow," Kit grumbled one day.

"Thank God for good fellows then," O'Hara cried, with tears in his eyes as he gripped Kit's hand. "You're all that's saved me, Kit. But for you I'd have gone bust. Just a little longer old man, and things will be easier."

"Never," was Kit's plaint. "I see my fate clearly. I shall be here always."

A little later he thought he saw his way out. Watching his chance, in O'Hara's presence, he fell over a chair. A few minutes afterward he bumped into the corner of the desk, and with fumbling fingers capsized a paste pot.

"Out late?" O'Hara queried.

Kit brushed his eyes with his hands and peered about him anxiously before replying.

"No; it's not that. It's my eyes. They seem to be going back on me, that's all."

For several days he continued to fall over and bump into the office furniture. But O'Hara's heart was not softened.

"I'll tell you what, Kit," he said one day. "You've got to see an oculist. There's Dr. Hassdapple. He's a cracker-jack. And it won't cost you anything.

We can get it for advertising. I'll see him myself."

And true to his word, he despatched Kit to the oculist.

"There's nothing the matter with your eyes," was the doctor's verdict, after a lengthy examination. "In fact, your eyes are magnificent, a pair in a million."

"Don't tell O'Hara," Kit pleaded, "and give me a pair of black glasses."

The result of this was that O'Hara sympathized and talked glowingly of the time when the *Billow* would be on its feet.

Luckily for Kit Bellew, he had his own income. Small it was, compared with some, yet it was large enough to enable him to belong to several clubs and maintain a studio in the Latin Quarter. In point of fact, since his associate editorship, his expenses had decreased prodigiously. He had no time to spend money. He never saw the studio any more, nor entertained the local Bohemians with his famous chafing-dish suppers. Yet he was always broke, for the *Billow*, in perennial distress, absorbed his cash as well as his brains. There were the illustrators who periodically refused to illustrate, the printers who periodically refused to print, and the office boy who frequently refused to officiate. At such times O'Hara looked at Kit, and Kit did the rest.

When the steamship *Excelsior* arrived from Alaska, bringing the news of the Klondike strike that set the country mad, Kit made a purely frivolous proposition.

"Look here, O'Hara," he said. "This gold rush is going to be big—the days of '49 over again. Suppose I cover it for the *Billow*? I'll pay my own expenses."

O'Hara shook his head.

"Can't spare you from the office, Kit. Then there's that serial. Besides, I saw Jackson not an hour ago. He's starting for the Klondike to-morrow, and he's agreed to send a weekly letter and photos. I wouldn't let him get away till he promised. And the beauty of it is that it doesn't cost us anything."

The next Kit heard of the Klondike was when he dropped into the club that afternoon and in an alcove off the library encountered his uncle.

"Hello, avuncular relative," Kit greeted, sliding into a leather chair and spreading out his legs. "Won't you join me?"

He ordered a cocktail, but the uncle contented himself with the thin native claret he invariably drank. He glanced with irritated disapproval at the cocktail and on to his nephew's face. Kit saw a lecture gathering.

"I've only a minute," he announced hastily. "I've got to run and take in that Keith exhibition at Ellery's, and do half a column on it."

"What's the matter with you?" the other demanded. "You're pale. You're a wreck."

Kit's only answer was a groan.

"I'll have the pleasure of burying you, I can see that."

Kit shook his head sadly.

"No destroying worm, thank you. Cremation for mine."

John Bellew came of the old hard and hardy stock that had crossed the plains by ox-team in the fifties, and in him was this same hardness and the hardness of a childhood spent in the conquering of a new land.

"You're not living right, Christopher. I'm ashamed of you."

"Primrose path, eh?" Kit chuckled.

The older man shrugged his shoulders.

"Shake not your gory locks at me, avuncular. I wish it were the primrose path. But that's all cut out. I have no time."

"Then what in——?"

"Overwork."

John Bellew laughed harshly and incredulously.

"Honest."

Again came the laughter.

"Men are the products of their environment," Kit proclaimed, pointing at the other's glass. "Your mirth is thin and bitter as your drink."

"Overwork!" was the sneer. "You never earned a cent in your life."

"You bet I have . . . only I never got it. I'm earning five hundred a week right now, and doing four men's work."

"Pictures that won't sell? Or—er—fancy work of some sort? Can you swim?"

"I used to."

"Sit a horse?"

"I have essayed that adventure."

John Bellew snorted his disgust.

"I'm glad your father didn't live to see you in all the glory of your graceless-

ness," he said. "Your father was a man, every inch of him. Do you get it? A man. I think he'd have whaled all this musical and artistic tomfoolery out of you."

"Alas! these degenerate days," Kit sighed.

"I could understand it, and tolerate it," the other went on savagely, "if you succeeded at it. You've never earned a cent in your life, nor done a tap of man's work."

"Etchings, and pictures, and fans," Kit contributed unsoothingly.

"You're a dabbler and a failure. What pictures have you painted? Dinky water-colors and nightmare posters. You've never had one exhibited, even here in San Francisco——"

"Ah, you forget. There is one in the jinks room of this very club."

"A gross cartoon. Music? Your dear fool of a mother spent hundreds on lessons. You've dabbled and failed. You've never even earned a five-dollar piece by accompanying some one at a concert. Your songs?—ragtime rot that's never printed and that's sung only by a pack of fake Bohemians."

"I had a book published once—these sonnets, you remember," Kit interposed meekly.

"What did it cost you?"

"Only a couple of hundred."

"Any other achievements?"

"I had a forest play acted at the summer jinks."

"What did you get for it?"

"Glory."

"And you used to swim, and you have essayed to sit a horse!" John Bellew set his glass down with unnecessary violence. "What earthly good are you anyway? You were well put up, yet even at university you didn't play football. You didn't row. You didn't——"

"I boxed and fenced—some."

"When did you last box?"

"Not since, but I was considered an excellent judge of time and distance, only I was—er——"

"Go on."

"Considered desultory."

"Lazy, you mean."

"I always imagined it was an euphemism."

"My father, sir, your grandfather, old Isaac Bellew, killed a man with a blow of his fist when he was sixty-nine years old."

"The man?"

"No,—you graceless scamp! But you'll never kill a mosquito at sixty-nine."

"The times have changed, O, my avuncular. They send men to state prison for homicide now."

"Your father rode one hundred and eighty-five miles, without sleeping, and killed three horses."

"Had he lived to-day he'd have snored over the course in a Pullman."

The older man was on the verge of choking with wrath, but swallowed it down and managed to articulate:

"How old are you?"

"I have reason to believe——."

"I know. Twenty-seven. You finished college at twenty-two. You've dabbled and played and frilled for five years. Before God and man of what use are you? When I was your age I had one suit of underclothes. I was riding with the cattle in Colusa. I was hard as rocks, and I could sleep on a rock. I lived on jerked beef and bear meat. I am a better man physically right now than you are. You weigh about one hundred and sixty-five. I can throw you right now, or thrash you with my fists."

"It doesn't take a physical prodigy to mop up cocktails or pink tea," Kit murmured deprecatingly. "Don't you see, my avuncular, the times have changed. Besides, I wasn't brought up right. My dear fool of a mother——"

John Bellew started angrily.

"——As you described her, was too good to me, kept me in cotton wool and all the rest. Now, if when I was a youngster I had taken some of those intensely masculine vacations you go in for—I wonder why you didn't invite me sometimes? You took Hal and Robbie all over the Sierras and on that Mexico trip."

"I guess you were too Lord Fauntleroyish."

"Your fault, avuncular, and my dear—er—mother's. How was I to know the hard? I was only a chee-ild. What was there left but etchings and pictures and fans? Was it my fault that I never had to sweat?"

The older man looked at his nephew with unconcealed disgust. He had no

patience with levity from the lips of softness.

"Well, I'm going to take another one of those what-you-call masculine vacations. Suppose I ask you to come along!"

"Rather belated, I must say. Where is it!"

"Hal and Robert are going in to Klondike, and I'm going to see them across the Pass and down to the Lakes, then return——"

He got no further, for the young man had sprung forward and gripped his hand.

"My preserver!"

John Bellew was immediately suspicious. He had not dreamed the invitation would be accepted.

"You don't mean it," he said.

"When do we start?"

"It will be a hard trip. You'll be in the way."

"No I won't. I'll work. I've learned to work since I went on the *Billow*."

"Each man has to take a year's supplies in with him. There'll be such a jam the Indian packers won't be able to handle it. Hal and Robert will have to pack their outfits across themselves. That's what I'm going along for—to help them pack. If you come you'll have to do the same."

"Watch me."

"You can't pack," was the objection.

"When do we start?"

"To-morrow."

"You needn't take it to yourself that your lecture on the hard has done it," Kit said, at parting. "I just had to get away, somewhere, anywhere, from O'Hara."

"Who is O'Hara? A Jap?"

"No; he's an Irishman, and a slave-driver, and my best friend. He's the editor and proprietor and all-around big squeeze of the *Billow*. What he says goes. He can make ghosts walk."

That night Kit Bellew wrote a note to O'Hara.

"It's only a several weeks vacation," he explained. "You'll have to get some gink to dope out installments for that serial. Sorry, old man, but my health demands it. I'll kick in twice as hard when I get back."

II.

Kit Bellew landed through the madness of the Dyca beach, congested with thousand-pound outfits of thousands of men.

This immense mass of luggage and food, flung ashore in mountains by the steamers, was beginning slowly to dribble up the Dyea valley and across Chilcoot. It was a portage of twenty-eight miles, and could be accomplished only on the backs of men. Despite the fact that the Indian packers had jumped the freight from eight cents a pound to forty, they were swamped with the work, and it was plain that winter would catch the major portion of the outfits on the wrong side of the divide.

Tenderest of the tenderfeet was Kit. Like many hundreds of others, he carried a big revolver swung on a cartridge-belt. Of this, his uncle, filled with memories of old lawless days, was likewise guilty. But Kit Bellew was romantic. He was fascinated by the froth and sparkle of the gold rush, and viewed its life and movement with an artist's eye. He did not take it seriously. As he said on the steamer, it was not his funeral. He was merely on a vacation, and intended to peep over the top of the pass for a "look see" and then to return.

Leaving his party on the sand to wait for the putting ashore of the freight, he strolled up the beach toward the old trading post. He did not swagger, though he noticed that many of the be-revolvered individuals did. A strapping, six-foot Indian passed him, carrying an unusually large pack. Kit swung in behind, admiring the splendid calves of the man, and the grace and ease with which he moved along under his burden. The Indian dropped his pack on the scales in front of the post, and Kit joined the group of admiring gold-rushers who surrounded him. The pack weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, which fact was uttered back and forth in tones of awe. It was going some, Kit decided, and he wondered if he could lift such a weight, much less walk off with it.

"Going to Lake Linderman with it, old man?" he asked.

The Indian, swelling with pride, grunted an affirmative.

"How much you make that one pack?"

"Fifty dollar."

Here Kit slid out of the conversation. A young woman, standing in the doorway, had caught his eye. Unlike other women landing from the steamers, she was neither short-skirted nor bloomer-

clad. She was dressed as any woman traveling anywhere would be dressed. What struck him, was the justness of her being there, a feeling that somehow she belonged. Moreover, she was young and pretty. The bright beauty and color of her oval face held him, and he looked overlong—looked, till she resented, and her own eyes, long-lashed and dark, met his in cool survey. From his face, they traveled in evident amusement down to the big revolver at his thigh. Then her eyes came back to his, and in them was amused contempt. It struck him like a blow. She turned to the man beside her and indicated Kit. The man glanced him over with the same amused contempt.

"*Chechaquo*," the girl said.

The man, who looked like a tramp in his cheap overalls and dilapidated woolen jacket, grinned dryly, and Kit felt withered though he knew not why. But anyway she was an unusually pretty girl, he decided, as the two moved off. He noted the way of her walk, and recorded the judgment that he would recognize it after the lapse of a thousand years.

"Did you see that man with the girl?" Kit's neighbor asked him excitedly. "Know who he is?"

Kit shook his head.

"Cariboo Charley. He was just pointed out to me. He struck it big on Klondike. Old timer. Been on the Yukon a dozen years. He's just come out."

"What's *chechaquo* mean?" Kit asked.

"You're one; I'm one," was the answer.

"Maybe I am, but you've got to search me. What does it mean?"

"Tenderfoot."

On his way back to the beach, Kit turned the phrase over and over. It rankled to be called tenderfoot by a slender chit of a woman.

Going into a corner among the heaps of freight, his mind still filled with the vision of the Indian with the redoubtable pack, Kit essayed to learn his own strength. He picked out a sack of flour which he knew weighed an even hundred pounds. He stepped astride of it, reached down, and strove to get it on his shoulder. His first conclusion was that one hundred pounds was the real heavy. His next was that his back was weak. His third was an oath, and it occurred at the

end of five futile minutes, when he collapsed on top of the burden with which he was wrestling. He mopped his forehead, and across a heap of grub-sacks saw John Bellew gazing at him, wintry amusement in his eyes.

"God!" proclaimed that apostle of the hard. "Out of our loins has come a race of weaklings. When I was sixteen I toyed with things like that."

"You forget, avuncular," Kit retorted, "that I wasn't raised on bear meat."

"And I'll toy with it when I'm sixty."

"You've got to show me."

John Bellew did. He was forty-eight, but he bent over the sack, applied a tentative shifting grip that balanced it, and with a quick heave stood erect, the summersaulted sack of flour on his shoulder.

"Knack, my boy, knack—and a spine."

Kit took off his hat reverently.

"You're a wonder, avuncular, a shining wonder. D'ye think I can learn the knack?"

John Bellew shrugged his shoulders.

"You'll be hitting the back trail before we get started."

"Never you fear," Kit groaned. "There's O'Hara, the roaring lion, down there. I'm not going back till I have to."

III.

Kit's first pack was a success. Up to Finnegan's Crossing they had managed to get Indians to carry the twenty-five hundred-pound outfit. From that point their own backs must do the work. They planned to move forward at the rate of a mile a day. It looked easy—on paper. Since John Bellew was to stay in camp and do the cooking, he would be unable to make more than an occasional pack; so, to each of the three young men fell the task of carrying eight hundred pounds one mile each day. If they made fifty-pound packs, it meant a daily walk of sixteen miles loaded and of fifteen miles light—"Because we don't back-trip the last time," Kit explained the pleasant discovery; eighty-pound packs meant nineteen miles travel each day; and hundred-pound packs meant only fifteen miles.

"I don't like walking," said Kit. "Therefore I shall carry one hundred pounds." He caught the grin of incredulity on his uncle's face, and added hastily:

"Of course I shall work up to it. A fellow's got to learn the ropes and tricks. I'll start with fifty."

He did, and ambled gaily along the trail. He dropped the sack at the next camp-site and ambled back. It was easier than he had thought. But two miles had rubbed off the velvet of his strength and exposed the underlying softness. His second pack was sixty-five pounds. It was more difficult, and he no longer ambled. Several times, following the custom of all packers, he sat down on the ground, resting the pack behind him on a rock or stump. With the third pack he became bold. He fastened the straps to a ninety-five-pound sack of beans and started. At the end of a hundred yards he felt that he must collapse. He sat down and mopped his face.

"Short hauls and short rests," he muttered. "That's the trick."

Sometimes he did not make a hundred yards, and each time he struggled to his feet for another short haul the pack became undeniably heavier. He panted for breath, and the sweat streamed from him. Before he had covered a quarter of a mile he stripped off his woolen shirt and hung it on a tree. A little later he discarded his hat. At the end of half a mile he decided he was finished. He had never exerted himself so in his life, and he knew that he was finished. As he sat and panted, his gaze fell upon the big revolver and the heavy cartridge-belt.

"Ten pounds of junk!" he sneered, as he unbuckled it.

He did not bother to hang it on a tree, but flung it into the underbrush. And as the steady tide of packers flowed by him, up trail and down, he noted that the other tenderfeet were beginning to shed their shooting irons.

His short hauls decreased. At times a hundred feet was all he could stagger. And then the ominous pounding of his heart against his ear-drums and the sickening totteriness of his knees compelled him to rest. And his rests grew longer. But his mind was busy. It was a twenty-eight mile portage, which represented as many days, and this by all accounts was the easiest part of it. "Wait till you get to Chilcoot," others told him as they rested and talked, "where you climb with hands and feet."

"They ain't going to be no Chilcoot," was his answer. "Not for me. Long before that I'll be at peace in my little couch beneath the moss."

A slip, and a violent, wrenching effort at recovery, frightened him. He felt that everything inside of him had been torn asunder.

"If ever I fall down with this on my back, I'm a goner," he told another packer.

"That's nothing," came the answer. "Wait till you hit the Canyon. You'll have to cross a raging torrent on a sixty-foot pine tree. No guide ropes, nothing, and the water boiling at the sag of the log to your knees. If you fall with a pack on your back, there's no getting out of the straps. You just stay there and drown."

"Sounds good to me," he retorted; and out of the depths of his exhaustion he almost half-meant it.

"They drown three or four a day there," the man assured him. "I helped fish a German out there. He had four thousand in greenbacks on him."

"Cheerful, I must say," said Kit, battling his way to his feet and tottering on.

He and the sack of beans became a perambulating tragedy. It reminded him of the old man of the sea who sat on Sinbad's neck. And this was one of those intensely masculine vacations, he meditated. Compared with it, the servitude to O'Hara was sweet. Again and again he was nearly seduced by the thought of abandoning the sack of beans in the brush and of sneaking around the camp to the beach and catching a steamer for civilization.

But he didn't. Somewhere in him was the strain of the hard, and he repeated over and over to himself that what other men could do he could. It became a nightmare chant, and he gibbered it to those that passed him on the trail. At other times, resting, he watched and envied the stolid, mule-footed Indians that plodded by under heavier packs. They never seemed to rest, but went on and on with a steadiness and certitude that was to him appalling.

He sat and cursed—he had no breath for it when under way—and fought the temptation to sneak back to San Francisco. Before the mile pack was ended he

ceased cursing and took to crying. The tears were tears of exhaustion and of disgust with self. If ever a man was a wreck, he was. As the end of the pack came in sight, he strained himself in desperation, gained the camp-site, and pitched forward on his face, the beans on his back. It did not kill him, but he lay for fifteen minutes before he could summon sufficient shreds of strength to release himself from the straps. Then he became deathly sick, and was so found by Robbie, who had similar troubles of his own. It was this sickness of Robbie that braced him up.

"What other men can do, we can do," Kit told him, though down in his heart he wondered whether or not he was bluffing.

IV.

"And I am twenty-seven years old and a man," he privately assured himself many times in the days that followed. There was need for it. At the end of a week though he had succeeded in moving his eight hundred pounds forward a mile a day, he had lost fifteen pounds of his own weight. His face was lean and haggard. All resilience had gone out of his body and mind. He no longer walked, but plodded. And on the back-trips, traveling light, his feet dragged almost as much as when he was loaded.

He had become a work animal. He fell asleep over his food, and his sleep was heavy and beastly, save when he was aroused, screaming with agony, by the cramps in his legs. Every part of him ached. He tramped on raw blisters; yet this was even easier than the fearful bruising his feet received on the water-rounded rocks of the Dyea Flats, across which the trail led for two miles. These two miles represented thirty-eight miles of traveling. He washed his face once a day. His nails, torn and broken and afflicted with hangnails, were never cleaned. His shoulders and chest, galled by the pack-straps, made him think, and for the first time with understanding, of the horses he had seen on city streets.

One ordeal that nearly destroyed him at first, had been the food. The extraordinary amount of work demanded extraordinary stoking, and his stomach was unaccustomed to great quantities of bacon

and of the coarse, highly poisonous brown beans. As a result, his stomach went back on him, and for several days the pain and irritation of it and of starvation nearly broke him down. And then came the day of joy when he could eat like a ravenous animal and, wolf-eyed, asked for more.

When they had moved the outfit across the foot-logs at the mouth of the canyon, they made a change in their plans. Word had come across the pass that at Lake Linderman the last available trees for building boats were being cut. The two cousins, with tools, whipsaw, blankets and grub on their backs, went on, leaving Kit and his uncle to hustle along the outfit. John Bellew now shared the cooking with Kit, and both packed shoulder to shoulder. Time was flying, and on the peaks the first snow was falling. To be caught on the wrong side of the Pass meant a delay of nearly a year. The older man put his iron pack under a hundred pounds. Kit was shocked, but he gritted his teeth and fastened his own straps to a hundred pounds. It hurt, but he had learned the knack, and his body, purged of all softness and fat, was beginning to harden up with lean and bitter muscle. Also, he observed and devised. He took note of the head-straps worn by the Indians and manufactured one for himself which he used in addition to the shoulder-straps. It made things easier, so that he began the practice of piling any light, cumbersome piece of luggage on top. Thus, he was soon able to bend along with a hundred pounds in the straps, fifteen or twenty more lying loosely on top the pack and against his neck, an axe or a pair of oars in one hand and in the other the nested cooking pails of the camp.

But work as they would, the toil increased. The trail grew more rugged; their packs grew heavier; and each day saw the snow-line dropping down the mountains, while freight jumped to sixty cents. No word came from the cousins beyond, so they knew they must be at work chopping down the standing trees and whipsawing them into boat-planks. John Bellew grew anxious. Capturing a bunch of Indians back-tripping from Lake Linderman, he persuaded them to put their straps on the outfit. They charged thirty cents a pound to carry it to the summit of Chilcoot. and it nearly

broke him. As it was, some four hundred pounds of clothes-bags and camp outfit was not handled. He remained behind to move it along, dispatching Kit with the Indians. At the summit Kit was to remain, slowly moving his ton until overtaken by the four hundred pounds with which his uncle guaranteed to catch him.

V.

Kit plodded along the trail with his Indian packers. In recognition of the fact that it was to be a long pack, straight to the top of Chilcoot, his own load was only eighty pounds. The Indians plodded under their loads, but it was a quicker gait than he had practiced. Yet he felt no apprehension, and by now had come to deem himself almost the equal of an Indian.

At the end of a quarter of a mile he desired to rest. But the Indians kept on. He stayed with them, and kept his place in the line. At the half mile he was convinced that he was incapable of another step, yet he gritted his teeth, kept his place, and at the end of the mile was amazed that he was still alive. Then, in some strange way, came the thing called second wind, and the next mile was almost easier than the first. The third mile nearly killed him, and, though half delirious with pain and fatigue, he never whimpered. And then, when he felt he must surely faint, came the rest. Instead of sitting in the straps, as was the custom of the white packers, the Indians slipped out of the shoulder-and-head-straps and lay at ease, talking and smoking. A full half-hour passed before they made another start. To Kit's surprise he found himself a fresh man, and "long hauls and long rests" became his newest motto.

The pitch of Chilcoot was all he had heard of it, and many were the occasions when he climbed with hands as well as feet. But when he reached the crest of the divide in the thick of a driving snow-squall, it was in the company of his Indians, and his secret pride was that he had come through with them and never squealed and never lagged. To be almost as good as an Indian was a new ambition to cherish.

When he had paid off the Indians and seen them depart, a stormy darkness was falling, and he was left alone, a thousand

feet above timber line, on the backbone of a mountain. Wet to the waist, famished and exhausted, he would have given a year's income for a fire and a cup of coffee. Instead, he ate half a dozen cold flap-jacks and crawled into the folds of the partly unrolled tent. As he dozed off he had time only for one fleeting thought, and he grinned with vicious pleasure at the picture of John Bellew in the days to follow masculinely back-tripping his four hundred pounds up Chilcoot. As for himself, even though burdened with two thousand pounds, he was bound down the hill.

In the morning stiff from his labors and numb with the frost, he rolled out of the canvas, ate a couple of pounds of uncooked bacon, buckled the straps on a hundred pounds, and went down the rocky way. Several hundred yards beneath, the trail led across a small glacier and down to Crater Lake. Other men packed across the glacier. All that day he dropped his packs at the glacier's upper edge, and, by virtue of the shortness of the pack, he put his straps on one hundred and fifty pounds each load. His astonishment at being able to do it never abated. For two dollars he bought from an Indian three leathery sea-biscuits, and out of these, and a huge quantity of raw bacon, made several meals. Unwashed, unwarmed, his clothing wet with sweat, he slept another night in the canvas.

In the early morning he spread a tarpaulin on the ice, loaded it with three-quarters of a ton, and started to pull. Where the pitch of the glacier accelerated, his load likewise accelerated, overran him, scooped him in on top, and ran away with him.

A hundred packers, bending under their loads, stopped to watch him. He yelled frantic warnings, and those in his path stumbled and staggered clear. Below, on the lower edge of the glacier, was pitched a small tent, which seemed leaping towards him, so rapidly did it grow larger. He left the beaten track where the packers' trail swerved to the left, and struck a patch of fresh snow. This arose about him in frosty smoke, while it reduced his speed. He saw the tent the instant he struck it, carrying away the corner guys, bursting in the front flaps, and

fetching up inside, still on top of the tarpaulin and in the midst of his grub-sacks. The tent rocked drunkenly, and in the frosty vapor he found himself face to face with a startled young woman who was sitting up in her blankets—the very one who had called him *chechaquo* at Dyea.

"Did you see my smoke?" he queried cheerfully.

She regarded him with disapproval.

"Talk about your magic carpets!" he went on.

"Do you mind removing that sack from my foot?" she said coldly.

He looked, and lifted his weight quickly.

"It wasn't a sack. It was my elbow. Pardon me."

The information did not perturb her, and her coolness was a challenge.

"It was a mercy that you did not overturn the stove," she said.

He followed her glance and saw a sheet-iron stove and a coffee pot, attended by a young squaw. He sniffed the coffee and looked back to the girl.

"I'm a *chechquo*," he said.

Her bored expression told him that he was stating the obvious. But he was unabashed.

"I've shed my shooting irons," he added.

Then she recognized him, and her eyes lighted.

"I never thought you'd get this far," she informed him.

Again, and greedily, he sniffed the air.

"As I live, coffee!" he turned and directly addressed her. "I'll give you my little finger—cut it right off now; I'll do anything; I'll be your slave for a year and a day or any other old time, if you'll give me a cup out of that pot."

And over the coffee he gave his name and learned hers—Joy Gastell. Also, he learned that she was an old-timer in the country. She had been born in a trading post on the Great Slave, and as a child had crossed the Rockies with her father and come down to the Yukon. She was going in, she said, with her father, who had been delayed by business in Seattle and who had then been wrecked on the ill-fated *Chanter* and carried back to Puget Sound by the rescuing steamer.

In view of the fact that she was still in her blankets, he did not make it a long

conversation, and, herioccally declining a second cup of coffee, he removed himself and his quarter of a ton of baggage from her tent. Further, he took several conclusions away with him; she had a fetching name and fetching eyes; could not be more than twenty, or twenty-one or two; her father must be French; she had a will of her own and temperament to burn; and she had been educated elsewhere than on the frontier.

VI.

Over the ice-scoured rocks and above the timber-line, the trail ran around Crater Lake and gained the rocky defile that led toward Happy Camp and the first scrub pines. To pack his heavy outfit around would take days of heart-breaking toil. On the lake was a canvas boat employed in freighting. Two trips with it, in two hours, would see him and his ton across. But he was broke, and the ferryman charged forty dollars a ton.

"You've got a gold-mine, my friend, in that dinky boat," Kit said to the ferryman. "Do you want another gold-mine?"

"Show me," was the answer.

"I'll sell it to you for the price of ferrying my outfit. It's an idea, not patented, and you can jump the deal as soon as I tell you it. Are you game?"

The ferryman said he was, and Kit liked his looks.

"Very well. You see that glacier. Take a pick-axe and wade into it. In a day you can have a decent groove from top to bottom. See the point? The Chilcoat and Crater Lake Consolidated Chute Corporation, Limited. You can charge fifty cents a hundred, get a hundred tons a day, and have no work to do but collect the coin."

Two hours later, Kit's ton was across the lake, and he had gained three days on himself. And when John Bellew overtook him, he was well along toward Deep Lake, another volcanic pit filled with glacial water.

VII.

The last pack from Long Lake to Linderman, was three miles, and the trail, if trail it could be called, rose up over a thousand-foot hogback, dropped down a scramble of slippery rocks, and crossed a wide stretch of swamp. John Bellew re-

monstrated when he saw Kit arise with a hundred pounds in the straps and pick up a fifty pound sack of flour and place it on top of the pack against the back of his neck.

"Come on, you chunk of the hard," Kit retorted. "Kick in on your bear-meat fodder and your one suit of underclothes."

But John Bellew shook his head.

"I'm afraid I'm getting old, Christopher."

"You're only forty-eight. Do you realize that my grandfather, sir, your father, old Isaac Bellew, killed a man with his fist when he was sixty-nine years old?"

John Bellew grinned and swallowed his medicine.

"Avuncular, I want to tell you something important. I was raised a Lord Fauntleroy, but I can outpack you, outwalk you, put you on your back, or lick you with my fists right now."

John Bellew thrust out his hand and spoke solemnly.

"Christopher, my boy, I believe you can do it. I believe you can do it with that pack on your back at the same time. You've made good, boy, though it's too unthinkable to believe."

Kit made the round trip of the last pack four times a day, which is to say that he daily covered twenty-four miles of mountain climbing, twelve miles of it under one hundred and fifty pounds. He was proud, hard and tired, but in splendid physical condition. He ate and slept as he had never eaten and slept in his life, and as the end of the work came in sight, he was almost half sorry.

One problem bothered him. He had learned that he could fall with a hundred weight on his back and survive; but he was confident, if he fell with that additional fifty pounds across the back of his neck, that it would break it clean. Each trail through the swamp was quickly churned bottomless by the thousands of packers, who were compelled continually to make new trails. It was while pioneering such a new trail, that he solved the problem of the extra fifty.

The soft lush surface gave way under him, he floundered, and pitched forward on his face. The fifty pounds crushed his face in the mud and went clear without snapping his neck. With the remaining hundred pounds on his back, he arose on hands and knees. But he got no far-

ther. One arm sank to the shoulder, pil-
lowing his cheek in the slush. As he
drew this arm clear, the other sank
to the shoulder. In this position
it was impossible to slip the straps,
and the hundredweight on his back
would not let him rise. On hands and
knees, sinking first one arm and then
the other, he made an effort to crawl to
where the small sack of flour had fallen.
But he exhausted himself without advanc-
ing, and so churned and broke the grass
surface that a tiny pool of water began to
form in perilous proximity to his mouth
and nose.

He tried to throw himself on his back
with the pack underneath, but this re-
sulted in sinking both arms to the shoul-
ders and gave him a foretaste of drowning.
With exquisite patience, he slowly with-
drew one sucking arm and then the other
and rested them flat on the surface for the
support of his chin. Then he began to
call for help. After a time he heard the
sound of feet sucking through the mud
as some one advanced from behind.

"Lend a hand, friend," he said. "Throw
out a life-line or something."

It was a woman's voice that answered,
and he recognized it.

"If you'll unbuckle the straps I can get
up."

The hundred pounds rolled into the
mud with a soggy noise, and he slowly
gained his feet.

"A pretty predicament," Miss Gastell
laughed, at sight of his mud-covered face.

"Not at all," he replied airily. "My
favorite physical exercise stunt. Try it
some time. It's great for the pectoral
muscles and the spine."

He wiped his face, flinging the slush
from his hand with a snappy jerk.

"Oh!" she cried in recognition. "It's
Mr.—ah—Mr. Smoke Bellew."

"I thank you gravely for your timely
rescue and for that name," he answered.
"I have been doubly baptized. Hence-
forth I shall insist always on being called
Smoke Bellew. It is a strong name, and
not without significance."

He paused, and then voice and expres-
sion became suddenly fierce.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?"
he demanded. "I'm going back to the
States. I am going to get married. I am
going to raise a large family of children.

And then, as the evening shadows fall, I
shall gather those children about me and
relate the sufferings and hardships I en-
dured on the Chilcoot Trail. And if they
don't cry—I repeat, if they don't cry I'll
lambaste the stuffing out of them."

VIII.

The Arctic winter came down apace.
Snow that had come to stay lay six inches
on the ground, and the ice was forming
in quiet ponds despite the fierce gales that
blew. It was in the late afternoon, during
a lull in such a gale, that Kit and John
Bellew helped the cousins load the boat
and watched it disappear down the lake
in a snow-squall.

"And now a night's sleep and an early
start in the morning," said John Bellew.
"If we aren't storm-bound at the summit
we'll make Dyea to-morrow night, and if
we have luck in catching a steamer we'll
be in San Francisco in a week."

"Enjoyed your vacation?" Kit asked
absently.

Their camp for that last night at Lind-
erman was a melancholy remnant. Every-
thing of use, including the tent, had been
taken by the cousins. A tattered tarpaul-
in, stretched as a wind-break, partially
sheltered them from the driving snow.
Supper they cooked on an open fire in a
couple of battered and discarded camp
utensils. All that was left them were their
blankets and food for several meals.

From the moment of the departure of
the boat, Kit had become absent and rest-
less. His uncle noticed his condition,
and attributed it to the fact that the end
of the hard toil had come. Only once
during supper did Kit speak.

"Avuncular," he said, relevant of noth-
ing, "after this I wish you'd call me
Smoke. I've made some smoke on this
trail, haven't I?"

A few minutes later he wandered away
in the direction of the village of tents that
sheltered the gold-rushers, who were still
packing or building their boats. He was
gone several hours, and when he returned
and slipped into his blankets John Bel-
lew was asleep.

In the darkness of a gale-driven morn-
ing, Kit crawled out, built a fire in his
stocking feet, by which he thawed out his

frozen shoes, then boiled coffee and fried bacon. It was a chilly, miserable meal. As soon as finished, they strapped their blankets. As John Bellew turned to lead the way toward the Chilcoot trail, Kit held out his hand.

"Good bye, avuncular," he said.

John Bellew looked at him and swore in his surprise.

"Don't forget, my name's Smoke," Kit chided.

"But what are you going to do?"

Kit waved his hand in a general direction northward over the storm-lashed lake.

"What's the good of turning back after getting this far?" he asked. "Besides, I've got my taste of meat, and I like it. I'm going on."

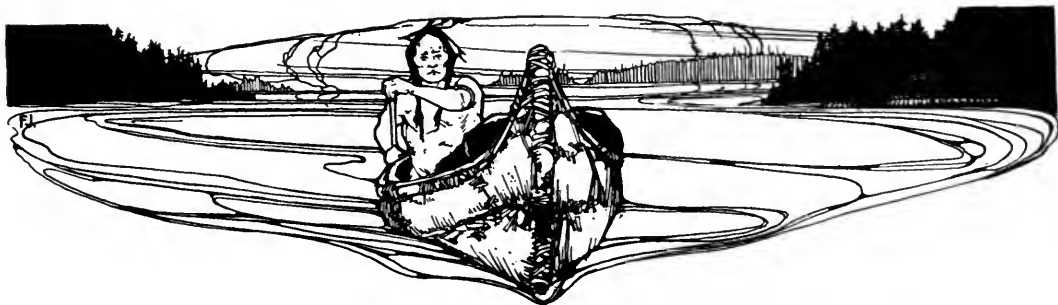
"You're broke," protested John Bellew. "You have no outfit."

"I've got a job. Behold your nephew, Christopher Smoke Bellew! He's got a job. He's a gentleman's man. He's got a job at a hundred and fifty per month and grub. He's going down to Dawson with a couple of dudes and another gentleman's man—camp-cook, boatman and general all-around hustler. And O'Hara and the *Billow* can go to hell. Good bye."

But John Bellew was dazed, and could only mutter:

"I don't understand."

"They say the baldface grizzlies are thick in the Yukon Basin," Kit explained. "Well, I've got only one suit of underclothes, and I'm going after the bear-meat, that's all."



TO CANADA

Here's to Canada! Long may she stand;
 For 'neath the shade of the Maple Tree,
 The Rose, The Thistle and Shamrock agree
 With the charmed grace of the Fleur-de-lis.
 So give us a cheer, boys! A clap of the hand!
 God save the King! God bless our Land.

—E. J. M. Hitchcock.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Asquith the Achiever

MR. ASQUITH, the present premier of Britain, will be remembered in British history—such is the opinion of Sydney Brooks, whose pen picture of the British premier in *The World To-day* is arousing much interest. In the estimate of Mr. Brooks there has been no Prime Minister more sure of himself or more competent to impose his will since Gladstone.

He has had a hand, says the writer, in framing some memorable legislation; he has presided over a government unique for the many-sided energy of its reforming vigor; he has conducted a profound constitutional revolution to a successful issue; and he has faced and quelled the most surprising and sinister outbreak of social and industrial discontent that has ever threatened the internal peace of the British Isles. Asquith is a man who throughout his career has shown a consistent capacity for rising to the occasion. He has never to my knowledge failed in anything that he has undertaken. But the courage and completeness with which he encountered the crisis of last August fairly startled the country by their force and adequacy. For almost the first time the nation, during those weeks, of delirium when only a hair's breadth separated Great Britain from a convulsion approaching the horrors of civil war, was able to take the full measure of its Premier. He flung "politics" to the winds; he never stopped to think of how his action might influence the votes; he turned his face "home to the instant need of things," and by a stroke of matured de-

cisiveness and resolution headed off the most appalling peril that could have threatened any modern community. All Englishmen of all parties and ranks, strikers and non-strikers, employers and employed, rich and poor—but the poor especially—owe the Prime Minister a heavy debt of gratitude. He weathered and triumphed over a storm that would have overwhelmed any man not made of the stoutest human fibre.

And a good many Englishmen owe Mr. Asquith something more than gratitude; they owe him an apology for their egregious and usually wilful misreading of the man and his character and actions in the past. For years his political opponents have been assuring the world that the Prime Minister was a mere figurehead in his own cabinet, that the real control of affairs was in Mr. Lloyd-George's or Mr. Churchill's hands, and that Mr. Asquith besides being the shuttlecock of his colleagues, was the obsequious slave of Mr. Redmond. And thousands, no doubt, have believed it, because in politics people will believe anything. Yet there never was a more fantastic misapprehension. I venture to say that there has been no stronger prime minister than Mr. Asquith since Gladstone's resignation—no prime minister, I mean, more sure of himself, more competent to impose his will, with a greater instinct for leadership or with a firmer grasp over policy and administration alike. If there is one thing Asquith never has been and never could be, it is a time-serving politician. In the old days of his Home Secretaryship, when

for a while he was the idol of Labor, when he was stretching all the powers of his office in the cause of social and industrial reform, and when he was filling the nation with a new sense of its responsibilities, he none the less on three crucial questions—the release of the Irish dynamiters, the right of the unemployed to meet in Trafalgar Square, and the Featherstone riots—did not hesitate to stand up to Labor in the country and to his political allies in the House of Commons when he was convinced that the public interest demanded it. His action on those occasions should have disposed forever of the legend of his flabbiness and squeezability—a legend that even in the reckless atmosphere of party polemics will scarcely, I should imagine, survive the remorseless determination with which he has carried the Parliament Bill into law and the promptitude with which he let it be known that, if necessary, all the resources of the Government would be employed to keep the railways of the country in running order. We all knew of him as a master of compressed and lucid speech; we now know that he can act as firmly, sharply, and pertinently as he talks, and above all with as little fuss and as few flourishes.

Fuss and flourishes, indeed, are accessories with which Mr. Asquith has always managed to dispense. In the judgment of the unthinking mob he would probably stand higher if he had not so rigidly eschewed the artifices that most politicians cultivate even to ostentation. He is one of the least dramatic or sensational of men; there are no purple patches in his career, or in his oratory; he makes the mistake of doing things, or appearing to do them, too easily: one gets almost a sense of monotony from a survey of his achievements. As a boy, he captured all the school prizes; in Parliament he attracted Gladstone's favoring notice with almost his first speech; step by step he has mounted up, till he is now the most powerful man in the British Empire. And it has all been done without theatricality, or self-advertisement, with no attempt to dazzle his contemporaries or to force their applause, and without the least assistance from those advantages of birth, wealth, and social connections that in England more than in any other country

smooth the path of political and legal ambition.

There is something of coldness in the popular conception of, and attitude toward, the Prime Minister; he is not one of the men, as Lloyd George most decidedly is, whom you are violently for or violently against; even his own followers regard him with pride, respect, admiration, and an implicit confidence in his unflinching adequacy, rather than with affection. Of Asquith, as of Sir Robert Peel, posterity may say that if only his personality had equaled his performances he would have been the greatest of all British premiers.

As it is, the real Asquith, whose praises are sung by his friends—the man of quick, vivid, and hearty emotions, of genial considerateness, of warm and tolerant humanity—goes almost unsuspected by the general public; and Lord Rosebery never surprised England more than when he went bail for it that Mr. Asquith possessed qualities of heart even more remarkable than his qualities of head. The average man remains to this day unconvinced. He finds in the Prime Minister few of those amiable and attractive weaknesses and accomplishments that irresistibly engage the popular interest. Nobody disputes the genuineness of his abilities or the sincerity of his Liberalism, or affects to deny that he has amply earned every success that he has won. Yet nobody is really thrilled by him. A somewhat hard, self-centred embodiment of all the efficiencies; one whom it is difficult to think of as ever having been young, expansive and indiscreet; not without a touch of Oxford arrogance; apt to treat stupidity as a crime; a first-class fighting man, always at the top of his form and able at any moment to bring all his powers into play, yet somehow spoiling the effect of his triumphs by the dry and unsympathetic self-assurance with which he enters the lists and the mechanical regularity with which he routs his antagonists—it is in such ways as these that the public thinks of Mr. Asquith.

The deficiency that I am trying to bring out—it is more readily felt than expressed—is palpable in Mr. Asquith's speeches. They are just as good as any public speaking can be that is not oratory. They are models of clearness and precision—few speakers, indeed, can pack so

much into so few words as Mr. Asquith; they are full of vigorous thought, of trenchant and sonorous diction; and yet they are unmistakably not oratory. The reason is that Mr. Asquith has himself too completely in hand, knows to a nicety just what he is going to say and how he is going to say it, and is never for a moment in any danger of being carried out of himself. The color and rhythm, the exaltation and *abandon*, of oratory are not for him.

It is this self-repression that very largely accounts for the fact that Mr. Asquith is a greater figure in Parliament than in the country, and that among the masses

of the people his personality is not the invaluable asset that Gladstone's was to the party he leads. But it is a quality on the whole by which he gains more than he loses. It attunes him to a moderation of speech and bearing that by contrast with the harangues and demeanor of some of his colleagues seems positively piquant.

In the party to-day he stands head and shoulders above his colleagues in the solid qualities that are still essential to the highest and most enduring kind of political authority and command. And it is precisely these solid qualities that make him a great Englishman as well as a great Liberal.

Edison on European Developments

THOMAS EDISON, the great inventor, returning from Europe, tells of the marvelous awakening there, the revolt against church domination, the tremendous strides in the building of schools and factories. In industrial development he thinks Germany has not only equalled the United States but passed them. But Americans, he says, are the best workmen in the world. In the *World To-day* Allan L. Benson tells of the inventor's impressions as follows:—

In 1889, Thomas A. Edison went to Europe. He stayed a little while and came home. He stayed at home twenty-two years and went back. Edison had not changed much—Europe still knew him; in fact, knew him better than ever. But Edison hardly knew Europe. The Alps were in the right place; the Rhine had not altered its course; Paris was still on the Seine. But the people! Their attitude toward schools and churches! Their occupations! All had changed.

"Every enlightened country through which I passed," said Edison, "is submitting less and less to church domination in affairs of state. They are building schools and factories. All except France. France, of course, turned from the churches long ago, but she still has few factories, solely, however, because the genius of her people does not turn toward machinery. But the French are building hundreds of schools.

"Germany is building both factories and schools. And while she is building factories and schools with one hand, she is hitting at the church with the other. The city of Prague, in which John Huss was burned at the stake for heresy some five hundred years ago, is about to unveil a statue of him. I saw the statue when I was there. But Prague's statue of Huss will not be the first Huss statue in Germany. There are two or three others. It seems to be becoming the fashion. Some small city, I was told, set it. A monastery owned a great tract of land that the people wanted for homes. The city offered to buy. The monastery would not sell. Up went the statue of Huss."

Nor is the trend from church domination according to Edison, confined to England, France, and Germany. He saw the same movement even in what he called the "backward countries," like Austria-Hungary and Roumania.

"When I was in Hungary, twenty-two years ago," he said, "it was a common sight to see peasants praying before roadside saints. Along the roads in Hungary, a cast-iron image of a saint is set up every 1,500 feet or so, with a little roof over it. The saints are still there, but this time I saw nobody praying before them. Not a soul. Not a man, woman, or child, throughout Hungary. Still the Hungarians are not yet free from the clutch of the church. They are only beginning to

free themselves. The church is still a great land owner, while the people are poor. We have all seen pictures of a woman pulling with an ox at a plow. In Hungary, I saw the real performance—not once, but many times. The women were not yoked with the oxen, but they were tied to the yokes with straps. It was awful.”

By comparison, the story seemed a little more awful the day that Edison told it, because California had just adopted a constitutional amendment giving her women the right to vote.

“That’s so,” he added. “There’s the difference between church-ridden Hungary and a live state like California. But women are not always going to be yoked with the oxen, even in Hungary. The day of ignorance and poverty is passing.”

I asked Edison how he accounted for it.

“The newspapers and American inventions are doing it,” he replied. “For the first time in the world’s history, the common people are beginning to read. They have learned a little and that little has set up a tremendous itching in their skulls. They want to learn more. But they have already learned enough to suspect that some things that have existed for centuries are not quite right. Not anywhere near right, in fact. *And they are going to change some of those things.* I do not know whether in making the change any kings will be shaken off their thrones, but some may be. Emperor William, however, will not be one of them. He is a terrible rubber-neck, and therefore Germany’s best asset. If there is anything going on, he wants to know about it, and he does know about it. He calls in business men and talks to them. A little while ago, he sent for three business men and told them that he wanted each of them to draw a detailed plan for the government of German South Africa. I believe that, more than any other one man, he has brought about the industrial development of Germany.”

At this point, Edison dropped religion and schools and concentrated upon workmen and workshops.

“The industrial development of Germany,” he said, “is almost beyond belief. I went into the shipping-rooms of German factories and looked at the marks on the boxes to see where the goods were go-

ing. I tell you, Germany is doing a world trade.

“I am inclined to believe that in industrial development Germany has not only equaled the United States, but has exceeded us. She certainly has exceeded us in prosperity, and therefore I believe that she has exceeded us in wisdom in dealing with trusts. We don’t seem to know what to do with the trusts. We talk of breaking them up, but it does not seem to me that we know where we are at. Germany, on the other hand, takes an entirely different course. She doesn’t talk about breaking up her trusts, though I believe she succeeds better than we do in preventing real restraints of trade. German trusts are permitted to combine to fix prices—but what harm does that do? If they fix prices too high, competitors will come in and cut them down. But Germany would never permit a trust to sell its product at less than cost, as the Standard Oil Company used to do in some localities, to drive out a competitor. And all German shippers receive the same treatment from the railroads. No one has any advantage in rates. But, of course, in that respect, Germany’s situation is unlike our own. Germany owns the railroads and can do with them as she pleases, while we can only do our best to try to regulate somebody else’s railroads. But regardless of whether Germany is wiser than we are in dealing with the trust question, she is certainly marvelously prosperous. I didn’t see an idle man in Germany, or any slums in Berlin—and I looked for both.”

Instead of slums, Edison said that he saw in Berlin what appeared to him to be ideal housing conditions for the working class. Big, airy apartment buildings, six stories high, on wide, clean streets. Everything on the best sanitary and hygienic principles—for the municipal government will permit no other kind of structure to be built. The government even insists upon an iron balcony for flower pots under each front window. Thus does the government pay its tribute to the fondness of the German housewife for flowers.

But it would seem as if there were little in Berlin or Germany that did not please Edison. Berlin pleased him because it was big, bustling, and beautiful. And growing, too. That’s what Edison likes.

Paris is big and beautiful, but Edison says its construction account seems to have been closed early in the eighteenth century. The people are living in houses that were built two hundred years ago. All over France, it is the same way. But the fringe of Berlin is always wet with paint, and what is the fringe to-day is belted with another layer of buildings to-morrow. And, growing mightily as she is, Berlin still finds time to be beautiful; to develop her growth along artistic lines—and to keep clean.

"There has been no industrial development in France," continued Mr. Edison. "Of course, there is some manufacturing in the lofts of Paris, but it is out of sight. Outside of Paris, nothing is manufactured. France is rich only because the peasants own their own land, know how to till it, and are frugal. The truth is, the French are not a 'machinery people.' They are sometimes regarded as such, but they are not. The error arises from the fact that the French occasionally achieve eminence in the making of some particular thing. Their part in the development of the automobile and the aeroplane are case in point. They would never have done what they did toward the development of the automobile and the aeroplane if it had not been for their sanguine, enthusiastic temperament, which is always attracted by novelties. They try a great many apparently impossible things and occasionally accomplish one of them.

"Art is what the French excel in. They work best in silk, porcelain, pottery, and other similar things. A hundred dollars' worth of goods made by a Frenchman weighs forty pounds; by a German, four hundred pounds; by an Englishman, half a ton. That's the whole story in a nutshell. But the Frenchman has not a good eye for business. Why, merely as a business proposition, Paris, at night, should blaze with light, yet it is lighted little, if any, better than it was twenty years ago. In this respect, Berlin far excels it, and Berlin is not so well lighted as New York."

I asked Edison how foreign workingmen compared with American artisans, in skill, initiative, and general intelligence. He drew a memorandum book from his pocket and looked through its pages.

"The efficiency of a workingman," he replied, "is dependent upon his ability to act quickly as well as correctly after receiving impressions. After I had been motoring through Europe a while, I noticed that there was a great difference in the time that was required by people of different countries to get out of the road after I blew my horn. As soon as the idea occurred to me, I began to make experiments and set down the results in this book. The Frenchman would get out of the way while I was still 800 feet away from him, the German while I was 500 feet away, while the Swiss would not budge until I was within 25 feet of him. In fact, the only way I could get a Swiss out of the road was to slow up and blow the horn again and again.

"That answers your question, so far as it pertains to foreigners. The Frenchman is alert and acts quickly upon impressions. The German is only a little behind him. I never tried the automobile experiment upon Americans. I don't need to. They are the quickest people in the world to think, and therefore the best workmen. A Chinaman can tend two looms at once, a German five, and an American seven.

"Proof of the same fact is afforded by the experience of my factories for the manufacture of phonograph cylinders. I have factories in America, France, England, Germany and Belgium. Great care is required not to break the cylinders while making them. In America the breakage averages 15 to the hundred; in Germany, 35; in Belgium, 42; in France, 45; and in England, 60. I had degenerate labor in England when these figures were made, otherwise the showing there would doubtless have been better; but the results in the other countries are fairly indicative of the skill and efficiency of the various workmen. Oh, there is no workman like the American. The world never before saw his like."

According to Edison, America leads the world by a long distance in the invention of labor-saving machines. He saw so many American machines in Germany that he was tempted to suggest the fitness of amending the national trademark to read "Made in Germany with American machinery."

"The high cost of labor," he said, "has undoubtedly had much to do with the invention of labor-saving devices in Amer-

ica. We simply have had to displace men with machines wherever we could. Germany has not had this high labor-cost to spur her on, but she is in a fair way to get it. Even then, I doubt if the German will arise to the occasion. The German type of mind does not run so much to invention. It finds a great delight in the elaborate, long-drawn-out experiments that make the German nation so proficient in chemistry. An American wants results—chemistry is too slow for him."

While Edison was in Germany, he heard of an achievement by a German chemist that may have much to do with the world's rubber market. The achievement is the manufacture of artificial rubber. Edison says that the rubber is perfect in quality. All that prevents it from being an immediate commercial success is that its cost is slightly greater than real rubber.

"But the cost will be brought down," he said, "and then we shall have cheap rubber. It will be the old story of indigo dyes over again. More than a million persons were engaged in making indigo dyes when German chemists discovered the process of making the same colors synthetically, and that ended the old industry."

I asked Edison what was the most interesting invention he saw while abroad.

"A machine," he replied, "for measuring heart-beats. Put each hand in a jar of water, the two jars being connected by an electric current, and the beating of the heart will determine how much current will pass. The blood is the chief conductor of the current, and when the heart closes, temporarily breaking the stream of blood, the automatic recorder registers the decreased electric current. This device will doubtless be of great service in diagnosing diseases of the heart, because

it will unerringly and with great accuracy, point out any irregularity.

"But the greatest thing I saw in Europe," added Mr. Edison, "was the industrialization of Germany, the rise of the schools, and the decline of the church. All of the European nations will soon be just like us. They've got to come to it."

It is a long way from a study of Europe to the study of a delivery wagon, but that is the stride that Edison took when he came back over the Atlantic. Like the gentleman who insisted that Carthage must get off the map, Edison is determined that horses shall get out of cities. Motor trucks that can almost carry a house are easy enough to make, but Edison wants to make a cheap, commercial substitute for a one-horse delivery wagon. His new battery will give the power, but he wants to bring down the initial cost a little more, and reduce the annual charge for maintenance to eight per cent. That is what he intends to work at until he succeeds.

But the world is likely next to hear of Edison in connection with the "speaking picture"—the synchronized kinetoscope and phonograph.

"I am making two hundred machines in the factory," he said, "to send out all over the world. The first exhibitions will be given this winter. The machine works perfectly. The phonograph has sufficient volume to fill the Metropolitan Opera House, and the voices are so synchronized with the pictures that it is difficult to realize that the pictures are not speaking. The most difficult opera or the most elaborate drama can be reproduced perfectly."

Thus Edison lives the law of his life, which is to keep stirring things up from the bottom, regardless of the horses that may be turned out to grass, or the actors who may have to take to farming.

Visions of 1950

IN 1950! The imagination leaps forward to the fulfilment of stupendous promises, to-day but half revealed. Will ships sail the ocean without fuel, trains traverse continents without engines, aeroplanes draw their motive power from the air; will the night be illuminated

without the aid of coal. Will the startling discoveries and achievements of the present day seem but the insufficient devices of a primitive age, compared with the mighty potential victories of the future?

Wait!

So says E. I. La Baueme, in the *Technical World*.

Every ten years in America sees a revolution. Industrial phases assume new proportions, commerce enlarges its borders to rush over strange seas, politics become a tangled web during its evolutionary processes, economic problems broaden their scope. Were the possibilities of the great labor divisions of the world gauged by the strides made during the last fifty years, one would stand in wholesome awe of the vision. The last word in the reconstruction of America is far from being said, though tireless workers of science are constantly forming the new America out of natural forces already largely under their control.

We do not feel the imminence of the discoveries hanging suspended about us, which the magic rod of science may precipitate at any moment, because they occupy our thoughts only at intervals. We look to the men of constant interest in such matters for enlightening hints for the future. Edison, for instance, believes that the world is face to face with aerial navigation on a scale of which it has never dreamed, and that in ten years, flying machines will be in use to carry the mails and passengers at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. It is Wilbur Wright's statement that when aviation has progressed far enough, there is no reason why a birdman should not mount to the clouds in his aeroplane, cut off the motor, and then soar in circles and spirals over the ascending currents of air like the great birds, sail on for a period of time with no exertion of energy, then, at his will, restart the motor and return softly to earth.

Wright's prophecy, and its partial fulfillment are interesting as an illustration of the way in which the forecasts made by men who are in touch with scientific developments are coming true. Charles K. Hamilton recently stated that the form of aeroplane now in use can be indefinitely increased in size, and that the speed and carrying power can be proportionately augmented. He believes the limited size of aeroplanes, thus far, to be merely a question of cost, and that any day an experimenter may appear with an airship which will compare with the present one as an eagle with a swallow.

This will come to-day or to-morrow, and after that will come the Mauretanas of the air. In 1950 we may have airships a thousand feet long, flying at a rate of speed so high as to bring New York and London as near together as New York and Chicago now are.

Even now we are groping on the verge of a discovery, or rather, the perfection of a discovery that should eliminate the most serious difficulty to be overcome in aerial navigation—the difficulty of carrying fuel. "I do not know how to do it," says the inventor of the phonograph, "but a method will be discovered of wirelessly transmitting electrical energy from the earth to the motor of a machine in mid-air. There is no reason to believe it cannot be done."

It has already been demonstrated in the laboratory that electric currents can be transmitted without wires. A fan motor has been operated at a distance of twenty feet from the dynamo from which it derived its power. And more startling than this is the achievement of Nikola Tesla who has been experimenting with the model of a boat operated by electric power transmitted without wires, finds the results astounding. Tesla has been able to control the movements of the boat absolutely from a central station without electrical connections of any kind. What has been done with a little boat on a small body of water will eventually be done with the largest liners at any distance from land. In other words, a big liner may be propelled across the Atlantic Ocean at high speed by power directed from a wireless station on shore.

The work of lengthening the reach of wireless telegraphy from twenty feet to twenty miles and from twenty miles to a thousand, was accomplished before the incredulous had put faith in the first reports of partial success. The principle involved in wireless transmission of power is the same, and we may be sure that results will come as rapidly, and that they will be more revolutionary in their effect on the economic and social orders. Not only the ships of the sea and the ships of the air will be operated by electric currents flashed at them from some giant power plant, but trains, street cars and automobiles, subways and elevated lines, will dispense with the coal, wires, storage

batteries and third rails upon which they are now dependent.

And how shall the stupendous power be generated necessary to supply the vital fluid that will animate the whizzing things on sea and land and in the air? It has been suggested that the force of Niagara could be utilized to supply power to the air fleet, but there must be more than this. Probably coal will be used at first, but the supply is rapidly vanishing and besides, unless a way is found to get the full energy, or a much larger portion of it, out of a piece of coal, this method will be entirely too ineffective for the transportation companies of the future.

According to Edison a mere glimpse of our environment has been gained. Plans by which we shall control it are fast being laid. The incalculable energy expended in that swing and heave of the waters of the sea which surges around the earth twice each day will be tramed and harnessed to our use. These restless waters all a source of more power than would be needed to run all the ships that float upon them. Aside from the tides, there is enough energy in the mere jogging of the waves along the sides of a vessel like the Mauretania to propel her engines.

The sun pours enough power upon the earth to run all its industries. This power is already utilized in California for irrigation purposes. But solar engines are imperfect as yet, and can convert only a small part of the fourteen-hundred horsepower, or more, that is shed on an acre of land while the sun shines. They are bound to be perfected, however. Of this scientists are sure.

The winds offer another possibility of which little advantage has been taken. Windmills will do more than pump water, and in England to-day, there are many private lighting-plants deriving their current from storage batteries charged by these old friends put to a new use.

When a yoke has been laid upon sun, and wind, and tide, so that they will pull evenly and do our bidding, we shall laugh at the vanishing coal supply.

The changes in our motive power will not be greater than those which are destined to transform the vehicles to which it is applied. The monorail gyroscope car is about to revolutionize our train system. Its inventor, August Scherl, be-

lieves that the railroad car of the future will be thirty feet wide, one and a half times as wide as the average city house; that the car will be two hundred feet long—the length of an average city block, and three stories high. This car is supposed to carry as many passengers, as much baggage, and as much mail, as several express trains of the present day and it is to travel two hundred miles an hour and perhaps more and on a single rail.

This vision, glowing as it is, cannot be discounted as merely the enthusiastic dream of an inventor, for a practical man, Wm. R. Wilcox, chairman of the Public Service Commission of the City of New York, says that within twenty years we may expect to see gyrocars flying about our heads.

Think what the coming of these high-speed trains will mean to dwellers in the cities! The problem presented by overcrowding will be solved. From each great centre a vast system of transportation lines will radiate, permitting the worker to live in the country at fifty or a hundred miles from his place of occupation. And he will cover this distance as quickly as he now covers a like number of blocks!

Then the cities themselves! Mr. Wilcox has said that many things point to the use of moving platforms under our streets within, say, twenty years. The arcade, or underground street, will very likely follow the line of the moving sidewalk. The moving platform permits a person to get on or off at any point, and so we may expect to see great shopping streets below the surface of our present thoroughfares. Sidewalks may also be built along the front of our high buildings, say at the tenth floor.

Picture a vast structure of steel and masonry, lifting myriad towers into dizzy heights, and spreading out into an intricate network of tunnels and caverns beneath the earth! From the tops of mountainous buildings, alive with the whirr and hum of business, countless elevators will continually speed the hurrying workers to and from the subterranean avenues beneath, where they will dart to and fro whisked hither and thither by lightning-like gyrocars, or borne along amid the throng on gliding platforms. Such will be the city of to-morrow!

Turning from the land to the sea, the changes that are upon us appear no less staggering. Ships are increasing in size so rapidly that one asks if we shall not have floating cities whose traveling population will mount into the hundreds of thousands. To-day's giantess of the waves will give away next year before a larger leviathan. She will be 830 feet long, 50 feet longer than the present empress of the sea. She will carry 5,000 passengers and a crew of 600. The main dining room will seat 1,000 diners. All the splendors of a modern hotel will be found in this floating palace. There will be three cafes and a palm garden on the sun-deck inclosed by glass in the winter.

But this is only the next step. Naval architects are already planning for an ocean liner, 1,000 feet long. "We shall have a boat of 1,000 feet water line in good time," says Mr. Bruce Ismay, president of the International Merchantile Marine. "She may be fast; she may be slow—that is to be determined; but fast or slow, ship builders are willing to undertake a contract for her construction. That is the main thing."

A complete innovation in naval construction may follow the 1,000 foot liner. Mr. James Dickie, the well-known British authority on the subject, plans to bridge three narrow ships hulls by a superstructure five times as large as the upper works of any liner of to-day. It is thought that a great increase in speed will be gained by placing propellers at the stern of each of the three hulls and also along the sides. Other advantages would be the greater space for passengers, and the avoidance of any rolling.

Mr. Thomas Nixon predicts that the present naval engines will be speedily supplanted by the gas engine and he furthermore states that the use of the gas engine will cut the world's coal bill in half. Some such improvement as this will probably occupy the gap between the present and the time when the wireless shall do away with the necessity for any fuel whatever.

The further development of the automobile offers far-reaching possibilities. The market tendency is that automobiles shall become cheaper, smaller, and simpler. No passenger automobile of the future should cost more than five hundred dollars. A statement by O. Irving

Twomblym gives an idea of the place these machines already take in the nation's life of pleasure and industry. "By the beginning of 1911," he says, "we shall have five hundred thousand cars, worth six hundred million dollars and developing a power equal to ten million horses." He declares that within the next fifteen years, fifty per cent. of farm work and transportation will be done by motor. The small farmer will purchase a wagon for five hundred dollars that will transport his product on week days and carry his family to church on Sundays, while in between times the motor will be removed and connected up to different machines where it will cultivate his fields, saw and split his fire-wood, cut and thresh his grain, milk his cows, separate his cream, churn his butter, pump his water, shell his corn, cut his cattle food, and in short, do a thousand and one things that are now done by hand at a tremendous loss of time and money.

Great as are all these changes that are looked for in the mechanical world, they are not as vital as those that will be wrought by them in our manner of living. The effect that rapid transportation will have in doing away with unhygienic congestion in cities has already been mentioned. The perfecting of mechanical and labor-saving devices should bring in its train another Golden Age. Mr. Edison sees machines for the future that will turn out finished products instead of making parts to be afterward assembled; for instance, a machine into which the raw materials will be fed from which will come finished shoes all boxed and ready for shipment. He further declares that automatic machinery and scientific farming will make commodities cheaper and thus rapidly better the lot of the poor. "Not much longer will there be such a thing as poverty as we know it to-day," he says. He prophesies that all manual labor will be done by machines, and that it will then be unnecessary for anyone to work more than five or six hours a day.

But in the realm of the imagination interplanetary communication challenges the longest vision with the future. With 800,000,000 horse power Nikola Tesla believes messages can be sent and, says Hiram Maxim, this will be the next great achievement of science. Tesla even forecasts that the first message received by

the Martians will be answered by "We have been calling you for the last ten thousand years," for he and the other scientists are of the opinion that the Martians are much farther advanced in the chemistry of civilization than we are. Once communication has been established, the Martians will gradually comprehend our language, for in reality that feat would be no more difficult, think scientific men, than teaching the deaf and dumb to understand.

The recognition that heat, light and electricity are nothing more than waves of ether, vibrating at different velocities, and the discovery of other phenomena of ether vibration, such as the X-ray, give the tempting hope that rays shall be found more powerful than any of these, rays like light, for instance, so strong that they will annihilate the distance that separates us from the heavenly bodies.

Thus far in the world's history, wars have dotted the march of progress, arresting it for short periods during which the way has been cleared for further advancement. Now we say we live in an age of peace, but this simply because the greater powers, made prudent by mutual respect, have avoided any serious rupture for some time. Yet they are constantly preparing for war.

The historian who writes of the future war will turn the pages of Greek legends and smile sadly at Jove's smiting lightning. The old War God hurling his thunderbolts will seem impotent beside man wielding the forces of nature for weapons. Magazines exploded without warning by darting, invisible, all-penetrating currents of electricity; devastating waves of electricity, or of some more powerful force, flashing over hundreds

of miles consuming all that comes within their scourging blast. Guns, explosives, and projectiles will sink into the past, even as have the bow and arrow, giving place to howling elements clashing under man's direction.

Our times are pregnant with voices, some uplifted in the shout of victory won, some ringing with the triumphant note of victory close at hand, and others whispering in the low clear tones of hope. That humanity is marching with firm, quick steps towards the conquest of the physical world is a cry that all may hear. Can it be that we are at last to peer behind the portals of the spiritual world? Insistent whisperings of spiritual intelligence are growing clearer every day. We may greet them with incredulity, but we can no longer remain deaf to them.

There are two thousand mediums holding daily seances in New York City. It is estimated that among European races there are over fifty million spiritualists. A census of some years ago showed that between one and two million people in the United States were avowed spiritualists, and the number has since increased enormously. Works of psychical research are widely read. Popular plays of recent years have dealt with subtle and mysterious influences. Articles in magazines and newspapers have filled the public mind with occult ideas until it accepts, with a questioning wonder, statements that would once have been greeted by ridicule. Beneath the surface this mechanical age is charged with spiritual beliefs to an extent unknown since the childhood of the world. New thought harks back to what the old thought denounced as charlatanism. Science shakes hands with pseudoscience.

Do You Have Mental Colic ?

A PSYCHICAL dose of Jamaica ginger is now in demand, and if you happen to know the address of an apothecary shop where one may obtain splints, plasters, and lotions for a sundry lot of mental breaks and pains, so much the better. According to Dr. Smith Baker, *Popular Science Monthly*, the days of mental colic and "soul pain" are upon us.

While we have been diligent in nursing our varied physical ills and ailments, we have been almost entirely neglectful of the "psychical" or the "mind and heart side of mortal suffering."

"Psychalgia" is the name of the new plague. It is entirely a matter of mental suffering, and to be genuine must be differentiated from physical pain. "To be

worthy of consideration as a true psychalgia," it must be "consciously remembered as an experience by itself, dissociated somewhat clearly from every physical condition save that of general well being, and in most cases, at least, capable of being referred back to certain causes which, whether true or not, are consciously regarded by the sufferer as having been of distinctively mental origin."

"Probably no one can truthfully say that there is such a thing as psychalgia who has himself never suffered from it." There are certain symptoms that will help you to diagnose your own case. If your mental horizon suddenly becomes "painfully restricted." If your "emotions are all suffused with pain, even, paradoxically, when little or in nowise disturbed; and your outlook upon the future is simply too painful to be invited or prolonged," psychalgia is after you with a big stick. "Give me relief from this awful feeling of inadequacy—from this pain that accompanies every thought—from the dark that clouds all the future. Please do this, and I will be well," is the cry, and to the sufferer this is all there is that can be described or helped.

"Mental pain," while it may accompany or succeed physical distress, must be dealt with and treated as a distinct ailment. A case of developing melancholia, where the physical and mental vie with each other in the "slide downward into abject misery," is used as an example. Here the muscular weakness explains in part the mental condition, but

"however much and clearly these may 'explain' to the observer, they most certainly do not constitute the pain which is really suffered—the morbid self-consciousness, the overwhelming depression, the fear of self-destruction, the dissociation from the rest of humanity—in fact, the poignant psychalgia, for which only personal experience can afford correct knowledge or provide the data for anything like a correct description. To all such, psychalgia is a definite, horrid fact, not to be mistaken for any other fact in the universe."

Perhaps the most alarming fact is that this mental colic is not confined to those on the border-land of sanity. "Probably there is no one who has been trained to properly look in upon himself, who does not have more or less frequent attacks of 'psychalgia.' We hear the descriptive phrases of their 'suffering' every day. One of the most frequent of these phrases is, 'Oh, I am so lonely (or fearful, or depressed, or weak, etc.), this unceasing, day after day, year after year, loneliness, etc.'"

"Here, for want of the simple instruction that, as the uniqueness of any given individual must always carry with it a fundamental detachment from every other individual, so must necessarily a natural loneliness reside forever in the substratum of everyone's consciousness, and must normally or abnormally emerge only as endurable pathos, on the one hand, or as dire pain on the other, the sufferer necessarily goes on day by day accumulating a feeling of out-of-the-worldness which in time gets to be so painful that all of life may and often does come to be subordinated to it, entirely beyond self-emancipation."

Again, there is the expression: "Just show me how I can have a little bit of happiness, even for an hour, and I'll bless you as never before."

"The simple fact is, that all energizing, all hoping, all accomplishing which does not have an inspiring element of happiness in more or less conscious suffusion, is not satisfactory, but the reverse; and this, notwithstanding so much seems directly to the contrary. Happiness of some kind . . . is the motive force of human life; and once let the enjoyable self-tone be lowered unduly for any length of time, or its rightful possessor be too frequently or too permanently cheated or denied, and he ceases at just this point to be fully what he ought to be either by divine right or by natural law.

"First and last and all the time, it must be remembered that the outcome of psychalgia, unless acting upon exceptional constitutions, is unfitness for even the commonplaces of life. The common cry of the victim of mental pain is, 'I no longer can do as I once could; I'm not really fit for anything now;' and his subsequent life is apt to prove only too conclusively the correctness of his cry, and the predictive fear which accompanies it."

A closer study of this widely prevailing "sickness of the soul," Dr. Baker informs us, reveals the truth that the greater proportion of these cases are primarily due to the fact that the "personality itself has never been harmonized" has never become blended in the course of its development:

"Whether this unblending is due to such disparities and tendencies in the several ancestral lines as do not admit of continuously close relationship and coordination, even in distinct individuals, or whether the course of 'bringing-up' from birth onward has been such as never to overcome the natural heterogeneity of the personal elements, probably common to the genesis of every human being, does not matter. The outcome, a heterogeneous or imperfectly blended or ununified personality, may almost everywhere be discovered as constituting at least a very natural soil in which rank psychalgias may easily generate and grow and forever plague and choke the possessor quite beyond description. To stand on the brink of a seething, surging crater, whose sulphurous fumes never cease to stifle, and whose eruptions are always immanent and frequently realized, might afford some sort of parallel to the position occupied by some of the more deeply afflicted of these cases; only, the man by the crater might possibly recede from his danger at will; while no Prometheus was ever chained more absolutely beyond self-help to his Caucasian rock, or was more horribly subject to tormenting insults both from without and from within, than is the one who finds himself inseparable from the miseries of the species of psychalgia that are chiefly due to heterogeneity, or to this in combination with all the imperfections of our natural growth and conventional breeding."

Secret of Business Success

"If the elevator to success is not running, take the stairs," says Henry Knott, in *Agricultural Advertising*.

Success! What is its secret? Why is it that so many fall upon the way, striving hard, but failing, while others seem to own the golden key that unlocks the treasure vault of good fortune? Is success an intangible thing, impossible of definition, or can it be defined in terms that all who read may know? Is there a time for every man when the path of life confronts him with the fork roads of diversity, where he has to choose unknowingly the right or wrong path? Or, is there one royal way, broad and attractive, leading to the goal of man's desire? Advice is ever in the air. Men who have won success are prone to talk about their method, to declare that THEIR way is the ONLY way, their history true for all. Follow me, is their dictum. Do as I tell you, if you can, and you shall win what I have won. No set of rules was ever sufficient to place a man at the top. His faculties must first be built into one harmonious whole, the steel and iron of will and purpose.

He must weigh so much in the scale of manhood. He must possess mental and moral assets before he dare tempt the liabilities involved in the winning of success. It is better to try and fail than to be satisfied.

Take away the restlessness in human blood and where would be our civilization?

The life of business is competition. Man needs incentive to bring out the best in him. The spirit of progress is born of rivalry. The cheapness and quality of present-day commodities is a direct result of healthy warfare in the market place.

Being ready, possessing the art to do certain things in a supreme way, is the secret of success, for merit and success are twins. Now, for certain philosophic applications.

To earnestly desire success is a prophecy of it. Deserve it if you do not win it, and if you get there, don't let the journey cost you more than its worth. Remember, honor is an obligation, but if it feeds upon the opinions of others, it will starve.

Make success a habit.

It merely depends on steadfast best-doing, persistent labor. If you have any

blanks in your book of life, fill them up with work. Fortune treads on the heels of every true effort, for the man who is always trying to surpass himself is growing simply because he is in earnest. Be what you seem to be and when you speak, let your words be heralds of your mind. A subtle dissimulation to gain respect, is always "classed" sooner or later. Sincerity breeds confidence.

Be a gentleman—haste, but never hurry. Time is the only thing you've got. Then conquer the hours. The difference between "existence" and "life" is, the one wastes time, the other uses it.

To stand upon your feet and speak for yourself—be honest. If a man calls you a liar, refute him not with words, but by your life.

In geometry, a straight line is the shortest between two given points. Honesty is the straight line between business and success.

The more merit you have, the less noise you will be required to make. You may not always get what's coming to you, but men will know you deserve it.

Don't let the glare of success dazzle your eyes. Money never made anybody happy. It is necessity which gives stimulus to industry. Prosperity can ruin.

With ordinary talent and perseverance, nothing is impossible. It is through want of application rather than means, that man fails. Knocking loud enough, a drop of water gains admission into the heart of the rock.

Some of us have the habit of stepping over ordinary duties to reach imaginary ones. To gain advantage of the hour, perform every duty, great or small, as they come. Sometimes, ordinary situations produce extraordinary results.

Wait not for the chance, seek it, find it, conquer it, make it your slave. Be the bell-wether. Have individuality.

Remember the chain of habit is forged day by day. The links may appear small, but they may be too strong for you to break them.

Success is the triumph of enthusiasm. Make your enthusiasm like the measles—catching.

Try treating a possibility as a probability, and see what happens. Don't worry

over mistakes. By experience a man grows. Sometimes we discover what will do, by finding out what will *not* do, but to make the same mistake twice is the emblem of a fool.

To be successful, one must venture, although nothing is absolutely certain. A man may plan ever so carefully, every eventuality being considered, and the utmost of human foresight hedge his under-

taking, yet some little circumstance, unforeseen and unrecognized in his plans, may bring his work and project to failure or defeat. But most of the joy of succeeding comes from his fight to get there, and the truly ambitious man is always moving his horizon further away, always walking on tiptoe looking over the heads of the crowd.

A Lesson in Salesmanship

A NEW YORK sales manager and his assistant were going over a list of sales made by their salesmen for the past three months. "Howard's showing is mighty bad—less than a sale a week for the last quarter—we ought to let him go," broke in the assistant sales manager. "He used to be a big producer, but lately seems to be out of line. He is now away behind on his drawing account."

"What territory did Howard occupy before he went to Vermont?" queried the sales manager.

"New York," replied the assistant.

"How long did he work in New York?"

"Three years."

"Did he make good in New York?"

"Yes; ranked with our best men."

A push-button call brought a stenographer to the sales manager. "Take this telegram to Howard in the Vermont territory," he spoke. "Come to New York at once prepared for one or two weeks' stay. We will pay all expenses."

"Ever travel in Vermont?" said the sales manager to his assistant.

"No."

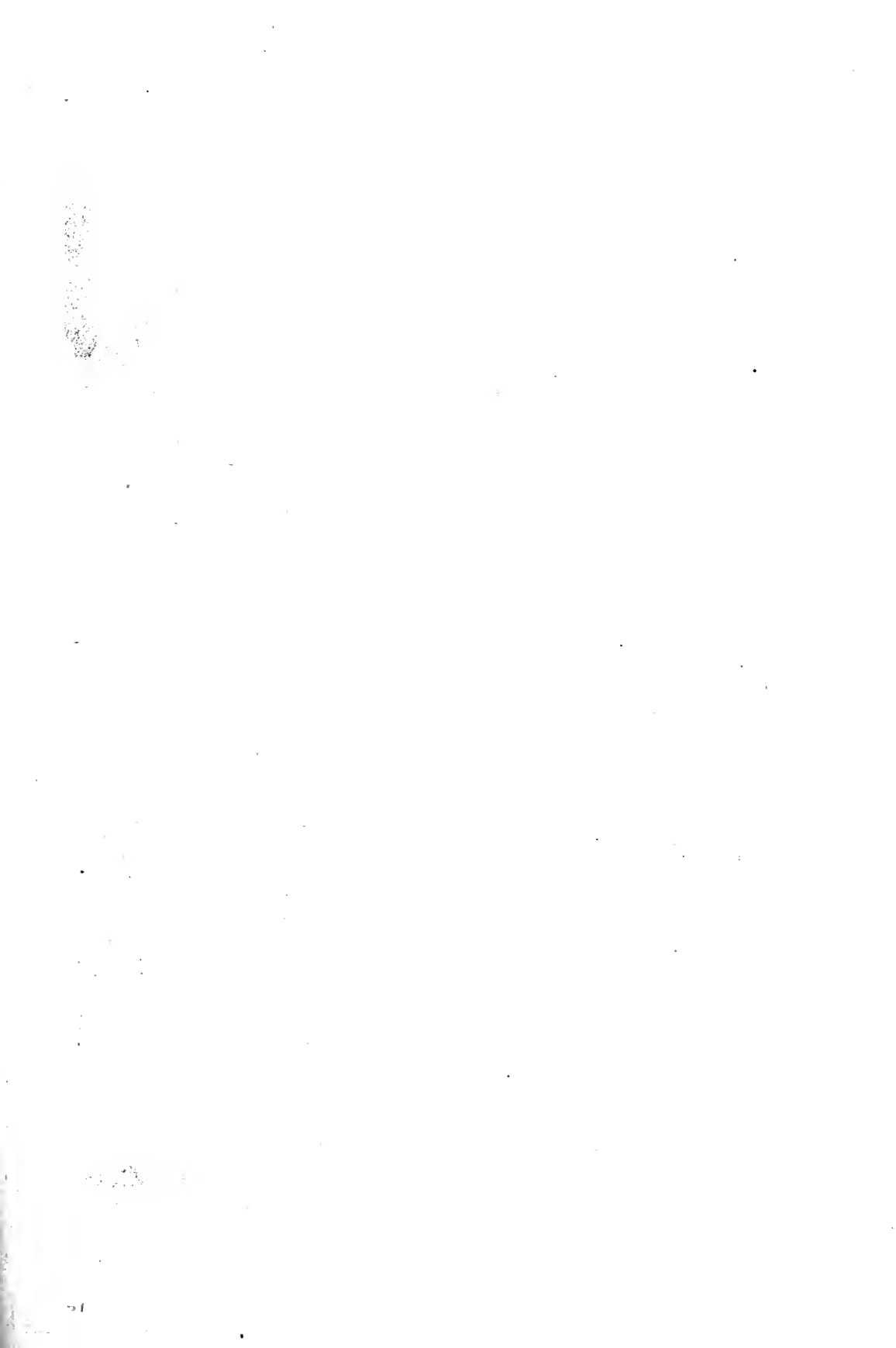
"Then you don't know what Howard is up against. Here is a typical city man, born in New York, trained in New York, then suddenly transferred to a territory where conditions are entirely different from those to which he is accustomed. Howard has gone stale—he's discouraged—that's why his record is so bad."

When Howard arrived in New York the sales manager greeted him cordially. Then in a heart to heart talk he explained the reason for the call to headquarters. "You used to be one of our best men, Howard," he said. "I'm sorry to see you are falling behind, but believe it's because you have become discouraged through

contact with strange conditions. Stay here for one or two weeks—whichever you see fit—spend some time in the factory—find out about our new processes—lunch the boys and visit you friends in the city. I'll spend some time with you myself. While you are here we will keep you on your regular drawing account and won't charge it against you. Take a vacation at our expense."

When the day came for Howard to return to his territory the sales manager called him to his private office. "Just a few suggestions, Howard," he said. "I believe it will pay you to concentrate your efforts more. Your reports show that you jump around your territory too much. Concentrate on one town and stay there until you have cleaned up everything in sight. Then move to the next town. Remember, concentrate. I believe, also, that you take a turndown too easily. Because a man says No, he does not necessarily mean it. Often he merely says it for the want of something better to say. Stick to him, and you'll find that lots of people who say 'No' can be induced to say 'Yes.'"

Howard returned to Vermont full of enthusiasm. The rapid succession of orders that came to New York bearing his name showed that he had regained his old-time swing. The spark of successful salesmanship was still in him—he had merely become dulled by the difficulties of a new and untried territory. The consideration of the sales manager, the trip to New York, the contagious enthusiasm of the men at headquarters fanned the spark into a flame, and thus gave Howard the necessary stimulus to jump into the fight with his old time energy and enthusiasm.—*Business.*





"Wished his uncle was there to see him."
Drawn by H. T. Denison.

See "Smoke Bellow," page 351.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXIII

Toronto February 1912

No 4

Dickens Revisited

By

H. G. Wade

The month of February will witness the celebration of the centennial of Charles Dickens. With the observance of the anniversary will come a renewed interest in the life and work of the great novelist. Of the numerous features which present themselves for treatment in this connection one must impress the casual reader for its novelty—the interest which still attaches to places and things of which Dickens wrote. In this article a brief sketch along this line of treatment is given, the illustrations being drawn largely from scenes and places with which lovers of “David Copperfield” will be familiar.

I WAS never a lover of places, or things: but of men. Though in my first visit to London I had quarters—inexpensive quarters—only a stone's throw from the British Museum, I did not once in that first five weeks thrust my head between the portals. It is heresy, I know. I know that my friends thought me “eccentric” when I admitted having neglected seeing Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and I was compelled to disguise the fact that I had even failed to see the Tower of London. They would have not understood if I had said that I preferred *men* to *places*, so I compromised Truth and said that I had seen the Tower—but, which I did not add, from a distance.

Since then I have drawn a distinction between places which I do not like and

places which I find interesting. I find some places that are invested with the charm of one man's character, like the rooms which were frequented by Johnson, or the chambers which some other great man once honored by his presence. But the chambers once occupied by such-and-such a King or a Queen, once used as a salon by somebody's fascinating mistress—such places are hollow.

PLACES “WORTH WHILE.”

Dickens has done a great work for the traveller in England. He has attached interests to places and things which would without him have been dull and dry. Of course, perhaps his greatest work lay in his making certain social conditions and certain classes of people so interesting to

the un-inquiring English public that their apathy was replaced by an interest which soon removed many of the abuses of which Dickens wrote. But the abuses having passed there remain *places* which the great novelist has made intensely worth while

an added interest because of the Old Curiosity Shop, and the streets, crooked and straight, through which scores of the famous novelist's characters have paced in happiness or sadness, quickly and in anxiety, or slowly in happy contemplation of the



Blunderstone Church Porch, showing the Sundial mentioned in David Copperfield.

visiting because of the characters he has placed in them and scenes he has staged therein. Down in the United States are the places which Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley knew. London, itself, has

future or sad recollection of the past. The very pawnshops of London have a new interest when one recalls a Dicken's character pawning his watch over the counter. And after London, come the inns, the

country lanes, and the *places* wherein Dickens made his men and women rest, or walk, or have their habitation.

SOME COPPERFIELD SCENES.

David Copperfield might have been illustrated with photographs—the very pho-

ment of David Copperfield's life and for the dozen other comedies and tragedies which pass through Copperfield's experience, were many of them real, as the accompanying illustrations show.

It was another Canadian visiting in London, who led me to visit these places.



Charles Dickens in 1863.

tographs which accompany this article—except, perhaps, for the facts that the picture of Blunderstone Vicarage might have led to libel suits, and that of the graveyard might have caused too many visitors to that quiet place. Nevertheless, the scenes which Dickens chose for the enact-

He has been a perfunctory reader of Dickens' works, or rather, being very well read, he had included, of 'course, Dickens' works. He had appraised Dickens in a sort of technical way, comparing his style with this man and that, and criticizing the delineation of the characters and the



The "Vicarage," Blunderstone, which the novelist rechristened "The Rookery," and made it the home of David Copperfield.

building of the various plots according to general literary standard. His appreciation of Dickens was by measurement.

But he came one day to the boarding place and said: "What are you doing tomorrow and next day?"

I told him—it was nothing important.

"Then come with me," he said, "and I'll teach you to appreciate Dickens. I have been appreciating Dickens by a sort of *estimating* process. Now I've learned to *feel* Dickens. If you come I'll show you how."

So I went, down into Suffolk.

He showed first, Blunderstone Rookery. In reality, this was formerly Blunderstone Vicarage, but the novelist, for some whim of his own, had called it the Rookery. Looking at it from the outside one could not refrain from thinking how well the old place concealed its memories. Knowing the story of David Copperfield one might have imagined that perhaps the house would show a little, give some sign that it indeed was the real Rookery. But for that confirmation one could apply only to local history and to the book itself. When I saw it, a peaceful family with no apparent tragedy in their life, inhabited

it. A dog lay on the lawn and the flowers, nodding under the windows, bloomed in utter indifference to what might have been or might still occur within the nearby portals. The roof was of tile. Four ugly windows occupied the upper story in the front. There were trees behind and chimneys on top.

AND CHARACTERS TOO.

This was at noon. But I saw the place a second time, in the dusk. The view was better. In the dusk one's imagination is less timid: one can picture things better. From that stolid door one might imagine Betsy Trotwood emerging, stiff-necked, nose in air: or the gentle mother of David, a delicate creature, shy and lacking in aggression: or that solid shadow might have been Peggotty: or, since it was a dark shadow, Murdstone or Jane, the stepfather's sister who used to score off the remaining days of little David's holidays in order that she might know how close to the end of the time she was. There was a sadness about the place as one looked at it in the evening as though, perhaps, the ghosts of old times dared return only late at night for fear of interruption in the



Miss Betsy Trotwood's Pleasant Cottage Broadstairs.

day-time. There, in the parlor is where "One Sunday night my mother reads to Peggotty and me . . . how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened that they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed and show me the quiet churchyard out of the bedroom window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest, below the solemn moon."

It required no imagination to see "Davy" Copperfield, or rather "Charles Dickens" written over everything pertaining to the Blunderstone Church and that Churchyard. "There is nothing so green," says Davy, "that I know of anywhere as the grass of that Churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it: and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself 'Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?'"

And indeed, one morning, being abroad very early in order to eke out the short time that was left to us in the place, we saw the sun-dial as Dickens has mention-

ed it—red. The sun was just lifting his head over the rim of the earth with a round, red, surprised look on his face as though he said to himself, "what, Earth! You still here," and his first rays, falling across the pleasant country, fell upon the sun-dial and made it crimson for a time. One could imagine the little child in his bed asking of himself the question Dickens puts in the mouth of Davy Copperfield, but one cannot imagine any author thinking of such a question unless he had been the very boy and had seen the very dial and asked that very question from that very closet-bed.

THE BLUNDERSTONE CHURCH.

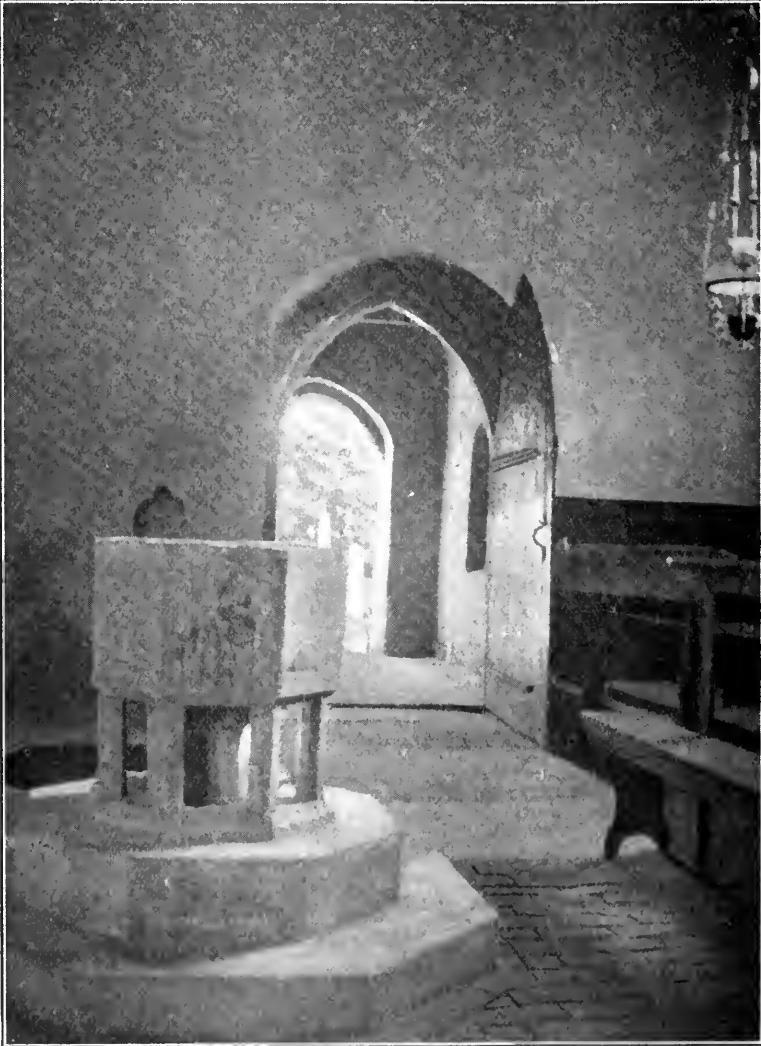
We examined the church both without and within. Without, it was a modest little edifice of peaceful demeanor and a somewhat melancholy air. It rose up from among its grave-stones as though it were the chief grave-stone of them all, as though it were the leader of the grave-stones and stood, facing Heaven, waiting for the Resurrection signal. Ivy swathed it up to the eaves, trailing tenderly out over the projecting doorway—that over which was the sun-dial—and trying to

climb up over the stone point over the door.

Then we went inside.

"Here," narrates David Copperfield, describing his earliest observations as a child, "is our pew in Church. What a

Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him. . . . I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of



Blunderstone Church, showing the door through which David Copperfield saw the stray sheep.

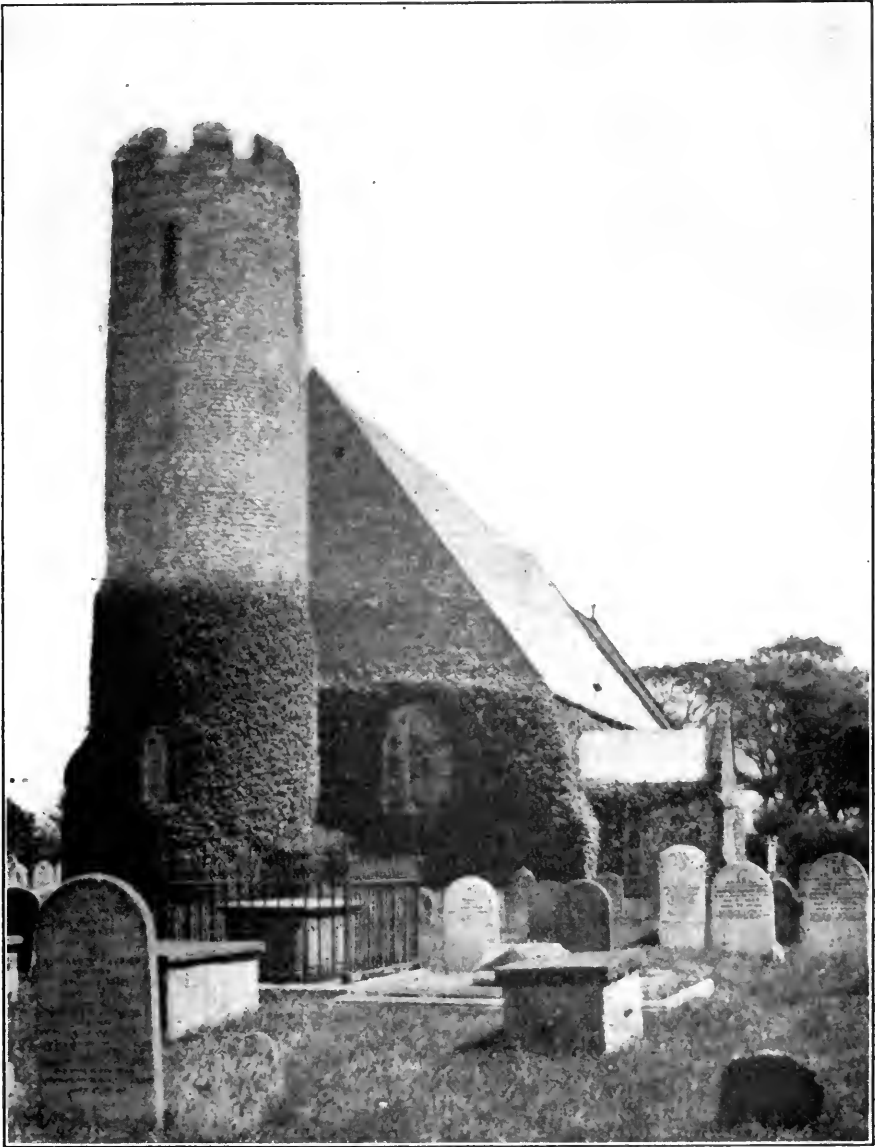
high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen and is seen many times during the morning service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though

his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire. . . .

. . . and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the

aisle and he makes faces at me. I look at the sun-light coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come

think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they



Blunderstone Church.

into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to

called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he liked to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be



The Plough Inn at Blunderstone.

to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty."

The graveyard of that place was still another place in which to linger. It was, I suppose, quite like all other graveyards: the same dead, the same tragedies, same comedies, same loves and hopes, ambitions and despairs, smoothed out under the weight of stones, and yet I think it was a little different perhaps for everywhere, in and out of those old grave-stones one could imagine, not any fictitious Davy Copperfield, not Murdstone, or Davy's mother, or any character Dickens ever created—but Dickens himself. For twice, I think, has Dickens used that graveyard: in "David Copperfield" and in "Great Expectations." Surely the same graveyard which Davy's window overlooked was the one wherein little Pip found

the convict and so began his story. Surely little Davy and Pip were one and the same and surely both were—Charles Dickens. I am not an authority on Dickens; I do not know.

THE HOTEL BY THE SEA.

Not so very far from Blunderstone we visited the "Hotel by the Sea." This, you will remember, was the place to which Murdstone, who had not yet succeeded in winning David's widowed mother as his wife, took the small boy for a ride, placing him before him on the saddle. Here, as Copperfield narrates, two gentlemen were smoking cigars in a room by themselves. "Each of them was lying on at least four chairs, and had a large rough jacket on. In a corner was a heap of coats and boat-cloaks, and a flag all bundled together. They both rolled to their feet in an untidy sort of manner, when we came in, and said: "Halloa, Murdstone! We thought you were dead!"

"Not yet," said Murdstone.

"And who's this shaver?" said one of the gentlemen, taking hold of me.

"That's Davy," returned Mr. Murdstone.

"Davy who?" said the gentleman, "Jones?"

"Copperfield," said Mr. Murdstone.

"What! Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield's encumbrance!" cried the gentleman, "the pretty little widow?"

"Quinion," said Mr. Murdstone, "take care, if you please. Somebody is sharp."

"Who is?" asked the gentleman, laughing.

I looked up quickly, being curious to know.

"Only Brooks, of Sheffield," said Mr. Murdstone.

"I was quite relieved to find that it was only Brooks, of Sheffield: for, at first, I really thought it was I."

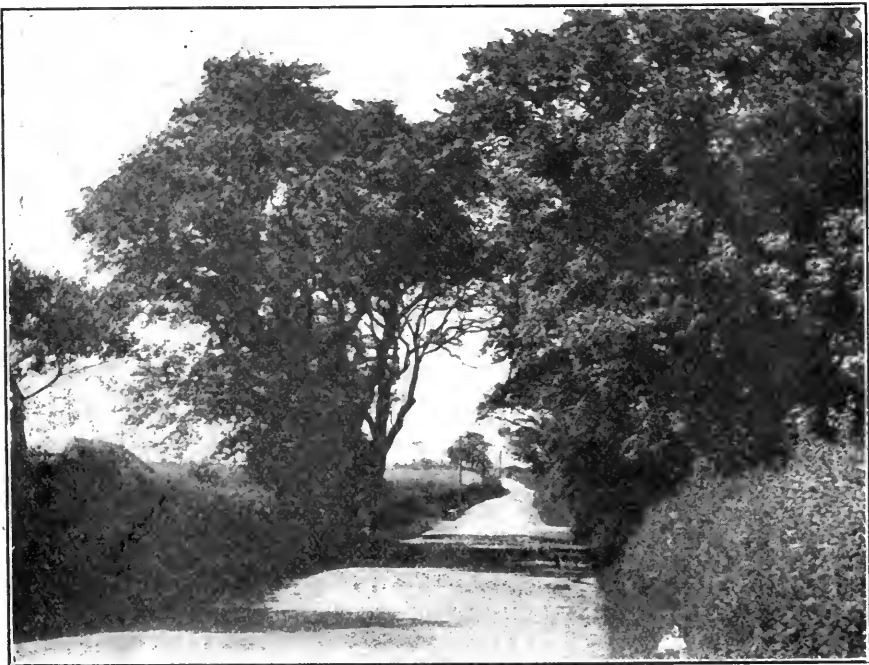
Everyone knows the rest of the story, how the trio drank "Confusion to Brooks, of Sheffield!" how they laughed so much at their joke that the lonely little boy laughed also. how they walked on the cliff after that, and sat on the grass looking at things through a telescope, how they visited the yacht, and went home early in the evening, and finally, how the cold

Murdstone and the gentle widow strolled, as was their habit, by the sweet briar hedge.

OTHER DICKENS' "PLACES."

We, who had read the story many years after the man who wrote it was dead, and many thousands of miles from where it was written, found it less easy to imagine this as a Dickens locality, and yet there were many yachts about, and men with rough coats and cigars, probably much the same as in the days of which Dickens wrote.

Other places than these have been as it were, hallowed by Dickens. There was, for instance, the Plough Inn, at Blunderstone, from which Mr. Barkis used to set out ever so often for Yarmouth. In Copperfield's day it was a long journey, and rather a serious undertaking for a small boy. But to-day it is a mere incident in a short motor ride. It is difficult to imagine Barkis' cart meandering slowly along that beautiful road among the motors which make it so busy of a summer's afternoon. The picture of the old carrier's horse, "the largest horse in the world," shuffling along with his head down



The Road from Blunderstone to Yarmouth.



King's Bench Prison.



The Hotel by the Sea.



The Blunderstone Churchyard.



"The Decent Ale House."

"as if he liked to keep the people waiting, to whom the packages belonged," would indeed be in contrast with the picture of the modern means of travel on that road. "The Carrier," says the book, "had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove with one of his arms on each of his knees. . . . We made so many deviations up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired," says David, speaking of his first visit to Yarmouth with Peggotty, "and very glad when we saw Yarmouth."

There is another inn dealt with in the book, and photographed in this article, in which Copperfield rested shortly before his visit to Mr. Peggotty's house, when the tragedy of little Emily was discovered. He stayed to dine "at a decent ale house, some mile or two from the ferry." Dickens, as

usual, makes a prelude of rain for his tragedy, and one may easily see this same ale-house—for there can be no mistaking the one—of a rainy night, and picture Copperfield inside, eating dinner, before going on to Peggotty's house on the sands.

There was nothing particularly interesting in Betsy Trotwood's "pleasant cottage Broadstairs." Dickens has placed it at Dover. The trouble which the famous Betsy had in keeping the donkeys off the grass is not unlike the trouble which certain old ladies in Queen's Park enjoy from their front windows when the children are coming from school. King's Bench Prison, too, had its interest not unrelated to the late Wilkins Micawber. But these again verge on being mere *places*. There is no more pleasant nor profitable journey for the reader of Charles Dickens than the little run into Suffolk, where the story of David Copperfield begins.

THE RIVER

Sometimes I dream—what time the sun is setting

And sad thoughts come like shadows on the grass—

And dreaming cross the River of Forgetting

That only dreamers and the dead may pass.

And there alone I find a perfect gladness,

A song of joy that has no hint of tears,

And far behind I leave the world of sadness

Weighed down with all its burden of long years.

What are joys we know this side the River?

The Rose of Love, whose thorns are sharpest pain.

The Gifts of Wealth or Fame that mock the Giver,

The Wine of Youth, that all too soon we drain.

Only in dreams I cross: and no vain fretting

Shall set me nearer to those shining sands,

Till Death shall bring the River of Forgetting,

Whose waters wash the world-stain from my hands.

By Daffield Rendall.

Smoke Bellew

By

Jack London

The Meat

TALE TWO.

HALF the time the wind blew a gale, and Smoke Bellew staggered against it along the beach. In the gray of dawn a dozen boats were being loaded with the precious outfits packed across Chilcoot. They were clumsy, home-made boats, put together by men who were not boat-builders, out of planks they had sawed by hand from green spruce trees. One boat, already loaded, was just starting, and Kit paused to watch.

The wind, which was fair down the lake, here blew in squarely on the beach, kicking up a nasty sea in the shallows. The men of the departing boat waded in high rubber boots as they shoved it out toward deeper water. Twice they did this. Clambering aboard and failing to row clear, the boat was swept back and grounded. Kit noticed that the spray on the sides of the boat turned quickly to ice. The third attempt was a partial success. The last two men to climb in were wet to their waists, but the boat was afloat. They struggled awkwardly at the heavy oars, and slowly worked off shore. Then they hoisted a sail made of blankets, had it carry away in a gust, and were swept a third time back on the freezing beach.

Kit grinned to himself and went on. This was what he must expect to encounter, for he, too, in his new role of

gentleman's man, was to start from the beach in a similar boat that very day.

Everywhere men were at work, and at work desperately, for the closing down of winter was so imminent that it was a gamble whether or not they would get across the great chain of lakes before the freeze-up. Yet, when Kit arrived at the tent of Messrs. Sprague and Stine, he did not find them stirring.

By a fire, under the shelter of a tarpaulin, squatted a short, thick man, smoking a brown-paper cigarette.

"Hello," he said. "Are you Mister Sprague's new man?"

As Kit nodded, he thought he had noted a shade of emphasis on the *mister* and the *man*, and he was sure of a hint of a twinkle in the corner of the eye.

"Well, I'm Doc Stine's man," the other went on. "I'm five feet, two inches long, and my name's Shorty, Jack Short for short, and sometimes known as Johnny-on-the-Spot."

Kit put out his hand and shook.

"Were you raised on bear meat?" he queried.

"Sure," was the answer, "though my first feedin' was buffalo-milk as near as I can remember. Sit down an' have some grub. The bosses ain't turned out yet."

And despite the one breakfast, Kit sat down under the tarpaulin and ate a second breakfast thrice as hearty. The heavy,

purging toil of weeks had given him the stomach and appetite of a wolf. He could eat anything, in any quantity, and be unaware that he possessed a digestion. Shorty he found voluble and pessimistic, and from him he received surprising tips concerning their bosses and ominous forecasts of the expedition. Thomas Stanley Sprague was a budding mining engineer and the son of a millionaire. Doctor Adolph Stine was also the son of a wealthy father. And, through their fathers, both had been backed by an investing syndicate in the Klondike adventure.

"Oh, they're sure made of money," Shorty expounded. "When they hit the beach at Dyea freight was seventy cents, but no Indians. There was a party from Eastern Oregon, real miners, that'd managed to get a team of Indians together at seventy cents. Indians had the straps on the outfit, three thousand pounds of it, when along comes Sprague and Stine. They offered eighty cents and ninety, and at a dollar a pound the Indians jumped the contract and took off their straps. Sprague and Stine came through, though it cost them three thousand, and the Oregon bunch is still on the beach. They won't get through till next year.

"Oh, they are real hummers, your boss and mine, when it comes to sheddin' the mazuma an' never mindin' other folks' feelin's. What did they do when they hit Linderman? The carpenters was just putting in the last licks on a boat they'd contracted to a 'Frisco bunch for six hundred. Sprague and Stine slipped 'em an even thousand, and they jumped their contract. It's a good-lookin' boat, but it's jiggered the other bunch. They've got their outfit right here, but no boat. And they're stuck for next year.

"Have another cup of coffee, and take it from me that I wouldn't travel with no such outfit if I didn't want to get to Klondike so blamed bad. They ain't hearted right. They'd take the crape off the door of a house in mourning if they needed it in their business. Did you sign a contract?"

Kit shook his head.

"Then I'm sorry for you, pardner. They ain't no grub in the country, and they'll drop you cold as soon as they hit Dawson. Men are going to starve there this winter."

"They agreed ——" Kit began.

"Verbal," Shorty snapped him short. "It's your say-so against theirs, that's all. Well, anyway—what's your name, pardner?"

"Call me Smoke," said Kit.

"Well, Smoke, you'll have a run for your verbal contract just the same. This is a plain sample of what to expect. They can sure shed mazuma, but they can't work, or turn out of bed in the morning. We should have been loaded and started an hour ago. It's you an' me for the big work. Pretty soon you'll hear 'em shoutin' for their coffee—in bed, mind you, and they grown men. What d'ye know about boatin' on the water? I'm a cowman and a prospector, but I'm sure tenderfooted on water, an' they don't know punkins. What d'ye know?"

"Search me," Kit answered, snuggling in closer under the tarpaulin as the snow swirled before a fiercer gust. "I haven't been on a small boat since a boy. But I guess we can learn."

A corner of the tarpaulin tore loose, and Shorty received a jet of driven snow down the back of his neck.

"Oh, we can learn all right," he muttered wrathfully. "Sure we can. A child can learn. But it's dollars to doughnuts we don't even get started to-day."

It was eight o'clock when the call for coffee came from the tent, and nearly nine before the two employers emerged.

"Hello," said Sprague, a rosy-cheeked, well-fed young man of twenty-five. "Time we made a start, Shorty. You and——" Here he glanced interrogatively at Kit. "I didn't quite catch your name last evening."

"Smoke."

"Well, Shorty, you and Mr. Smoke had better begin loading the boat."

"Plain Smoke—cut out the Mister," Kit suggested.

Sprague nodded curtly and strolled away among the tents, to be followed by Doctor Stine, a slender, pallid young man. Shorty looked significantly at his companion.

"Over a ton and a half of outfit, and they won't lend a hand. You'll see."

"I guess it's because we're paid to do the work," Kit answered cheerfully, "and we might as well buck in."

To move three thousand pounds on the shoulders a hundred yards was no slight task, and to do it in half a gale, slushing through the snow in heavy rubber boots, was exhausting. In addition there was the taking down of the tent and the packing of small camp equipment. Then came the loading. As the boat settled it had to be shoved farther and farther out, increasing the distance they had to wade. By two o'clock it had all been accomplished, and Kit, despite his two breakfasts, was weak with the faintness of hunger. His knees were shaking under him. Shorty, in similar predicament, foraged through the pots and pans, and drew forth a big pot of cold boiled beans in which were imbedded large chunks of bacon. There was only one spoon, a long-handled one, and they dipped, turn and turn about, into the pot. Kit was filled with an immense certitude that in all his life he had never tasted anything so good.

"Lord, man," he mumbled between chews, "I never knew what appetite was till I hit the trail."

Sprague and Stine arrived in the midst of this pleasant occupation.

"What's the delay?" Sprague complained. "Aren't we ever going to get started?"

Shorty dipped in turn, and passed the spoon to Kit. Nor did either speak till the pot was empty and the bottom scraped.

"Of course we ain't ben doin' nothing," Shorty said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "We ain't ben doin' nothing at all. And of course you ain't had nothing to eat. It was sure careless of me."

"Yes, yes," Stine said quickly. "We ate at one of the tents—friends of ours."

"Thought so," Shorty grunted.

"But now that you're finished, let us get started," Sprague urged.

"There's the boat," said Shorty. "She's sure loaded. Now, just how might you be goin' about to get started?"

"By climbing on board and shoving off. Come on."

They waded out, and the employers got on board, while Kit and Shorty shoved clear. When the waves lapped the tops of their boots they clambered in. The other two men were not prepared with the oars, and the boat swept back and grounded. Half a dozen times, with a great expenditure of energy, this was repeated.

Shorty sat down disconsolately on the gunwale, took a chew of tobacco, and questioned the universe, while Kit baled the boat and the other two exchanged unkind remarks.

"If you'll take my orders, I'll get her off," Sprague finally said.

The attempt was well intended, but before he could clamber on board he was wet to the waist.

"We've got to camp and build a fire," he said, as the boat grounded again. "I'm freezing."

"Don't be afraid of a wetting," Stine sneered. "Other men have gone off to-day wetter than you. Now, I'm going to take her out."

This time it was he who got the wetting and who announced with chattering teeth the need of a fire.

"A little splash like that," Sprague chattered spitefully. "We'll go on."

"Shorty, dig out my clothes-bag and make a fire," the other commanded.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Sprague cried.

Shorty looked from one to the other, expectorated, but did not move.

"He's working for me, and I guess he obeys my orders," Stine retorted. "Shorty, take that bag ashore."

Shorty obeyed, and Sprague shivered in the boat. Kit, having received no orders, remained inactive, glad of the rest.

"A boat divided against itself won't float," he soliloquized.

"What's that?" Sprague snarled at him.

"Talking to myself—habit of mine," he answered.

His employer favored him with a hard look, and sulked several minutes longer. Then he surrendered.

"Get out my bag, Smoke," he ordered, "and lend a hand with that fire. We won't get off till the morning now."

II.

Next day the gale still blew. Lake Linderman was no more than a narrow mountain gorge partly filled with water. Sweeping down from the mountains through this funnel, the wind was irregular, blowing great gusts at times and at other times dwindling to a strong breeze.

"If you give me a shot at it, I think I can get her off," Kit said, when all was ready for the start.

"What do you know about it?" Stine snapped at him.

"Search me," Kit answered, and subsided.

It was the first time he had worked for wages in his life, but he was learning the discipline of it fast. Obediently and cheerfully he joined in various vain efforts to get clear of the beach.

"How would you go about it?" Sprague finally half-panted, half-whined at him.

"Sit down and get a good rest till a lull comes in the wind, and then buck in for all we're worth."

Simple as the idea was, he had been the first to evolve it; the first time it was applied it worked, and they hoisted a blanket to the mast and sped down the lake. Stine and Sprague immediately became cheerful. Shorty, despite his chronic pessimism, was always cheerful, and Kit was too interested to be otherwise. Sprague struggled with the steering sweep for a quarter of an hour, then looked appealingly at Kit, who relieved him.

"My arms are fairly broken with the strain of it," Sprague muttered apologetically.

"You never ate bear meat, did you?" Kit asked sympathetically.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing; I was just wondering."

But behind his employer's back Kit caught the approving grin of Shorty, who had already caught the whim of his simile.

Kit steered the length of Linderman, displaying an aptitude that caused both young men of money and disinclination for work to name him boat-steerer. Shorty was no less pleased, and volunteered to continue cooking and leave the boat work to the other.

Between Linderman and Lake Bennet was a portage. The boat, lightly loaded, was lined down the small, but violent connecting stream, and here Kit learned a vast deal more about boats and water. But when it came to packing the outfit, Stine and Sprague disappeared, and their men spent two days of back-breaking toil in getting the outfit across. And this was the history of many miserable days of the trip—Kit and Shorty working to exhaus-

tion, while their masters toiled not and demanded to be waited upon.

But the iron-bound arctic winter continued to close down, and they were held back by numerous and avoidable delays. At Windy Arm, Stine arbitrarily dispossessed Kit of the steering-sweep, and within the hour wrecked the boat on a wave-beaten lee shore. Two days were lost here in making repairs, and the morning of the fresh start, as they came down to embark, on stern and bow, in large letters, was charcoaled "*The Chechaquo*."

Kit grinned at the appropriateness of the invidious word.

"Huh!" said Shorty, when accused by Stine. "I can sure read and spell, an' I know that *chechaquo* means tenderfoot, but my education never went high enough to learn to spell a jaw-breaker like that."

Both employers looked daggers at Kit, for the insult rankled; nor did he mention that the night before Shorty had besought him for the spelling of that particular word.

"That's most as bad as your bear-meat slam at 'em," Shorty confided later.

Kit chuckled. Along with the continuous discovery of his own powers had come an ever-increasing disapproval of the two masters. It was not so much irritation, which was always present, as disgust. He had got his taste of the meat, and liked it; but they were teaching him how not to eat it. Privily, he thanked God that he was not made as they. He came to dislike them to a degree that bordered on hatred. Their malingering bothered him less than their helpless inefficiency. Somewhere in him old Isaac Bellew and all the rest of the hardy Bellevs were making good.

"Shorty," he said one day, in the usual delay of getting started, "I could almost fetch them a rap over the head with an oar and bury them in the river."

"Same here," Shorty agreed. "They're not meat-eaters. They're fish-eaters, and they sure stink."

III.

They came to the rapids, first, the Box Canyon, and, several miles below, the White Horse. The Box Canyon was adequately named. It was a box, a trap.

Once in it, the only way out was through. On either side arose perpendicular walls of rock. The river narrowed to a fraction of its width and roared through this gloomy passage in a madness of motion that heaped the water in the centre into a ridge fully eight feet higher than at the rocky sides. This ridge, in turn, was crested with stiff, upstanding waves that curled over, yet remained each in its unvarying place. The Canyon was well feared, for it had collected its toll of dead from the passing gold-rushers.

Tying to the bank above, where lay a score of other anxious boats, Kit and his companions went ahead on foot to investigate. They crept to the brink and gazed down at the skirl of water. Sprague drew back shuddering.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "A swimmer hasn't a chance in that."

Shorty touched Kit significantly with his elbow and said in an undertone:

"Cold feet. Dollars to doughnuts they don't go through."

Kit scarcely heard. From the beginning of the boat trip he had been learning the stubbornness and inconceivable viciousness of the elements, and this glimpse of what was below him acted as a challenge.

"We've got to ride that ridge," he said. "If we get off of it we'll hit the walls—"

"And never know what hit us," was Shorty's verdict. "Can you swim, Smoke?"

"I'd wish I couldn't if anything went wrong in there."

"That's what I say," a stranger, standing alongside and peering down into the Canyon, said mournfully. "And I wish I were through it."

"I wouldn't sell my chance to go through," Kit answered.

He spoke honestly, but it was with the idea of heartening the man. He turned to go back to the boat.

"Are you going to tackle it?" the man asked.

Kit nodded.

"I wish I could get the courage, too," the other confessed. "I've been here for hours. The longer I look, the more afraid I am. I am not a boatman, and I have only my nephew with me, who is a young

Once in it, the only way out was through. safely, will you run my boat through?"

Kit looked at Shorty, who delayed to answer.

"He's got his wife with him," Kit suggested.

Nor had he mistaken his man.

"Sure," Shorty affirmed. "It was just that I was stopping to think about. I knew there was some reason I ought to do it."

Again they turned to go, but Sprague and Stine made no movement.

"Good luck, Smoke," Sprague called to him. "I'll—er—" He hesitated. "I'll just stay here and watch you."

"We need three men in the boat, two at the oars and one at the steering sweep," Kit said quietly.

Sprague looked at Stine.

"I'm damned if I do," said that gentleman. "If you're not afraid to stand here and look on, I'm not."

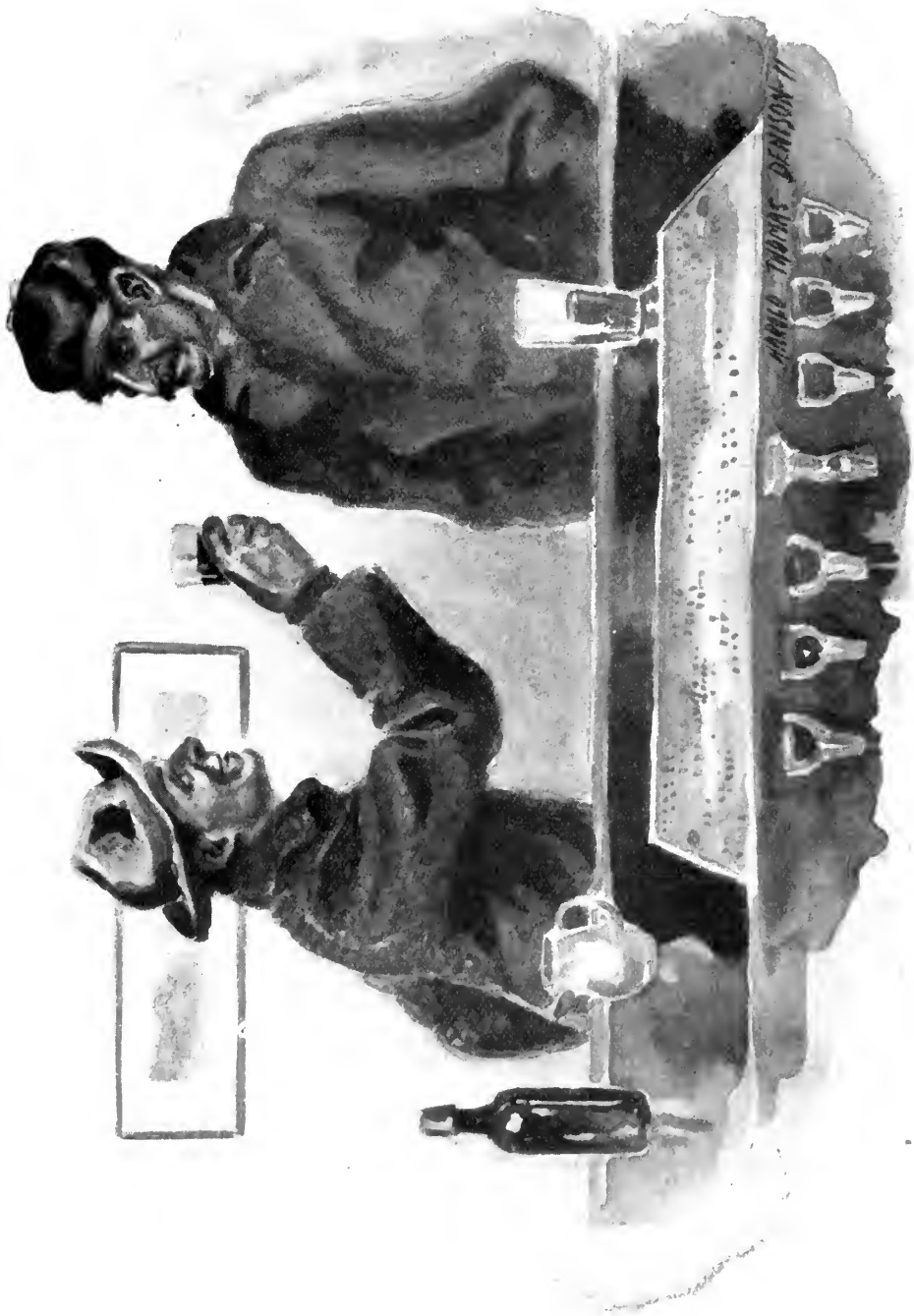
"Who's afraid?" Sprague demanded hotly.

Stine retorted in kind, and their two men left them in the thick of a squabble.

"We can do without them," Kit said to Shorty. "You take the bow with a paddle, and I'll handle the steering sweep. All you'll have to do is just to keep her straight. Once we're started, you won't be able to hear me, so just keep on keeping her straight."

They cast off the boat and worked out to the middle in the quickening current. From the Canyon came an ever-growing roar. The river sucked into the entrance with the smoothness of molten glass, and here, as the darkening walls received them, Shorty took a chew of tobacco, and dipped his paddle. The boat leaped on the first crests of the ridge, and they were deafened by the uproar of wild water that reverberated from the narrow walls and multiplied itself. They were half-smothered with flying spray. At times Kit could not see his comrade at the bow. It was only a matter of two minutes, in which time they rode the ridge three-quarters of a mile, and emerged in safety and tied to the bank in the eddy below.

Shorty emptied his mouth of tobacco juice—he had forgotten to spit—and spoke.



“But you’re a sure meat-eater, and I’ll learn you.”

"That was bear-meat," he exulted, "the real bear-meat. Say, we went a few, didn't we? Smoke, I don't mind tellin' you in confidence, that before we started I was the gosh-dangdest scardest man this side of the Rocky Mountains. Now I'm a bear-eater. Come on an' we'll run that other boat through."

Midway back, on foot, they encountered their employers, who had watched the passage from above.

"There comes the fish-eaters," said Shorty. "Keep to win'ward."

IV.

After running the stranger's boat through, whose name proved to be Breck, Kit and Shorty met his wife, a slender, girlish woman whose blue eyes were moist with gratitude. Breck himself tried to hand Kit fifty dollars, and then attempted it on Shorty.

"Stranger," was the latter's rejection, "I come into this country to make money outa the ground an' not outa my fellow critters."

Breck rummaged in his boat and produced a demijohn of whisky. Shorty's hand half went out to it and stopped abruptly. He shook his head.

"There's that blamed White Horse right below, an' they say it's worse than the Box. I reckon I don't dast tackle any lightning."

Several miles below they ran into the bank, and all four walked down to look at the bad water. The river, which was a succession of rapids, was here deflected toward the right bank by a rocky reef. The whole body of water, rushing crookedly into the narrow passage, accelerated its speed frightfully and was up-flung into huge waves, white and wrathful. This was the dread Mane of the White Horse, and here an even heavier toll of dead had been exacted. On one side of the Mane was a corkscrew curl-over and suck-under, and on the opposite side was the big whirlpool. To go through, the Mane itself must be ridden.

"This plum rips the strings outa the Box," Shorty concluded.

As they watched, a boat took the head of the rapids above. It was a large boat, fully thirty-five feet long, laden with sev-

eral tons of outfit and handled by six men. Before it reached the Mane it was plunging and leaping, at times almost hidden by the foam and spray.

Shorty shot a slow, sideling glance at Kit and said:

"She's fair smoking, and she hasn't hit the worst. They've hauled the oars in. There, she takes it now. God! She's gone! No; there she is!"

Big as the boat was, it had been buried from sight in the flying smother between crests. The next moment, in the thick of the Mane, the boat leaped up a crest and into view. To Kit's amazement he saw the whole long bottom clearly outlined. The boat, for the fraction of an instant, was in the air, the men sitting idly in their places, all save one in the stern, who stood at the steering-sweep. Then came the downward plunge into the trough and a second disappearance. Three times the boat leaped and buried itself, then those on the bank saw its nose take the whirlpool as it slipped off the Mane. The steersman, vainly opposing with his full weight on the steering car, surrendered to the whirlpool and helped the boat to take the circle.

Three times it went around, each time so close to the rocks, on which Kit and Shorty stood, that either could have leaped on board. The steersman, a man with a reddish beard of recent growth, waved his hand to them. The only way out of the whirlpool was by the Mane, and on the third round the boat entered the Mane obliquely at its upper end. Possibly out of fear of the draw of the whirlpool, the steersman did not attempt to straighten out quickly enough. When he did, it was too late. Alternately in the air and buried, the boat angled the Mane and sucked into and down through the stiff wall of the corkscrew on the opposite side of the river. A hundred feet below, boxes and bales began to float up. Then appeared the bottom of the boat and the scattered heads of six men. Two managed to make the bank in the eddy below. The others were drawn under, and the general flotsam was lost to view, borne on by the swift current around the bend.

There was a long minute of silence. Shorty was the first to speak.

"Come on," he said. "We might as well tackle it. My feet'll get cold if I stay here any longer."

"We'll smoke some," Kit grinned at him.

"And you'll sure earn your name," was was the rejoinder. Shorty turned to their employers. "Comin'?" he queried.

Perhaps the roar of the water prevented them from hearing the invitation.

Shorty and Kit tramped back through a foot of snow to the head of the rapids and east off the boat. Kit was divided between two impressions: one, of the caliber of his comrade, which served as a spur to him; the other, likewise a spur, was the knowledge that old Isaac Bellew, and all the other Bellews, had done things like this in their westward march of empire. What they had done, he could do. It was the meat, the strong meat, and he knew, as never before, that it required strong men to eat such meat.

"You've sure got to keep the top of the ridge," Shorty shouted at him, the plug tobacco lifting to his mouth, as the boat quickened in the quickening current and took the head of the rapids.

Kit nodded, swayed his strength and weight tentatively on the steering car, and headed the boat for the plunge.

Several minutes later, half-swamped and lying against the bank in the eddy below the White Horse, Shorty spat out a mouthful of tobacco juice and shook Kit's hand.

"Meat! Meat!" Shorty chanted. "We eat it raw! We eat it alive!"

At the top of the bank they met Breck. His wife stood at a little distance. Kit shook his hand.

"I'm afraid your boat can't make it," he said. "It is smaller than ours and a bit cranky."

The man pulled out a row of bills.

"I'll give you each a hundred if you run it through."

Kit looked out and up the tossing Mane of the White Horse. A long, gray twilight was falling, it was turning colder, and the landscape seemed taking on a savage bleakness.

"It ain't that," Shorty was saying. "We don't want your money. Wouldn't touch it nohow. But my pardner is the real meat with boats, and when he says yourn

ain't safe I reckon he knows what he's talkin' about."

Kit nodded confirmation, and chanced to glance at Mrs. Breck. Her eyes were fixed upon him, and he knew that if ever he had seen prayer in a woman's eyes he was seeing it then. Shorty followed his gaze and saw what he saw. They looked at each other in confusion and did not speak. Moved by the common impulse, they nodded to each other and turned to the trail that led to the head of the rapids. They had not gone a hundred yards when they met Stine and Sprague coming down.

"Where are you going?" the latter demanded.

"To fetch that other boat through," Shorty answered.

"No you're not. It's getting dark. You two are going to pitch camp."

So huge was Kit's disgust that he forebore to speak.

"He's got his wife with him," Shorty said.

"That's his lookout," Stine contributed.

"And Smoke's and mine," was Shorty's retort.

"I forbid you," Sprague said harshly. "Smoke, if you go another step I'll discharge you."

"And you, too, Shorty," Stine added.

"And a hell of a pickle you'll be in with us fired," Shorty replied. "How'll you get your blamed boat to Dawson? Who'll serve you coffee in your blankets and manicure your finger-nails? Come on, Smoke. They don't dare fire us. Besides, we've got agreements. If they fire us they've got to divvy up grub to last us through winter."

Barely had they shoved Breck's boat out from the bank and caught the first rough water, when the waves began to lap aboard. They were small waves, but it was an earnest of what was to come. Shorty cast back a quizzical glance as he gnawed at his inevitable plug, and Kit felt a strange rush of warmth at his heart for this man who couldn't swim and who couldn't back out.

The rapids grew stiffer, and the spray began to fly. In the gathering darkness, Kit glimpsed the Mane and the crooked fling of the current into it. He worked into this crooked current, and felt a glow

of satisfaction as the boat hit the head of the Mane squarely in the middle. After that, in the smother, leaping and burying and swamping, he had no clear impression of anything save that he swung his weight on the steering oar and wished his uncle were there to see. They emerged, breathless, wet through, and filled with water almost to the gunwale. Lighter pieces of baggage and outfit were floating inside the boat. A few careful strokes on Shorty's part worked the boat into the c'raw of the eddy, and the eddy did the rest till the boat softly touched against the bank. Looking down from above was Mrs. Breck. Her prayer had been answered, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"You boys have simply got to take the money," Breck called down to them.

Shorty stood up, slipped, and sat down in the water, while the boat dipped one gunwale under and righted again.

"Damn the money," said Shorty. "Fetch out that whisky. Now that it's over I'm gettin' cold feet, an' I'm sure likely to have a chill."

V.

In the morning, as usual, they were among the last of the boats to start. Breck, despite his boating inefficiency, and with only his wife and nephew for crew, had broken camp, loaded his boat, and pulled out at the first streak of day. But there was no hurrying Stine and Sprague, who seemed incapable of realizing that the freeze-up might come any time. They malingered, got in the way, delayed, and doubled the work of Kit and Shorty.

"I'm sure losing my respect for God, seein' as he must have made them two mistakes in human form," was the latter's blasphemous way of expressing his disgust.

"Well, you're the real goods at any rate," Kit grinned back at him. "It makes me respect God the more just to look at you."

"He was sure goin' some, eh?" was Shorty's fashion of overcoming the embarrassment of the compliment.

The trail by water crossed Lake Le Barge. Here was no fast current, but a tideless stretch of forty miles which must

be rowed unless a fair wind blew. But the time for fair wind was past, and an icy gale blew in their teeth out of the north. This made a rough sea, against which it was almost impossible to pull the boat. Added to their troubles was driving snow; also, the freezing of the water on their oar-blades kept one man occupied in chopping it off with a hatchet. Compelled to take their turn at the oars, Sprague and Stine patiently loafed. Kit had learned how to throw his weight on an oar, but he noted that his employers made a seeming of throwing their weights and that they dipped their oars at a cheating angle.

At the end of three hours, Sprague pulled his oar in and said they would run back into the mouth of the river for shelter. Stine seconded him, and the several hard-won miles were lost. A second day, and a third, the same fruitless attempt was made. In the river mouth, the continually arriving boats from White Horse made a flotilla of over two hundred. Each day forty or fifty arrived, and only two or three won to the north-west shore of the lake and did not come back. Ice was now forming in the eddies and connecting from eddy to eddy in thin lines around the points. The freeze-up was very imminent.

"We could make it if they had the souls of clams," Kit told Shorty, as they dried their moccasins by the fire on the evening of the third day. "We could have made it to-day if they hadn't turned back. Another hour's work would have fetched that west shore. They're—they're babes in the woods."

"Sure," Shorty agreed. He turned his moccasin to the flame and debated a moment. "Look here, Smoke. It's hundreds of miles to Dawson. If we don't want to freeze in here, we've got to do something. What d'ye say?"

Kit looked at him, and waited.

"We've got the immortal cinch on them two babes," Shorty expounded. "They can give orders an' shed mazuma, but as you say they're plum babes. If we're goin' to Dawson, we got to take charge of this here outfit."

They looked at each other.

"It's a go," said Kit, as his hand went out in ratification.

abreast of a narrow opening, not twenty feet wide, which led into a land-locked inclosure where the fiercest gusts scarcely flawed the surface. It was the haven gained by the boats of previous days. They landed on a shelving beach, and the two employers lay in collapse in the boat, while Kit and Shorty pitched the tent, built a fire, and started the cooking.

"What' a hog-walloping snooper, Shorty?" Kit asked.

"Blamed if I know," was the answer; "but he's one just the same."

The gale, which had been dying quickly, ceased at nightfall, and it came on clear and cold. A cup of coffee, set aside to cool and forgotten, a few minutes later was found coated with half an inch of ice. At eight o'clock, when Sprague and Stine, already rolled in their blankets, were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, Kit came back from a look at the boat.

"It's the freeze-up, Shorty," he announced. "There's a skin of ice over the whole pond already."

"What are you going to do?"

"There's only one thing. The lake of course freezes first. The rapid current of the river may keep it open for days. This time to-morrow any boat caught in Lake Le Barge remains there until next year."

"You mean we got to get out to-night? Now?"

Kit nodded.

"Tumble out, you sleepers!" was Shorty's answer, couched in a roar, as he began casting off the guy-ropes of the tent.

The other two awoke, groaning with the pain of stiffened muscles and the pain of rousing from exhausted sleep.

"What time is it?" Stine asked.

"Half past eight."

"It's dark yet," was the objection.

Shorty jerked out a couple of guy-ropes and the tent began to sag.

"It's not morning," he said. "It's evening. Come on. The lake's freezin'. We got to get acrost."

Stine sat up, his face bitter and wrathful.

"Let it freeze. We're not going to stir."

"All right," said Shorty. "We're goin' on with the boat."

"You were engaged ——"

"To take you to Dawson," Shorty caught him up. "Well, we're takin' you, ain't we?"

He punctuated his query by bringing half the tent down on top of them.

They broke their way through the thin ice in the little harbor, and came out on the lake, where the water, heavy and glassy, froze on their oars with every stroke. The water soon became like mush, clogging the stroke of the oars and freezing in the air even as it dripped. Later the surface began to form a skin, and the boat proceeded slower and slower.

Often, afterward, when Kit tried to remember that night and failed to bring up aught but nightmare recollections, he wondered what must have been the sufferings of Stine and Sprague. His one impression of himself was that he struggled through biting frost and intolerable exertion for a thousand years more or less.

Morning found them stationary. Stine complained of frosted fingers, and Sprague of his nose, while the pain in Kit's cheeks and nose told him that he, too, had been touched.

With each accretion of daylight they could see farther, and far as they could see was icy surface. The water of the lake was gone. A hundred yards away was the shore of the north end. Shorty insisted that it was the opening of the river and that he could see water. He and Kit alone were able to work, and with their oars they broke the ice and forced the boat along. And at the last gasp of their strength they made the suck of the rapid river. One look back showed them several boats which had fought through the night and were hopelessly frozen in; then they whirled around a bend in a current running six miles an hour.

VI.

Day by day they floated down the swift river, and day by day the shore-ice extended farther out. When they made camp at nightfall, they chopped a space in the ice in which to lay the boat and carried the camp outfit hundreds of feet to shore. In the morning, they chopped the boat out through the new ice and caught the current. Shorty set up the sheet-iron stove in the boat, and over this

Stine and Sprague hung through the long drifting hours. They had surrendered, no longer gave orders, and their one desire was to gain Dawson. Shorty, pessimistic, indefatigable, and joyous, at frequent intervals roared out the three lines of the first four-line stanza of a song he had forgotten. The colder it got the oftener he sang:

"Like Argus of the ancient times,

We leave this modern Greece;

Tum-tum, tum-tum; tum-tum, tum-tum,
To shear the Golden Fleece."

As they passed the mouths of the Hootalinqua and the Big and Little Salmon, they found these streams throwing mush-ice into the main Yukon. This gathered about the boat and attached itself, and at night they found themselves compelled to chop the boat out of the current. In the morning they chopped the boat back into the current.

The last night ashore was spent between the mouths of the White River and the Stewart. At daylight they found the Yukon, half a mile wide, running white from ice-rimmed bank to ice-rimmed bank. Shorty cursed the universe with less of geniality than usual, and looked at Kit.

"We'll be the last boat this year to make Dawson," Kit said.

"But they ain't no water, Smoke."

"Then we'll ride the ice down. Come on."

Futilely protesting, Sprague and Stine were bundled on board. For half an hour, with axes, Kit and Shorty struggled to cut a way into the swift but solid stream. When they did succeed in clearing the shore-ice, the floating ice forced the boat along the edge for a hundred yards, tearing away half of one gunwale and making a partial wreck of it. Then they caught the current at the lower end of the bend that flung off-shore. They proceeded to work farther toward the middle. The stream was no longer composed of mush-ice but of hard cakes. In between the cakes only was mush-ice, that froze solidly as they looked at it. Shoving with the oars against the cakes, sometimes climbing out on the cakes in order to force the boat along, after an hour they gained the middle. Five minutes after they ceased their exertions, the boat was frozen in. The whole river was coagulat-

ing as it ran. Cake froze to cake, until at last the boat was the center of a cake seventy-five feet in diameter. Sometimes they floated sidewise, sometimes stern-first, while gravity tore asunder the forming fetters in the moving mass, only to be manacled by faster-forming ones. While the hours passed, Shorty stoked the stove, cooked meals, and chanted his war song.

Night came, and after many efforts they gave up the attempt to force the boat to shore, and through the darkness they swept helplessly onward.

"What if we pass Dawson?" Shorty queried.

"We'll walk back," Kit answered, "if we're not crushed in a jam."

The sky was clear, and in the light of the cold leaping stars they caught occasional glimpses of the loom of mountains on either hand. At eleven o'clock, from below, came a dull, grinding roar. Their speed began to diminish and cakes of ice to up-end and crash and smash about them. The river was jamming. One cake, forced upward, slid across their cake and carried one side of the boat away. It did not sink, for its own cake still up-bore it, but in a whirl they saw dark water show for an instant within a foot of them. Then all movement ceased. At the end of half an hour the whole river picked itself up and began to move. This continued for an hour, when again it was brought to rest by a jam. Once again it started, running swiftly and savagely, with a great grinding. Then they saw lights ashore, and, when abreast gravity and the Yukon surrendered, and the river ceased for six months.

On the shore at Dawson, curious ones gathered to watch the rive freeze, heard from out of the darkness the war-song of Shorty's:

"Like Argus of the ancient times,

We leave this modern Greece;

Tum-tum, tum-tum; tum-tum, tum-tum,
To shear the Golden Fleece."

VII.

For three days Kit and Shorty labored, carrying the ton and a half of outfit from the middle of the river to the log-cabin Stine and Sprague had bought on the hill overlooking Dawson. This work fin-

ished, in the warm cabin, as twilight was falling, Sprague motioned Kit to him. Outside the thermometer registered sixty-five below zero.

"Your full month isn't up, Smoke," Sprague said. "But here it is in full. I wish you luck."

"How about the agreement?" Kit asked. "You know there's a famine here. A man can't get work in the mines even unless he has his own grub. You agreed—"

"I know of no agreement," Sprague interrupted. "Do you, Stine? We engaged you by the month. There's your pay. Will you sign the receipt?"

Kit's hands clenched, and for the moment he saw red. Both men shrank away from him. He had never struck a man in anger in his life, and he felt so certain of his ability to thresh Sprague that he could not bring himself to do it.

Shorty saw his trouble and interposed.

"Look here, Smoke, I ain't travelin' no more with a ornery outfit like this. Right her's where I sure jump it. You an' me stick together. Savve? Now you take your blankets an' hike down to the Elkhorn. Wait for me. I'll settle up, collect what's comin', an' give them what's comin'. I ain't no good on the water, but my feet's on terry-fermy now an' I'm sure goin' to make smoke."

Half an hour afterward Shorty appeared at the Elkhorn. From the bleeding knuckles and the skin off one cheek, it was evident that he had given Stine and Sprague what was comin'.

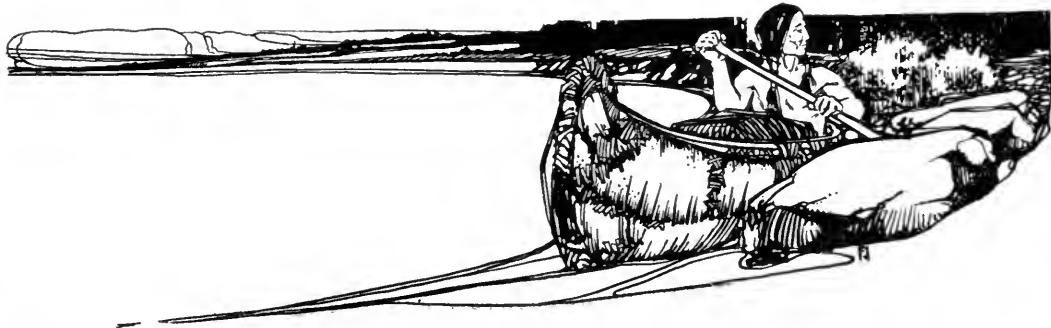
"You ought to see that cabin," he chuckled, as they stood at the bar. "Rough house ain't no name for it. Dollars to doughnuts nary one of 'em shows up on the street for a week. An' now it's all figgered out for you an' me. Grub's a dollar an' a half a pound. They ain't no work for wages without you have your own grub. Moose-meat's sellin' for two dollars a pound an' they ain't none. We got enough money for a month's grub an' ammunition, an' we hike up the Klondike to the back country. If they ain't no moose, we go an' live with the Indians. But if we ain't got five thousand pounds of meat six months from now, I'll—I'll sure go back an' apologize to our bosses. Is it a go?"

Kit's hand went out and they shook. Then he faltered.

"I don't know anything about hunting," he said.

Shorty lifted his glass.

"But you're sure a meat-eater, an' I'll learn you."



Canadian Autographs and Their Value

By

B. Maude

What's in a name? The question is frequently asked in derision. But there is more in some names than most people imagine. A single signature has brought as high as \$7,000 right here in America. Others would bring more if they could be secured. Even in this young country Canadian autographs are of considerable value, particularly those of men who have figured conspicuously in our early history. The accompanying article deals in a racy manner with the value of a name and the way in which Canadian collectors are coming to a realization of the increasing worth and importance of autographs and autograph letters.

WHAT is your name worth? At the end of the month, when the bills come in you feel probably that it is worth a trifle less than nothing. Except on a check you seldom attach a much greater value to it at any time. If you could find an easy mark who would pay you five dollars or even five cents for every signature you light-heartedly dash off by dozens every day you would run some risk of laughing yourself into apoplexy.

This of course is assuming that you are a plain, ordinary, everyday Canadian citizen. A few of your "Autograph Letters Signed" may be treasured in some pink ribbon-tied bundle, a few more may occupy space in improved vertical files of some offices, but for most you expect no better fate than the waste-paper basket and the grimy hands of the rag and bone merchant.

FAMOUS OR NOTORIOUS.

Yet it all depends. At any moment you may become famous—or notorious.

Fate may choose you to write an epoch-making book, to save your country from disaster, to commit a series of colossal crimes; by chance or merit, accident or design you may win some little niche in Canadian history.

Then the value of your name will go up. The lightest trifles you have committed to paper will be worth coin money. Enthusiasts in auction rooms on the other side of the world will bid recklessly for that promissory note and the letters pertaining thereto which you looked upon only as a cause of insomnia. Your great-grandchildren will replace their old-fashioned automobile with a comfortable aeroplane on the proceeds of the dusty bundle of your old love letters which they unearthed in the attic. You will become the subject of a catalogue entry such as this:

"Averageman (John James), Canadian General. Defeated Chinese at battle of Crow's Nest Pass. A.L.S. to William Higgins, grocer, complaining of

breakfast food supplied. 1 p., 4to. \$17.50.

— D.S. Order on Commissary for provisions, 3 p., 4 to., Jan. 27th, 1927. Headquarters, Nelson, B.C., \$14.

— A.L.S. to Miss Amelia Higgins, afterwards his wife. 18½p., 8vo. Very interesting communication, \$56.

It is encouraging to know that the Canadian market in general is a rising one. It is, however, still a slow market because Canadian autograph collectors have been scarce and expert Canadian dealers are scarcer still—it would be rash to say that there were more than half a dozen in the Dominion.

But more collectors are coming into the field every day and Canadian autographs are beginning to have a corner to themselves in the catalogues of the world's big dealers. Nevertheless the potential value of old signatures and manuscript is only vaguely realised by the majority of Canadians, and there must be plenty of interesting old documents amidst disregarded lumber in attics or in dusty old barrels in dark corners of cellars which daily run the risk of destruction.

ABUNDANCE OF MATERIAL.

Down in the old farms and *manoirs* of Quebec the careful searcher could probably dig out plenty of good stuff—especially if he looked in the most unlikely seeming places. It is wonderful with what tenacity some letters and scraps of paper manage to cling to existence under the most adverse circumstances, and who knows what letters and documents may still survive bearing the names of Jacques Cartier, Champlain, de Callieres, de Bauharnois, Montcalm, Bigot, Cadet—all the Frenchmen who are famous or infamous in their connection with the old colony?

A good many can be picked up in odd corners of France. Paris is a happy hunting ground for autographs of all kinds. A sixteenth century deed was picked up there for \$2.50 in which mention was made of a Royal Commission for the further exploration of "La Canadie." This is now in the possession of the Toronto Library, the gift of Mr. J. Ross Robertson.

A signature of Bigot coupled with that of his secretary, Imbert, attached to a printed order for the payment of 1,000 livres on account of the expenses of the colony of "Nouvelle France" is another interesting Canadian autograph of Parisian origin. If one could come across one of the wicked Intendant's private and confidential notes to Cadet, or some other of his fellow robbers, it would be worth twenty times the \$15 asked for the signature mentioned above.

AUTOGRAPHS DEMOCRATIC THINGS.

Autographs are the most democratic things under the sun. The autograph market is a very sensitive barometer showing in dollars and cents the estimation in which the memory of a man is held—modified of course by the rarity or otherwise of his signed bits of paper. A signed document of Louis the "Grand Monarque" brings only half as much as that of the low-born Bigot—his obscure servant in the unimportant "few acres of snow." Kings and princes often come cheaper than their very humble subjects.

A signed document of the humble pianist, Samuel Pepys, fetches \$7.50, against 75 cents which would be accepted for a long signed letter by Sir Charles Pepys, one time Lord Chancellor and a "great man" in his day.

Of course it is very difficult to value an autograph, even when the constant fluctuations of the market are left out of the question. Rarity plays an important part in the fixing of the value and after that the classification of each particular autograph.

There is the "A.L.S." to begin with—the Autograph Letter Signed—which naturally is the most valuable of all, especially if it deals with a subject of particular intimacy or interest. Then comes the "L.S." the Letter Signed by the individual, but written by another hand. Next is the "D.S." the Document Signed and the "S." or simple signature written alone or cut from the bottom of a letter.

The comparative value of letters and documents may be judged by the prices set upon Queen Victoria's signature. One of her A.L.S., for instance, will fetch from \$15 to \$25 or so, while a warrant for "holding General Courts Martial in Ireland," or an officer's commission is priced as low as \$4.00.

Still, even the D.S. of early Canadians would be worth bidding fairly high for, since they are very certain to go up considerably within a very short time. Logically a Canadian collector should begin five hundred years back with a Cabot, if he could get one, and work through the great French names to the modern signatures to which time has not yet given an exaggerated value. As to what difficulties there would be in getting the early names it is almost impossible to say owing to the lack of a recognized market in Canada and the consequent want of an organised rummage for hidden documents.

There was a paragraph in the papers the other day which shows how little the importance of autographs is understood in Canada. In the recent sale at Rideau Hall no less than one hundred volumes of the vice-regal visitor's books were sold at 25 cents apiece—to a waste-paper merchant. What a terrible sacrifice! That is the sort of thing which drives an autograph enthusiast to despair.

A hundred volumes of signatures which must include those of all the most distinguished visitors to Canada during the past forty or fifty years. Plenty of rubbish no doubt—John Smiths and William Higginsses who signed their names and tiptoed hat in hand through the halls of vice-regal splendor—but many illustrious names also, which will be used for wrapping groceries.

Bonar Law's signature has not yet appeared in the open market, but since there must be plenty of them it will probably start at fifty cents or so, rise to a dollar if he becomes premier and if he manages to carve out an historical niche for himself go up to from five to fifteen dollars.

This is judging by the standard of other politicians and statesmen. Disraeli is catalogued at \$15, Salisbury at \$1.50, Joseph Chamberlain at \$2.00 and his son Austen at 50 cents—there would have been a rise in this if Austen had obtained the leadership of the Unionists instead of Bonar Law. Gladstone stands at \$2.00 in the catalogues, while a few lines below the signature of General Gordon is priced at \$5.00—an interesting comparison of values.

SOME CANADIAN AUTOGRAPHS.

But to come back to Canada. Wolfe's is naturally a signature which no Canadian collectors would be willing to omit. Five or six years ago it sold for \$36 in this country and would be worth double or treble the money now; two of his letters—not, however, concerning Canada—recently brought nearly \$150. If you came across his name scrawled at the bottom of a note concerning the attack on Quebec or any similar important communication it would be worth almost anything you chose to ask.

Nelson's would also be a good signature for a Canadian collection, since the great Admiral had a most romantic adventure in Quebec. He fell desperately in love with a certain beautiful Miss Simpson and became so infatuated that his brother officers had to carry him, almost by force, back to his ship, the "Albemarle," when she sailed. This was, of course, in his younger days. What would not an impassioned note from the gallant seaman to his young Canadian beauty be worth to a lover of the romance of Canadian history?

Twenty-five dollars was the price paid in Canada some years ago for one of his signatures of no great importance and probably \$100 would hardly buy it now. Two hundred dollars are asked for a letter of his to Lady Hamilton covering only a page and a half.

Captain Cooke—not of North Pole notoriety, although the "Doctor's" signature will possibly be worth a little in a few years—is another eighteenth century seaman worthy of a place in a Canadian collection. Cook commanded one of the ships before Quebec during Wolfe's attack and was largely responsible for the safe passage of the fleet through the difficult navigation of the river. Any of his notes on the navigation, or signed orders and dispatches concerning the disposition of the fleet would be of considerable value.

Even the modern Canadian market has livened up a bit of recent years. "John A.'s" for instance, which once met with little demand at 50 cents and \$1.00, now run from \$7.00 to \$15.00, according to their nature. Other Canadian statesmen hardly run as high; not many are quoted in the catalogues but one should be able

to hunt out a good many from private sources at a dollar or two each.

A Canadian dealer also sees signs of a coming rise in Goldwin Smith's. An American dealer lists one of his A.L.S. as low as 75 cents, but this is exceptional and interesting letters of his at that price would certainly be a good investment. Letters of Doctor Parkman, the Canadian historian, find ready buyers at \$5.00 and \$2.00 is the price put upon a post-card bearing his initials only.

Governors-General are easy to get and comparatively cheap and although there might be some difficulty in getting together a complete set it would certainly be worth trying for. You can go back as far as 1773 and get an A.L.S. of Sir George Provost dated at Kingston for as little as \$3.00. For a dollar less you can have an A.L.S. of the Earl of Dalhousie dated at Quebec in 1820. Lord Elgin's signature can be picked up for 50 cents, although he was Governor-General at a particularly stormy and interesting time in Canadian history. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen can be got for 75 cents and 35 cents respectively, and Lord Dufferin runs from 75 cents to \$2.00—the higher price being for an interesting two page letter to James Russell Lowell.

FORTUNES IN A NAME.

The person addressed in a letter, by the by, often influences the value almost as much as the signature. The letter of one famous personage to another naturally has a sort of double autographic interest.

Letters of Washington's of this nature have fetched \$500, and even more, but this high price is largely because the American collector's chief ambition is to have a complete set of "Signers" of the Declaration of Independence. Some of these eclipse the "Father of his Country" altogether. The very rare signature of Thomas Lynch has sold for \$7,000, while the finder of an undiscovered autograph of Button Gwinnett, rarest of all the "signers," may consider his fortune made for life—there is hardly a limit to the amount he might get.

Of the prominent British individuals in the American revolution there are not many signatures on the market at present. Burgoyne, the general who defeated the

"Continental" at Germanstown and afterwards surrendered at Saratoga, is catalogued at \$6.50 in Boston and \$16 in London. A letter of the Marquis de Lafayette concerning the disposition of British and Revolutionary troops and other interesting matters the owner would not part with under \$60.

If you have any ancestors who were particularly distinguished during the war of 1812 you may reckon their autographs as worth, in the Canadian market, from six to twenty dollars, according to circumstances. John Armstrong, who surrendered Washington to the Canadians in 1814 is priced at \$15 and is fairly representative of others of the same period.

Curiously enough this capture of Washington was a severe blow to autograph collectors. After the Federal defeat at Bull Run in '61 the Capitol at Washington was used as a hospital for the Northern soldiers and in the conversion of the cellars into temporary kitchens a quantity of barrels full of old papers were unceremoniously trundled out of the way by an impatient officer and thrown into a marsh. These barrels, it turned out, had been stowed away for safety by this same John Armstrong when the British troops entered the capital and they contained unique and priceless papers and documents dating from pre-revolutionary times. All lost but a handful saved out of curiosity by a lady.

SOLDIERS NOT IN FAVOR.

Soldiers' autographs as a general rule do not fetch a great deal. Wellington goes for \$3.75; the Duke of Marlborough for \$6.50; Quarter Master General Arthur, a distinguished Canadian who fought with the Northern troops during the American Civil War, for \$5.00; Lord Wolesley for \$1.00. On the whole, soldiers seem to run very close to Royalties in their values. You can get very interesting Edward VII. letters at \$20, and still more interesting and intimate letters of the Georges—not, of course, including the present King—at prices running from \$4 to \$17. A Boston firm offers a signed letter of Catherine de Medicis, dated 1579, for \$17.50, an extremely low price for so old a document. A Cromwell letter, signed only, of a hundred years later is priced at \$125 and even one of his mere

signed documents is worth \$75. Prince Albert's signature is among the lowest priced, \$3.75.

Mention of Lord Wolesley reminds one of Louis Riel, without whose signature a Canadian collection would hardly be complete. None have appeared in the catalogues of late and thus they would seem to be rare. There should be, however, plenty of them somewhere or another for Riel, far from being the wild half-breed which so many people are apt to think him, was a man of education and wrote a great deal, both in Canada and while lurking in Montana during the interval between the rebellions of '70 and '85. It would be interesting to compare his value with that of Lord Wolesley—the man who crushed his outbreak. A good companion signature to Riel's would be that of Dumont, his lieutenant, and also that of Francis Dickens, the son of the novelist, who had a desperate encounter with the rebels.

DICKENS' AUTOGRAPH HIGH.

Dickens, by the way is amongst the highest priced of all the writers, and the values of writers' autographs run pretty high. An 8 page Dickens manuscript attacking the abuses of the old system of Ecclesiastical Registries in England has the extraordinarily high value of \$1,575 placed upon it while even his short letters bring from \$25 to \$50 and his simple initials \$4. Of other authors the following are some quoted prices. Carlyle \$15.00 down to \$2.00 for a mutilated order for picture frames; Oliver Wendell Holmes, \$10.00—in one catalogue his signatures occupy nearly a page; Thackeray, \$10.00 for an unsigned note; Longfellow, \$10.00; Bret Harte, \$7.50; Harriet Beecher Stowe, \$37.50; Stevenson, \$15.00; and to come down to the present day we find Conan Doyle priced at 75c. against Kipling's, \$30.00.

There is an amusing story about Kipling's autograph. He was annoyed by the crowds of visitors who drove out to see his house at Rottingdean and who broke branches from his trees and otherwise made nuisances of themselves. He wrote an indignant letter to a local hotel proprietor who organized these excursions but met with no response. A second letter was written and a third and a fourth,

each growing more fiery and indignant and eventually Kipling, boiling with rage went himself to interview the offending hotelman.

"Well sir," was the reply he got. "The first of your notes fetched me a sovereign, the second ran up ten shillin' higher and the other two brought in two pounds apiece. And there's a gent staying in the 'ouse what's offered me five pounds when you get's libellous and ten if you can't restrain yourself and busts into poetry.

I'm sorry you was annoyed; but I ask you—could a man put a stop to a thing like that?"

DEVICES AND DECEPTION.

So you see there are more ways of getting an autograph than one.

Most living celebrities can be got at direct and indeed there are many who deliberately give up half an hour or so of their time every day in satisfying the rapacious demands of autograph hunters. But autographs obtained for the asking in this way are not interesting to the genuine collector and are seldom of much value. Your real collector goes for holographs and holographs alone; he will not look at anything but a long and interesting letter written and signed by the individual himself.

There are many pitfalls for the collector of which expert forgery is the chief. Some forgeries are almost undetectible, but usually the forger gives himself away by some little mistake or another. Forged Thackeries have been detected by the postmark on a stamp including lettering not introduced in postmarks of the alleged date, and usually the muriatic acid test is sufficient to show that the ink of a letter is not as old as it pretends to be. Faded brown ink is often imitated in sepia in which case a dampened finger is quite sufficient to expose the fraud.

THE CANADIAN MARKET.

It is quite time that more Canadian autographs came upon the market—as they certainly will do when there are more collectors filled with a desire to get them. The museums and libraries throughout the Dominion have got fair collections of historic autographs and documents, though even these are not nearly so common.

His Destiny

By

Amy E. Campbell

THE hostess smilingly greeted her guests, introducing where it was necessary, little knowing how she was assisting Dan Cupid in many instances. Everyone was happy and there was no ice to be broken, for a hostess with a genuine smile is proof against frost-stricken gatherings.

The first amusement of the evening was presented when the guests had seated themselves around a spacious table, and before each was a lump of plasticine on a small cardboard square. Men were bidden to mould the profile of some fair maid. Girls were to shape their ideal masculine profile from the little shapeless lumps.

Stiff old bachelors went to work with zest and pretty cheeks flushed as dainty fingers squeezed and poked the pliable little masses.

Maida Grierson found herself seated by Tom O'Neill, with a pleasant little thrill of recognition. Tom had always appealed to Maida. He was so very kind.

"I'm going to study your face, if you don't mind," he announced to her.

"Then to get even, I'll endeavor to produce an exact copy of yours," she answered with a laugh.

"You'll never win the prize then," he warned her.

"You'll see," she replied, with flushed cheeks.

They began to work gaily.

"Your mouth is an impossibility—to me," he said presently, in a low tone.

She looked up quickly.

"Is it so impossible," she asked in affectedly hurt tones.

"I didn't mean what you think I meant," he said, looking straight into her eyes.

"Then it isn't without shape and unmouldable," said she, shyly.

"It is beyond reproach," he said as he bent over his work again.

"I can't get your chin right," she complained. "It is your strong point, too, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered without looking up; "I am rather noted for its prominence."

"It is very determined looking," she remarked.

"It gets me along in the world some," he said, and then looked into her eyes. "And aids me sometimes in obtaining what I most desire."

"How exceedingly convenient," she murmured, bending quickly over her work.

"Whose profile are you working at so earnestly, Tom?" asked a friend from the opposite side of the table.

"I am shaping my destiny," was the answer, startling and brief.

"Lucky dog," laughed his friend. "One of your privileges, eh, old chap?"

Instantly in Maida's mind flew defiant cold thoughts.

"His privilege. Perhaps he thinks so. Meanwhile, I'll change this face I'm shaping into somebody else's." And Tom worked to a disadvantage beside a face turned persistently away from him.

Just as the time was called by the hostess, Maida turned rather coldly to Tom.

"Aren't you using me very shabbily?" he asked, with a suggestion of hurt and

remorse in his kind eyes, but she had no time to reply.

Later everyone was congratulating Tom O'Neill on his success in winning first prize. Maida seemed to have disappeared and it was late in the evening when he heard her singing. The voice and the song thrilled him as he made his way towards the piano, only to find another fellow leaning annoyingly near her, turning the music. So he stole out on the balcony to study the stars and smoke a consoling cigar.

He went on dreaming heedless of the gaiety within, and when he began to grow chilled he strolled in and sought her and found her at length in the conservatory behind some tall sword ferns. He rejoiced inwardly at finding her alone.

"Of what are you thinking?" he asked gaily.

She was silent for a moment and then she said softly—

"I was thinking of that dear old hymn, 'There are moments when we like to be alone.'"

He looked down at her and said in a low, hurt tone—

"I'm sorry, little girl. I thought at the beginning of this evening there was hope for me, but somehow things have become very plain and you have made me understand that you do not care. But if ever your heart wants me, I am yours. Will you remember that, Maida?"

She did not reply, and he placed the plasticine profile so like her own, in her hands and was gone.

"I'm so horribly proud," she moaned. "And I wanted him all the time."

Next day the newspapers recorded Tom O'Neill's departure for the West—and a few wondered at the suddenness of his going. Maida Grierson took little interest in the season's rush. "Ever and ever," she told herself; "like a dear little song, 'if ever your heart wants me, I'm yours.'"

After a few years she met a man from the West who knew Tom.

"Funniest thing about O'Neill," he told her, "he's a confirmed bachelor and half the girls in town crazy about him. I nursed him when he was sick though—"

"Was he ill?" she asked, fearfully.

"Horribly," he answered. "Poor old chap, and he was constantly raving about a girl among the ferns when he said 'good-bye.' Asked me over and over if I thought she would ever remember if she ever wanted him."

"Is he quite well now?" asked the girl, with averted eyes.

"Oh, sound as ever. Fine chap. Delighted to have had this chat with you, I'm sure."

Just a scrap of paper, an ordinary telegram, turned a grey day into one all blue for Tom O'Neill a few days later.

"I want you. Always have. Maida."





Shipping a well-filled Dredge.

The Rise of the Oyster Trust

By

Paul Findlay

One of the latest among "organized industries" is the Oyster Trust. In the accompanying article the writer shows that all things, even gigantic combinations, have a beginning, sometimes a very small one. The story of the oyster monopoly, the idea behind it, the way it was conceived by a small fruit dealer, and the manner in which it has been consummated in an investment and business representing millions is as interesting as any romance, and is herein related with a wealth of detail for the first time by one in close touch with the facts.

A LITTLE more than a year ago old-fashioned New Yorkers were startled by the news that the famous "Blue Point Oyster Beds," comprising some 15,000 acres, had been all gobbled up by one heavily capitalized concern. Now comes the information that experts have been figuring on the control of the celebrated Canadian Malpeque beds. In the case of the American grounds, the shock was the greater because these, underlying most of the area of "Great South Bay," Long Island, had

been held continuously by the Smith family since Charles II. had granted them to the original Col. Wm. Smith in 1666. By this event the world was suddenly awakened to the fact that another trust had been incubated and was fully fledged. The quietly rapid development of this latest among "organised industries" is as interesting as any romance.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century, Otis Andrews kept a little fruit and fancy grocery store in El Paso, Texas. His capital was very limited; he



Culling and Sizing by Hand.

must be careful of small things, so he developed an unusually keen faculty to watch little leaks which might lead to losses, and he devised many ways to conserve his scanty stock. In that dry atmosphere, moisture is rapidly withdrawn from all moist things. A box of apples weighs perceptibly less every 24 hours. As it is the custom in that region to sell most things by weight, Andrews put his apples, plums and other fruits into show cases provided with automatic moisteners, like cigar cases. So he conserved the normal moisture and realized on its commercial value.

Many fine oysters are grown in the Gulf of Mexico and Andrews sold oysters in season. Practically all oysters shipped into those regions were, and are, opened, or shucked from the shell, since transportation in the shell would make them too expensive for popular consumption. In those days all opened oysters were packed in common tubs, kegs or barrels, with ordinary wooden covers, and a big chunk of ice—usually natural ice from open waters—was put in among the oysters to refrigerate them. The science of bacteriology was only partially developed, so nobody thought much about many things which would be repulsive to us of to-day.

HANDLING OF OYSTERS.

The ice which was first supplied in this way, however, would last only for 24 to 36 hours, so it was necessary to add more ice once or twice on the long journey across the big State of Texas, El Paso be-

ing just about 1,000 miles inland, by rail. To replenish the ice, express messengers would pull off the cover of the tub or take out the head of the keg, pour off the accumulated "juice"—more accurately, water—and put in another chunk of ice; but in so doing they were subjected to great temptation to abstract a pint or so of the oysters—to enrich their lunch-pails or take home for the family supper. If there were two messengers, two pints might be taken, or even more. If the ice was replenished more than once, more than one pilfering was apt to intervene, so that the dealer—Andrews in this case—might receive four or four and a half gallons while paying for five gallons. Andrews pondered long before he solved this problem; but his solution so completely revolutionized the handling of opened oysters on this continent that to-day you will look in vain for the old, familiar oyster-tub on railway platforms or in your retailer's store.

He devised a trunk-like wooden box within which was placed an oblong container made of galvanized iron, shaped somewhat like a small household tin bread box. On the container he put a good padlock, while the lid of the box was fastened by an ordinary hook, or hasp, so that it might be readily opened. The plan was to pack the oysters in the inner container and lock it, and then put chopped ice around the container, in the space between it and the outer box. The box might be opened for re-icing while in transit, but the inner receptacle, being

locked, was safe from any depredations. Andrews had a supply of these constructed, sent them to his oyster shippers, with duplicate keys, and instructed the oystermen to ship all his oysters in those special packages thereafter. From that time on, Andrews received all the oysters for which he was charged by the oystermen.

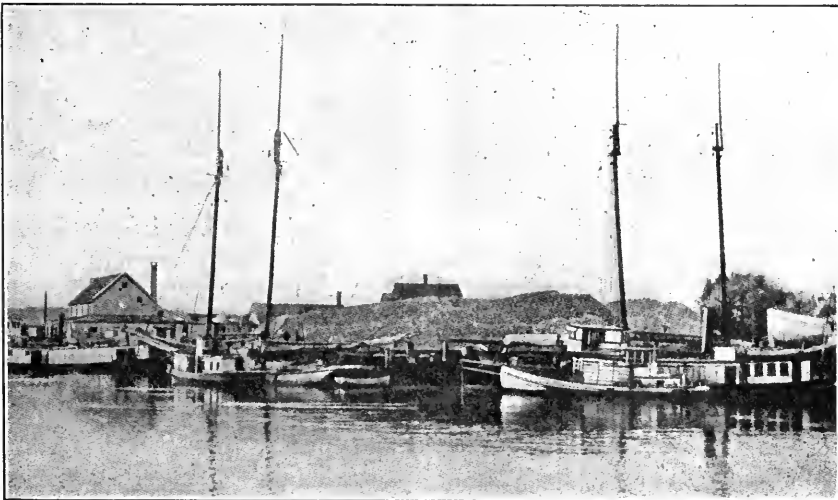
CORNERING THE TRADE.

But now the unexpected, the totally unlooked for, occurred. Not only did Andrews get all the oysters for which he had to pay, but he literally got all the oyster trade of El Paso, a city of 30,000 people. This was because the natural sea-flavor of the oysters which came in those packages was fully conserved instead of being diluted and carried off by repeated washings with melted ice-water and they were uncontaminated by extraneous influences. The consumers of El Paso quickly discovered the superiority of Andrew's oysters, the news was spread, and his trade grew until it was openly stated by other dealers that "Andrews, with his new-fangled shipping package, has corralled all the oyster business of this town." He had surely builded much better than he knew.

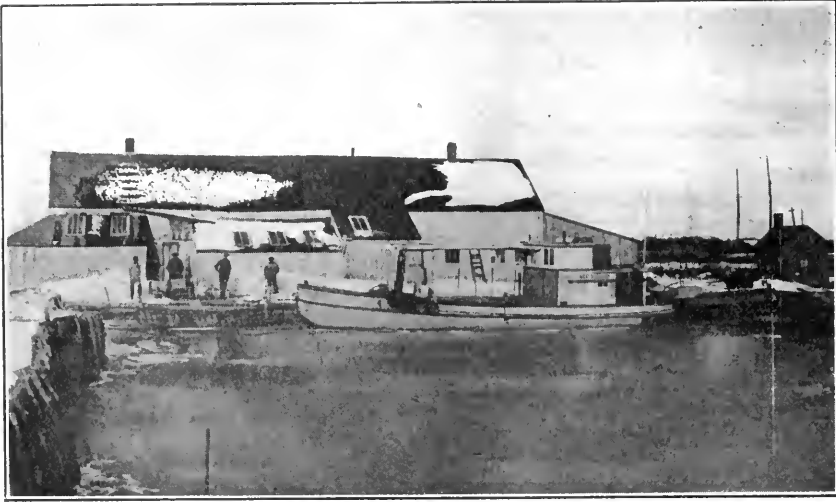
In 1897, or thereabouts, a certain wide-awake man was live stock agent for the Santa Fe railroad, with headquarters in his home town, Albuquerque, New Mexico. He frequently went to El Paso and,

on one of his trips, he was told of the new way of handling oysters. He was interested because he owned a meat market in Albuquerque and thought it might be a good idea to secure the right to use those packages for his own oyster shipments; so he located Andrews and, after many discussions, obtained the right. The natural thing followed. His son, in Albuquerque, destined to be the head of the future oyster trust, immediately saw that this package could be put into universal use in the oyster trade, general rights were negotiated for and secured, and it was not long before the young man was pioneering over the country, carrying a full sized sample of the package, endeavoring to interest oystermen in the new device. The way was long, the work hard, and many a discouragement came his way; but he was made of the right stuff, so he persisted until he succeeded in interesting two growers who saw part of the possibilities of the new package. Thus the business began to be national in its scope.

Gradually, as success came to the original shippers, others came in, until the new company had connections in every oyster-growing region, from Connecticut waters to the Gulf of Mexico; for these oysters were good and consumers wanted more of them. Their fame was abroad in the land.



Typical Oyster Wharf showing Shell Pile.



A Blue Pointer's Wharf and Packing House.

FORMATION OF THE TRUST.

Up to this point the new concern was a transportation company, pure and simple. Its packages were used under a commission arrangement by the various shippers who paid so much on each gallon shipped. The company advertised and took orders for the product of the shippers, who paid nothing except on goods actually sold; a splendidly helpful, deserving, mutually beneficial arrangement.

But now the trade-mark of the company was widely known, its business well established and there was some money in its treasury. Fortune opened the way for the first departure from its exclusive transportation field of endeavor. In 1906 a fine oyster property was offered the young manager for about half its value and the company thus acquired its first holdings of oyster growing ground; some 4,500 acres of fine bottoms in Long Island Sound, and among the little bays and inlets on the north shore of Long Island. This purchase carried an established oyster business. The event stirred up some protest from the allied oystermen but, as the product of the purchased plant was only about three per cent of the company's annual distribution, the protest was lulled to sleep.

The co-operative plan of distribution might have continued indefinitely but for two things: The human tendency to

overreach a present advantage and the newly-aroused public interest in pure foods.

The overreaching was on the part of shippers who did not play fair, but sought to use the packages of the company without payment of the per gallonage charge. They resorted to devious trickery to avoid such payment. As this effort, if successful, would have ruined the company through depriving it of income, it was vital that the fraud be circumvented.

Public interest in pure foods, which had been largely intensified by the company's advertising propaganda, was now so keen that no plan which merely assured the proper handling and transportation of oysters would satisfy food commissioners and the more enlightened consumers. It was necessary to go farther back than that to be able to guarantee the purity of the waters wherein oysters were grown.

So to guard against trickery on the one hand and satisfy the public on the other, it was necessary that the company should own producing bottoms not only for present supplies but to provide for future development.

The time to strike soon arrived; in fact, the fates seemed to play into the young manager's hands. The total shipments had reached 1,000,000 gallons a season, so it could readily be shown to New York and Boston capitalists, always on the look-

out for promising industries to "organize," that here was a coming "world business" which, in its present stage of development, was about ready for their work. The young manager realized these conditions and grasped the opportunity.

IN THE OYSTER BEDS.

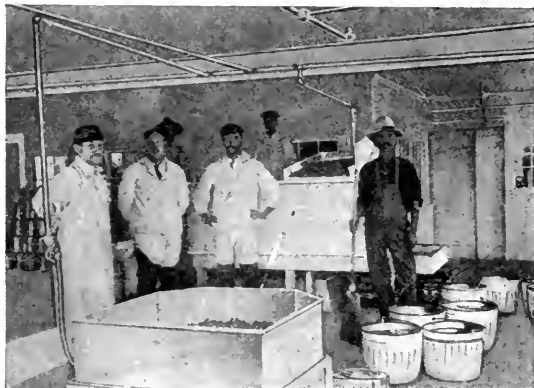
Great South Bay, on the south shore of Long Island, is the home of the aboriginal Blue Point oyster. It was off the little cape or headland, called Blue Point, that oysters were first discovered in those waters. Of course, it is generations since the aboriginals, absolutely uncultivated and unnurtured, disappeared; but here, as elsewhere, the character of the waters makes the character of the oysters grown therein. It is also true that cultivation really improves oyster quality, so Blue Points of to-day are superior in size and flavor to the aboriginal product.

The shores of the bay were settled upon long ago by a colony of Dutchmen. These men worked the oyster beds in a trifling, incidental sort of way, sometimes paying the Smiths a rental but mostly not, since there was little fixed demand for oysters and the bottoms were not considered very valuable. From this loose, unregulated manner of working the bottoms arose the legal tangle and protracted litigation which culminated in the sale of the property. Succeeding generations of farmers took oysters free of charge, more or less, until about 1880 when the demand suddenly became settled and strong. Then the Smiths demanded fixed rentals while the farmers whose fathers had always enjoyed free use of the Bay could not be made to recognize the Smith rights in the property. The legal fight lasted over twenty-five years. Meantime, the farmers realized good prices for Blue Points shipped in the shell to New York and elsewhere; but only oysters with shells of attractive shape will do for such trade. Oysters with crooked shells, in every way as desirable as food and of flavor as delicate as the others, must be opened and sent to bulk-oyster markets, generally situated at inland points. These oysters brought only meagre returns, often barely enough to cover the cost of handling, until the new way of shipping was established. After that the growers realized much better returns from their oyster beds.

WERE TRUST BUSTERS.

Beginning in 1908, the young manager tried to organize these men to the end that they might realize still better returns from their oyster-farms, while at the same time, he would absolutely control distribution for many years to come. While on the face of it this would look like a selfish and monopolistic proposal, it was in fact basically co-operative, and had the oystermen fallen in with the plan they would still be growing oysters on their own leased grounds, operating more securely and more profitably than ever. The disposal of their product would have been skillfully organized on modern scientific lines in hands so capable that they would not have had to give that important end of their business any thought or attention whatever. But they could not be brought to see these promised benefits. All they could see was the good that would result to the budding oyster trust. They were humanly forgetful of, or blind to, the fact that great benefits must be reciprocal; that to get you must give; hence they declined to be organized. It was evident that something like "benevolent assimilation" was the only alternative, for changed conditions, difficulties, obstacles were not going to put this young man out of the oyster business. He had traveled the road too far for that and he would find a way out now.

During the later years of the Smith tenure those Bay oystermen had leased the bottoms for periods of three to five years, paying about one dollar, annually, per acre. This arrangement was good for the Smiths, who had paid nothing for the



Modern Hygienic Packing Room.



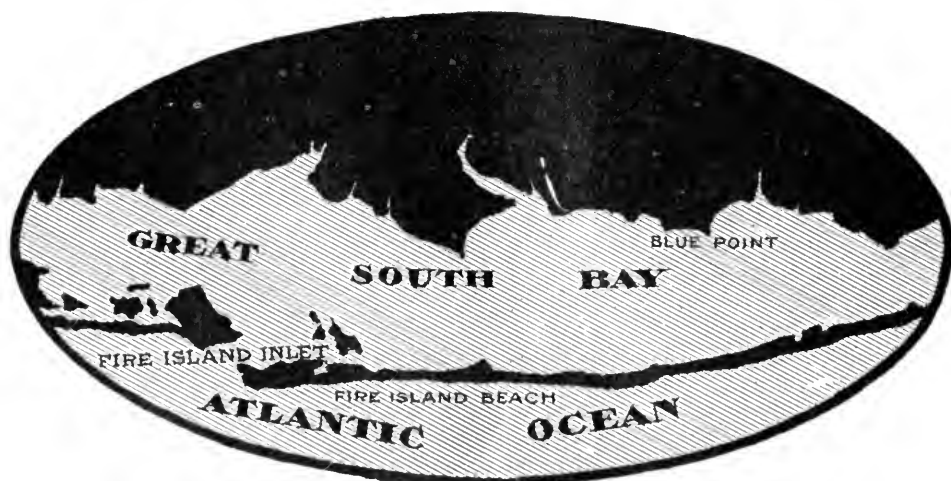
Some Indications of Ice Troubles on Great South Bay.

bottoms and in this way got a fair return on their value; and it was good for the oystermen because it gave them the grounds for a moderate rental. It happened that most of the leases expired in the Spring of 1910, some few in the Spring of 1911, and one or two have not yet expired. This fact caused the oystermen no uneasiness. It had been a periodical occurrence during all their experience and that of their fathers. They

thought nothing of it except that they must renew, as they had always done.

HOW TRUST GOT BEDS.

But the young manager also had this information; and when the oystermen finally indicated that his plans for combination, under the wing of the new trust, did not appeal to them, he set about quietly to acquire those grounds in fee. Conditions were very favorable to his plans



Map of Great South Bay, Long Island.

for new difficulties confronted the Smiths. They had just succeeded in legally establishing their ownership in the bottoms when questions of dockage and channel rights arose, some of which were decided against them. Not being able to see where these troubles might lead to, they decided to sell for the first fair offer. So, with a little outside aid and the exercise of some astute diplomacy, the young manager might acquire the bottoms; and the early termination of so many leases would give him immediate use of thousands of acres, with more ground annually coming under his control. The help was forthcoming and the deal was made before the lessees knew anything about what was going on.

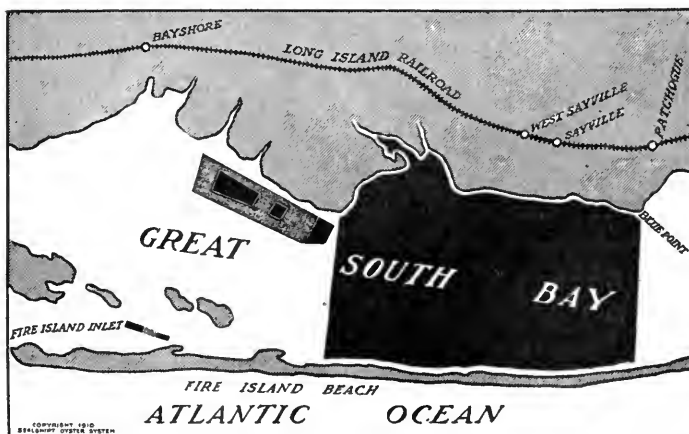
Thus it suddenly transpired that the fee of those historic bottoms had passed away from the Smith family, changing ownership for the first time in over 240 years. The purchase made it patent to everybody in the oyster business that here was a new and powerful factor that henceforth must be taken into account. Here were already nearly 20,000 acres "under one hat," and this in itself was about the largest single holding in the world.

A NOTABLE COUP.

The rest was "easy." Capital immediately awakened to the opportunity. The company which, in 1908, was capitalized at \$500,000, with less than \$400,000 outstanding, was increased to one of \$2,500,-

000 capital. Then Connecticut and Rhode Island bottoms, producing Sound and Narragansett oysters, 6,000 acres in extent, were purchased. Then came acreage in Gardner's Bay, whence come Greenport oysters; then Princes Bay, where grow New York Counts; then Jamaica Bay, where grow the Rockaways; then Cape Cod Bay, where the "snappy-flavored" Cape Cods come from. By the time all this was accomplished—and it came about in less than a year after the Blue Points purchase—the company was capitalized at \$4,500,000; held upwards of 45,000 acres of the choicest "setting" and maturing ground in the world; had opening houses and shipping stations in the best strategical locations; owned a fleet of 40 to 45 oyster boats, ranging from the small schooner to some of the finest steam and gasoline craft afloat; and the youngest and latest "organizer" rested.

Such, in briefest outline, is the history of a development which started one way and which changing conditions shaped into altogether a different finale. Also, this is the story of a coup which was put over by a modest-appearing but very self-contained young man, right under the noses of men of long experience, with plenty of resources at whose doors this opportunity had knocked steadily for many years. It is an old story that the stranger sees and gathers unto himself the diamonds lying, neglected pebbles about our doorstep, which our children have been using as playthings



Great South Bay. Solid black shows portions absorbed by the Trust.

By the Loop Line

By

Jean Milne

Green Street, London, W.

To Francis Laing, Esq.,
Black's Club, St. James', S.W.

DEAR MR. LAING,—

Very many thanks for your note and the book: "Railways Past, Present and Future." I shall read it with great interest and hope to understand it after our long talk on the subject. You must tell me more of your part in the proposed new line from Smyrna, when we meet at Dovercourt next week. Till then, au revoir.

Your sincerely, ELIZABETH SEYMOUR.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAR FRANK,—

After you took yourself and your plans off to dusty old London I felt quite lonely. There isn't a congenial soul amongst the new crowd here. The men all say the same thing in different ways and the girls are all busy giving opportunities. They can talk about nothing beyond other women's complexions and their own frocks. Thank goodness you never told me "my lips would tempt a saint" or that "my eyes would draw a sinner out of hell!" If you had I should have hated you. You are the only man I've ever met who spoke to me as if I were a seeing, thinking, understanding human being and not a talking doll that you knew would say certain things and could say nothing else.

I do hope you will get your business settled satisfactorily and that the Syndicate will see things from your point of view. Smyrna is a long way off and I shall miss my new friend, but your letters will always be interesting, and your

progress a pleasure to read of. You deserve to get on because you think of nothing but your work. I am so glad you will be able to manage another month at Dovercourt before you start. Wishing you luck and a speedy, satisfactory settlement.

I remain, your friend, ELIZABETH.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAR FRANK,—

First of all my best congratulations. I'm sure they could get no better man to undertake the work.

I must say that I was a little astonished that you did not come back to Dovercourt at once—mother expected you—and very much so to hear that you thought it necessary to bore yourself by taking Cynthia Carew to a theatre. In August too! it's absurd! Surely there isn't one open. I appreciate the influence her father has exerted on your behalf and, as you say, one must not forget these things, but Sir John was the one to take out—I'm sure he wouldn't have gone or kept you stewing in London after your business was settled. Cynthia is such an idiot, with her would-be playful ways and that inane little laugh which tinkles out on the slightest provocation. I suppose some stupid man has told her it is musical. I can't think how you can bother with her, Frank; she wouldn't know a railway plan from a—oh anything! A rivederci. E.

P.S.—Wire what train you will be down with to-morrow. Not that it matters a bit, but mother might think it strange if you don't. She is rather fussy about these little things.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAREST,—

How did it all happen? I can't think, and I don't want to any more. I just want to feel, feel, feel, and most of all I want to feel your dear arms round me once again. It was cruel your having to go away just when we discovered that we loved each other. And just to build a stupid railway in some outlandish place.

I had been thinking and dreaming all my youth away; thank goodness I woke up before you left. Love is the alpha and omega of existence and people only say they don't believe in it when they can't get it. I look in my glass and rejoice in everything that is kind o' nice and pretty about me. Only because it's for you dear, all for you.

I used to have quaint ideas about platonic friendship, didn't I? After all, flirting is just pretending to be in love and platonic friendship is pretending not to be; both rather difficult and not worth while.

- Thank you for sending me the additional plans, dear; I struggled hard to understand, and even thought of them when I was in bed, but the stupid dead lines of steel gradually evolved themselves into two long living arms, just as strong, which crept round me drawing me close and more close and then—I went to sleep happy. It is difficult to concentrate your thoughts on railways when you are sleepy, isn't it?

Write me a long loving letter soon. I'll learn it by heart and shut my eyes and play pretends. It will be almost like having you here talking to me. But I suppose it's no good asking you, because you are one of those dear old stupid who think a plain statement of fact is sufficient. And having once made it clear that you love me you think that is sufficient for all time. But it isn't, my Frankie boy. Women want to be told again and again, so please remember this after your railway has run on for a paragraph or so

I think perhaps I had better hunt up a little of that common sense I used to be so proud of, it seems as if I am getting morbid. I don't care what happens. I've had my day of days and nothing can take that from me. Things are never quite the same again. Even you will be changed a weeny bit when I see you

again (try not to be, please) and I—oh well, that's different—I could never change where you are concerned and will always be.

Your loving, longing little BETTY.

P.S.—I hope the work is going on well because I want you to make a name for yourself and come home quickly and give it to me.

P.S. again.—Enclosed is a tiny slip of paper with something very sweet on it. Please carry it about with you in a safe place. It will remind you of the little girl far away when there are other little girls quite near. A sort of insurance policy.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAREST FRANK,—

Thanks so much for your long grumbly letters. But I cannot understand your saying that mine have fallen off in length and niceness since I wrote that first love letter.

Haven't I told you everything I do and say, almost what I eat? First of all you say I don't write enough, then you say that "two pages about the Sunday School treat, the brats and the new curate is a bit thick." You see, you are not consistent. It is an insult to me to say that even in my "clever days" I "wasn't interested in parish work, brats and curates;" it is extremely bad form to talk of my friend and fellow worker in such a disrespectful manner. Mr. Eardsleigh is very earnest in his work and he's just as big and manly as you are, and he does *not* "spend all his days talking to old women and going around to tea fights," as you vulgarly put it. You are really quite coarse. He inspires one with respect and confidence and, what is perhaps more to the point, energy to work hard for the benefit of mankind. I'm hurt and disgusted with you! One would think you would be delighted to know my time is spent in doing good and making other people happy. I can't stand or understand selfish people.

Of course, dear old Frank, I love you very much and I wouldn't hurt you for the world, but it doesn't do to be selfish in our love and I must think of others a little bit; I've got such a lot of wasted

and mis-spent time to make up. Mr. Eardsleigh says I'm just a gleam of sunshine—to the old people in the village. They do seem to like me, the dear old things.

I thought you would be proud of, not cross with.

Your little BETTY.

Dovercourt, Kent.

DEAR FRANK,—

Your letter was disgusting! How dared you remind me of that piece of paper you carry about with you. I shudder to think I could have written what you say and you show a lamentable lack of nice-mindedness in telling me about it. Please destroy it and that hateful love letter you are always talking about; my cheeks burn to think I ever thought such things even.

The fact of the matter is, I was under your influence at the time, and it was not a good one. You played on my imagination. And imagination is a most pernicious thing to indulge in. Really, Frank, we are not a bit suited to each other, so we had better end the engagement that we drifted into for want of something better to do. That is the reason of half the evil in the world—no occupation, want of "something better to do." Thank heaven I am a very busy woman these days.

I have decided to go to a Settlement in London. I don't quite know what that is, but there is a lot of good work to be done there and much self-denial to practice.

Mr. Eardsleigh is giving up his work here and has kindly promised me a position on the staff at Eastchapel.

I am selling my jewelry and fussy dresses for the benefit of the Settlement, and am just having the simplest of grey frocks with white embroidered collars and cuffs. Whatever I undertake to do, I like to do well. And, as I'm giving up the World, the Flesh, the Devil and You, there is no good in keeping smart things and trinkets. By the way, I am selling your ring too. It would be no use to you and it wouldn't be quite nice of you to give it to my successor. I think Cynthia Carew would be very suitable; I hear she

writes to you occasionally, and if you marry her, the very first one to wish you joy will be,

Your old friend, ELIZABETH SEYMOUR.

The Settlement, Eastchapel.

FRANK, DEAR,—

Do you think we could ever be friends again? Real friends, I mean. I'm so lonely here. The Settlement is just a settlement of dirt, and I have to get up at five o'clock and I can't have a tub. The water is icy! You remember I never could go in the sea even, unless the sun was strong on it to take the chill off.

If we have marmalade on our bread we can't have butter too—anyway the butter isn't butter, so when you have it you don't want it. There are other things very uncomfortable too.

They took away my sweet little grey frock—it did suit me—and wouldn't let me put kinks in my hair. I didn't want anything unsuitable, just large flat waves either side of a parting. I was always quite frank and never did pretend my hair was naturally curly.

They have taken away my illusions too. The poor women aren't a bit like the poor at Dovercourt who used to "bob" so nicely when I passed and dust an already speckless chair when I called. One horrid coarse creature here said: "Go 'ome and look hafter your own kids and don't come a hinterfering with mine." I'm quite sure the old beast knew I wasn't married too. And I was subjected to this abuse simply because I suggested—in the sweetest possible manner, you know I couldn't be dictatorial at all—that if she washed the little thing's face it might be able to see out of its eyes and she could probably find its mouth and feed it. Isn't that sort of ingratitude enough to put one off giving kindly advice? And I've struggled bravely with this sort of thing for many months. It seems years.

I'm afraid I'm constitutionally unsuited to the straight and narrow path, and have come to the conclusion that Duty is a much overrated virtue. When I think of the way I gave you up—you who wanted me and understood me so well—I think it is a positive self-indul-

gence and vice. Don't you agree with me, Frankie, dear?

How circumstances alter words. When you answered my horrid letter you said something which I resented awfully and which is now my only comfort; in fact I cling to it with my whole heart and soul and it is just that which gave me the courage to write this letter. You said:—"Please yourself, I can't bother my head over the phases of a neurotic woman. They pass." Of course, darling, I'm not neurotic, and I know you don't think I am, but I'll own to the

"phases." You were the first and you'll be the last, won't you?

Do write soon and tell me you will forgive and forget everything unpleasant. I so long to hear that you've still a tiny corner in your heart for such a sad little

BETTY.

P.S.—You can't marry Cynthia Carew because Mr. Eardsleigh married her last week. She is full of money and gives a guinea a year to the Settlement with lots of advice as to how the work should be done by others. I never liked that girl.



BEYOND THE HILLS

Beyond the hills, where I have never strayed,
 I know a green and beauteous valley lies,
 Dotted with sunny nook and forest glade,
 Where clear, calm lakes reflect the sapphire skies;
 And through the vale's deep heart a river grand
 Draws toward its home, fed by ten thousand rills
 From fresh, pure springs; it blesses all the land—
 Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills, while here I faint from strife,
 Are quiet homes that soothe men's minds to rest;
 And peace and justice and the simple life,
 With love pervading all, with knowledge blessed.
 Life's purest joys and dearest hopes are there,
 Unknown are sleepless cares and needless ills;
 And men are leal, and women true and fair—
 Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills I yet shall surely go—
 Some day I'll cross the farthest barren height,
 And rest in dreamy forest glades, and know
 Those placid lakes, and see the morning light
 Silver the mighty river; and, to me,
 The sweetest hope that now my senses thrills
 Is of that land a denizen to be—

Beyond the hills.

By John E. Dolsen, in "The Outlook."

Education in Reading

By

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Carlyle said that a collection of books is a university. What a pity that the thousands of ambitious, energetic men and women who missed their opportunities for an education at the school age, and feel crippled by their loss, fail to catch the significance of this, fail to realize the tremendous cumulative possibilities of that great life-improver, that admirable substitute for a college or university education—reading

A FEW books well read, and an intelligent choice of those few—these are the fundamentals for self-education by reading.

“Reading furnishes us only with the materials of knowledge,” said John Locke; “it is thinking that makes what we read ours.”

In order to get the most out of books, the reader must be a thinker. The mere acquisition of facts is not the acquisition of power. To fill the mind with knowledge that cannot be made available is like filling our houses with furniture and bric-a-brac until we have no room to move about.

Many people have an idea that if they keep reading everlastingly, if they have a book in their hands during every leisure moment, they will, of necessity, become full-rounded and well-educated. This is a mistake. It is even more necessary to think.

Some of the biggest numskulls I know are always cramming themselves with knowledge, everlastingly reading. But they never think. When they get a few minutes' leisure they snatch a book and go to reading. In other words, they are always eating intellectually, but never digesting their knowledge or assimilating it.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning says, “We err by reading too much, and out of proportion to what we think. I should be wiser, I am persuaded, if I had not read half as much; should have had stronger and better exercised faculties, and should stand higher in my own appreciation.”

No one better illustrates what books will do for a man, and what a thinker will do with his books, than Gladstone, who was always far greater than his career. He rose above Parliament, reached out beyond politics, and was always growing. He had a passion for intellectual expansion. His peculiar gifts undoubtedly fitted him for the church, or he would have made a good professor at Oxford or Cambridge, but circumstances led him into the political arena, and he adapted himself readily to his environment. He was an all-round well-read man, who thought his way through libraries and through life.

What you get out of a book is not necessarily what the author puts into it, but what you bring to it. If the heart does not lead the head, if the thirst for knowledge, the hunger for a broader and deeper culture, are not the motives for reading, you will not get the most out of a book. But, if your thirsty soul drinks in the writer's thought as the parched soil ab-

sorbs rain, then your latent possibilities and the potency of your being, like delayed germs and seeds in the soil, will spring forth into new life. Never go to a book you wish to read for a purpose, if you can possibly avoid it, with a tired, jaded mentality. If you do, you will derive nothing from it.

To get the most from your reading you must read with a purpose. To sit down and pick up a book listlessly, with no aim except to pass away time, is demoralizing. It is much as if an employer were to hire a boy, and tell him he could start when he pleased in the morning, work when he felt like it, rest when he wanted to, and quit when he got tired!

What can give greater satisfaction than reading with a purpose, and that consciousness of a broadening mind that follows it; the consciousness that we are pushing ignorance, bigotry, and whatever clouds the mind and hampers progress a little further away from us?

When you read, read as Macaulay did, as Carlyle did, as Lincoln did—as did every great man who has profited by his reading—with your whole soul absorbed in what you read, with such intense concentration that you will be oblivious of everything else outside of your book.

If you want to develop a delightful form of enjoyment, to cultivate a new pleasure, a new sensation which you have never before experienced, begin to read good books, good periodicals, regularly every day. Do not tire yourself by trying to read a great deal at first. Read a little at a time, but read some every day, no matter how little. If you are faithful you will soon acquire a taste for reading—the reading habit; and it will, in time, give you infinite satisfaction, unalloyed pleasure.

One great benefit of taste for reading and access to the book world, is the service it renders as a diversion and a solace.

"A book may be a perpetual companion. Friends come and go, but the book may beguile all experiences and enchant all hours."

If a person is discouraged or depressed by any great bereavement or suffering, the quickest and the most effective way of restoring the mind to its perfect balance, to its normal condition, is to immerse it in a sane atmosphere, an uplifting, encourag-

ing, inspiring atmosphere, and this may always be readily found in the best books. I have known people who were suffering under the most painful mental anguish, from losses and shocks which almost unbalanced their minds, to be completely revolutionized in their mental state by the suggestive power which came from becoming absorbed in great books.

What a great thing to be able to get away from ourselves, to fly away from the harassing, humiliating, discouraging, depressing things about us, to go at will to a world of beauty, joy and gladness!

"Of the things which man can do or make here below," it was said by the Sage of Chelsea, "by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books! Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them; from the daily newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing?"

Who can ever be grateful enough for the art of printing; grateful enough to the famous authors who have put their best thoughts where we can enjoy them at will? There are some advantages of intercourse with great minds through their books over meeting them in person. The best of them lives in their books, while their disagreeable peculiarities, their idiosyncrasies, their objectionable traits are eliminated. In their books we find the authors at their best. Their thoughts are selected, winnowed in their books. Book friends are always at our service, never annoy us, rasp or nettle us. No matter how nervous, tired, or discouraged we may be, they are always soothing, stimulating, uplifting.

We may call up the greatest writer in the middle of the night when we cannot sleep, and he is just as glad to be with us as at any other time. We are not excluded from any nook or corner in the great literary world; we can visit the most celebrated people that ever lived without an appointment, without influence, without the necessity of dressing or of observing any rules of etiquette. We can drop in upon a Milton, a Shakespeare, an Emerson, a Longfellow, a Whittier without a moment's notice and receive the warmest welcome.

The lover of good books can never be very lonely; and, no matter where he is,

he can always find pleasant and profitable occupation and the best of society when he quits work.

"You get into society, in the widest sense," says Geikie, "in a great library, with the huge advantage of needing no introduction, and not dreading repulses. From that great crowd you can choose what companions you please, for in the silent levees of the immortals there is no pride, but the highest is at the service of the lowest, with a grand humility. You may speak freely with any, without a thought of your inferiority; for books are perfectly well bred, and hurt no one's feelings by any discriminations."

"A book is good company," said Henry Ward Beecher. "It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit."

"I know of nothing else which will enlarge one's ideals and lift one's life standards more than the study of the lives of great and noble characters; the reading of biographies of great men and women.

"Abroad, it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools. In my study, I can call up the ablest spirits, the learnedest philosophers; the wisest counsellors, the greatest generals, and make them serviceable to me," says Sir William Waller.

If youths learn to feed on the thoughts of the great men and women of all times, they will never again be satisfied with the common or low; they will never again be content with mediocrity; they will aspire to something higher and nobler:

There are books that have raised the ideals and materially influenced entire nations. Who can estimate the value of books that spur ambition, that awaken slumbering possibilities?

Thousands of people have found themselves through the reading of some book which has opened the door within them

and given them the first glimpse of their possibilities. I know men and women whose lives have been molded, the entire trend of their careers completely changed, uplifted beyond their fondest dreams, by the good books they have taken time to read.

The books which we handle most often and value the highest are great tell-tales of our tastes and our ambition. A stranger could write a pretty good biography of a man he had never seen by careful examination and analysis of his reading matter.

Read, read, read all you can. But never read a bad book or a poor book. Time is too precious, to spend it in reading anything but the best.

In our reading we can take, in secret, the poison which kills, or we can drink in encouragement and inspiration which bids us look up. The poison in some books is extremely dangerous, because so subtle; the evil is often painted to look like good. Beware of books which, though they may not contain a single bad word, yet reek with immoral suggestions.

Read books which make you think more of yourself and believe in yourself and in others. Beware of books that shake your confidence in your fellow-man. Read constructive books, books that are builders; avoid those that tear down. Beware of authors who sap your faith in men and your respect for womanhood, who shake your faith in the sanctity of the home and scoff at religion, who undermine sense of duty and moral obligation.

"When I consider," says James Freeman Clarke, "what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal of life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven—I give eternal blessings for this gift."

Many a discouraged soul has been refreshed, reinvigorated, has taken on new life by the reading of a good romance. I recall a bit of fiction, called "The Magic Story," which has helped thousands of discouraged souls, given them new hope, new life, when they were ready to give up the struggle.

"Cultivate the habit of reading something good for ten minutes a day," says Charles W. Eliot. "Ten minutes a day will in twenty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated mind, provided you read what is good. I mean by the good the proved treasures of the world, the intellectual treasures of the world in story, verse, history, and biography."

Nothing else will more quickly injure a good mind than familiarity with the frivolous, the superficial. Even though they may not be actually vicious, the reading of books which are not true to life, which carry home no great lesson, teach no sane or healthful philosophy, but are merely written to excite the passions, to stimulate a morbid curiosity, will ruin the best minds in a very short time. It tends to destroy the ideals and to ruin the taste for all good reading.

Aside from reading fiction, books of travel are of the best for mental diversion; then there are nature studies, and science and poetry—all affording wholesome recreation, all of an uplifting character, and some of them opening up study specialties of the highest order, as in the great range of books classified as Natural Science.

The readers who do not know the Concord philosopher Emerson, and the great writers of antiquity, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Plato, have pleasures to come.

To become familiar with Tennyson and Shakespeare and the brilliant catalogue of British poets is in itself a liberal education. Rolfe's Shakespeare is in handy volumes, and so edited as to be of most service. Pargrave's "Golden Treasury," of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, was edited with the advice and collaboration of Tennyson. His "Children's Treasury" of lyrical poetry is most attractive. Emerson's "Parnassus," and Whittier's "Three Centuries of Song" are excellent collections of the most famous poems of the ages.

Most of the best literature in every line to-day appears in the current periodicals, in the form of short articles. Many of our greatest writers spend a vast amount of time in the drudgery of travel and investigation, in gathering material for these articles, and the magazine publishers pay thousands of dollars for what a reader can

get for ten or fifteen cents. Thus the reader secures for a trifle in periodicals or books the results of months and often years of hard work and investigation of our greatest writers.

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading," says Mary Wortley Montague; "nor any pleasure so lasting." Good books elevate the character, purify the taste, *take the attractiveness out of low pleasures*, and lift us upon a higher plane of thinking and living.

Arranged in the order of their popularity, as decided by the readers of the *Literary News* some years ago, the following are the world's ten best novels:

David Copperfield	Dickens
Ivanhoe	Scott
Adam Bede	Eliot
The Scarlet Letter	Hawthorne
Vanity Fair	Thackeray
Jane Eyre	Bronte
Uncle Tom's Cabin	Stowe
The Newcomers	Thackeray
Les Misérables	Victor Hugo
John Halifax, Gentleman ..	Mulock-Craik

The ten next best novels, as decided by the same constituency, and constituting, with the foregoing list of ten, the world's most popular twenty, are:

Kenilworth	Scott
Henry Esmond	Thackeray
Romola	George Eliot
The Last Days of Pompeii	Lytton
Middlemarch	Eliot
The Marble Farm	Hawthorne
Pendennis	Thackeray
Hypatia ..	Charles Kingsley
The House of Seven Gables ..	Hawthorne
The Mill on the Floss	George Eliot

"It is a grand thing to read a good book—it is a grander thing to live a good life—and in the living of such life is generated the power that defies age and its decadence."

"It is not in the library, but in yourself," says Fr. Gregory, "in your self-respect and your consciousness of duty nobly done—that you are to find the 'Fountain of Youth,' the 'Elixir of Life,' and all the other things that tend to preserve life's freshness and bloom.

Perils of Night

By

William Hugo Pabke

IT was with a decided sense of relief that Ethel Merriman waved farewell to an absurdly anxious cluster of female relatives on the receding pier. She had elected to make the trip from Montreal to Quebec by boat. Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of her aunts, she had overborne their objections, and she was starting on her first journey that was unhampered by a chaperone.

She leaned over the steamer's rail and called in her clear, high voice: "Good-bye, Aunties all!"

The words had a sound of finality, and seemed to end definitely a period of her life that had been, perhaps, too much the property of her family.

Forgetting, for the moment, her promise to go to her stateroom immediately, she yielded to the temptation of the hurry and bustle on deck, and sat for a time in a sequestered nook, quietly enjoying the human elements fusing into the heterogeneous mass called the passenger list. It was all so new to her—this freedom to make mental comments on the people around her, undisturbed by the usual running accompaniment of her Aunt Clara's complaints about everything in general and nothing in particular, and her Aunt Violet's puttering commands. How they had unwittingly squeezed the zest out of former journeys! She loyally put the thought from her. She loved her aunts dearly; but, nevertheless, she determined to enjoy to the full her unwonted respite from interference.

Her interest flitted butterfly fashion from one fellow passenger to another. It finally settled on a tall figure seated near her, garbed in a nun's black draperies. So

absolutely still was the Sister that she gave the impression of resting after great fatigue.

Ethel realized with a twinge of conscience that it was growing late. She suddenly remembered her promise, and arose to go to her stateroom. As she passed the nun, a small book of prayer fell from her limp hand to the deck.

Ethel stooped quickly. "Please, you dropped this," she said.

There was no response from the dark figure.

Bending slightly, Ethel saw that the nun's eyes were closed. She quietly placed the book in the Sister's lap and turned toward the companion-way.

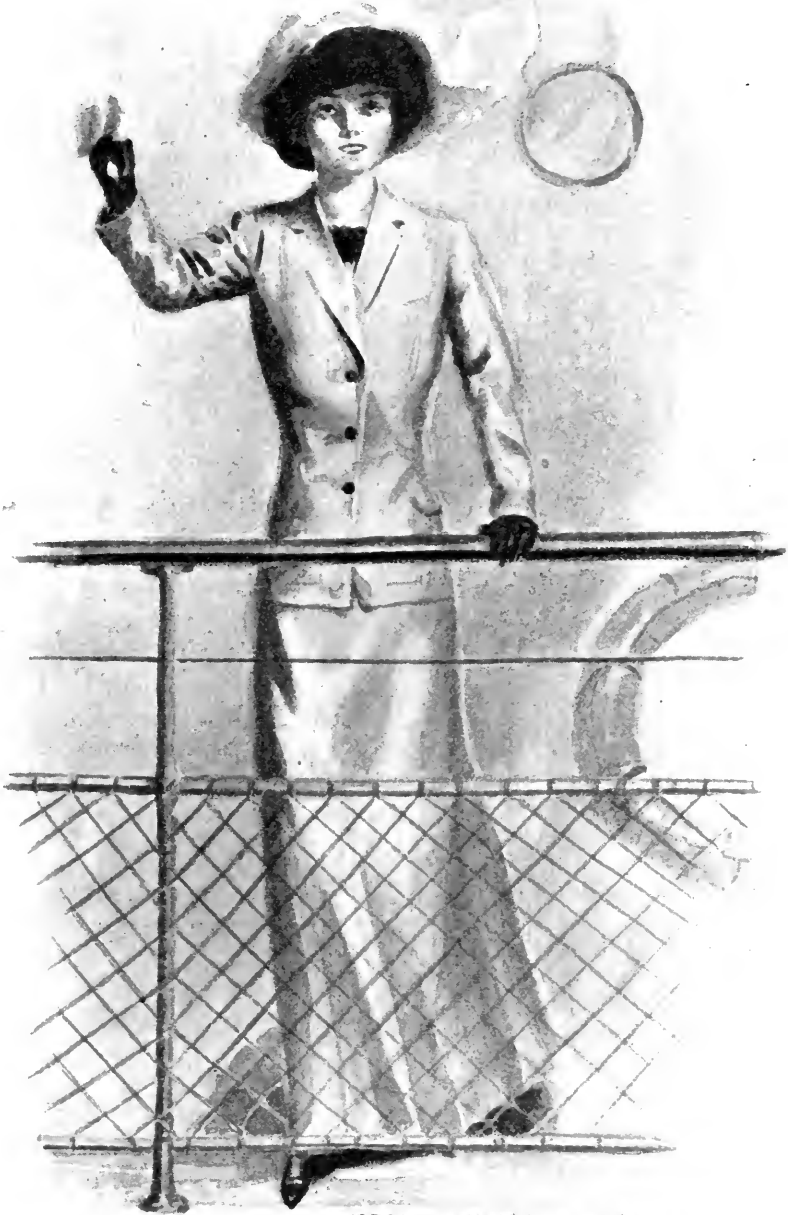
As soon as Ethel's back was turned, the sleeper opened her eyes and threw a quick glance in the direction of the departing girl. Her brows contracted sharply, then she closed her eyes again, and, to all appearances was fast asleep.

On reaching her stateroom, Ethel opened her satchel, and taking out a novel, climbed into a berth, propped herself on her elbow, and began to read, unconsciously listening meanwhile to the all-pervading ship-board sounds.

She had read but a few moments when a timid knock sounded at the door. Springing up, she opened it, and beheld the nun standing before her, a tall, gaunt figure with shoulders bent beneath a weight of weariness.

"May I speak with you a moment? May I come in?" asked the nun in a voice so low-pitched that it was hardly intelligible.

Without asquiescing, Ethel instinctively retreated.



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-11

"Good-bye, Aunties All!"

The nun stepped over the brass-bound threshold and turned to close the door. Ethel saw that the tall figure no longer stooped, and a vague feeling of uneasiness crept over her. The visitor seemed to fill the room.

Ethel's heart seemed to stop beating. With a sickening sense of terror, she saw that the Sister of Charity was a man.

Still facing the door, the nun fumbled with one hand at the front of her robe. She pushed back her veil and tore from her forehead the encircling band of white. She turned suddenly.

She was conscious of the gleaming barrel of a revolver before her eyes. She heard a voice as though at a great distance say tensely: "Not a word! Not a sound!"

She covered against the wall, trying to shut out the sight—to waken from her dream. Wave after wave of fear swept over her, numbing her faculties. She heard the voice again, and knew that it was a reality.

"Will you save my life?" the man was saying: "the life of a man done to death?"

His manner was fierce; but the words contained a note of pleading that caught Ethel's attention.

"Oh, who are you?" she cried. "What do you want with me?"

She opened her eyes, and saw that he was unscrewing the wooden cap of the electric call-bell. He crushed it in his hands, then tore the brass spring from the wall.

He turned toward her, saying: "Will you promise not to cry out? No harm shall come to you. Will you promise?"

"I promise," she said faintly.

He thrust his revolver beneath his robe, and came a step nearer. His face was drawn and haggard. Dark circles showed beneath his eyes. The eyes themselves evinced lack of sleep, and burned feverishly. With the hard lines of fatigue and mental strain eliminated, he would have looked very young.

He began in a low, well-modulated voice: "This is not my usual role—frightening defenseless women—nor one that I play with any great degree of pleasure." He straightened his shoulders and threw his head back proudly.

Ethel saw the little movement and welcomed it gladly. The situation seemed less desperate on account of it.

"I had to do it," he continued; "the instinct of self-preservation is pretty strong in all of us." He paced back and forth, his hands behind his back.

"I don't know how to begin without frightening you, and I don't want to do that," he said.

"But you are doing it. Oh, won't you leave me, please? Why are you here?" Ethel covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"Listen," he said quietly. "I was convicted of murder and sentenced to be executed." His voice became hard.

"To-day, I escaped from prison—tomorrow, I was to have been——" He stopped abruptly.

Ethel shrank back in horror.

"That's why I am here," he continued earnestly. "That's why I have thrown myself on your mercy. Will you save my life when I tell you that I am innocent?"

The convict's voice was pregnant with a compelling force that drew Ethel's glance in spite of her. She stood in silent misery for what seemed hours to them both. Suddenly she said, "But how can I know that you are not guilty of —— of this fearful ——"

"Wait," he interrupted; "if I can convince you that this charge is false—in fact, that I allowed myself to be convicted to shield some one very dear to me—will you aid me in making my escape? You are the one person in all the world who can help me."

There were sterner realities in the world than Ethel had ever dreamed were possible in her sheltered existence. She tried to evade the responsibility suddenly thrust upon her.

"Oh, why did you come to me?" she lamented. "Was there no one else who ——"

"No, there wasn't," broke in the man, impatiently. "Your's is the only state-room that isn't full. If you refuse to shelter me, I shall be arrested immediately, as I can give no account of myself. If I hold a conversation with any of the boat's officials, they will suspect. Help me—for God's sake—help me!" He held out his hands as if he begged his life of her.

Ethel knew intuitively that he was telling the truth. She knew also that she was the only one who could help him, and her

conscience upbraided her for cowardice. If he were innocent, should she refuse her aid, thereby sending him back to —. She checked the thought, recoiling from the horror of it. Conscience was an important factor in the Merriman make-up; cowardice was not.

She raised her head quickly. "Convince me," she said, looking straight into his eyes. "But I won't promise anything."

The man breathed a sigh of relief. "I'll begin at the beginning," he said, standing very tall and straight before her, his somber draperies suggesting an ascetic of older time. "My name is Ashton," he continued, "Walter Ashton."

As he spoke his name, Ethel noticed again the straightening of the shoulders and the slight, proud up-lift of the head. The mannerism classified him beyond all doubt, and Ethel felt her fears vanish little by little.

"We were all alone in the world," resumed Ashton; "my brother and I. Jack is the best fellow that ever lived—I wish you could meet him." He stopped, realizing the incongruity of his remark. "I was his guardian, and a pretty easy time I had with the youngster. A more-upright, manly, decent, sunny-tempered—well — perhaps I am prejudiced; I always did love the boy.

"He entered college as I graduated. A year ago, he gave up his course to marry the sweetest girl you ever saw, just the one that I should have picked out for him had the choosing been left to me. But this must bore you? I always get enthusiastic when I talk about Jack and his affairs."

Ashton glanced solicitously at the girl who was listening with absorbed interest. She was beginning to forget herself in the story that he was telling with straightforward simplicity.

"I am interested," she said, relieving the tension of her position.

Ashton rested his shoulders against the door, and thought for a moment. "My father," he explained, "left me his entire fortune. He was an Englishman, and believed in primogeniture. He directed me to make an allowance to my brother. I often offered to share alike with Jack, but he always refused, saying, 'It wasn't the Gov'nor's wish.'

"Shortly after his marriage, he became imbued with the Canadian belief that making one's own living is imperative, although the allowance that I made him was ample to run his little establishment.

"He went into business with a classmate of his—a man named Verheim. I always detested this man Verheim. He was a half-breed something or other on his father's side, although his mother came of very good family. He was a boulder and a beast!" Ashton's eyes flashed angrily and his fists doubled up until the knuckles showed white with the strain.

"It was then that the trouble began. Jack brought this Verheim—" Ashton spat the name out viciously—"this Verheim home with him. The scoundrel was attracted by Louise. He let himself go, and fell in love with her; that is, if such men ever do fall in love.

"Jack and Louise were such clean-living, clean-thinking, young ones that they never noticed. I lived at the club, and was never asked to Jack's when Verheim was to be there; they knew I couldn't bear him. But you're thinking that we are not nice people—that we are—well—just because that cad——"

"Really not. In fact, I am beginning to like your brother," said Ethel, startled out of a perplexed, distressed revery born of the tragedy in Ashton's narrative.

"The day it happened," Ashton continued in a grave, slow manner, "Jack and I'd had a good, long chat in the afternoon at the club. He asked me to come home with him. I remember walking through the crowded streets in the gathering darkness. It was just before Christmas, and there was a holiday feeling in the air. Jack was full of plans for Louise's happiness; and, as we walked up his steps, he was dilating upon the supreme joy of having some one waiting for you when you come home."

Ethel was fascinated by its possibilities, and yet, dreaded to hear the end of the story. Her heart was beating madly with excitement as Ashton neared its crisis.

"As we entered the hall, we heard some one talking in Jack's study. We stopped a moment, then I recognized Verheim's voice, and then, Louise's; but the words were indistinguishable. I took another step, and heard Verheim ask—well—what

you'd expect a hound like him to ask a woman with whom he fancied himself in love. I looked at Jack, and there was death—grim death—in his eyes.

"We didn't have to wait long for Louise's answer; it came ringing out, just what you'd expect a pure, wholesome girl to answer to an insult.

"Jack crossed the threshold. Louise saw him, and gave a glad little cry of welcome. Verheim had his back to us and was so enraged that he neither heard nor saw. He put both hands on Louise's shoulders, and his fingers crept toward each other with a sinuous motion like a nest of snakes. Then, they gripped her throat.

"Jack took two or three running steps, and struck the brute a blow that laid open his ear as though it had been hit with a cleaver.

"Verheim fell heavily, seemingly stunned. Louise staggered toward the door; I ran to support her. Happening to glance in Verheim's direction, I cried, 'Quick, Jack!'

"He was drawing a pistol from his pocket in a dazed, helpless sort of way. Jack sprang, and grappled with him. There was a short, fierce struggle, a shot—and Jack arose, leaving him lying quite still."

Ashton wiped his brow on which the sweat glistened.

Ethel took a step toward him. "And then you——" she said in a strained whisper.

"Then I ordered Jack out of the house."

"Oh!" gasped Ethel, her eyes wide with the thrill of the story.

"Jack wouldn't leave at first," said Ashton hurriedly, eager to shield his brother from criticism; "but I insisted, telling him to think of Louise. That decided him. He ran across the hall to her. A few moments later I heard the front door slam. Then, I waited—I don't know how long. People came, at last, and found me alone with —— with him."

A long pause followed. Ethel tried to speak, but her voice failed.

Presently, Ashton said: "The rest was very simple; I didn't deny; I didn't affirm. They convicted me on circumstantial evidence.

"Jack came to see me as often as was permitted. We had some stormy scenes. The poor boy suffered more than I did. Final-

ly, he perfected his plans for my escape. He came yesterday, and brought me this disguise—and—that is all. My life is in your hands."

He looked toward the girl anxiously. She was thinking deeply, a saddened expression in her eyes that evidenced an acceptance of her responsibilities.

"You believe me?" queried Ashton.

"Yes, and I—I honor you."

"And you will help me?"

Ethel steadied herself with an effort. "I will do my part," she said finally. "And now," she continued, "what are you going to do? Your brother must bear his burden. You have borne it too long."

"Don't you exonerate Jack?" demanded Ashton in a quick, imperious manner.

"Entirely, and so would any jury."

"You really think so?" he exclaimed.

"Of course, I think so. His action was perfectly justifiable," said Ethel, fired with the enthusiasm of youth's rough justice. "I don't wish to detract from what you did," she continued. "It was a high, fine thing—but, was it necessary?"

"Necessary?" repeated Ashton, vaguely. "It seemed so then."

"Of course it did. Oh, the horror of it all! It must have—it did prevent your thinking clearly. There need have been no danger for either of you."

The light of complete understanding dawned in Ashton's face. "This is what I have missed"—he cried—"the clear perception of some one not connected with the tragedy. You have shown me the light; I don't need to ask you to help me further. I'll go now—and my thanks will ——"

A knock at the door interrupted him. Ethel paled. "Be quiet," she whispered. Then aloud, "Who is it?" "It's the purser. May I speak to you?"

Ethel motioned Ashton to a berth. He shook his head in refusal, but she repeated the gesture imperatively, and, with a shrug of his shoulders he obeyed.

Ethel opened the door a bare inch and stood screening the room from the gaze of her visitor.

"Have you been annoyed by any one, this evening?" asked the purser, a fussy, nervous little man.

"Annoyed? No. If I had been I would have reported it. Why do you ask?"

She tried desperately to keep cool. She

knew that when Ashton had offered to leave her room—practically to give himself up—he had not realized his danger. To-morrow or the next day he would be safe, but if he were re-taken that moment he would, in all probability, be made to pay the penalty for a crime that he had never committed.

"Well, you see," began the official, hesi-

aboard at the last moment. She is not on the passenger list." He stopped and cleared his throat nervously. "Have you seen her?" he asked suddenly.

Ethel felt that a crisis was imminent. She was certain that the purser must have seen the nun enter her room. "Of course I've seen her," she announced calmly. "She is in my stateroom, asleep."



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON //

"Will you save my life?" the man was saying."

tatingly, "we hear a rumor that a dangerous—that is—a suspicious character is at large, and there is always the possibility that he may be on this boat."

Ethel had no remark to offer, and maintained an interested silence.

"We have accounted for all our passengers," explained the purser, "with the exception of a nun who must have come

The purser shot a quick look of suspicion at her—"I must see her," he said importantly.

"I don't quite understand why," said Ethel. "As you say, she came aboard without engaging a room, and feared that she would have difficulty in securing one. Fortunately, I met her on deck and invited her to share mine."

"But you don't know who she is—she might be——"

"I have known her for years," said Ethel, with a well-feigned contempt for his nervousness.

"Oh, that's all right then." The little man breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Miss—and good night."

When Ethel had locked the door and turned toward Ashton he was again on his feet.

"This is too much," he cried. "I can't accept all this—you—you wonderful girl!"

His emotion was the spur that Ethel needed to steady her nerves.

"You've got to accept it," she said crisply. "You are going to the other extreme now. You are belittling a real danger. To-night you're not safe. You won't be until you have communicated with your brother. You must remain in this room until we dock. You asked me to help you, and I did," she ended breathlessly.

After a pause, she raised her eyes to his, a wave of color flooding her face. "You can't leave now, after—after——"

"I understand," said Ashton, his voice hushed in reverence.

The next morning, Ethel walked slowly down the gang-plank. Ashton, his heavy veil shadowing his face, kept step with her. He was thinking earnestly of the girl at his side. A weight of sadness oppressed him. As they neared the parting of their ways, he stopped abruptly.

"I can't bear it," he murmured brokenly. "I can't bear to have you go out of my life like this."

Ethel turned her head quickly to hide the tell-tale light in her eyes.

"The end!" said Ashton with a great bitterness, gazing across the sunlit river that mocked him by its brightness. "The end!"

"Need it be?" breathed Ethel.



I WANT YOU, LITTLE WOMAN

I want you, little woman, when the blue is growing dark,
And the building shadows stretch themselves across
the City Park,
When the sturdy Day is weary and goes away to rest
With his forehead on the bosom of the Evening in
the West.

I want you, little woman, when I wander sadly down
To the sea-wall at the Battery—the Birthplace of the
Town;
Where the white waves and the warships in a dreary
monotone
Murmur: "Where is she, thy Lady, why walk you
here alone?"

I want you, little woman, when the city lamps are lit
And I see a happy couple where we were wont to sit,
And I lock my love within me and I wander home
to sleep
Where a man may play at childhood and the dear
God lets him weep.

—By Frank Butler.



A trunk road near Hamilton. This is typical of what the National Highway would look like as it ran through the older parts of the country. The quiet beauty of the road sheltered by ancient trees and with well cultivated farms on either hand would be in strong contrast to the scenery in the Rockies or through the rough country of New Ontario.

A National Highway

By

Brian Bellasis

Canadians will realize more fully the true proportions of their country and the gigantic works which are planned for its development when they are told that among the latest "dreams" in this connection is a national highway from coast to coast, a roadway which, when completed, will be the longest in the world, covering a distance of 3,900 miles. Truly a marvelous dream. And yet it is one which may be realized, as will be seen by the reader after looking into the facts, figures and maps presented in this article, which sets forth in detail the features of this, the greatest of good roads movements.

“AND now we come to the broad road See! the great road which is the backbone of all Hind. For the most part it is shaded, as here, with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hard—takes the quick traffic. In the days before the rail carriages the Sahibs traveled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts—grain, cotton and timber, *bhoosa*, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here for every few *kos* is a police station. . . . All kinds,

all castes of men move here. Look! *Brahmins* and *chumries*, bankers and tinkers, barbers and *bunnias*, pilgrims and potters—all the world going and coming. It is to me as a river from which I am withdrawn like a log after a flood.

“And truly the Grana Trunk Road is a wonderful spectacle. It runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as exists nowhere else in the world.”

Such is the first glimpse of the Grand Trunk Road of India given by Kipling to the reader of his “*Kim*.” It is but



Compare this photo with the preceding one. This was taken on the new "Soo to Sudbury" trunk road which is now nearing completion. Desolate scenery but with a certain grandeur and a peculiar fascination.

one of several. Built by Sher Shah the great Afghan usurper, it was copied by the Mogul emperors, so that four or five such highways thread India from north to south and east to west, converging at Agra and Delhi, running to Burampur, Golconda, Surat—linking together the scattered centres of an ancient civilization. Perhaps five thousand miles of road in all.

What ancient India has realized, new Canada is beginning to dream. A broad, well-metalled, well-kept road sweeping from sea to sea; a "river of life" through a country more wonderful in her way even than spectacular India.

It is a beautiful dream and worthy of realization for its very beauty. But—we are a practical people and we demand that our dreams shall pay fat dividends if they are to remain with us in our waking hours.

FROM COAST TO COAST.

It may be news to some people that there is an association in existence pledged to the realization of the dream. The Canadian Highways Association has been formed in British Columbia with the avowed object of furthering the scheme for a coast to coast road in every possible way. Although the organization is quite recent its members have already received considerable encouragement not only from the public but in official circles and they are full of confidence that a comparatively short time will see a definite beginning of the work.

The Canadian National Highway would start at Halifax, probably with a branch southward to St. John, and the first thousand miles would be comparatively simple—merely a matter of reconstruction. Through New Brunswick, Quebec, and old Ontario it would follow the existing highways—most of them old stage and post roads, some with a century or more of history at their backs. When, for example, in 1793 Lord Simcoe was hewing out the famous "Governor's Road" from London to Burlington—itself a link in a "National Highway" scheme of the time—there was already a good road in existence from Halifax to Montreal.

This ran by way of Truro, Amherst, Moncton and Campbellton across the provincial boundary to St. Flavie and thence by the south shore of the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec where it crossed the river before continuing to Montreal. This ancient road would probably be perpetuated in the "National Highway" though an alternative would be to take a shorter cross-country route along the new line of the G.T.R.

Toronto would be the end of this first thousand mile stage except for short branching continuations to such places as Windsor, Sarnia and Owen Sound.

From Toronto the highway would strike northward through the Muskoka country to Parry Sound; another two hundred miles of fairly easy going along roads which are at least sketched out already.

From Parry Sound there would be another hundred miles through rough and sparsely settled country to Sudbury, whence to the Soo the highway would follow the new trunk road between these points—an excellent road which should need little more improvement than the old stage roads farther east.

At the Soo the smoothly running dream gets jarred. It is a far cry to Port Arthur overland; a good four hundred miles of rocks and woods—chiefly rocks. The same obstacle which Lord Wolesley and his little army took months to overcome and caused a delay which lost many lives in the wild doings of '85. Heartbreaking country in which to build a road, and country in which, at first glance, it seems that a road would be of no particular use anyway.

There are no thickly populated farming districts for the road to serve; no towns and settlements worth mentioning to be 'inked up with one another. The highway would provide little, apparently but an interesting run through the wilderness for the long distance tourist.

Let us leave it at that for the time being. That the road can be of some service in this hopeless wilderness we can show later on. For the moment allow the highway to get through to Port Arthur.

Beyond Port Arthur there would be three hundred miles more of more or less difficult country with the highway swing-

ing slightly northward in order to skirt Lake of the Woods at Kenora. The easiest and more direct route round the southern end of the lake is barred by the international boundary.

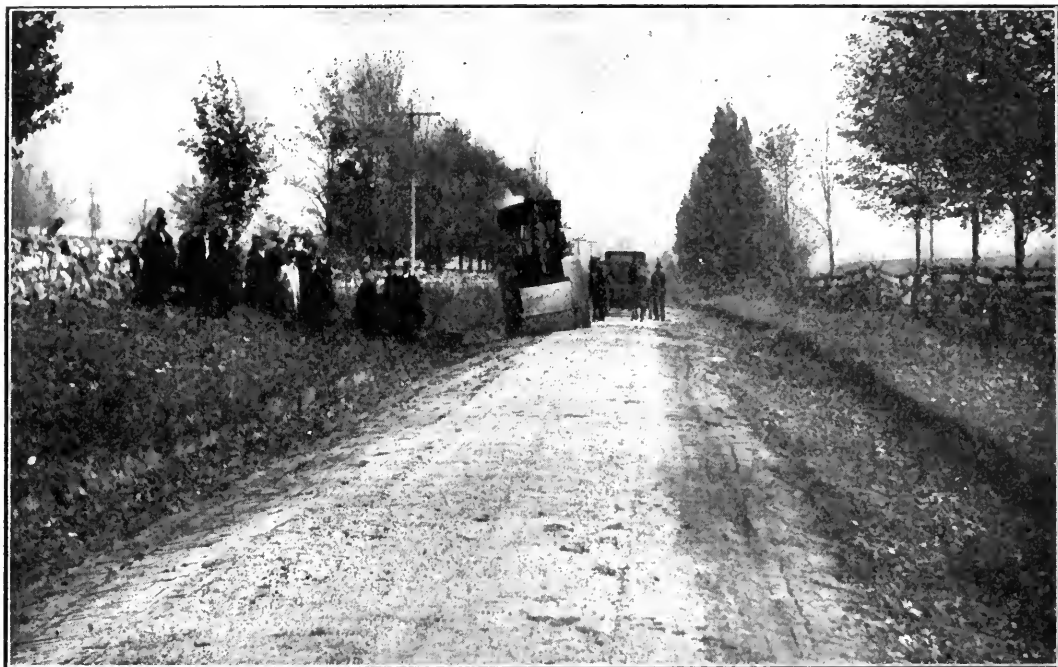
THROUGH PRAIRIES AND MOUNTAINS.

Crossing the prairie provinces is simplicity itself. The road would simply follow the original ruts of the pioneer Red River carts of the 'sixties and 'seventies till it struck the foothills beyond Calgary. No more simplicity then. The Rockies are far more formidable an obstacle even than the Lake Superior region and a road through them must be a very sophisticated piece of engineering indeed.

It is difficult even to say what would be the best point of attack—Crow's Nest, Kicking Horse, or the break in the barrier further north. At present there is a good road from Calgary as far as Banff—a road which was opened to automobiles for the first time during last summer—and possibly it could be continued along the line of the C.P.R.'s magnificent piece of engineering. Once clear of the Selkirks the Highway would soon connect with the excellent road systems which radiate from Kamloops, and the rest of the descent into Vancouver would be comparatively simple along roads for the most part made. Alberni in Vancouver Island is the terminus chosen for the Highway by the Highway Association.



Road-making equipment. There would be machinery such as this installed at regular intervals along the National Highway. British Columbia already possesses \$100,000 worth of the most up-to-date road-making machinery and the other provinces are also well provided.



The National Highway in the making. This shows the last stage of the conversion of an old—and bad—country road into an up-to-date, hard-surfaced highway. There would be a thousand miles of such conversion to carry out in the older provinces.

It is served locally by the finest roads in Canada—the work of the Royal Engineers.

A good deal of light will be shed on the subject next summer when Dr. Percival of New York, will try to win the gold medal offered to the first motorist making a continuous trip from Victoria, B. C. to Winnipeg. Unfortunately—though unavoidably under present conditions—the terms of the offer allow competitors to pass through Washington and Idaho, but whatever route Dr. Percival and the other probable competitors may elect to take, the information gained regarding mountain motor travel in those regions will be extremely valuable.

If any kind of road becomes practicable through any of the Canadian passes it would be one of the finest scenic roads in the world. It would be more beautiful even than the hill roads of India where the Himalayas are so huge, and awe-inspiring as sometimes to be almost repellant, and better by far than the self-conscious beauty of tourist-ridden Switzerland.

An extensive motor tour through part of the Dominion is down upon the Duke

of Connaught's programme for next summer. That means that he will be smothered with dust, covered with mud and jolted into semi-insensibility over some of the worst roads and through some of the loveliest scenery in the Empire. Just consider how different it would be if we could take the King's representative—or the King himself on his proposed visit in three year's time—through the same magnificent scenery, the same wonderful country,—with comfort. It is an axiom that you cannot see a country from a railway carriage; yet outside a railway carriage there is no hope for comfortable travel in present-day Canada.

A MARVELLOUS DREAM.

What a road the completed Highway would be! No other country in the world could show the like. It would pass through some of the richest, most closely cultivated farming country and some of the most savagely beautiful of untamed wildernesses in the world; it would rise and fall over the flower-crested waves of the prairie's motionless ocean; it would curve and pant and struggle upwards through the Rockies till it slid winding

downwards through the orchards to Vancouver.

Four thousand miles of Canada and Canadians! Four thousand miles of the thronging traffic of a nation in the making! A walk from end to end of the Highway would be a liberal education.

To judge of what the realization of this dream would mean in terms of practicality—what the road would cost, on what lines it could be built and maintained, what service it would render, and so on—it is necessary to glance at what already has been and is being done.

The systems employed by the various Provinces in connection with their roads differ considerably. They range from entirely Provincial control in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, to control by variously constituted boards, councils, and committees, and the different manifestations of the primitive principle of Statute Labor.

It would be necessary therefore either to ignore this medley of often conflicting ways and means altogether in the making of the Highway or to reform them and bring them into some degree of harmony. Obviously it would be impossible to have one bit of the Highway constructed by skilled Provincial Government Engineers and the next five hundred miles or so given up to the possibly zealous, but certainly amateur ministrations of a hundred backwoods pathmasters.

Reform is in sight. Towards better things dozens of "Good Roads" Associations and other bodies are working in every part of the Dominion. Their methods vary from pounding at the doors of Provincial Parliament Buildings to wheedling and endeavoring to educate prejudiced, conservative farmers on township councils. Nor are the Provincial Governments standing still. Strenuous efforts are being made to establish and make known certain general principles in connection with road making and to get these principles put into practice in whatever ways are most feasible.

GOOD ROADS PRINCIPLES.

These principles have been formulated by Mr. A. W. McLean, Provincial Highways Engineer for Ontario, in his last report on his Department, and he has shown how, in Ontario at any rate, every

one of them is violated under existing conditions and some of the other provinces make far worse fractures in the principles even than Ontario.

These are the seven basic features common to all good roads systems:—

(1) In no country has a general system of good roads been constructed by municipal effort alone.

(2) Good roads systems have been the result of special effort for first construction.

(3) Good roads systems, after construction, receive careful and systematic maintenance.

(4) Main and local roads are classified and distributed for construction and maintenance; no one local or National authority effectively controls *all* roads.

(5) General systems of good roads receive the supervision of technically trained men and a body of experienced superintendents and workmen.

(6) The cost of main, county and state roads is distributed over the whole population, rural and urban, and is not left as a charge upon the rural districts only.

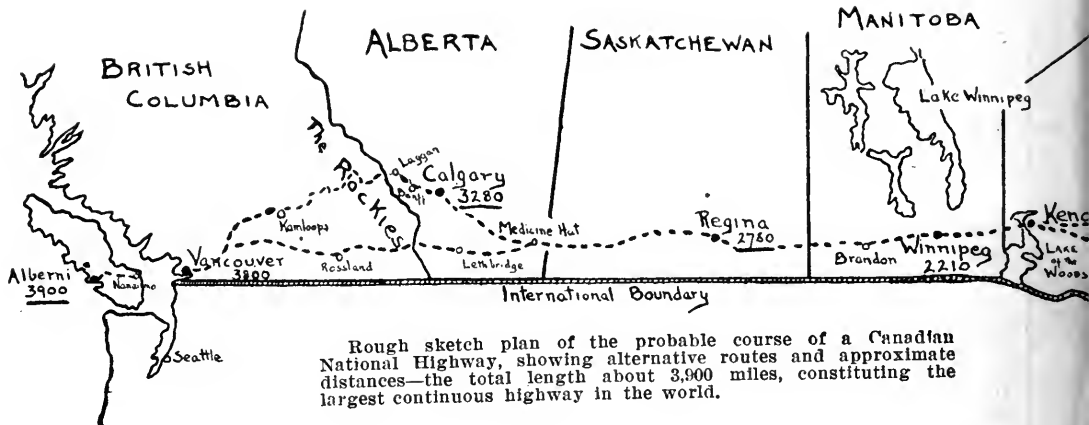
(7) A central intelligence bureau for collecting and distributing information respecting roads . . . is a function of state and national government.

These principles have yet to be established in Canada. The Highways Improvement Act introduces a measure of respect for some of them but—well, at the best there is still too much of a "go as you please" atmosphere about things to be satisfactory.

Once the "Good Roads Movement" gets the basic principles well and truly laid throughout the Dominion, the making of a National Highway will mean little more than an inexpensive extension of work already accomplished.

PRACTICAL WORKING BASIS.

But the great National Highway should, of course, be under one authority—under National control as in the case of the big trunk roads of France. The Dominion could equitably secure control of the road exactly as a man secures control of a company—by obtaining slightly more than a half interest in the concern.



It might work out something like this. The Dominion and the Province would put up the money between them—51 per cent. and 49 per cent. respectively—and in consideration of its extra 2 per cent. the Dominion would have full control of the Highway.

The Provinces, however, would have the actual spending of the money—accounting for their expenditure to the "senior partner." The individuals in charge of the road would be the Provincial Highway Engineers. They would occupy—as far as the Highway was concerned—the same position as the engineers of the French Department of Roads and Bridges who each have a section of one of the big trunk roads to look after.

It would be the duty of each of these engineers to see that the section of the Highway running through his Province was constructed and maintained according to certain standards fixed by the Dominion Government; unvarying standards as far as quality was concerned, but naturally varying in specification according to local circumstances.

Under the Provincial engineers would be sectional engineers and under them again competent superintendents and crews of intelligent laborers each in charge of a fixed mileage of road. At intervals would be proper equipment of machinery at their service — stone-crushers, steam-rollers, graders and so on, which might also be used in the work on the adjacent county and provincial roads, sub-mile. As regards a Trans-Continental Highway, the country to be covered is so

enormous and diverse that even one of the most experienced road engineers of the Dominion confessed himself unable to make a general estimate off-hand. However he ventured to suggest from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per mile and thought that to make an average estimate of \$6,500 would leave a fair margin on the right side to a first call in favor of the Highway.

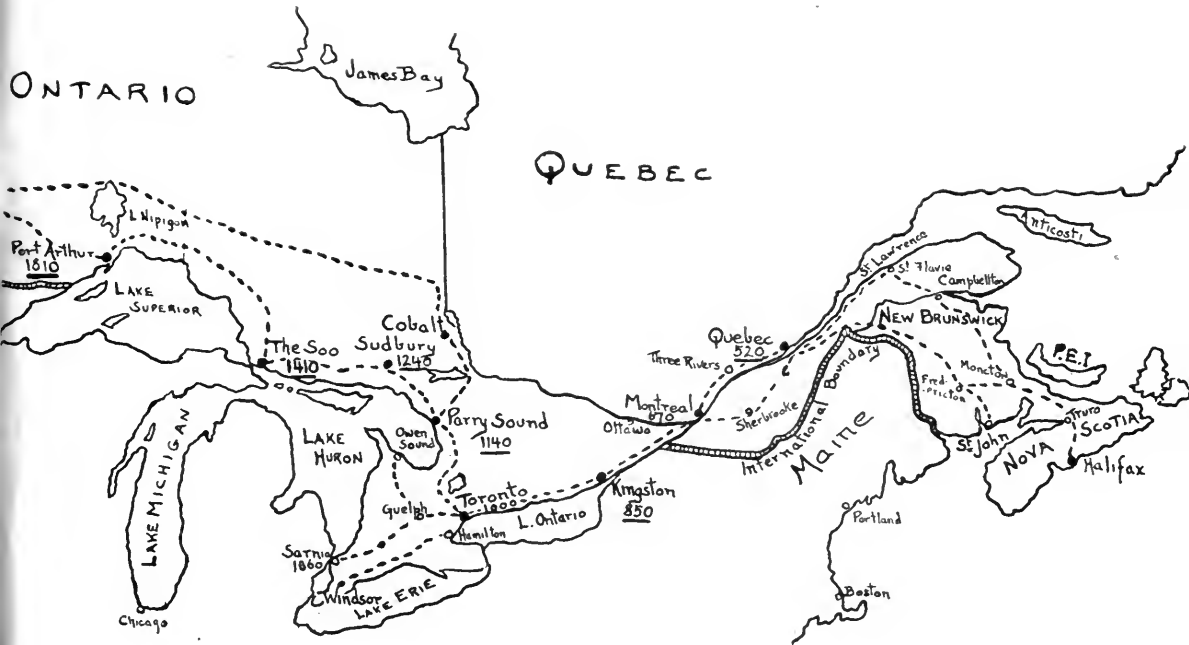
Over all would be a Dominion "Controller of the Highway" who would constantly travel from end to end of the road inspecting the various sections and seeing that the Provincial engineers were duly maintaining the standard. He would be the man finally responsible.

PROBLEM OF FINANCES.

It is as difficult to say what all this would cost as it is to say what it would cost to build a house—it all depends.

At one end of the Highway are four or five hundred miles of expensive mountain work—but this, as has been said, is already begun at any rate, and other sections of it will have to be constructed anyway as part of the natural development of British Columbia; in the middle, north of Lake Superior, is that difficult and costly obstacle already mentioned; and there would be other expensive bits of roadmaking here and there throughout its whole length.

On the other hand there are nearly a thousand miles of cheap road-making through the prairies. And in the older provinces where it would be a question solely of reconstruction and improve-



ment, much of the preliminary expense, survey and the like, would be saved.

The new International Highway from Montreal to New York is to cost \$4,000 a side. That would be \$26,000,000 for 4,000 miles of road—less than \$4.00 per head of Canada's population.

Upkeep usually is reckoned at from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent. of the cost of construction per annum. Take it even as being 10 per cent. and allow a little margin for improvements year by year. The maintenance of the Highway would thus mean a yearly expenditure of \$2,600,000.

Now, much of this has been spent, is being spent, or will be spent in any case—and under present conditions a good half of what is spent will be clean thrown away. British Columbia is preparing to spend \$20,000,000 before 1913. The townships of Ontario will spend—and waste about two-thirds of \$25,000,000 during the next ten years. The other Provinces all show fairly extensive highway appropriations. Therefore, their various shares of a first expenditure of \$12,740,000 and an annual \$1,274,000 should hardly be felt by the Provinces concerned, especially when it is considered that when all the reforms that are in

the air get down to a working basis they will be able to make their road money go at least, twice as far as it does at present.

Of course many difficulties would beset an equitable distribution of the burdens and the benefits. Proportioning the taxation fairly among those near the road and likely to benefit by it and those who might never cast eyes upon it in their lives would be one of them. Then, there might be sections of the Highway in the support of which several of the provinces should share, or some expensive engineering work which would call for a general levy on all the contributions. Still these are difficulties which have arisen and been settled before, and it should not be impossible to find a way out which would keep all the parties concerned in a good temper.

The Dominion's contribution might be made up to a great extent from the direct revenue obtained from automobiles. The writer has no recent figures immediately available, but surely the duties on imported motors and motor accessories would go a good way towards paying the interest on a debt of \$13,260,000, or the annual call for \$1,326,000?

It is just that a good share of all road



In the shadow of the Rockies.

improvements should fall upon motor users—and motorists as a rule are quite willing to carry the heavy end of road taxation. They recognize the paradox that makes the motor both the creator of a demand for good roads and a terrible destroyer of good roads when they are provided. In England the motor car has increased the cost of road up-keep by from 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. It is already suggested that the money from Provincial motor licenses should be devoted to a fund for the maintenance of county roads, and since the National Highway would represent a good portion of the county roads of a Province it would naturally absorb its due share of this. There also might be some system of tolls on automobiles over the more expensive portions of the highway.

TWO GREAT OBSTACLES.

And now to come back to the two great obstacles—the Rockies and the North Shore. As a scenic asset alone the mountain road should be worth constructing—it is a vital part of the much talked of policy of “capitalizing our scenery.” And a mountain road thoughtfully planned with an eye on the future, would be invaluable in opening up much valuable mountain country which would be inaccessible by any other means. It would pay to run short branch roads into the higher valleys, where it would not pay to run short branch lines of rail. British Columbia already possesses the finest roads in Canada and recognizes the exceptional

value that railways have to her as a Province. Probably much of her \$20,000,000 appropriation is destined to find its way mountainward, and no doubt when the highway begins to take practical shape a good portion of the Rocky route will already be in existence. It is insignificant that British Columbia is the home of the Highways Association.

As for the North Shore, apart from the disgrace—and it would be nothing less—of leaving it the one broken link in such a magnificent chain, there are real practical reasons why a road should be run through the “wilderness.”

First of all there is the military point of view. At present our only links between east and west are the waterway of the lakes and the slender thread of the railway—to be a double thread in 1914.

In case of war it would be the easiest thing in the world to break every one of these three. A few sticks of dynamite would effectually dispose of the railways and no system of defence could guard against the suppositious prospectors or other apparently harmless individuals by whom the destruction could be wrought. The waterway might be more difficult to block, but two or three small gunboats could probably do all that was necessary. In winter the ice blocks it anyway.

But a plain old-fashioned road is a good deal more difficult to kill than a railway. Blowing up a few miles of macadam and three or four bridges will not put four hundred miles of road out of commission no matter what sort of country it runs

through. You cannot take a railway train for a forty mile detour through the bush, but you can manage it with a regiment of soldiers. A road along the North Shore would form an east and west means of communication more primitive than the railway, to be sure, but more certain and permanent nevertheless.

Then a road does something to open up the country it runs through, even if it does not do so much as the railway—and there are minerals and game along the North Shore, though the country may not be on a par with the prairies from the farmer's point of view. The reason for the Soo to Sudbury road now under construction would also hold good to a certain extent in this case; the linking up of the short roads at present in existence which do not run east and west, but from such inland settlements as there are down to the lake

An alternative to following the line of the C.P.R. along the north of Lake Superior would be to run the Highway northwards from Parry Sound to North Bay and so on up through Cobalt till it could parallel the new G.T.P. line through the "clay belt." This would be roundabout and expensive, but it might possibly be more practicable as serving both a rich mining country and a great new farming region.

BACK TO "ROAD" MOVEMENT.

It is in its local service to the various sections through which it passes that the Highway would find its chief practical

value. Since the stage coach went out and the train came in we have been too apt to look upon roads as mere necessary evils—means of getting to the railway station and nothing more. But the automobile is restoring to the highway something of its ancient heritage.

In England, Europe and even the United States travel has gone back to the road to an astonishing extent during the last few years, and in Canada, when the farmer becomes more of an automobile user than he is to-day, the short railway journey will become a thing of the past as much as in other countries. This by the way should enable the railway companies to increase and improve their long distance schedules without injuring their revenue to any great degree.

No railway is so short-sighted as to oppose the modern tendency towards road travel. If their short hauls are reduced good roads tend to increase their long distance business. "What they lose on the swings they gain on the roundabouts."

This is so even as regards freight, in the carriage of which the road is recapturing some of its long lost employment. For short town to town hauls and for cross country hauls, that by rail would necessitate several handlings of the goods, the road is beginning to be used most extensively. So enormously has been the return to road travel in all directions that a bill for the construction of no less than seven great trunk roads has been introduced before the American Congress.



Another scene in motoring the Rockies.

Roads are planned, and already exist in part, from Tia Juana in Mexico through California, Oregon and Washington to Vancouver and thence onward right into Alaska; from Montreal through New York and the coastal States to Miami in Florida—with a branch from New York to Portland, Maine, which would connect with the Highway at St. John, from Winnipeg through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas; and there are also half a dozen big east and west routes planned and in progress. The Highway would be a big item in a huge continental system.

All over the world the motor is taking traffic and commerce back to the road. Even in India the crowded glories of the past are returning to the old Mogul Highways—it is thirty years since Kipling's old native officer lamented that now "there are only country carts and such like" on the Grand Trunk road.

GOOD ROADS MISSIONARY.

The sooner Canada yields to the modern tendency the better for her. Last year in Manitoba there were nearly two hundred per cent. more motor-cars than the year before. Given fairly respectable

branch roads as feeders and every section of the great main Highway would be thronged with the motors of farmers and city men travelling from farm to farm and town to town; with heavy motor-trucks piled high with the freight of inter-urban commerce; with road engines and their strings of trucks taking the produce of a syndicate of farmers to market or railway.

Perhaps it is impossible that the great scheme of a National Trunk Highway should be brought down to a practical basis of consideration till the detailed questions of the individual provinces have been satisfactorily settled.

On the other hand if the big scheme went through at once, would not the other matters settle themselves more speedily?

The Highway stretching grandly across province after province would be a standing example in all of them of the perfection to which a road may attain. Surely the lesser roads would be shamed into greater self-respect. What farmer, after a trip along the Highway would rest content to jolt over the old ruts and splash through the immemorial mud-puddles?

As a Good Roads "Missionary" the Highway would soon save wasted money enough to pay for its own making.



An incident in Rocky Mountain motor trip.

Proof of the Pudding

By

O. Henry

SPRING winked a vitreous optic at Editor Westbrook, of the *Minerva Magazine*, and deflected him from his course. He had lunched in his favorite corner of a Broadway hotel, and was returning to his office when his feet became entangled in the lure of the vernal coquette. Which is by way of saying that he turned eastward in Twenty-sixth Street, safely forded the spring freshet of vehicles in Fifth Avenue, and meandered along the walks of budding Madison Square.

The lenient air and the settings of the little park almost formed a pastoral; the color motif was green—the presiding shade at the creation of man and vegetation.

The callow grass between the walks was the color of verdigris, a poisonous green, reminiscent of the horde of derelict humans that had breathed upon the soil during the summer and autumn. The bursting tree buds looked strangely familiar to those who had botanized among the garnishings of the fish course of a forty-cent dinner. The sky above was of that pale aquamarine tint that hall-room poets rhyme with “true” and “Sue” and “coo.” The one natural and frank color visible was the ostensible green of the newly painted benches—a shade between the color of a pickled cucumber and that of a last year’s fast-black cravenette raincoat. But, to the city-bred eye of Editor Westbrook, the landscape appeared a masterpiece.

And now, whether you are of those who rush in, or of the gentle concourse that fears to tread, you must follow in a brief invasion of the editor’s mind.

Editor Westbrook’s spirit was contented and serene. The April number of the

Minerva had sold its entire edition before the tenth day of the month—a newsdealer in Keokuk had written that he could have sold fifty copies more if he had had ’em. The owners of the magazine had raised his (the editor’s) salary; he had just installed in his home a jewel of a recently imported cook who was afraid of policemen; and the morning papers had published in full a speech he had made at a publishers’ banquet. Also there were echoing in his mind the jubilant notes of a splendid song that his charming young wife had sung to him before he left his up-town apartment that morning. She was taking enthusiastic interest in her music of late, practising early and diligently. When he had complimented her on the improvement in her voice she had fairly hugged him for joy at his praise. He felt, too, the benign, tonic medicament of the trained nurse, Spring, tripping softly adown the wards of the convalescent city.

While Editor Westbrook was sauntering between the rows of park benches (already filling with vagrants and the guardians of lawless childhood) he felt his sleeve grasped and held. Suspecting that he was about to be panhandled, he turned a cold and unprofitable face, and saw that his captor was—Dawe—Shackleford Dawe, dingy, almost ragged, the genteel scarcely visible in him through the deeper lines of the shabby.

While the editor is pulling himself out of his surprise, a flashlight biography of Dawe is offered.

He was a fiction writer, and one of Westbrook’s old acquaintances. At one time they might have called each other old

friends. Dawe had some money in those days, and lived in a decent apartment house near Westbrook's. The two families often went to theatres and dinners together. Mrs. Dawe and Mrs. Westbrook became "dearest" friends. Then one day a little tentacle of the octopus, just to amuse itself, ingurgitated Dawe's capital, and he moved to the Gramercy Park neighborhood where one, for a few groats per week, may sit upon one's trunk under eight-branched chandeliers and opposite Carrara marble mantels and watch the mice play upon the floor. Dawe thought to live by writing fiction. Now and then he sold a story. He submitted many to Westbrook. The *Minerva* printed one or two of them; the rest were returned. Westbrook sent a careful and conscientious personal letter with each rejected manuscript, pointing out in detail his reasons for considering it unavailable. Editor Westbrook had his own clear conception of what constituted good fiction. So had Dawe. Mrs. Dawe was mainly concerned about the constituents of the scanty dishes of food that she managed to scrape together. One day Dawe had been spouting to her about the excellencies of certain French writers. At dinner they sat down to a dish that a hungry schoolboy could have encompassed at a gulp. Dawe commented.

"It's Maupassant hash," said Mrs. Dawe. "It may not be art, but I do wish you would do a five-course Marion Crawford serial with an Ella Wheeler Wilcox sonnet for dessert. I'm hungry."

As far as this from success was Shackelford Dawe when he plucked Editor Westbrook's sleeve in Madison Square. That was the first time the editor had seen Dawe in several months.

"Why, Shack, is this you?" said Westbrook, somewhat awkwardly, for the form of his phrase seemed to touch upon the other's changed appearance.

"Sit down for a minute," said Dawe, tugging at his sleeve. "This is my office. I can't come to yours, looking as I do. Oh, sit down—you won't be disgraced. Those half-plucked birds on the other benches will take you for a swell porch-climber. They won't know you are only an editor."

"Smoke, Shack?" said Editor Westbrook, sinking cautiously upon the virulent green bench. He always yielded gracefully when he did yield.

Dawe snapped at the cigar as a kingfisher darts at a sunperch, or a girl pecks at a chocolate cream.

"I have just——" began the editor.

"Oh, I know; don't finish," said Dawe. "Give me a match. You have just ten minutes to spare. How did you manage to get past my office-boy and invade my sanctum? There he goes now, throwing his club at a dog that couldn't read the 'Keep off the Grass' signs."

"How goes the writing?" asked the editor.

"Look at me," said Dawe, "for your answer. Now don't put on that embarrassed, friendly-but-honest look and ask me why I don't get a job as a wine agent or a cabdriver. I'm in the fight to a finish. I know I can write good fiction and I'll force you fellows to admit it yet. I'll make you change the spelling of 'regrets' to 'c-h-e-q-u-e' before I'm done with you."

Editor Westbrook gazed through his nose-glasses with a sweetly sorrowful, omniscient, sympathetic, skeptical expression—the copyrighted expression of the editor beleaguered by the unavailable contributor.

"Have you read the last story I sent you—'The Alarum of the Soul'?" asked Dawe.

"Carefully. I hesitated over that story, Shack, really I did. It had some good points. I was writing you a letter to send with it when it goes back to you. I regret——"

"Never mind the regrets," said Dawe, grimly. "There's neither salve nor sting in 'em any more. What I want to know is *why*. Come, now; out with the good points first."

"The story," said Westbrook, deliberately, after a suppressed sigh, "is written around an almost original plot. Characterization—the best you have done. Construction—almost as good, except for a few weak joints which might be strengthened by a few changes and touches. It was a good story, except——"

"I can write English, can't I?" interrupted Dawe.

"I have always told you," said the editor, "that you had a style."

"Then the trouble is the——"

"Same old thing," said Editor Westbrook. "You work up to your climax like an artist. And then you turn yourself into a photographer. I don't know what form of obstinate madness possesses you, Shack, but that is what you do with everything that you write. No, I will retract the comparison with the photographer. Now and then photography, in spite of its impossible perspective, manages to record a fleeting glimpse of truth. But you spoil every denouement by those flat, drab, obliterating strokes of your brush that I have so often complained of. If you would rise to the literary pinnacle of your dramatic scenes, and paint them in the high colors that art requires, the postman would leave fewer bulky, self-addressed envelopes at your door."

"Oh, fiddles and footlights!" cried Dawe, derisively. "You've got that old sawmill drama kink in your brain yet. When the man with the black mustache kidnaps golden-haired Bessie you are bound to have the mother kneel and raise her hands in the spotlight and say: 'May high heaven witness that I will rest neither night nor day till the heartless villain that has stolen me child feels the weight of a mother's vengeance!'"

Editor Westbrook concealed a smile of impervious complacency.

"I think," said he, "that in real life the woman would express herself in those words or in very similar ones."

"Not in six hundred nights' run anywhere but on the stage," said Dawe hotly. "I'll tell you what she'd say in real life. She'd say: 'What! Bessie led away by a strange man? Good Lord! It's one trouble after another! Get my other hat, I must hurry around to the police-station. Why wasn't somebody looking after her, I'd like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way or I'll never get ready. Not that hat—the brown one with the velvet bows. Bessie must have been crazy; she's usually shy of strangers. Is that too much powder? Lordy! How I'm upset!'"

"That's the way she'd talk," continued Dawe. "People in real life don't fly into heroics and blank verse at emotional crises. They simply can't do it. If they talk at

all on such occasions they draw from the same vocabulary that they use every day, and muddle up their words and ideas a little more, that's all."

"Shack," said Editor Westbrook impressively, "did you ever pick up the mangled and lifeless form of a child from under the fender of a street car, and carry it in your arms and lay it down before the distracted mother? Did you ever do that and listen to the words of grief and despair as they flowed spontaneously from her lips?"

"I never did," said Dawe. "Did you?"

"Well, no," said Editor Westbrook, with a slight frown. "But I can well imagine what she would say."

"So can I," said Dawe.

And now the fitting time had come for Editor Westbrook to play the oracle and silence his opinionated contributor. It was not for an unarrived fictionist to dictate words to be uttered by the heroes and heroines of the *Minerva Magazine*, contrary to the theories of the editor thereof.

"My dear Shack," said he, "if I know anything of life I know that every sudden, deep and tragic emotion in the human heart calls forth an apposite, concordant, conformable and proportionate expression of feeling. How much of this inevitable accord between expression and feeling should be attributed to nature, and how much to the influence of art, it would be difficult to say. The sublimely terrible roar of the lioness that has been deprived of her cubs is dramatically as far above her customary whine and purr as the kingly and transcendent utterances of Lear are above the level of his senile vaporings. But it is also true that all men and women have what may be called a sub-conscious dramatic sense that is awakened by a sufficiently deep and powerful emotion—a sense unconsciously acquired from literature and the stage that prompts them to express those emotions in language befitting their importance and histrionic value."

"And in the name of the seven sacred saddle-blankets of Sagittarius, where did the stage and literature get the stunt?" asked Dawe.

"From life," answered the editor, triumphantly.

The story writer rose from the bench and gesticulated eloquently but dumbly. He was beggared for words with which to formulate adequately his dissent.

On a bench nearby a frowzy loafer opened his red eyes and perceived that his moral support was due a downtrodden brother.

"Punch him one, Jack," he called hoarsely to Dawe. "W'at's he come makin' a noise like a penny arcade for amongst gen'lemen that comes in the Square to set and think?"

Editor Westbrook looked at his watch with an affected show of leisure.

"Tell me," asked Dawe, with truculent anxiety, "what especial faults in 'The Alarum of the Soul' caused you to throw it down?"

"When Gabriel Murray," said Westbrook, "goes to his telephone and is told that his fiancée has been shot by a burglar, he says—I do not recall the exact words, but——"

"I do," said Dawe. "He says: 'Damn Central; she always cuts me off.' (And then to his friend) 'Say, Tommy, does a thirty-two bullet make a big hole? It's kind of hard luck, ain't it? Could you get me a drink from the sideboard, Tommy? No; straight; nothing on the side?'"

"And again," continued the editor, without pausing for argument, "when Berenice opens the letter from her husband informing her that he has fled with the manicure girl, her words are—let me see——"

"She says," interposed the author: "Well, what do you think of that!"

"Absurdly inappropriate words," said Westbrook, "presenting an anti-climax—plunging the story into hopeless bathos. Worse yet; they mirror life falsely. No human being ever uttered banal colloquialisms when confronted by sudden tragedy."

"Wrong," said Dawe, closing his unshaven jaw doggedly. "I say no man or woman ever spouts 'highfalutin' talk when they go up against a real climax. They talk naturally and a little worse."

The editor rose from the bench with his air of indulgence and inside information.

"Say, Westbrook," said Dawe, pinning him by the lapel, "would you have accepted 'The Alarum of the Soul' if you

had believed that the actions and words of the characters were true to life in the parts of the story that we discussed?"

"It is very likely that I would, if I believed that way," said the editor. "But I have explained to you that I do not."

"If I could prove to you that I am right?"

"I'm sorry, Shack, but I'm afraid I haven't time to argue any further just now."

"I don't want to argue," said Dawe. "I want to demonstrate to you from life itself that my view is the correct one."

"How could you do that?" asked Westbrook, in a surprised tone.

"Listen," said the writer, seriously. "I have thought of a way. It is important to me that my theory of true-to-life fiction be recognized as correct by the magazines. I've fought for it for three years, and I'm down to my last dollar, with two months' rent due."

"I have applied the opposite of your theory," said the editor, "in selecting the fiction for the *Minerva Magazine*. The circulation has gone up from ninety thousand to——"

"Four hundred thousand," said Dawe. "Whereas it should have been boosted to a million."

"You said something to me just now about demonstrating your pet theory."

"I will. If you'll give me about half an hour of your time I'll prove to you that I am right. I'll prove it by Louise."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Westbrook. "How?"

"Well, not exactly by her, but *with* her," said Dawe. "Now, you know how devoted and loving Louise has always been. She thinks I'm the only genuine preparation on the market that bears the old doctor's signature. She's been fonder and more faithful than ever, since I've been cast for the neglected genius part."

"Indeed, she is a charming and admirable life companion," agreed the editor. "I remember what inseparable friends she and Mrs. Westbrook once were. We are both lucky chaps, Shack, to have such wives. You must bring Mrs. Dawe up some evening soon, and we'll have one of those informal chafing-dish suppers that we used to enjoy so much."

"Later," said Dawe. "When I get another shirt. And now I'll tell you my

scheme. When I was about to leave home after breakfast—if you can call tea and oatmeal breakfast—Louise told me she was going to visit her aunt in Eighty-ninth Street. She said she would return home at three o'clock. She is always on time to a minute. It is now——”

Dawe glanced toward the editor's watch pocket.

“Twenty-seven minutes to three,” said Westbrook, scanning his time-piece.

“We have just enough time,” said Dawe. “We will go to my flat at once. I will write a note, address it to her and leave it on the table where she will see it as she enters the door. You and I will be in the dining-room concealed by the portieres. In that note I'll say that I have fled from her forever with an affinity who understands the needs of my artistic soul as she never did. When she reads it we will observe her actions and hear her words. Then we will know which theory is the correct one—yours or mine.”

“Oh, never!” exclaimed the editor, shaking his head. “That would be inexcusably cruel. I could not consent to have Mrs. Dawe's feelings played upon in such a manner.”

“Brace up,” said the writer. “I guess I think as much of her as you do. It's for her benefit as well as mine. I've got to get a market for my stories in some way. It won't hurt Louise. She's healthy and sound. Her heart goes as strong as a ninety-eight-cent watch. It'll last for only a minute, and then I'll step out and explain to her. You really owe it to me to give me the chance, Westbrook.”

Editor Westbrook at length yielded, though but half willingly. And in the half of him that consented lurked the vivisectionist that is in all of us. Let him who has not used the scalpel rise and stand in his place. Pity 'tis that there are not enough rabbits and guinea-pigs to go around.

The two experimenters in Art left the Square and hurried eastward and then to the south until they arrived in the Gramercy neighborhood. Within its high iron railings the little park had put on its smart coat of vernal green, and was admiring itself in its fountain mirror. Outside the railings the hollow square of crumbling houses, shells of a bygone gentry, leaned as if in ghostly gossip over

the forgotten doings of the vanished quality. *Sic transit gloria urbis.*

A block or two north of the Park, Dawe steered the editor again eastward, then, after covering a short distance, into a lofty but narrow flathouse burdened with a floridly over-decorated facade. To the fifth story they toiled, and Dawe, panting, pushed his latch-key into the door of one of the front flats.

When the door opened Editor Westbrook saw, with feelings of pity, how meanly and meagerly the rooms were furnished.

“Get a chair, if you can find one,” said Dawe, “while I hunt up pen and ink. Hello, what's this? Here's a note from Louise. She must have left it there when she went out this morning.”

He picked up an envelope that lay on the centre-table and tore it open. He began to read the letter that he drew out of it; and once having begun it aloud he so read it through to the end. These are the words that Editor Westbrook heard:

“DEAR SHACKLEFORD:

“By the time you get this I will be about a hundred miles away and still a-going. I've got a place in the chorus of the Occidental Opera Co., and we start on the road to-day at twelve o'clock. I didn't want to starve to death, and so I decided to make my own living. I'm not coming back. Mrs. Westbrook is going with me. She said she was tired of living with a combination phonograph, iceberg and dictionary, and she's not coming back, either. We've been practising the songs and dances for two months on the quiet. I hope you will be successful, and get along all right. Good-bye. “LOUISE.

Dawe dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling hands, and cried out in a deep, vibrating voice:

“*My God, why hast thou given me this cup to drink? Since she is false, then let Thy Heaven's fairest gifts, faith and love, become the jesting by-words of traitors and fiends!*”

Editor Westbrook's glasses fell to the floor. The fingers of one hand fumbled with a button on his coat as he blurted between his pale lips:

“*Say, Shack, ain't that a hell of a note? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Shack? Ain't it hell, now, Shack—ain't it?*”

Sir Charles Tupper

How He Wielded the Surgeon's Knife in Liverpool Cattle Yards

By

Harris L. Adams

ABOUT twenty years ago, when Sir Charles Tupper was High Commissioner for Canada, in London, and when Canadian cattle were freely admitted to Great Britain, it so happened that a consignment of Canadian cattle was condemned at the landing wharves of Liverpool on the ground that some of the animals were affected with pleuro-pneumonia.

It was in these prosperous by-gone days that many Canadian farmers and drovers shipped their consignments direct to the Old Land. Many stories of good sales and of total losses were told by the country fire-sides. Many a man made thousands of dollars by the returns from his shipload of cattle. Many another man received the news that meant poverty to him. Consequently, the greatest pains were taken to see that the cattle were booked on a good boat with competent feeders in charge. It was customary for the farmers to feed 1,200 to 1,500-pound steers for this market so that the British consumer always got from Canada the best of her beef.

In the ordinary course of events with these precautions a consignee felt perfectly safe, barring shipwrecks.

At the time in question, the agent of the condemned cattle at Liverpool reported by cable to the shipper in Canada that the whole of the shipment would have

to be slaughtered because some of the animals were affected with the dreaded pleuro-pneumonia. The owner at once cabled direct to the High Commissioner, Sir Charles Tupper, for advice on the matter.

Sir Charles was busy in his London office shortly after the opening hours on Thursday, when the cablegram was handed to him by the secretary, Mr. Colmer. The usual course of official procedure was for Sir Charles to instruct Mr. Colmer to write a formal letter to the Under Secretary of State for the Colonies beginning thus: "Sir,—I have the honor to inform you," etc., and request that he place the subject before the august secretary himself, who in turn would pass the matter to the head of the Board of Agriculture. By and by it would percolate through his department on down to Liverpool and back to London, and finally to the office of the High Commissioner for Canada. By this time there would be a tremendous mass of official reports from the Government inspectors at Liverpool, showing clearly the presence of the disease. The final letter to Sir Charles would be most polite; he would be informed with much regret that the evidence of the disease was indisputable and that in future all cattle from Canada must be killed at the ship's side. Fortunately for Canada, this is not what happened. A short glance at the

contents made a decided change in the animation of the room. The High Commissioner, in his characteristic manner, came to a quick decision. Brushing aside the semi-official documents before him he called to his secretary, as he reached for his coat and hat.

"Where are the nearest surgical instrument places, Colmer, and where is the nearest medical book store?"

Upon being informed he brushed out of the office, calling back to Colmer to secure him a compartment on the first train to Liverpool, and on the way to get some books out of the library on the subject and put them in the compartment.

Running across Victoria street, he jumped into a hansom and asked the driver to make post haste to the book store. Upon arrival he rushed in and called for the latest works upon the diseases of cattle. Here from a pile he selected half a dozen authorities, threw down his card, saying: "I want these books on a special case. Have no time to pay for them. Here is my card. Send your bill," and dashed out of the office with flying instructions to the cabby to get him to the instrument makers and thence to the Liverpool train.

He dashed down the platform at Euston Station, weighted down with a big case of surgical instruments under one arm and books under the other. Colmer was in readiness for him, handed him his ticket, and saw him safely into his compartment.

Sir Charles at once dived into the medical works. He studied his case furiously. His long experience as a physician enabled him to master, in a few hours at his disposal, the many symptoms, that the live animal displays both in the early and late stages of the disease, as well as the post-mortem conditions of the lungs, liver and intestines of an affected animal.

By the time he reached Liverpool he had, perhaps, a more sharply defined and a more up-to-date knowledge of pleuro-pneumonia than any other living man, for knowledge that is acquired with an immediate object in view and with intense interest is far more vivid and definite than that acquired by the routine student, who, perhaps, will not be likely to meet a case in his practice during a decade.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER

Arriving at Liverpool, the former Canadian statesman drove immediately to the cattle yards and asked to be shown the condemned cattle that had recently arrived from Canada. He took a hasty survey of all the animals in the enclosure. He next wended his way to the office and asked for the several inspectors who had condemned these cattle.

After a short delay, during which time Sir Charles had reviewed the whole case in his mind, the inspectors were ushered into his room. At once he pitched into his subject with his characteristic vehemence, and put each of the inspectors through a most sharp examination of the subject of pleuro-pneumonia. Almost before they knew it, each one had defined his reason for condemning the Canadian cattle, and assured the High Commissioner that they were, indeed, undoubtedly afflicted with disease and should be slaughtered at once in order to protect the British herds and to save the British consumers from getting diseased meat.

Retiring to the yards, the inspectors were asked to point out the animal which was considered to be afflicted. Each was asked to state what would be found on dissection to be the condition of the lungs, the liver and the other organs of the body, if the case were really one of pleuro-pneumonia.

He pinned each inspector down to the most exact particulars, even to the symptoms and appearance that would be noticeable in the early stages of the disease, as well as in acute and chronic stages.

One of the inspectors told how that the period of incubation of the disease was from three to six weeks, and that the animals must have contracted it on the Canadian side. They would thus show the characteristic symptoms of lung trouble, particularly in the morning after watering. The animals generally ceased rumination.

Another inspector said that the case might be acute and all the disease practically be the result of a contraction of a day or two.

All agreed upon the usual post-mortem symptoms. The lungs would be the surest test for the disease. Of this there were many symptoms; the most convincing was the mottled appearance of the left lung, which was usually affected. Often the reddened globules were surrounded by bright, often orange-colored rings, characteristic of the disease. The lung tissue usually become liver colored. The lungs were also enlarged, often weighing 100 pounds.

The afflicted animals showed certain derangements of the liver also, while a dropsical swelling of the dewlap often accompanied the disease.

After every symptom offered by the inspectors had been thoroughly discussed, Sir Charles called for his surgical instruments, took off his coat and ordered the animal that was condemned, to be brought in and slaughtered. He then rolled up his sleeves and went to work himself to open the carcass and diagnose the case. It was not long before the lungs were exposed to

view. Removing sections of these he presented these bloody fragments under the noses of the half dozen inspectors in succession, demanding to know if they saw in them the conditions they had described.

He then proceeded in like manner to examine the liver, submitting it to each one in turn.

To carry the investigation further he examined the digestive organs for ulcers that are sometimes present in the disease. Nothing, of course, was found to condemn them. The inspectors were all obliged to admit that there was no symptom of a disease in this animal and not even a symptom of the earliest stage of infection.

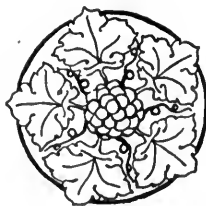
Pulling off his vest in the heat of the work and the demonstration, he called for another animal, which the inspectors said was clearly afflicted with the disease. Unwearied, he performed the same operation as in the first, and forced each inspector to admit the good health of the animal.

He did not stop here, but ordered another animal to be brought in, in order to establish in two or three cases the results of his investigation.

In a few hours the condemnation was raised, but Sir Charles said: "Not yet," and it was not till the sun went down that he desisted and stood before the inspectors covered from head to foot with blood and glory.

Sir Charles left the cattle yard in triumph, and returned to the London office and had the satisfaction to wire back to the Canadian consignee that his cattle were all right.

As for the Liverpool inspectors, they made no more condemnation of Canadian cattle lest, as they said, "that old devil from London should blow down here again."



A Pleasant Afternoon with Mrs. Marsh

By

Augusta Kortecht

SCENE: Bedroom overlooking small private balcony in summer hotel. Mrs. Marsh, dressed in extreme of fashion, stands before the mirror, adjusting a ribbon in her hair, while a French nurse struggles to finish the toilet of a little girl of four.

Not another caramel to-day, Allison. I'm in earnest this time. But it's really your fault, Celeste, if she cries about it. You don't make the least effort to adapt yourself to the child's sensitive temperament. The lightest disagreeable touch on the harmony of her nerves—I wouldn't bite Celeste, precious. Please don't when *mamere* begs you! Why, she couldn't hurt you even if she did bite—a tiny baby like Allie! If you want to be a maid in this country, you will have to get used to worse than that. Suppose you had Percival Jenkins hitch you to his go-cart and drive you by the hair? Well, I can't help it. Americans don't invite foreign immigration, any way, and the President is quite set on stopping it, or it's the other way about and he wants the laws easier to let the Chinese in. Mr. Marsh explained it to me just lately, so I *know*. You ought to have thought that over before you came, unless you are able to bear pain. . . . Now, Allison, please don't! Don't put your mouth anywhere near Celeste. Take a caramel instead. Anything for peace. *Never* insist on speaking French when she's feeling badly. I have told you before, and you should realize by this time that I mean exactly what I say. Only *one* caramel. There, there, don't cry

then. One in each hand, of course. Call them s'ippers, Celeste, if she doesn't like *pantoufles*. Not naughty old *pantoufles*, no. There Celeste, you've gone and spoiled the whole thing again. Saying *s'il vous plait*, of course. Her father told her United States was good enough for him, and, with that touch of malaria, I should think you'd be glad to do anything to please the poor little thing. When I was a little girl I could kick my governess as hard as ever I liked, and everybody stopped in the street to ask whose child I was, but human nature has changed for the worse since then. Nurses don't love babies any more. Their heads are too full of puffs and harem skirts and chauffeurs and joy-rides. Please don't say *chapeau* to her over and over like that. Study her little face and act accordingly. The very sound of French seems to bring out the worst in her nature to-day. Try to speak English. Never mind, you must try it any way. Yes, I did advertise for a *bonne* who knew only French, but I had forgotten for the moment how nasal it was. I couldn't foresee that Allison would have malaria and take a dislike to the sound. This is her bad day, and my afternoon is filled with important matters, so you positively must see that she gets nothing to eat. Simply don't give it to her, that's how. She certainly can't take the caramel box from you by force. Darling, *mamere* has asked you not to bite. But there is no excuse for your screaming, Celeste. They will hear you on the lawn outside. That red spot? It's a mosquito bite, for I remember distinctly seeing it on your hand

last night. Allie *couldn't* if she tried. It's a way she has of playing, and you ought to feel delighted to think she loves you, for she never plays like that with strangers. There were twelve caramels in the top layer half an hour ago and now there are only seven! Two she had, two! Perhaps I did eat one myself, but that leaves— What is that stuck inside her sash? Well, of all the cunning things to do! She hid them! To think of a sense of humor at the age of four! You get the table ready on the balcony, Celeste; yes, bridge, of course; what else is there to do? Unnecessary questions mad-den me. Come, Allie, gave *mamere* the caramels. Look, you put them back in the box with your ownsie-donsie little fin-ners. Baby mustn't eat any more to-day because the nassy doctor— No, Allison, no. In the *box*! When I speak seriously— Well, I can't fight a great girl like you. This is the only decent dress— Hush, Allison, hush! Take the candy! Take the box! Only, don't come to me when you have a pain! The view is lovely from that window. They brought Ned here on a pillow thirty years ago— Yes, Allie, yes. Ned's your daddy. You know he's your daddy, don't you? I always answer her questions, Celeste, as courteously as I would any lady's, because it's the only way to teach her good manners. Yes, I tell you, daddy, daddy, daddy—on a pil-low. Now, shut up! Allison Marsh, I won't have you bite me! That hurts! You are the living image of your father's sister when you grin like that! Take her, Celeste, take her, please! Don't stop to coax! She's only a baby. No, I didn't slap her, and you shall not say I did. It was only that she took me by surprise, and I gave a nervous jump. Carry her down to the lawn, and don't forget her curtsey and her French if anybody speaks to her—anybody nice, I mean. Oh, there's a knock! The first one of those old— Do come in, Miss Mayhew. No, indeed, you're not too early. You brain-women never give much credit to butter-flies like me, but I was hoping you'd come first so we might talk a while of the reali-ties of life. It must be fascinating to write books. Yes, Allison is going out. Say *bon jour* to Miss Mayhew, precious. Miss Mayhew will cry; she doesn't love naughty little girls. Oh, no, I don't think

it could have been hello. A week ago when we came up the mountain Allison positively did not know a single word of English. I was determined she should learn French first, but Celeste has let her play with Percival Jenkins until— No, no, dearie, don't sing "Kelly" now. Why don't you coax her out, Celeste? Do tell me about your latest book, Miss Mayhew. You can't imagine how interested I am in all those artistic things like vivisection and Oriental religions and new thought of every kind. It's a book on the question of suffrage for women? That is precisely the line I mean. Everything is advance-ment nowadays, and whether divorce is really good taste or not, and airships. Do you know the difference between an aero-plane and a biplane? I am ashamed to say I don't, even after Mr. Marsh took me to the meet and showed me exactly. Our other bridge hands are coming over from Eagle Mountain. Mrs. Hamlin Currier— she's separated, but not for good; they're taking each other back in September— and Eva Ellison. She's the younger sis-ter, who went to the masquerade as a little boy in socks, without long stockings over her— By the way, before they come and spoil our nice tete-a-tete—Ned said an aw-fully nice thing about you the other day—Mr. Marsh, yes. He told all the men at the club there was some class to a hotel with a real authoress in it. It means a good deal, coming from Ned, because he's not much on women unless they're ter-ribly young and dressed just right. Now, don't blush. He really admires you or he never would have said it. Good after-noon, Mrs. Currier. How do you do, Miss Ellison? You don't mind passing through the bedroom, do you? We will play on the balcony. Miss Mayhew and I have had the most uplifting little talk about Oriental religions. Mrs. Currier is my partner, and if you don't mind I will sit so I can see my baby on the lawn below. Yes, that is Allison. Oh, I'm glad you think she's pretty. You were noticing her as you came up? No, *not* the one in pink. My own mother always said pure white for girls until— I *do* play the heart convention. I always have. But I didn't hear you double without. I thought *they* doubled. Any way, I led my best dia-mond, and it took the trick. Whenever I hear "pray do" I think of how Allison

says "now I lay me." It's shocking, and of course I never let her breathe such a thing, but sometimes her father sets her off— Oh, but I *beg* your pardon, I didn't say I discarded from weakness. I do discard that way, but I never said you could count on it. I will speak to Allie while I'm dummy. Oh, I'm sorry I stepped on your dress, Miss Mayhew. With that long suit in your hand, I pity my poor partner. Look up, Allison, look up here to *mamere*. I'm going to throw down the box of caramels, Celeste, and you must see that she gives all the other children some. No, no, dearie. One to Percival, like a little lady. Not the one out of your mouth, precious. You mustn't grab it, Percival Jenkins! She is trying her best to give it to you, and you are a great big boy. Do watch, Celeste. Bring her up here, bring her in at once. I'm sorry if I really bumped you, Mrs. Currier, but Allison is hurt— He has bitten her! The young mad dog! Bring her right out to the balcony, Celeste. Get the peroxide and the absorbent cotton. Don't scream, sweetheart, don't cry! Where is the place? Show me at once, Celeste! A bite is the most dangerous— *Please* speak plain English! Oh, it was Percival who got bitten! That's absurd! There wasn't anybody there to bite him. Now carry her to the other end of the balcony and let her choose a fancy cake from the basket where the tea things are. She mustn't break that fan, Celeste. It's Miss Mayhew's. Don't lick the cakes and put them back, Allison. The nice ladies won't love little girls that lick— Another rubber for them? Well, I won't be afraid to play with you after this, Mrs. Currier, though I confess I did tremble when I drew you for a partner. I had heard you were such a splendid player, but now— I said no, Allison, and you remember what that means when *mamere*

is in earnest. Not another cake, because they are for the ladies' tea. See the pretty ladies? Mrs. Currier has a little boy as big as you. Don't lean against Miss Ellison. Her hands aren't really sticky, but just make her go away if she annoys you. That's one thing I am proud of. I don't get my feelings hurt if any one corrects Allie. No, no, you can't have the cards, dear, but you may take the cases and show them to Celeste. The cases— card-cases—not the lady's lorgnette. Please, Miss Ellison, put it out of sight until I get her away. I warn you now, she will break it! She has malaria, and this is her bad day, and the weather is so hot, and she can't have a thing to eat. Do you really *have* to go? I have had a delightful afternoon. Although the game has taken most of our attention, I feel that the in-between moments were full of more serious talk. I should think such relaxation would be excellent for you, Miss Mayhew. Fans? Why, Allison has all three of them! Celeste, you are very careless. No, no, sweetheart. Give the ladies their fans. Take them, please, won't you, while I hold her? She wouldn't *bite* you, Miss Mayhew. It's only a way she has learned to play since we came here. That's yours, Miss Ellison. Don't let her take it again! Now I will lift her up, Mrs. Currier, and you can slip your fan from under her. I'm so glad you really enjoyed it. I never tire of bridge myself. We will have another afternoon very soon. Say *au revoir*, Allie, and curtsy to the ladies. Oh, how Miss Mayhew slammed that door! What a relief to have it over! Celeste, take Allison straight to bed. Kiss your mother before you go. Kiss me, I say! You *shall* be affectionate, whether you are pretty or smart or anything else. Take her, Celeste, take her! Her teeth are sharp as needles, and that's the second time to-day!

Investing for Efficiency in the Office

By

Christopher Hansman

Canadian business men are coming to a realization of the importance of modern office equipment. Commercial competition is such that the highest efficiency in the office is essential to the greatest success in modern enterprises. To this end any appliances or equipment which will produce "the right atmosphere" in the office not to be despised; indeed, they are factors of efficiency which cannot but prove sound business investments. The accompanying article presents some of the latest ideas in this connection.

IT is an old maxim in the business world that it is sometimes wiser to spend a pound than to save a penny. The truth of this maxim can be proved in many ways; in none is its significance more marked than in the matter of office equipment. Modern office appliances are undoubtedly expensive, some machines being alarmingly costly. Many business men, while admitting their effectiveness, hesitate to sink the requisite capital in them. They hang on to the pound, in their effort to save the penny. To them the near-by expense looms up big and menacing; they do not get the future saving in the proper focus and to them it appears small in comparison.

The story is told of a manufacturer who was confronted with what seemed to be an impossible condition; the difference between his manufacturing cost and the selling price was 400 per cent. and yet he was not making money. He had the manufacturing cost system down to a nicety and his selling expenses were not high. He turned his attention to the office. Here his investigations showed him that it cost more to bill, charge and

collect on each device than it cost to advertise it and considerably more than the advertising cost. Here was the leak. He was using an antiquated and laborious system. Calling in an expert he had his whole office system revised. It cost him money to do it, but in the end he saved more in a reduced pay roll than he spent in installing the new system. From that day he made profits instead of deficits.

To save money by spending it is the principle on which to act in equipping the office. By investing a little capital to cut down running expenses, is sound policy. The man who invented the typewriter revolutionized modern business. He enabled one girl to do the work of a dozen penmen. Nobody nowadays would hesitate to invest a considerable sum of money in a typewriter, rather than to attempt to handle correspondence by hand. The economy is too obvious to require elucidation. And yet there have been subsequent inventions at which even the most progressive business men balk.

The whole system of office equipment has been improved of late years until today it would seem as if human ingenuity



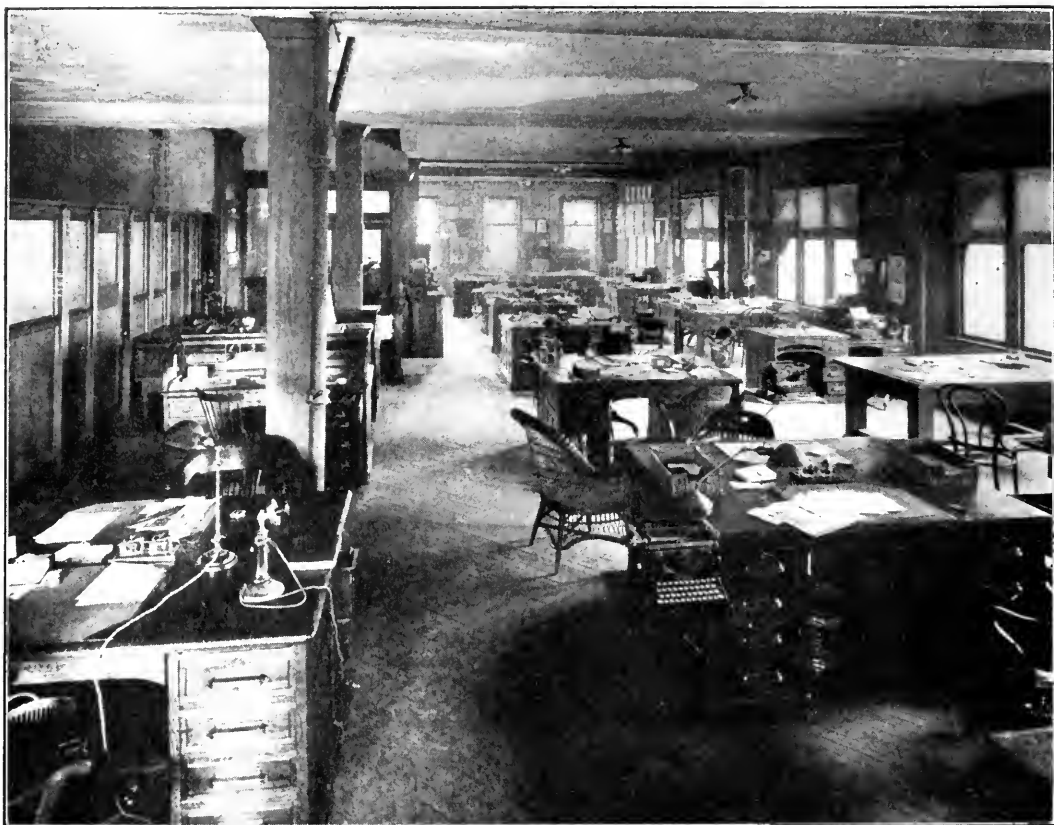
An office with an atmosphere of comfort, attractiveness and efficiency. Note the careful arrangement of the furniture, the roominess, excellent light, aesthetic touch imparted by the plants and general business-like appearance of the whole interior.

could progress no further. The typewriter has been advanced to a wonderful degree of efficiency and to it have been added various devices for special purposes. Adding machines and kindred appliances have relieved the office staff of much wearisome detail work, which always had in it the element of possible mistakes and consequent loss of time. Multiplying machines and duplicating machines have enabled firms to produce printed or typewritten matter in quantity and with celerity. Mechanical appliances for receiving dictation have freed officials from the necessity of having stenographers constantly on hand. The loose leaf system of accounting has reduced the time of the staff by at least fifty per cent. and the improved filing devices have enabled them to cope with the vastly increased flow of correspondence with facility. All this

equipment, tending to increased efficiency in all departments of office work, has been taken up fairly well by many offices in Canada, but there are still a good many which could be benefited by the adoption of some of these time and labor-saving appliances.

IMPORTANCE OF ARRANGEMENT.

It is one thing, however, to purchase up-to-date office equipment; it is quite another to install it so that the greatest degree of efficiency may be secured. The lay-out of the office is an important consideration. Too often a manager thinks that he has done enough when he has the machines and cabinets in his office. Unless he carries his idea of efficiency into the placing of his purchases, he is losing part of their value. These appliances were invented to make a saving in certain operations, but they need to be used in



The dominant feature of this office is the excellent lighting arrangement. For so large an office the effect is notable. The arrangement of the desks and other appliances also makes an attractive appearance and lends a genuine business air to the scene.

the proper way to achieve the best results. Everything should be so arranged as to enable the staff to carry on their work with the least possible waste motion. It would be impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules regarding the lay-out of the office. Conditions will differ from one to another. But it is safe to postulate that the various appliances should be placed with an eye to their accessibility. They should be arranged so that the staff may co-operate fully and be able to carry along the various operations with continuity. If possible too, they should be placed to give the most favorable and impressive appearance to visitors. Having these principles in mind and varying them to fit in with the needs of particular offices, it should be possible to lay out an office in which efficiency will be developed to the highest point.

The equipment must needs be selected to suit the peculiar needs of the business.

Mistakes are frequently made which lead to serious results through the determination of office managers to buy devices without sufficient study of the requirements of the office. One sees places saddled with appliances that might have been useful when installed, but which for some reason or other have become inadequate and are accordingly a source of inefficiency. Unless a manager is thoroughly familiar with the office appliance situation, he should engage the services of an expert when he contemplates changes or additions.

GETTING THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE.

There is such a thing as atmosphere about an office—that which gives a visitor a definite impression of the business which is carried on there. One can recall various offices in Canada, each of which reflects in some degree the character of its undertakings. There is what



A good example of the modern private office. The general arrangement and appearance lend a suggestion of stability and comfort, while the effect cannot be other than impressive. The handsome fireplace, the mantel ornaments, prettily-draped windows, panelled walls, artistic lights and substantial furnishings are all strong points.

may be termed the "cold" office into which one enters with a feeling of mental discomfort. It has an aspect of unfriendliness, the whole arrangement suggesting that the company has little or no interest in you or your concerns. There is the office that "overawes;" it is so very fine and big that it makes you feel small and insignificant. There is the "impertinent" office, that seems to rush right at you and ask unnecessary questions. And there is the "indifferent" office, where everybody keeps at a distance and neglects you until you are just on the point of leaving. All these characteristics are in a sense due to the office staff, who represent in whole or in part the ideas thus set forth. But, as will be explained later, the office staff is really part of the office equipment and should be treated as such, and in the arrangement of the office, the

lay-out of the human machines is almost as important as the placing of the office furniture.

The atmosphere of the office should be made to harmonize as far as is humanly possible with the nature of the business. As no business should give one an impression of decrepitude, it is essential in all businesses that the office equipment—desks, chairs, cabinets, carpets, partitions, etc.—should be up-to-date and clean. Broken-down desks and chairs have no business in a progressive twentieth century office; they give an unfavorable aspect to the ensemble and suggest all sorts of doubts as to the stability of the institution. Again, every office that aims to do business with the public, should provide a welcome for such people as enter it. Not only should this welcome have a human element in it, but the arrange-

ments should be such as to suggest that the visitor was being gladly received. A small reception room or a corner railed off from the general office, with chairs and a table containing a few papers and magazines, are a pleasant reminder to the newcomer that such as he are expected and are provided for. If this attention is accompanied by prompt and courteous service from some employee detailed for the purpose, the impression given the stranger is bound to be good. To the extent of putting the latter into a favorable mood, this service of welcome may be regarded as one of the elements entering into increased efficiency in the business and for this reason should be carefully cultivated.

Some businesses require to establish an atmosphere of privacy, while in others an openness of operation is a necessary objective. In the former class it is a mistake to have the office so arranged as to admit of private conversations being overheard; in the latter it is equally undesirable to impart an idea that things are going on of a secret nature. The arrangement in either case should be such as to convey just the proper idea.

Again the impression of efficiency is invariably imparted to the outsider by seeing in an office all the latest devices for the handling of business. It requires no close student of business methods to know that a firm which adheres to antiquated methods is not making profits commensurate with its capabilities. It is condemned in the eye of the business world as unprogressive and not alive to its possibilities. That this fact will injure it, quite unintentionally it may be, is a fact that cannot be overlooked. A firm must move ahead with the tide of progress or sooner or later be stranded. Attention to office equipment and the provision of modern office machinery is an investment that will not only bring direct returns in increased efficiency, but will help to give that atmosphere of capability and progress to the office, the value of which may be far greater than one would expect.

There are many other directions in which it is possible to direct a visiting business man's attention and, by convincing him of the firm's extent, solidarity, or whatever other feature you like, give him just the desired impression of efficiency.

It may be that the object is to show a rush of business! this result may be achieved by a studied grouping of units, spreading stenographers around and seeing that work is constantly on the move. Or it may be that the object is to convey an idea of magnitude by having high ceilings, long aisles, plenty of desks, etc.; it is possible to do this effectively without a large staff.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT.

In considering all the factors, which enter into the problem of efficiency, the human element requires careful consideration. It is necessarily a variable quantity and for that reason its value in the business equation is constantly subject to change. Each worker has his or her own peculiarities. Temperaments are different and conditions under which one person may work efficiently would reduce the effectiveness of another person materially. Heat and cold, to name but one influence, have a decided bearing on the work of everybody. There are constitutions which are influenced by extremes of temperature and unseasonable warmth or extreme cold will seriously incapacitate them for effort, reducing their output of work. These variations in the individual worker require special investigation, but only so far as they can be improved in a general way, are they economically worth consideration at the present juncture. The vagaries of this or that employee need not necessarily occupy the attention of the manager unless they can be remedied without much time or expense.

But there are general principles which apply to every worker. The great essentials of light and ventilation are universal. Their influence on the efficiency of the office staff is being recognized to-day more than it ever was before, largely because in the pursuit of greater results at less expense, it has been found that the human element requires care and lubricants just as much as a machine. In other words it is being practically realized that the human machine is the finest and most valuable mechanism in the whole office equipment.

PROBLEMS IN LIGHTING.

A bank in an Ontario town found that its clerks were complaining of headache,



Where much correspondence has to be filed, the above arrangement, as found in one of the Government offices in Ottawa, has many points to commend it. The lighting arrangements are particularly good, and the cabinets so arranged as to make access easy. Note the indexing arrangement in the foreground.

which was incapacitating them to a serious extent. The inspector took note of this situation on one of his visits and reported to headquarters. An investigation followed and it was discovered that the trouble was caused by eye-strain, directly attributable to the lighting arrangements. The bank was situated on a corner and had four large windows, amply sufficient to supply plenty of light. But, probably for the benefit of the bank's patrons, the counter behind which the clerks worked was placed to face the windows and the bank staff were compelled to carry on business fronting the light and on the dark side of the apartment. The folly of this arrangement was evident and an order was immediately given to turn the office round, so that the staff could work beside the windows and with the light coming, as it should, over their shoulders. An improvement in the health and efficiency of the clerks was at once noticeable.

A somewhat similar situation was encountered in a large business office in Toronto, where a small army of stenograph-

ers was employed. The office occupied one side of a large office building and had a row of windows facing north. On occupying the office, the managers and officials pre-empted the bright side, dividing the space off into private offices with seven foot partitions. A passage was run down beside the private offices and in the remaining space the stenographers were placed. For several hours at midday there was a good light in the stenographers' enclosure but the rest of the day it was dull, and artificial light was required even in summer. The business was of such a nature that the officials who occupied the private offices were only there for a small portion of each day. One day, one of the heads of the concern was impressed with the possibilities of economizing through a study of efficiency. He came in due time to the typewriter production and made a careful investigation of it. His conclusion was that it would be of more value to the firm to place the stenographic staff where the light was good than to retain the private offices for the spasmodic

use of the officials. By his orders the whole arrangement was turned round and now the stenographers work under more satisfactory conditions, with a considerably increased efficiency.

To reduce eye-strain and resultant headache should be one of the main objects before the office manager, who is making a thorough study of the conditions under which his human machines are working. To realize that a clear head, unoppressed with pain or weariness, is a much more desirable implement than a dull brain, is to concede the necessity for careful arrangement of the office from the lighting standpoint. In all the new offices that are being equipped to-day this factor is being watched. You will find all the new banks paying special attention to lighting, and all the accounting offices of factories or business houses laid out with this object in view. It is another indication of the increasing value which the individual worker holds in the eyes of the employers.

Not infrequently an office manager could materially improve working conditions in his department by the expenditure of a small appropriation in equipping his windows with those patented lights, which concentrate and carry the light far into an otherwise gloomy interior. Such expense would be off-set for one thing by a reduction in his bill for artificial lighting and quite as much by conserving the health of such members of the staff as had previously to labor under the trying conditions hitherto prevailing. This remedy has not been employed to the extent it should be and the possibility of its introduction would be well worth consideration in any office where there are dark interiors. Examples of its use in Canadian offices are to be found here and there, particularly where there are alleys between tall buildings.

Again much careful study has been bestowed on the problem of artificial lighting. If too little sunlight has been a defect of many offices in the past, too much artificial light may prove to be their undoing to-day. There are grave dangers in the glare of the electric light, especially where these lights are not arranged scientifically for the benefit of the worker. Office employees need instruction in the proper way to arrange the lights, under

or beside which they work, and if the lights are movable, they should be shown the correct adjustment so that their eyes will not be harmed.

A Canadian office, recently opened, which through force of circumstances could not command much sunlight, has adopted the new idea of installing fixtures which throw the light up on the ceiling instead of down on the floor. The result is a soft and pleasing illumination which floods all parts of the office. There is no glare and the clerks work in comfort and in an even and non-injurious flow of light. This arrangement is increasing in favor and will probably be adopted in many offices. However, manufacturers of fixtures have been paying more and more attention to the lighting problem from the health and efficiency standpoint, and are in a position to offer advice for special cases.

VENTILATION ALSO ESSENTIAL.

What has been said about proper lighting arrangements as an essential to good work, is quite as true with everything that has to do with the general health of the worker. Preserve a man's health and you naturally render him a more efficient machine. This is a wider subject than may appear on the face of it and it involves more than one would think. Health is a fickle blessing, dependent not only on the body but on the mind. For this reason it is quite as important at the bottom of it to work on a man's mind as it is to protect his body. It may appear a little extreme to contend for pleasant surroundings for the office staff in order to make them healthy, and yet one cannot escape the truth of it. A clean towel in the washroom is as good a tonic for the mind as it is a safeguard for the body. Polished office desks, standing on polished floors, with all the office equipment clean, fresh and bright has as beneficial an influence on the people who work there as on those who come in to do business.

But there is no need to carry the argument past the essentials. The securing of proper ventilation, cleanliness in lavatories and suitable arrangements for disposing of wraps will be recognized as necessary alike for the manager and the office boy. A conviction of the need for

ventilation is a demand for its reform. Because many offices are located in buildings that were built before the days of sanitation and can only be ventilated by the open window, the problem is a serious one. The open windows in zero weather is an impossibility and even it is not a perfect ventilator. Thanks to the progress of science a solution has been found for the difficulty and window ventilators have been invented, which are now to be found in numerous Canadian offices. The remedy is a good one, not only for old buildings but also for such new buildings as have an imperfect system of internal ventilation. Let anyone who hesitates to go to the expense of purchasing a few good window ventilators, study out the question carefully and see if it would not be more economical in the long run to spend the money.

A visitor dropped into the office of a Montreal financier in the dog days of last summer. The financier sat in his shirt sleeves with the perspiration rolling from his face. Outside the private office, the staff were sweltering in the heat. To the visitor, the financier told his woes. He had important work to do, but was incapacitated by the heat and could make no progress. The visitor asked why he did not install a few electric fans. The financier said it would be an unnecessary expense. After asking him a few questions, the visitor was able to show him that he was actually losing hundreds of dollars by economizing on the cost of a few electric fans. It was so simple that

the financier was paralyzed with astonishment. It seemed incredible that one of his ability could be so dense. And yet the same thing is going on all over Canada. Men are economizing on the wrong things. They overlook entirely the substantial savings in efficiency that are bound to result from an investment in such helpful devices as have been mentioned.

BETTER CONDITIONS PREVAIL.

A recognition of an employee's rights in the matter of toilet accommodation is a favorable sign of the times. It is extending into all departments of finance and industry and one will find the big factory providing its army of workpeople with clean and adequate facilities, just as the bank or business office is caring for its staff. The problem is being studied out carefully here also. For instance, advocates of tissue towels are presenting the sanitary claims of an article which can be used once and then destroyed, instead of relying on the indiscriminate use of ordinary towels. Pure drinking water and sanitary drinking devices are finding their way into many offices and are being provided by the management solely for the health of the staff. And steel lockers with individual accommodation for the wraps of each employee are replacing the old-time hooks, bringing all the office equipment into harmony, safeguarding the property of the staff and reducing the fire risk at the same time.



The Treasure Tree

By

Eleanor Mercein Kelly

A YOUNG man and a dogged mare plodded along in the teeth of the storm, their heads hanging wearily. Rain pelted into their faces like hail, branches lashed out at them viciously, nearby sounded the booming menace of surf on a shore. "May in Virginia—what a welcome!" shivered the man. "Hope the beast knows the road."

A lantern in a nearby field attracted their attention, so that both failed to notice a deep puddle in the road just in front of them. When the young man recovered his shaken wits, he found himself seated in the puddle, quite alone. The mare had plodded doggedly on without him.

"The perfidy of her sex," he murmured, crawling out of the puddle with a philosophic grin. He called aloud to the lantern in the field, but his voice made no impression on the roar of the storm. Wondering what fool had chosen to wander about with a lantern on such a night, he swung himself over a fence and approached. A strange picture met his gaze. A bent and white-haired man was digging very feebly at the roots of a tree, aided by a decrepit hound that scrabbled importantly beside him. The lantern was held by a girl, exquisitely young and slender, who struggled with the wind to keep an umbrella upright over the old man's head. She was pleading with him as the stranger approached.

"That's enough for to-night, dear. You're so tired. You'll be ill. And see how poor Silver is shivering! There's plenty of time."

"Plenty of time?" panted the old man. "Why, there are only three more nights. And so many trees left! What are you

thinking of? I can't stop. I don't dare."

The girl gave up her struggle with the umbrella, and took the spade out of his hands. "Then let me dig awhile." Her voice was tender as a young mother's. "Yes, yes, I'm quite strong enough—though not as strong as you are, of course. I always do finish the holes. Don't you remember?"

The old hound suddenly sniffed the air, and bristled. "Beg pardon"—the stranger spoke behind them. "Will you tell me where I am? My horse has deserted, and I—" He stopped with some abruptness. He was gazing into the muzzle of a pistol.

"Another spy!" muttered the old man. "Look the other way, Rose. I've got to put an end to this."

The stranger heard his own heart beat. "Oh, I wouldn't be hasty, dear," said the girl easily. "Perhaps he isn't a spy, and, any way, would it be hospitable to shoot a man on our own grounds—a dreadful night like this too?"

The pistol wavered. The stranger breathed more evenly. "Perhaps you're right," hesitated the old man. "But if he saw what I was doing— Sir, will you give me your word of honor as a gentleman that you did not see what I was doing?"

The girl behind him made a motion suggesting assent, but the stranger ignored her. "Can't do that," he said, with a faint sneer. "In the first place, I'm not 'a gentleman,' and in the second place, I did see what you were doing. You're a geologist, I suppose, pursuing investigations."

The girl looked at him gratefully. "Exactly. A geologist!" chuckled the old

man, nudging her. "A geologist, of course. Dear, dear, and here I am keeping a guest standing in the rain. I ask your pardon. . . . Rose, my love, run ahead of us to the house and prepare a julep. Or shall it be a hot toddy? My dear sir"—he made a magnificent gesture—"permit me to offer you the hospitality of Roselands for as long as you care to honor us."

The other gave an impatient shrug. "All I'll trouble you for is the direction of Mrs. O'Rourke's place," he said coldly.

The other's manner changed slightly. "Mrs. O'Rourke's? Ah, indeed! An excellent woman, not at all to blame for her son's treachery. The family has been in our employ for several generations, and I dare say they have prospered. However, Mrs. O'Rourke can hardly compete with Roselands in hospitality, sir. I must insist that you go no farther to-night."

Without a word, the stranger turned on his heel and walked away. After a few steps, something impelled him to look back. The old man was sitting on the ground, with the hound anxiously licking his face and whimpering. He made several futile efforts to rise. The stranger hesitated. The girl was already out of hearing in the storm. With a shrug of impatience, he went back.

"It's those legs again, Rosebud." The old man peered up at him apologetically. "I didn't mean to sit down in the mud. Tell me—I was I talking to somebody just now? A—a young man? Or was it just myself again?"

The stranger picked the old man up in his arms, and he settled back against the broad chest with the sigh of a weary child. The old hound curvetted stiffly about, in anxious haste to reach shelter. Moving carefully with his burden, the young man followed the dog. Soon the tall, dark pile of a house loomed before him, light streaming from its open doorway. He hesitated a moment on the wide threshold. "Welcome to Roselands," he whispered to himself, and entered.

The girl ran to them with a cry of fright. "Just needs his toddy," the man told her gruffly. "Better let him get into bed." His eyes followed her with a curious expression as she led the old man away. "Didn't expect him to be so feeble," he said to himself.

When the girl returned, she found the visitor deep in study of a portrait set into the wainscot above the great fireplace. "Who's this?" he demanded.

"Lady Rose Llewellyn, for whom the house was built," she answered.

He went on studying the face, with its pure oval delicacy, the lift of the chin, the languid, smiling eyes with a glint in their depths that hinted at something more than languor. From the portrait, he glanced to the girl. "What a resemblance!" he said under his breath. And then aloud, "Doesn't look as though poverty would agree with her very well. A 'perfect lady,' isn't she? I wonder why anything so useless should look so proud."

The girl flushed a little. "I shouldn't call her altogether useless," she remarked. "For one thing, she presented her husband with thirteen children, and raised them all to maturity."

"Is it for sale?" asked the stranger abruptly.

"The portrait?" Rose Llewellyn raised her eyebrows. "Not any longer. Rose-lands has been practically sold. The new owner comes in three days to complete negotiations. The portrait goes with the house, of course."

He turned and stared at her. "Goes with the house? What do you mean? Don't you know this Lely is worth a lot of money? The new owner certainly won't consider it part of the house!"

"No?" she said indifferently. "We do however—just like the wainscot or the stair-rail. It's always been here. But that isn't business!"

"Good Lord! But that isn't business!"

Llewellyns are not tradespeople," she said, and led him up the wide, echoing stairway to a room that was furnished chiefly by a monumental four-post bed. "Good-night. You were very kind to my uncle," she added. "At night he is not quite—himself. In the morning he will be better able to thank you."

But in the morning she found the guest-room empty. The four-post bed had not been slept in.

"Rosebud," quavered a feeble voice as the girl tiptoed through the hall, "did I get many holes dug last night? I can't remember."

"Four, Uncle," she lied cheerfully.

"Only four? And so little time left! I must hurry, hurry. But I get so tired nowadays. What if I should be too tired to finish 'em in time?"

"Then I'll do it myself. Don't worry, dear! Go to sleep now, and you'll feel as fresh as a boy to-night."

"Will I?" he said wistfully. "Where are you going, Rose—not far away?"

"No, indeed. Never far away. Just down into the garden to read awhile."

He wagged a warning finger at her. "Reading again! Take care or you'll grow up a worthless old dreamer, like the rest of us."

"You a worthless old dreamer? What nonsense!" She hid some letters in her blouse and went in to him. "This is one of your discouraged days, isn't it? Why, Uncle, think of all your wonderful inventions—the baby-washing machine, the folding trunk, the tooth-brush with a comb handle! Worthless, indeed! Why, some day those patents are going to make us rich!"

His pleased smile quivered into a sigh. "If they'd only sell, Rosebud! Somehow, nobody seems to need 'em. I wonder—I wonder if it wouldn't have been better if I'd just stuck to farming!"

"A man of your talents farming! Pooh! Just wait till we get to Washington—there they'll appreciate you. Scientific societies asking you to make speeches, all your old friends crowding to see you. Just you wait!"

"Perhaps"—his voice sounded a little frightened—"perhaps I've been counting too much on my old friends. They might have forgotten me. They might all be dead."

"Then we'll make new ones," said the girl stoutly. "Look at me, dear. Don't you think people are going to notice me?" She preened herself prettily before him, blushing.

But he would not be comforted. "You're not what she was, no, not what she was. My girl Elizabeth—ah, there was a beauty for you! She could have had her choice of fortunes, she could have made us what we used to be. And what did she choose? To defy me, to disgrace me, to drag my name in the dust." His face was working with the tearless grief of age.

The girl took his hands firmly in hers. "Never mind, Cousin Betty now. Look at me! You know I'm a beauty, too; you know I'll make our fortunes yet. Trust me. I won't fail you."

Her touch quieted him. "No, you won't fail me. A city's the place for you, my dear. You've wasted here. Yes! He warmed to his theme. "There'll be mobs of gallants besieging our doors, following you along the street. Artists painting you, poets writing you sonnets, Astors and Vanderbilts at your feet. What, mere millionaires like that? Why, dukes shall hear about the new beauty, and princes—"

"No, no," laughed the girl. Let's keep to mere millionaires!"

"And presently, when I'm lying out there in the garden with the rest"—his face was rapt—"I'll hear children romping around the place again—boys, mind! Whooping through the halls, sliding down the bannisters. . . . But how can they?" he said blankly. "Roselands will be gone!"

"No, it won't," she whispered. "We'll find the Treasure Tree—we'll save Roselands for them somehow. We must!" and, kissing his hair, she ran away, pretending to sing.

The old man strained his ear to catch the last vanishing echo of her voice. Then he got to his feet and began a slow progress from room to room, touching everything that he passed, lingeringly, as one touches the hands of dead friends in farewell.

At the foot of the Roselands garden there is a tree that grows almost horizontally out over the water, known to the countryside as the Courting Oak. Along its broad trunk Rose made her way to the farthest branch, too absorbed in her thoughts to notice a solitary fisherman in a boat nearby, all unconscious of keen eyes that were watching her, nothing the grace of her swaying figure, the wistful loveliness of her face, even the shabbiness of her little patched slippers. She seated herself facing the garden where her ancestors lay, their dust inextricably mingled with the soil they loved. She had a fancy that their spirits lived in the crepe-myrtle, the lilacs, the roses, that blossomed above them. Every shrub, every flower, seemed to her a Llewellyn. The mocking-bird that sang there at his

courting—he was a Llewellyn, too, the descendant of a thousand others who had made the garden musical in past summers, the progenitor of a thousand yet to come. “I belong here with the rest,” she whispered. “Things can’t be going to change, they *can’t!* It’s all a dreadful dream.”

With a heavy sigh she got out her letters and began to read them very carefully, one by one, studying and comparing them. Several of them contained photographs. Some were typewritten under business heads, some laboriously inscribed on ruled and scented paper, some carelessly scrawled in pencil. Occasionally as she read she flushed and bit her lip, and once she broke into a hysterical little giggle.

Suddenly oars splashed just beneath her. She started so violently that some of the letters uttered from her hands. “Oh, get them—quick, quick!” she cried anxiously.

“I have them all,” replied a quiet voice; and she looked down into the eyes of the stranger.

“I’ve been wondering about you,” she said involuntarily. “Why did you go away without telling us good-bye? You’re not very polite!”

“I told you I wasn’t a gentleman.” He glanced at the letters he handed her. “Your correspondence seems to be large and valuable.”

“It is,” she said demurely. “I wouldn’t lose one of these letters for anything in the world. If you only knew what they are!”

“What are they?”

She glanced at him in some surprise. It was a square-jawed face, with keen, shrewd eyes and a rather fine mouth marred by a perceptible sneer. “Are you married?” she asked suddenly.

“No.”

“But I’m going to be very soon,” he added.

“Then I’m going to confide in you,” she said. “I *must* confide in somebody. Those letters are proposals of marriage!”

“What! All of them?”

“All ten of them. Oh, I’m going off like a hot cake!”

“I should have thought,” he commented, “that you were too young and too protected here to know so many men.”

“That’s just the fun of it!” she cried. “I don’t know one of them.”

He did not join in her laughter.

“Unfortunately,” she added, “none of the applicants so far seem to be quite gentlemen, and I was particular about that. See!” She produced a clipping from a New York paper and read it aloud:

FOR SALE.—A young lady, nineteen years old, with beauty, birth, and breeding, well educated, able to sew and cook, though she doesn’t like to. Applicant for matrimony must have \$15,000 in ready cash. Write at once, stating age, income, and color of eyes. Only gentlemen need apply. Address R., Hobbs’ Wharf, Gloucester County, Va.

“Isn’t that clear and practical?” she demanded. “And you insinuated that we Llewellyns were not businesslike!”

“Yes,” he admitted quietly; “I mistook you for a lady.”

His tone sobered her. “I really don’t know why I should,” she said, with a lift to the chin. “It explains itself, doesn’t it? My uncle means to take me to Washington to make a suitable marriage, and it occurred to me New York might be the better market. That’s all. I thought if I could manage it in time to save Roselands, so much the better.”

“So you love your uncle well enough to sell yourself for him—is that it?” he asked slowly. “Do you think he’s worth it?”

“It isn’t Uncle at all,” she explained, “though I do love him dearly. He’s always been so good to me—adopted me, and educated me, and made me his heir, though I am really only the child of a distant cousin. It’s Roselands—don’t you understand? We Virginians look upon our old places as I suppose princes look upon their principalities. They don’t belong to us. They belong to the future, to the past. We hold them in trust for the coming generations. And of course—there must be coming generations. Do you see?”

“I see,” he said. “Isn’t there any other way you can get the necessary money?”

“There’s nothing else left to sell.” Her brows knit anxiously. “In spite of all I could do, we’ve got into debt, somehow. Uncle is always so generous to his friends, and his inventions cost a good deal. His

daughter was expensive, too. Beauties are you know. I suppose you've heard of the famous Elizabeth Llewellyn, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said. "She was the one who disgraced the family—ran away with a criminal, or a lunatic, or something of that sort?"

The girl flushed hotly. "Certainly not! I believe O'Rourke was quite honest and sane. But—I suppose outsiders find it difficult to understand—he was my uncle's overseer. In Virginia there is an insurmountable barrier between a Llewellyn and his overseer."

"It did not seem to be insurmountable," murmured the man. "But you are right. I do not understand. To me, it seems less disgraceful for a woman to marry the man she wants, than for a man—a 'gentleman'—to let a woman sell herself to support him."

She went white to the lips. "You are insolent! Do you suppose my uncle has any idea what I am doing? Naturally, he expects me to make a suitable marriage. The women of my family usually do."

"Look here." The man stood up in the boat to bring his eyes on a level with hers; and she was suddenly aware of a compelling force about him that frightened her. "You think you're doing a noble deed, don't you? Sacrificing yourself for the honor of the house, and all that. Well, you're not. You're doing something low and common, something that's done every day. You're cheating! Have you considered the man's side of it? A fellow who's willing to pay fifteen thousand dollars for a woman"—his lips twitched a little—"has a right to expect something more 'han 'beauty, birth and breeding—"

"And cooking and sewing?" she added in a small voice.

"Yes, and thirteen children to boot," he said brutally. "He has a right to expect something that you can give—not sell, but *give*. Not all women have it, but you have. Wait!" His voice was stern. "Never offer yourself to a man again, Miss Llewellyn—until you can offer that, too. Give me those letters."

She obeyed him without question. He tore them into a hundred pieces, and scattered them on the outgoing tide. "Now promise me you will do the same with any

other answers to that — advertisement. Promise!"

She promised faintly.

His face softened a little. "And you needn't be so afraid of poverty. It's not so bad. I know what I'm talking about. Any way, something may turn up in time. You may not have to leave Roselands at all."

"Oh!" she clasped her hands. "You mean the buried treasure? You—you believe in that?"

"Do you?" he asked.

"I—I try not to; but you know the Indians *did* see pirates burying a chest here years ago. The old slaves used to talk about a Treasure Tree when Uncle was a boy. All his life he's been hunting for it, off and on. His latest scheme is to dig around every tree in Roselands till he finds the right one. Lately he's grown a little childish—imagines that people are spying on us to rob us when we find it. That's why we dig at night. . . . Oh, you're laughing at him!" Her voice broke. "What if it is folly? It comforts him so to dream things! You don't know what the loss of Roselands means to him. You don't know what the homesickness will be."

"Yes, I do," said the other quietly. "You Llewellyns take deep root. Once I watched a woman die of homesickness. The doctor called it another name, but I knew. She used to lie there in a hot little city room, talking about the great cool house, and the garden with tombs in it, and the smell of the sea, and the Court-ing Oak where she used to meet her lover—you'd suppose it was Heaven. . . . At last my father swallowed his pride and wrote to ask if she might go back to get well. She died waiting for the answer. . . . Then I swore, child that I was, to go back some day to that home of my mother's and turn out the man who had turned her out. I worked hard—with my hands, Miss Llewellyn, not like gentlemen work. I saved my money, a dollar at a time. I got hold of some notes, then a mortgage; I put on the screws—"

"Oh!" She interrupted him, her eyes like stars. "You are—"

"The son of O'Rourke," he said.

He had rowed quite far away when she

called after him softly, "How glad he will be, how glad!"

"Glad? Who?"

"Why, Uncle—your grandfather! To think that one dream of his will come true, that when we are gone there'll still be Llewellyns at Roselands! Boys whooping through the halls, sliding down the banisters. What if they are called O'Rourke? They'll be Llewellyns. . . . Oh, you must marry soon, soon, won't you? He's so old!"

He gazed at her. Gradually the last remnant of the sneer died out of his face. "I can't," he said. "I'm sorry. I said I'd marry a Llewellyn myself, just to shame you all, just to show you that an O'Rourke was good enough for anybody. I suppose I could do it yet—I've got the fifteen thousand dollars. But"—his voice shook a little—"I was mistaken. An O'Rourke isn't good enough for you. Nobody is."

That night the Roselands garden was afloat in a mist of moonlight. "Isn't it pretty down here?" said the old man wistfully. "It's mighty long since I've been to the Courting Oak, mighty long."

"You have," said the girl, "plenty of time."

"With that fellow coming to-morrow? No, no—what are you thinking of? Besides, if I sit down, my legs won't let me get up again. I know 'em," he said cunningly. "They're just watching for a chance to go back on me. But I'll fool 'em! Won't give 'em a chance."

"We're almost done now. This is the last tree. Shall I begin?"

"I'm afraid," he whispered. "The last tree! What if there's nothing here? . . . But I've kept at it, haven't I? Nobody can say I haven't stuck to this! Kept right at it—"

"Old Silver's not afraid to begin," Rose said lightly. "Look at him." The hound was snuffing and scrabbling at the roots of the Courting Oak. "Why," exclaimed the girl suddenly, "it looks as though the ground here had been recently disturbed!"

"Spies," muttered the old man. "Ha, the villains! At 'em, Silver. Get 'em, boy."

Thus encouraged, the old hound began to dig in earnest, tossing up the earth gallantly, whining with excitement. Rose,

rather curious, took a pick and helped him. Suddenly it struck wood. "A root, of course," she said. But a few more strokes laid bare the corner of a wooden box. Frantic with haste, the old man got it open. It was filled with bank-notes and gold pieces.

He sat down suddenly. "Elizabeth," he said in a clear voice, "you won't have to marry a fortune now, daughter. Take young O'Rourke if you want him."

The girl's frightened cry brought a young man running along the beach. "Rose, what's the matter?" he called as he ran. "I'm coming!"

"It's Uncle," she whispered. "He spoke so queerly just now—and look at him!"

The old man had settled limply against a tree, his head fallen forward on his breast. They bent over him anxiously. Then O'Rourke laughed out with relief. "Why, he's asleep, that's all. He's worn out, poor old chap! Don't wake him."

A silence fell between them that was hard to break. The man spoke first, with an attempt at lightness. "I see you found the Treasure Tree."

Yes. Her lips quivered. Brand new money, in a brand new pine soap-box. . . . Oh, how *could* you think we'd take it?"

"You'll have to," he said. "The old gentleman will never notice anything wrong, and you won't have the heart to tell him. After all, he's my grandfather, not yours."

"And is this your revenge on him?"

He flushed. "No. Somehow you took the taste out of revenge."

"You've given up Roselands?"

He nodded. "Haven't got enough money left to buy it."

"Then," she said, "you're not a very rich man?"

He shook his head ruefully. "Not even that."

"It doesn't matter"—her quivering smile made him catch his breath. "I—I seem to be always offering myself, don't I? B-but I shan't have to marry a rich man now, because—"

"Rose!" He took a step toward her.

"Rose—what do you mean?"

"Because," she finished bravely, "you are going to stay here and take care of Roselands for me—aren't you?"

Fireplaces

By

John Holt

"A house without a fireplace is a house without a soul. On the hearth, the family altar, is the origin of all we ever have accomplished. History glows between the bars. The crackling logs gossip of a thousand kindly traditions. In the ingle dwell the benevolent gods of the household with the little chirping cricket as their herald." Such is the plea of the writer of this article for "a corner for the open fireplace." Incidentally, fireplaces, ancient and modern, with all their varying traditions and styles, are treated in a most interesting and fascinating manner.

GUARDED more carefully even than the round-eyed babies that nodded among the cooking-pots on the pack-animals was the little pot of glowing coals. At the next halting place the urchins of the tribe would gather dry sticks, what time their mothers made a hearth of clay and stones. Anxiously and with due solemnity, the fire-pot was emptied, the coals blown into crackling life, and soon a dozen little cooking fires twinkled about the camping ground.

In the little fire-pot was the soul of the camp. Therein lay cooked meat, cheeriness and comfort. No wonder that it was a sacred object tended by the most trustworthy of the young men. No wonder that the Hearth, abiding place of the worshipful element, was also the tribal altar.

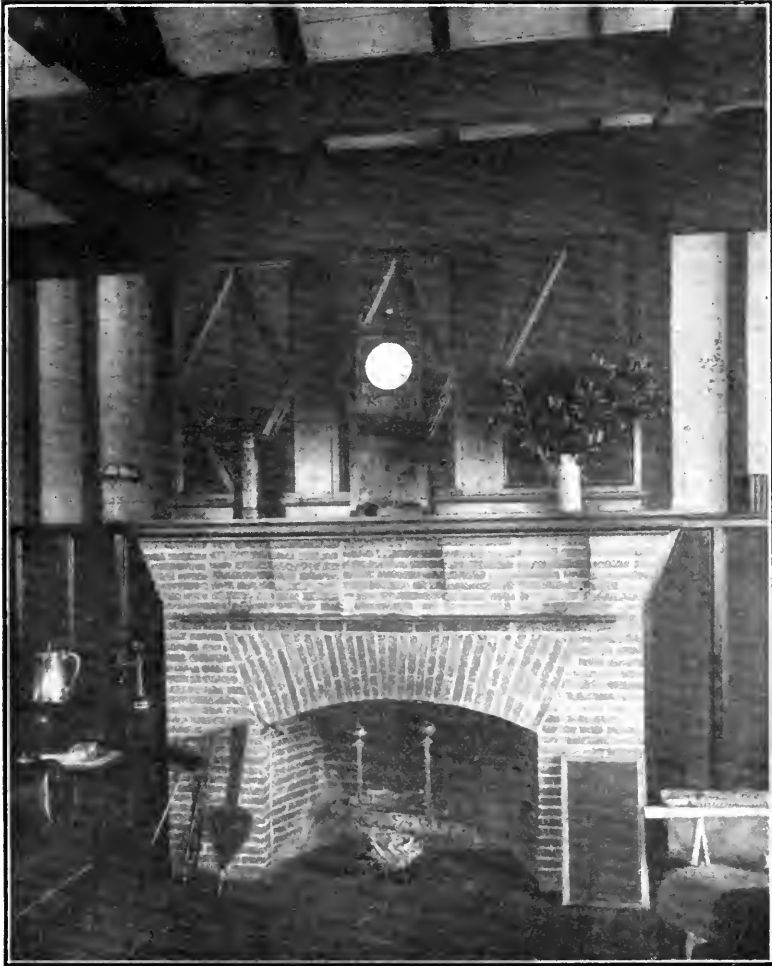
Through the ages an altar it has remained; an altar served with cheerful ceremonial; a thing not to be treated lightly or contemptuously, but to be considered with all the respect due to that without which a home is no home at all.

Stoves and furnaces and hot water pipes are all very well in their way, but—well, there is little that is worshipful about them. There is no nobility about a radiator; a stove is almost as ugly a piece of

furniture as a piano, black-browed and frowning, showing no outward and visible sign of the cheerful fire it imprisons, while a furnace is a merciless taskmaster, keeping its slaves continually on the treadmill of the cellar stairs. Unhappy the household which depends upon them alone. Miserable the lot of those who have not so much as one real hearth round which they can gather, one fireplace at which they can toast their toes.

To some extent the history of the fireplace is the history of the chimney. Till the chimney came the hearth was a plain and simple structure, incapable either of elaboration or of much adornment. Whether in hut or hall, made little difference, except in size. In the hut it was a simple platform of mud and flat stones a few inches high and perhaps two feet square. Over it was a tripod of green poles or a hooked green stick hanging from the roof on which swung the cooking pot. Round it huddled the family; the youngsters fighting with the dogs and the pig for warm positions, the cattle whisking their tails through the smoke in their stalls against the wattled walls of the hut.

In the hall there was a larger hearth, and a larger fire and a larger crowd to scuffle for positions near it. The Chamber-



An Example of the Brick Fireplace with Mission Trimmings.

lain, stoutly wielding his rod of office, kept clear the side towards the upper table and suffered none to interpose between the blaze and nobility. At the farther side clustered the retainers according to their degree. Squires and men at arms in an uproarious ring, in the outer darkness scullions and varlets who enjoyed the privilege of glimpsing the blaze through the legs of their betters.

There must have been grumbling among the retainers when the chimney came and the hearth moved from the centre of the hall to the wall. Naturally the fireplace established itself in good company on the dais. My lord and his guests supped with the great chimney as a background, and the men at arms found themselves enjoy-

ing the cold comfort which once they had served to grooms and greasy varlets.

Truly a noble background for mediaeval pageantry the huge fireplace must have made. There is one in the Grand Hall of the Palace of the Counts of Poitiers, which has a triple hearth, each of them ten feet or more in width and seven feet in height. Above, almost to the roof, rises a noble piece of sculpture with carved columns on either side balancing the structure.

There was little need of the sconced torches on the walls when three great fires were burning on the hearths. What a play of light and shadow there must have been as they roared and blazed! What a kaleidoscopic shift and change of deep tone



Quaint Hearth Along Old Dutch Lines.

and brilliant color in the costumes of the Great Seigneur and his guests as they sat and lounged and moved about before the leaping flames!

There is another of these huge thirty-foot fireplaces at Linlithgow Palace. Verily those were spacious days. The gods of the hearth were honorably housed.

But it is doubtful if the cheery spirit of comfort really likes such ample accommodation. Certainly he seems more ready to do good work in the smaller fireplaces of a less exuberant age. It is when picturing the narrower hearth of a low-ceiled Georgian inn with the firelight flickering on high-backed settles that the mind most associates comfort and the open fire, or a raised grate with double hobs—the “clear fire and clean hearth” before which the redoubtable Sarah Battle enjoyed “the rigour of the game.”

Economy! Economy has ever been the motive of fireplace evolution. Forests dwindled and wood was not to be had for the taking: “sea coal” was a precious commodity and not to be used recklessly. Thus, fireplaces shrank in size and people began to wonder vaguely if something had not better be done about draughts.

Naturally, the first coal grate was a simple conversion of the open hearth for burning wood. An iron basket was placed on the hearth, and in it the coal was burnt. You may see a reversion to the same primitive type—with improvements—in many modern grates, and very handsome and cheerful some of them are, if a trifle wasteful.

Then the fireplace narrowed in towards the basket, and eventually the basket itself became a mere front and bottom grating with the brick work of the fireplace forming its ends and back. The chimney breast meanwhile had been dropping lower and lower till the mantelpiece from being as high as the lintel of a doorway came to be a convenient elbow rest.

Through all its changes the fireplace has managed, as a rule, to preserve its proper character and to remain a dignified and handsome frame for a cheerful fire. There are exceptions, of course. There are cold, intensely classic constructions more like entrances to family vaults than fireplaces, and grim utilitarian frames to grim utilitarian-looking—but utterly useless—early Victorian register stoves. Also there are twirly-whirly Art Nouveau fireplaces as in-



The Old Colonial Style of Fireplace.

appropriate as a pink bow on a lion's tail, and weird erections of rough round boulders like a section of stone fence, to say nothing of thunder and lightning overmantels and the like. But generally speaking, the accepted types of fireplace are good, and science has succeeded in improving things without spoiling their appearance, as she has an unfortunate knack of doing sometimes.

There are modern and efficient fireplaces after every period and style, right back to primitive beginnings. In a big room a man may have one differing little in externals from its great mediaeval forebears. In a small one he may have Dutch tiles, or Georgian marble, or Jacobean oak—on a small scale—almost anything, in fact, that he fancies. And almost anything is permissible so long as it fits the room, harmonizes with the other decorations, and, above all, expresses something of the personality of the house in which it is placed.

And with good appearance nowadays is allied efficiency. That the open fire has many drawbacks cannot, of course, be concealed. With a thermometer dropping

into the regions below zero the open fire frankly confesses itself beaten. In the Canadian climate the heavy work of heating must ever be borne by the soulless radiator and the hot air register's grim prison grating.

But the open fire begs leave to point out that it is free from certain sins of commission of which it once was guilty—the creation of icy draughts, reckless extravagance of fuel, grossly uneven distribution of heat, dirtiness and so on. In a score of modern grates the various long-standing drawbacks have been reduced practically to nothing. There are slow-combustion grates, sunk fires, raised hearths, "ventilating" grates—the imitators of even the most primitive types have draughts cunningly led to the fire from under the hearth-stone, chimney backs constructed on the model of a dog's hind leg thus reflecting, deflecting and radiating the heat from various scientific angles—in a hundred and one different ways they are coaxed and compelled to send their heat into the room instead of up the chimney. Economy, always economy, but in the last



An Elaborate Fireplace of Carved Wood.

few years economy has become more an achievement and less a pious aspiration.

Talking of economy, there are times when the open fire is a great deal more economical than the pharisaical furnace. Those days in the spring and the fall, and even at odd times in the summer, when it is abominably cold without some sort of artificial heat the furnace is altogether too powerful, greedy and efficient a monster to stir into life. Then at least the fire has a chance of being actively useful as well as ornamental and of putting into grateful practice his modern professions of efficiency.

Putting all practicalities aside the aesthetic claims of the fire should be quite sufficient to ensure its recognition. A

house without fireplaces is a poor thing; its rooms are difficult to decorate. A room with a good fireplace is half furnished from the very beginning. The chimney and the mantelpiece provide the necessary decorative centre; the concentration point from which the eye must start and to which it may return.

A fire is a beautiful thing. Even if the fireplace suffered all its erstwhile drawbacks it would be a desirable, a necessary possession. Is there anyone who has lived with an open fire who will honestly confess that he is happy without one? Mistrust any man who professes to do so.

What is twilight without the shadow-play of flames upon the ceiling? What is a reverie without the faces, crowds and

castles, the pageants and dreamy scenes glowing and changing in the coals? What is a gathering of friends without the cheerful crackle of the fire as an accompaniment to conversation? Why, without a fire you cannot even prove the depth of your friendship for a man by allowing him to stir it, nor test the good feeling and good breeding of a stranger by seeing whether he presumes to stir it uninvited.

A house without a fireplace is a house without a soul—no better than a tent. The family it houses are bound speedily to quarrel, scatter and come to naught, since they have been deprived of that central gathering place watched over by the household gods, lacking which no family can hope to survive. Deprived of the cheery influence of fires in their childhood the members of a hearthless family will be-

come soured, misanthropic men and women. Rogues and sturdy vagabonds were "hearthless men."

We cannot do without the furnace. The steam pipes which twine snakelike through the house are requisite and necessary for our comfort from October till May; the cold of a long winter can be fought only with scientific weapons. But let us also keep a corner for the open fire. To Ung, the cave-man, his fire a sign of his manhood, a reminder that he alone upon earth could aspire to power over the elements. We should preserve the tradition. On the hearth is the origin of all that we ever have accomplished. History glows between the bars. The crackling logs gossip of a thousand kindly traditions. In the ingle dwell the benevolent gods of the household with the little chirping cricket as their herald.

CANADIAN CARELESSNESS AGAIN

Those who read the article on "Canadian Carelessness" in the January number of this magazine will be interested in a further comparison which is now possible since the figures for 1911 have been issued. As we predicted, the conditions as regards fatalities and accidents resulting from carelessness are growing worse rather than better. The "fatality" figures in Toronto, for instance, not including the scores of serious or minor accidents, are as follows for the past three years:—

1909—Killed by vehicles, 3; by trains, 3; by trolley cars, 8; total, 14.

1910—Killed by vehicles, 8; by trains, 10; by trolley cars, 13; total, 31.

1911—Killed by vehicles, 8; by trains, 19; by trolley cars, 19; total, 46.

Under these circumstances the charge in the article that Canadians are lacking in discipline and are failing to instil in the minds of the young the importance of self-control, respect for law and obedience to authority, would seem to have been well founded.

Sharing Up Profits With the Workers

By

W. A. Craick

Profit sharing is a product of the new times, the herald of a new age. It marks a new era of amity and co-operation between employer and employee. As yet it is not generally practiced in Canada, but it has long since passed the theoretical stage and will soon be accepted as one of the guiding principles in all big business concerns. In the meantime something of interest concerning the profit sharing scheme itself and the movement and motives behind it will be acceptable.

THE profit-sharing idea has not made much progress in Canada as yet.

For this at least two reasons may be advanced. In the first place, the country has not reached the point industrially where employers can spare much time from the work of organization and development to devote their thoughts to plans for the betterment of the workman. And in the second place there is not yet that keen competition of interests which has made it so necessary in other countries to secure the loyal support of the most skilled and efficient artisans. Possibly, too, an ignorance in some quarters of what profit sharing in its most successful forms really is, how it may be operated, and its value in obtaining continuous and competent service, may have something to do with the tardy development of the conception. On the other hand, it is hardly likely that the various objections which have been raised by opponents of the idea have had any important bearing on the situation in Canada, since, for one firm which has rejected profit sharing, there must be a hundred which have given it no consideration whatever.

THE UNDERLYING MOTIVES.

There have been various basic motives which have actuated employers in adopting the profit sharing idea and these motives are to be found influencing such Canadian firms as have schemes in force just as much as those in the United States and on the continent. There is the altogether philanthropical motive, which sees in the system only a just recognition of the employer's duty to the employee. There is again the self-interest motive, which realizes that to get the best service from a workman he should be given some stake in the product of his labor. And there is the motive which combines a little of each element and which, on that account, is probably the most effective of them all.

In the modern development of business and industry, with their myriad systems and inventions, the importance of the human element, instead of being diminished, is actually increased. Nothing can take the place of human incentive to achieve results. To make an enterprise the greatest success possible, every human

being connected with it must be working at the highest pitch of his ability. The point which must always concern an employer of labor is how to get the best that is in him from each individual. A few workmen of the conscientious, loyal and honest sort, may be expected to give consistently good service in spite of everything, but it will be found that with the great majority there is a percentage of possible effort lost because the man or woman is only working half-heartedly. In short there is a vast difference between the work that a human being performs in a perfunctory, machine-like manner, and the work he does with a keen, loyal interest in what he is about. As a solution of this problem, the claims of profit sharing have been advanced by numerous advocates, who point to various examples of its application to show that it does give the necessary incentive to induce men and women to work more earnestly and efficiently.

Generally speaking there are two forms which profit sharing has assumed in Canada, based on ideas already worked out in the United States and Europe. There is profit sharing pure and simple which takes a proportion of each year's profits and assigns a share to each employee or to such a list of employees as qualify under the plan. This idea is more often to be found in the case of mercantile establishments, financial institutions and banks but is also to be noticed in some industries. And in the second place there is the more advanced plan of enabling employees to participate in the profits by furnishing them with favorable opportunities of becoming actual shareholders in the enterprise. This latter plan, carried to a remarkable development in the case of several important American industries, is gaining ground in Canada and has already been adopted by a few companies. A combination of the two plans has been attempted by some firms, who for special reasons may not desire to give all employees opportunities to hold stock but may yet wish to have them participate in the profits. In all plans in force there are necessary modifications to suit the needs of the various businesses. For instance, one firm may not permit an employee who holds stock to retain it after he leaves their employ, while another

may make no such stipulation. One may pay out the profits in cash and another by certificate. All these differences will come to light as the various plans are described in detail.

PROFIT SHARING IN CANADA.

While it would be a difficult undertaking and one involving the expenditure of much time and study to compile a complete list of all the firms in Canada which have in force profit sharing schemes of one sort or another, yet it is possible to quote several outstanding examples in order to show what is being accomplished in this direction. As compared with the United States progress has been slow, but opportunities for development work have been fewer. The fact that quite a number of firms have plans under consideration, which they purpose putting into force in the near future, is sufficient to prove that the question is becoming one of increasing importance.

One of the first of the purely Canadian firms to devise a profit sharing plan in Canada was the William Davies Company of Toronto. About twenty-five years ago the management decided to set aside annually a portion of the profits to be divided among all employees of a certain standing. The original arrangement was to give to each a certificate redeemable in cash after a number of years, the idea being to retain the interest and services of employees as long as possible. It was soon found, however, that these certificates were more bother than they were worth, as employees were constantly finding pretexts for coming to the firm to have them cashed. The plan was accordingly changed and the arrangement now in force was adopted. A distribution of a proportion of the profits, as determined by the directors of the company, is made annually to all employees of two years standing and upwards, the amount paid to each being based on the wage or salary earned. The money is not handed out in cash but is placed to the credit of the beneficiary in the bank, in the hope that the men will be induced to save and thereby provide against a rainy day. Such employees as have been in the service of the company less than two years, but over twelve months, may be given a share of the profits at the discretion of

the management and in certain cases the directors reserve the right to increase or diminish the amount distributed according to the merits of the recipients.

W. J. Gage & Company, manufacturing and wholesale stationers, Toronto, started a profit sharing plan a few years ago, which they have found most effective in securing and retaining the sympathetic interest of many workers in their employ. The staff was divided into two parts, heads of departments and employees. A block of the capital stock of the company was transferred to the president, who in turn allotted to each of the heads of departments a certain amount of stock varying with the experience and length of service of the beneficiary. The transfer was made under an agreement between the president and each individual concerned, by which the first charge on the dividend declared on the stock is that of reasonable interest on the portion of the stock remaining unpaid. The balance of the dividend after paying this interest is then applied to the purchase of the stock together with such further sums as the beneficiary may desire to apply. If in any year no dividend is declared by the company, it is agreed that no interest shall be charged and if, in any year, the dividend falls below the fixed rate for interest, the dividend shall be regarded as paying the interest in full. The agreements are for a term of years at the end of which time the entire stock, or such as has been fully paid for, becomes the property of the beneficiary. Should the beneficiary die or leave the service of the company, it is the president's privilege to buy back the stock, paying for it the full amount paid in by the beneficiary.

In the cases of employees who are not provided for by the above arrangement, it has been the custom of the firm for a number of years to distribute a percentage of the profits earned among those who have been continually in their employ for at least twelve months. This distribution is based on the wage or salary of each employee.

A somewhat similar scheme, so far as it concerns the division of stock among certain selected employees, has been adopted by the Canadian Fairbanks Company of Montreal. This company picked

a number of the men in their employ, whose interest they were specially anxious to retain, and offered them a block of stock on particularly favorable terms. Ninety per cent. of the men to whom the stock was offered took it up and became thereby directly interested in the welfare and progress of the company. The Fairbanks stock is not a listed security so that its value is determined annually by accountants. When a stock-holding employee dies or leaves the company, his shares are bought back at a valuation based on the preceding annual statement.

But it is as a subsidiary portion of a larger plan in force in the United States that the most significant example of profit sharing is to be found in Canada. The Canadian plant of the International Harvester Company at Hamilton shares with the American plants in a scheme, the excellence of which has been widely recognized. The Harvester Company divides its plan into two parts—an immediate distribution in cash each year and an occasional offering of stock on favorable terms to its employees.

The cash distribution is made annually from a sum of money set aside by the company out of its earnings, the size depending on the amount of the profits. The distribution of the sales department's share in this sum is based upon two important points,—first, increase of sales; second, reduction of selling expense. The distribution of the work department's share depends on increased production, decreased cost or a combination of both. Employees in any branch of the company's service, showing marked ability during the year, are entitled to receive recognition under this plan.

The stock distribution is arranged on the purchase plan, employees being afforded an opportunity to subscribe to and purchase stock in installments. In order to treat all alike, no employee is allowed to subscribe for more stock than he can pay for by using twenty-five per cent. of his salary in any one year. The stock is issued to the men at a price below the market price and on deferred payments a charge of five per cent. is levied. Dividends, however, are paid at once and in addition there is a bonus system which works to the advantage of those who remain in the employ of the company for

five years. This bonus consists of a credit of four dollars a year for five years on each share of preferred stock taken up and of three dollars a year on each share of common. Should an employee leave in the meantime, he ceases to receive this bonus and the amount, which would otherwise be placed to his credit, goes into a general fund, which is divided up at the end of five years among those who have adhered to the plan. The idea, of course, is to give those employees who stand by the company, an advantage over those who desert its service. The plan of the International Harvester Company, which is similar to that in force in many American industrial concerns, has been well supported by the workmen and several thousands of them are to-day stockholders in the company.

Turning now from industrial to mercantile establishments, the plan adopted by Lariviere Incorporated, Montreal, a wholesale hardware firm, merits attention. The president of the company, Mr. F. C. Lariviere, has been a close student of profit sharing for many years and is a firm believer in its justice and efficacy. His firm have established what they designate, "The Savings Counting House of the Staff." Any employee who desires to do so, may deposit his savings with the company, receiving six per cent. per annum on his money. When he has one hundred dollars to his credit, he is entitled to participate in the company's profit sharing system, receiving each year his proportionate share of the profits on the same basis as the capital stock. If he so desires, he can, on making application and receiving the approbation of the management, have his money applied to the purchase of stock in the company, before his right to share in the and, when he becomes a shareholder, he is accorded all the rights of regular shareholders. This plan possesses commendable features. For one thing it compels a man to acquire a stake in the company's profits is recognized and for another, it gives everyone a chance to participate, dependent on their ability to save.

In the case of the firm's salesmen, Lariviere Incorporated have a supplementary system of profit sharing in force, which would appear to increase the efficiency of the sales' staff. From the gross

profits of each salesman is deducted the total cost of doing business. This includes the salaries of help, office and managing staff, interest on capital, bad debts, donations, depreciation on stock, rent and other general expenses, and such difference as may be found between the results of cost and selling as figured in the firm's books and the results of the year's business as established by the inventory. It does not include the salaries of the selling staff. Of the net profits thus determined, the salesman is entitled to from 33 1-3 per cent. to 50 per cent.

The general plan of Lariviere Incorporated is also to be found in operation in the departmental store of Stanley Mills & Company of Hamilton. This company, in 1903, set apart one thousand shares of stock, which was offered to employees for purchase. At first the number of shares taken by the employees was small, but the following year an Employees' Savings Department was started, where sums of 10 cents per week and upward were received and interest at six per cent. per annum was allowed. As soon as the balance to anyone's credit reached \$25, no further deposits were received, but that person had the privilege of exchanging the money for one share of preferred stock of the company bearing eight per cent. interest. Then, saving might be resumed until a second \$25 was secured. In this way some of the employees of the company have secured quite a large holding of stock and recently two or three of the largest stockholders among them were placed on the directorate. Altogether forty per cent. of the employees of Stanley Mills & Company own stock in the company and the management regard the plan as highly successful.

Another plan is that of the W. F. Hatheway Company, of St John, New Brunswick, wholesale grocers, which they have had in force for the past twenty years. The warehouse employees get the usual wages of the city, ranging from \$7 to \$11 a week according to the kind of work. Traveling salesmen receive from \$100 to \$120 per month. At the end of the year, all the employees are given a percentage on the net profits for the year, pro rata to the wages they receive. For example if the firm divides \$20,000, then all those who are earning

in the neighborhood of \$500 a year would get about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; those who are earning about \$1,000 would get 1 per cent. and those earning \$1,600 or \$1,800 would get about 2 per cent.

Most of the employees leave this money in the business on interest. In fact it is the understood agreement that they will do this, unless they have to withdraw it for some special purpose, such as an investment in land, the payment of an insurance premium, or when they are leaving the employ of the company. In emergencies the fund comes in useful, as when a teamster lost his horse and was immediately able to buy a new one by drawing out the money he had on deposit in the business. In this way profit sharing is combined in a sense with insurance and the company gets a good name for kindly treatment of its employees.

Another retail establishment which recently started a species of profit sharing plan is Smallman & Ingram of London, Ontario. On the incorporation of the business two years ago, a selected list of the older employees of the company were given an opportunity to subscribe for small amounts of stock, which they were enabled to pay for on easy terms. It was also arranged that they could secure further allotments of stock by using the dividends on the shares already purchased for the purpose. The management have found that by having a number of their employees with a financial interest in the company, a much stronger interest in the successful conduct of the business was secured.

It is scarcely necessary to add that there are in force in Canada numerous bonus schemes which partake in a sense of the general idea of profit sharing. Many retail stores make such allowances to their salespeople; wholesale houses do it for their travelers and the banks make a practice of supplementing the salaries of their clerks by the same means. Strictly speaking these schemes are not what should be called profit sharing plans.

PLANS IN UNITED STATES.

In conclusion it may not be out of place to refer briefly to a few of the plans in force in the United States, some features of which are different from anything noted in Canada. The N. O. Nelson Mfg. Co., of St. Louis, began in 1886

to divide the net profits of the business, less 7 per cent. interest on actual capital invested, in equal proportions between the wage earners and the stockholders, giving to each employee his proportion according to the amount of wages paid him for the year. In 1889, however, it was deemed wiser to adopt a plan whereby, instead of paying employees their share in cash, they would be paid in stock. All employees became thereby involuntary shareholders. On their stock they now receive six per cent., while on their wages they receive their proportion of the net profits in the shape of new stock or interest-bearing credits for fractional amounts under \$50. In this way more than one-half of the capital stock of the company has become the property of employees and customers, for in 1900 the latter were also taken into partnership.

The John B. Stetson Co., Philadelphia, ployees and customers, for in 1905 the distributed stock in much the same way as the Nelson Co., but they made this exception. The stock was not transferred to the beneficiaries until the expiration of fifteen years, being held in the meantime by five trustees. The object of this provision was to prevent an employee from disposing of his stock and to ensure him a steady income so long as he was in the company's employ. As it worked out, it took about six years for the dividends, less the interest charges, to amount to the par value of the stock.

The Simmons Hardware Co. of St. Louis adopted the plan of selling to their salesmen stock on credit, taking the stock as collateral security for their notes. By a system of profit sharing, the notes were paid in a reasonably short time and the stock became the absolute property of the employees.

The Keystone Driller Co., of Beaver Falls, Pa., base their system on a combined savings bank and profit sharing plan, on which they pay interest at six per cent. per annum. At the expiry of six months, the money on deposit becomes profit sharing if the depositor so desires, participating on an exact equality with any other capital invested in the company and being represented by a profit sharing certificate. The certificate may be exchanged for regular corporation stock later on.

The Telephone: Past and Future

THE article in MacLean's Magazine for January on "The Idea Behind the Telephone," by Mr. Roy Fry, editor of the magazine, created considerable interest among readers familiar with telephony, its history and possibilities.

From Chicago one of the officials of the Holtzer-Cabot Electric Company writes appreciatively of the article, enclosing a clipping from "Popular Mechanics," which, while it accepts Alexander Graham Bell as the inventor of the telephone in 1876, declares that records show that the same idea was being worked upon by other men prior to that date. Among them was Philip Reis, who was busily engaged in trying to solve this problem in 1861. The receiver which he designed was especially gruesome, being in the form of a human ear, while his mouth-piece had an end covered with gold-beater's skin. Reis, however, failed in his experiments.

In the article, too, mention was made of Dr. Bell's prediction that wireless telephones were a possibility of the future. In this connection interesting experiments are now being made. It is too soon to foresee the outcome, says a writer in London "Knowledge," but the success of the past few weeks seems to have put the science definitely out of the scope of mere speculation. Two English students on the subject have been independently trying to perfect apparatus. One, Mr. H. G. Matthews, claims to have spoken over a distance of five and a half miles without wires, and it is said that at Cardiff recently he communicated with a friend who flew some seven hundred feet above him. The other experimenter is Mr. A. W. Sharman, who has been carrying out tests near Ramsgate.

"There is good evidence that he has talked with ease across both land and water, and even through thirty or forty feet of solid chalk cliff. The importance of these successes does not lie simply in the dispensing with wires. It depends on how far that can be done with an apparatus reasonably economical in size and cost and in the amount of electricity it consumes. Mr. Sharman claims that his device is readily portable (it weighs about six pounds) and will cost complete only some hundred dollars. Thanks, moreover, to an 'impulse coil,' which is the main secret of the invention, the comparatively small amount of current needed is magnified into shocks powerful enough to find a response at a distant station. If the invention is all that it claims to be it will be of the greatest value in a number of obvious cases. Its size will make it much more useful, because less vulnerable, than wireless telegraphy as a means of communication for ships, and it should be of vital help where a party of miners are entombed by a colliery disaster."

The main obstacle in the way of transmitting sound without wires, concluded this authority, is the very great amount of current needed. Marconi met this difficulty in the case of telegraphic messages by a device which intensified the faint airborne waves of his system. To register sound waves a very much greater intensification is needed. If Mr. Sharman's "impulse coil" effects this, whether or not it makes possible the "conversations between continent and continent," which his enthusiastic supporters already predict for it, it will certainly contribute materially to our safety as well as to our ease of intercourse.

SMOKING ROOM STORIES

TAKEN UNAWARES.

"Satan," said Brother Dickey, "comes lak' a roarin' lion." "I don't 'gree wid you on dat," said Brother Williams, "kaze I never knowed he was a-comin' twell he had me."

* * *

A GREAT TRANSITION.

In a prayer-meeting an exhorter arose to speak, and began his remarks thus, "As I was sitting on a thought, a seat passed through my mind."

* * *

DERIVATIONS UP TO DATE.

A London journal, alluding to some recent examination papers which were sent it from a quarter in which hoaxing is not to be suspected, says one of the drollest answers was a sixth-form boy's in reply to the question, What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist? "An optimist looks after your eyes, and a pessimist after your feet," was his fine, perverted derivation.

* * *

ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

A former Duke of Hamilton once asked one of his neighbors to stay to lunch with him. The visitor was not often in the way of dining with dukes. They were waited on at table by a servant in livery, who anticipated all their wants. The guest could stand this no longer and took the servant to task in these words: "What are ye dance, dance, dancing about the room for? Can ye no draw in your chair, and sit doon? I'm sure there's enough on the table for three!"

* * *

BOOTY ON HIM.

A man was charged with stealing \$9.70. His lawyer, after a long fight, succeeded in securing his acquittal. After the acquittal the lawyer told the fellow that he ought to have some pay for his hard work. "Have you got any money at all?" inquired the lawyer. "I've still got that \$9.70," said the man.

* * *

COULDN'T SCARE CROWD.

Senator Swanson, of Virginia, tells a good story on himself about the first political speech he ever made. He says: "I jumped up and began: 'Gentlemen, Herodotus tells us—' Which ticket's he on? yelled the man with the red shirt. 'Herodotus tells us,' I resumed, with a gulp, 'of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of an ass.' Then the crowd applauded, and I felt fine. Then the man's voice rose above the din. 'Young feller,' he called, 'you needn't be afraid of this crowd. It's been tested.'"

A STOCK MARKET TIP.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stock-broker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" inquired her father. "Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearian quotations." "Young woman," said the financier sternly, "don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There ain't no such stock on the market."

* * *

SAME RESULT ALWAYS.

There was a prosecuting attorney whose methods were dramatic and uniformly successful. Upon retirement from office he was at once sought after by those charged with crime. The first two cases which he defended resulted in convictions, much to his chagrin. An old negro, who had watched his prosecutions in admiring wonder and looked on with equal wonder when he conducted the defence, accosted him just after his defeat, and said: "Marse Earle, you sho' is a wonder. No matter which side you's on, they go to the pen just the same."

* * *

A BLAINE STORY.

Mr. Blaine's good humor was imperturbable. A rancorous Western politician met him one day on the steps of the Capitol with: "Mr. Blaine, I am a stranger to you. But I take the liberty to tell you that you are a fool and a scoundrel!" "Really?" said Blaine, lifting his hat. "Now, I wonder what you would have said if you had been my intimate friend?"

* * *

GO TO THUNDER.

McAlister was a boatswain who unexpectedly came into a small fortune. Quitting the service, he bought a snug little cottage miles away from salt water. When he was comfortably settled, he employed a boy to come to his door every morning at half-past five, knock, and say, "Please, sir, the commander wants you." Whereupon every morning the now free boatswain had the joy of singing out in his grandest voice, "Tell the commander to go to thunder!"

* * *

BEECHER'S BEST STORY.

Russell Conwell was once detailed by Horace Greeley to interview Henry Ward Beecher to find out what story had given him the heartiest laughter. Here is the story: A man called upon a neighbor to go and help a friend who had been arrested under the influence of liquor, and locked up. "Please go and bail him out," was the gist of the appeal. "This seems to be a case of pumping out, not bailing out," was the neighbor's answer. For twenty-five years, up to the time of Conwell's interview with him, Beecher had been laughing over this joke.

The Grand Trunk System

Inseparably associated with the early history of the Dominion and the primal factor in her subsequent progress and development is the Grand Trunk Railway System, which is indeed her pioneer railway and stands prominently to the fore among the pioneer railways of America, having been incorporated in 1852, and in the period of years since then has acquired, by lease, amalgamation, and purchase the many constituent companies which now form the present large system of over 7,000 miles.

Being situated in the most thickly settled and productive portions of the Dominion, *i. e.*, the eastern part with ramifications by its branch lines and feeders into all the well-populated and industrial centres, it occupies a splendid position that appeals to the sightseer and traveler. The System as now composed commences at the eastern termini of the main lines at the city of Quebec, on the St. Lawrence River; at Portland, Maine, on the Atlantic Ocean; and at Rouses Point, on Lake Champlain, and extends from the first named point along the south shore of the St. Lawrence River to Richmond, in the Province of Quebec, where is formed the junction with the line from Portland, thence running westerly, being joined at St. Lambert by the main line from Rouses Point, and crossing the St. Lawrence River at Montreal over the world-famed Victoria Jubilee Bridge.

From Montreal the line continues westerly through the thickly settled country along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario to Toronto, the Queen City; from thence, with diverging line to the south and west the fertile Niagara Peninsula to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, to Windsor and Detroit, and to Sarnia and Port Huron, and northerly

from Toronto to the ports of Goderich, Kincardine and Southampton, on Lake Huron and Wiarton, Owen Sound, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Midland and Depot Harbor, on Georgian Bay, and through the now famous "Highlands of Ontario," to North Bay. A glance at the railway map of Canada, and particularly to the Province of Ontario, which is the garden of the Dominion, will show how thoroughly and completely the pioneer railway has its countless feeders established in positions of advantage, including five main lines from east to West, 650 miles of which is double main track, and it is the only double-track railway in Canada reaching the principal centres.

The commercial importance of the system has been raised to the pinnacle of success during the last few years.

The double-tracking of the line from Chicago to Niagara Falls and Montreal; the electrification of the St. Clair tunnel, the construction of an additional ten-story office building in Montreal, the second in a single decade, made necessary by the expansion of the Company's business. New bridges, new stations, including a magnificent station at Ottawa, are among the millions of dollars' worth of betterment builded by the present management.

The Grand Trunk is now the longest continuous double-track line in the world under one management.

The weight of steel on the main line was long ago changed from 60 pounds to the yard to 70, then to 80, which is now replaced by 100 pound steel.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will soon be a factor in the carrying of travel and trade from ocean to ocean. They are now operating trains from Westport, at the head of Lake Superior, to the foot-

hills of the Canadian Rockies, and their trains and road-bed are considered the best in Western Canada. This trans-continental line—a great undertaking of the century—is closely associated with the Grand Trunk Railway System. "Prince Rupert," the new city on the Pacific, will be the western terminus.

This new line opens up a vast, fertile area in Northern Ontario, and new districts in the Prairie Provinces, and Central British Columbia has already built a city at the Pacific terminus and will shorten the run around the world by a week.

Naturally, a railroad system with such a mileage and with such varied connections offers a wide range of attraction to the tourist, every taste finding something to satisfy it. The vast expanse of inland seas, the varied beauty of wooded islands, the shimmering loveliness of lonely lakes, the foamy attractions of rapid streams, the charms of treeclad hills, the grandeur of snowclad mountains, and the awe-inspiring Niagara Falls are all found along this line.

One of the finest structures in Montreal is the general office building of the Grand Trunk Railway System, on McGill street, and which is well worthy of a visit.

The Ottawa Division of the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Ottawa, and thence across to Parry Sound, carries the tourist through the famous Algonquin National Park of Ontario. This Park is a reservation of over two thousand square miles, set apart by the Ontario Government for all time to come "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." It is one of the most remarkable regions of lake and stream, primeval forest and rock that can be found anywhere. It is a great game preserve and a fisherman's paradise.

The "Chateau Laurier," at Ottawa, which is owned and operated by the Grand Trunk Railway System, is, without doubt, the finest hotel on this continent, not only architecturally, but also in regard to its general appointments.

The "International Limited," Canada's finest and fastest train, is the train de luxe of the Grand Trunk Railway System and leaves Montreal every day in the year for all points west.

On account of the operations of the Grand Trunk Railway having been con-

finied to eastern or central Canada, namely, the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, it does now occupy its unequalled stronghold in that section of the country; but, of course, conditions could hardly be otherwise in the older portions of the Dominion, when it is borne in mind that for fully thirty years it possessed the territory and provided the only transportation facilities Canada had in the early settlement of the country, thereby having taken a larger and more important part in her development, in the way of transportation, than will ever another company, and this position, indeed, it is destined to maintain, looking to its stupendous project for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which is the largest railway construction enterprise in its entirety ever undertaken in history. The illimitable possibilities in this connection also bid fair to be as boundless in their influence, bringing Europe and Asia in closer communication by many hours than has yet been achieved.

Eastern Canada is rapidly becoming and is destined to be the manufacturer for the entire Dominion, with its numerous and extensive water powers, all of which are reached by the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway, and thus will it become the distributor of the manufactured goods, the volume of which must of necessity grow apace with the great development which is taking place in other sections of the country.

The large and important cities situated on the company's system in Canada and the United States, namely, Portland (Maine), Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Windsor, Detroit, Toledo, and Chicago, are synonymous with the growth and development of the American continent.

Being so firmly established in the older provinces, it has seemed to be its natural destiny in the march of progress in the Western Empire in which our subject has played such an integral part, that the Grand Trunk Railway should have become identified with the Government in its project for providing Canada with a National Transcontinental Railway, and in this relation perpetuating her position as the pioneer railway of the Dominion, not alone, as has already been shown, in

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIII

MARCH, 1912

No. 5

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

—Henry van Dyke.

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"We can't hide our trail, and they'll follow it like sheep."

Ta'e 3, "Smoke Bellew." See page 453.

Drawn by H. T. Denison.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXIII

Toronto March 1912

No 5

Canada's Mountain Parks

By Frank Yeigh

Canada's system of Great Mountain Parks and Forest Reserves constitutes a national asset of incomputable value. Few Canadians, however, are familiar with its character and extent. There are seven great national parks and twenty-six forest reserves in the Dominion, the whole comprising a region "unparalleled for majestic mountain ranges, immense ice caps and glaciers, falls and cascades." So says Mr. Frank Yeigh, the well-known writer and lecturer on Canadian Travel topics, who deals extensively with our Mountain Parks in the accompanying article.

EVEN as Canada's mountain region is a heritage of hills such as few countries possess, so her vast mountain parks, among the largest in the world, are a national asset of incomputable value.

The recent setting apart of the Rocky Mountains Forest Reserve calls renewed attention to the series of national parks and forest reserves formed, with commendable wisdom and foresight, by the Canadian Government, in the mountain districts of Alberta and British Columbia. During the session of the Dominion Parliament of 1911, a new Forest Reserves and Parks Act was passed, covering no less than twenty-four parks and reserves, with an area of 16,760,640 acres, or nearly thirty thousand square miles—an extent of country more than equal to the province of New Brunswick.

These hold within their far-flung boundaries some of the world's grandest scen-

ery, while conserving the sources of the great rivers that, finding their birth among the snow deposits of the continental watershed, course through Alberta and Saskatchewan. Life-giving streams they are, making habitable and productive the rich alluvial leagues of the prairie and carrying in their sweep of waters untold wealth for unmeasured years.

SEVEN NATIONAL PARKS.

Of the national parks, as distinct from forest reserves, there are seven, namely: the Rocky Mountains Park, (Banff), with 1,800 square miles; the Yoho National Park, of 560 square miles; Glacier Park, 468 square miles; Jasper Park, 1,000 square miles; Elk Island Park, 16 square miles, the Buffalo Park, 101,760 acres; and Waterton Lakes Park, 13½ square miles. In addition, there are twenty-six Dominion Forest Reserves, number-

ing six in Manitoba, four in Saskatchewan, six in Alberta and ten in British Columbia.

Reserves and Parks combined constitute a region probably unparalleled for majestic mountain ranges, immense ice caps and glaciers, falls and cascades, from the noble Takkakaw, with its leap of 1,460 feet, to a multitude of smaller falls no less beautiful; white crested rivers rushing through canyon depths, forests of limitless extent, alpine meadows carpeted with a wealth of wild flower and plant life, and a wild life in bear and deer, in mountain lion, sheep and goat, in marmot and porcupine and many another four-footed denizen of the unpeopled spaces. Within these magnificent areas is to be found a vast playground, where, during the season, ideal climatic conditions exist, and where nature is revealed in all her variant moods of storm and clear sky, of shower and rainbow spanning lofty peaks, of sunrise and sunset that flood the scene with a glow of glory.

THE NEW RESERVES ACT.

The Forest Reserves and Parks Act of the Parliamentary Session of 1911, views all the park reservations as forest reserves, under restrictions as to surface occupation and regulations and as to the protection of

streams and timber. The Act in question differs from former legislation in that any portion of the area included in the forest reserves may be placed under the additional restrictions or provisions which would enable any particular area to be used as a park or pleasure resort. It further contains an advanced policy regarding utilization of timber for the use of settlers, and the reforestation or continued forestation of the land, or, in the words of the then Minister of the Interior, "The economic utilization of the timber which is useful for commercial purposes, and the reproduction of timber so that there will be a continuous supply." The new regulations further safeguard park and reserve for their use, in perpetuity, of the people for purposes of recreation, with no further places of business than what may be necessary. All forest reserves, in addition, under the new Act, may be constituted game preserves—no homesteading will be permitted, and no private ownership or alienation of surface rights will be allowed.

This great sixteen-million acre sweep of country contains, moreover, natural resources of minerals and timber of a value undreamed of. Waterpower sites alone exist by the score if not by the hundreds, and on the foothills are immense stretches of grazing lands. Every Canadian will re-



A scene in Jasper Park, Yellowhead Pass



In the Heart of the Rocky Mountain National Park.

joyce that such a wide stretch of country is safe for all time in this our Switzerland from alienation by private ownership and the hope that even greater areas will, in the near future, be brought under similar government control.

The Rocky Mountains Forest Reserve is the official name of the recent reservation. The setting apart of this three million acre area, completes, along with previous reservations, the withdrawal from settlement or exploitation of practically the entire eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from the United States boundary to a point two hundred miles west of Edmonton; or an area of 350 miles long and from ten to fifty miles in width—one of the largest, if not the largest, mountain park area in the world.

The reserving of such an expanse of territory is specially important because it is in part a timbered area lying alongside of a prairie country hundreds of miles in extent which is almost devoid of trees. The forest, consisting of pine, spruce, fir and other species, clothes the mountains to a height of 6,000 or 7,000 feet. A large part of this watershed has suffered severely by fire in the past, but in most places the natural reproduction is abundant, and proper protection in the future from fire will go far towards re-establishing the forests.

IMPORTANCE OF CONSERVATION.

The Conservation Commission of Canada has been quick to recognize the necessity and importance of this governmental policy. As its chairman, Hon. Clifford Sifton, says, "I need not point out the necessities of the great Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan in this matter. The rivers that water these provinces take their rise in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. If the forest is absolutely removed from these slopes—as it will be in a very short time (less than a generation if not protected)—it goes without saying we will have nothing but destructive floods in the spring and practically no water at all in the summer. The continued production of the great Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan depends absolutely, in my judgment, upon the preservation of these forests. And that can only be done by making the whole eastern slope a permanent reservation, as has happily now been done."

The ranges that form the eastern boundary of our mountain land are strikingly beautiful as viewed from the prairie. Half a hundred miles away, their serrated summits stand out in striking relief against the farther sky. The cliff-enclosed valleys in-



A Scene in the Congar Caves, Selk'irk Mountain Park.

vite exploration as the heights lure the mountain climber to this marvellous sea of hills.

THE BANFF RESERVATION.

The world now knows of Banff and its National Park Reservation, its official title of "The Rocky Mountains Park" being less well known. The visitors during a single season approximate a hundred thousand, hailing from every continent and country. Banff has, indeed, become a recognized stopping place on the world-encircling travel route, and the rotundas of its hotels are the rendezvous of a cosmopolitan throng of sight-seers and globe-trotters.

Nor will Banff disappoint the pilgrim. The entrance into its heart of beauty, through the rocky ramparts of the Kananaskis Pass, is dramatic in the extreme, made doubly so by the transition from the journey across the plains of three great provinces.

Nature kindly provided the valley of the Bow River as a right-of-way into and through the Park, within whose bounds are found scores of ranges and half a hundred noble peaks in the Three Sisters and

Cascade, in Rundle and Edith, and many another, with a glimpse to the south of the Matterhorn pinnacle of Mount Assiniboine, "a kingly spirit throned among the hills."

The Banff Park contains almost every type of mountain scenery—the matchless lakes among the clouds—Louise, Mirror and Agnes—high above Laggan, with their sheltering giants of the Cordillerean range. Roads and trails and waterways admit of extended exploration. An excellent highway now connects Banff with Calgary on the east, providing a path for the ubiquitous motor car. A new road is being built from Banff to Laggan, 35 miles, and a branch road is contemplated from Castle Mountain, westward to Vermillion Pass, which will connect with one constructed by the British Columbia Government from the Columbia Valley to the British Columbia boundary line. It is intended that a road will eventually be opened to the Pacific coast, constituting a motor route of outstanding extent and interest.

Other trails lead to winsome Lake Louise and the wonder valleys of Paradise and the Ten Peaks. Of all the delightful pos-

sibilities of the Park, none excel the sheer joy of "hitting the trail" with a sturdy little Albertan broncho as a mount and good company as a fill-up to comradeship and human intercourse.

Near the village of Banff the animal life of the mountains may be studied at close hand. Nearly a hundred specimens are within the wire-fenced run. Splendid buffalo and deer, goats and sheep and antelope roam at large in the enclosure, emphasizing the fact that all the national parks are becoming game preserves. The Banff enclosure has the only full-grown Rocky Mountain sheep in captivity. Wild animal life is now more frequently seen near Banff. The apparently inaccessible cliffs are still the haunt of the Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, while Bruin, brown and shaggy, lives an undisturbed life amid the sheltering hills, and an occasional swift-footed antelope wanders at will over pass and pasture.

The Government Museum at Banff—the "Little University in the Hills" as it has been characterized, contains an interesting collection of specimens of big game and lesser mammals, and of fish and game life, while the herbarium suggests the botanical and geological riches of the land, and the aviary adds to the manifold attractions of the little capital city of the

Park. When winter sports are more fully developed, as is gradually being done, Banff will be more than ever an all-the-year around centre of attraction.

The rustic home of the Alpine Club of Canada, occupying an elevated site on the slope of Sulphur Mountain, suggests the excellent work of that new but thriving organization. Annual summer camps are held within the Banff and other parks, when hundreds of nature lovers spend a few delectable days among the hills, many of whom indulge in that king of sports, mountain climbing, and drink in something of the grandeur and beauty of a land of glacier-sheathed mountains, of mirroring lakes and deep-hearted woods—a land where eidelweiss and heather, forget-me-nots and wood anemones, blue-bells and ferns convert the valleys into flower gardens, making it a world in which it is good to live.

THE YOH0 PARK RESERVE.

Adjoining the Banff Park reservation on the west is the Yoho Park Reserve, of 828 square miles, another remarkable alpine tract, including the Yoho Valley and the towering ranges of the continental water-shed. Carriage roads have been built from Field into the Valley, and pictur-



A World of White Robed Peaks in the Selkirk Mountain.

esque trails make possible the exploration of one of the most attractive regions in the West. Falls abound, ranging from the lofty Takkakaw, whose leap of nearly fifteen hundred feet makes it one of the wonders of the continent, and the Laughing and Twin Falls, to wild little unnamed cataracts, rushing tumultuously to join the waters of the Yoho river. Alpine meadows nestle under the lee of towering rock walls and beside the winding trails, and everywhere superb views are obtainable of the mighty rim of mountains. At one point on the upper trail the entire fifteen miles of the Yoho canyon is suddenly revealed at a glimpse, with its perpendicular rock walls dropping a sheer thousand feet, and along the bed of the valley a shining streak of silver denotes the circuitous course of the Yoho River flowing toward the Kicking Horse Canyon and River. To traverse the tree-lined avenue to Emerald Lake, to climb the steep ascent to Emerald Glacier and Summit Lake, to follow the meanderings of the Upper Trail to the head of the Valley and the Wapta Glacier, to camp by the Yoho and within sound of the Laughing Falls, to feast eye and mind and spirit on the surrounding panorama, is to fill the hours so full of satisfaction as to ensure

the sweetest of memories for all the other hours of a mortal span of life.

IN GLACIER PARK.

Journeying still further westward the transition from the Rockies to the Selkirks brings the traveler to Glacier Park, where Mount Sir Donald reigns as the Alpine monarch and where the Illecillewaet and Asulkan Glaciers represent what is left of the great ice caps of a past age. Here, again, trails have been cut in every direction. One of the recently made ones involves a journey of fifteen miles to the Cougar Caves and Rogers Pass. This pony route to the caverns is one of constant surprises. Vision after vision of near and distant peaks hold the eye in thrall as the ascent is made, and as Mount Sir Donald seems to tower higher and higher, making pygmies of the buttressing foothills.

In one direction the fifty-mile course of the Illecillewaet Valley comes within view, tiny puffs of steam and smoke revealing trains that are curiously toy-like in perspective. No less beautiful is the Cougar Valley, guarded by the four-peaked Cougar Mountain, opposite which is the cave world, with its wierd rock caverns eaten out by water erosion during inconceivable centuries. To plunge from a



Buffalo Park at Wainwright, Alberta.



Mount Rundle, Rocky Mountains National Park, Banff.

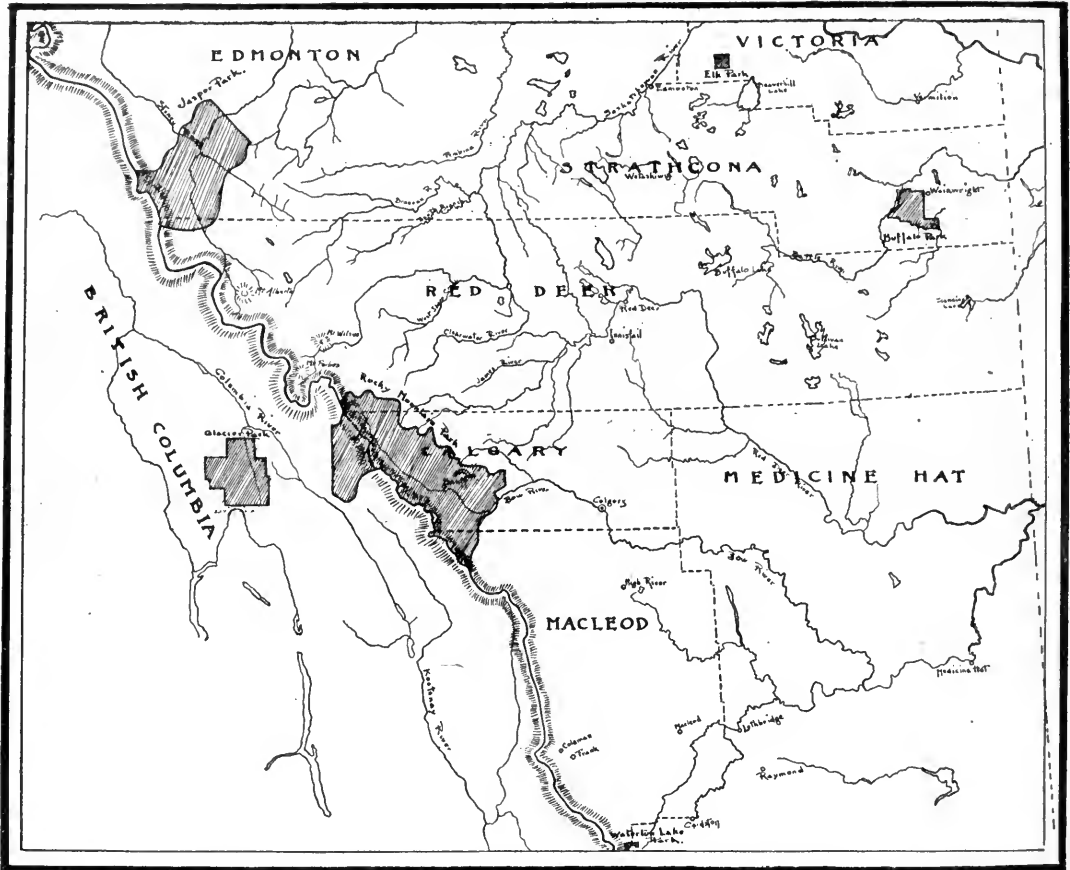
world of sunlight, and a realm of the magnificent in nature into subterranean darkness is in itself a sensational change of scene, while the roar—now distant—now near—of the imprisoned waters, leaping in successive Niagaras to lower levels, makes doubly awesome the journey down the steepest of ladders and over log bridges to Infernos and Chambers many. Strange limestone walls thrust themselves forward as if scenes in a theatre, their faces bearing curious carvings in which inanimate nature imitates the world of nature in growth. Lofty ceilings, only dimly shown by the flickering lamps, leap into more substantial form with the burning of magnesium wires, the rock crystals throwing back a glittering response. Hours may be spent in following the erratic course of the hidden torrent through chambers of blackness, and when emergence is finally made into the arena of the sunlit world, one welcomes and appreciates anew sun and sky and grass-carpeted earth. And when the trail route is followed to Bear River and over the Hermit Range, when massive Cheops is encircled and Sir Donald again sweeps into line of

vision, the wonders of Glacier Park are re-impressed on the mind.

The Waterton Lakes Park Reserve in the Kootenay Lake country of Southern British Columbia, while one of the smallest reserves in area, including only fifty-four square miles, is yet one of the most charming sections of Canadian mountain country. Nothing more beautiful in lake and mountain scenery can be imagined, and a sail over the blue water of the chain of Kootenay lakes is reminiscent of the English Lake district or the west coast of Scotland, excepting that the nature framing of the Canadian picture is on a more colossal scale. Busy mining towns and rich working mines dot the banks of the lakes and line the radiating valleys. Bench lands have been converted into fruit farms and ranches, and on every hand are evidences of prosperity amid scenes of sylvan beauty of lake and awe-inspiring hills.

BEAUTIFUL JASPER PARK RESERVE.

If all reports be true, and the adjectives do not call for discounts, Jasper Park Reserve—another of Canada's newest moun-



The accompanying map shows roughly the location of some of the great mountain parks in the Dominion. These parks are already settled and established. Surrounding some of them are extensive Reserves which have not yet been opened up.

tain playgrounds of 5,000 square miles—is an almost entirely unexplored territory, and a region of unrivaled alpine scenery which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will soon make accessible. Through the heart of the park runs the Athabasca River, enclosed on either side by stately peaks, whose snow-sheeted summits make a never-to-be-forgotten nature canvas. The prairie stretches bordering the mighty stream constitute a picturesque valley that adds a note of variety to the wonderful landscape.

The towering hills of Jasper Park rise above the watershed of a continent wherein are the headwaters of five great rivers: the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, the Thompson, the Columbia and the Fraser—two flowing eastward and irrigating the great plains; three chiselling their course westward until, overcoming nature's great-

est obstacles, they lose their life in the Pacific. Around one on every hand are the giant ice caps that feed the quintette of streams and their innumerable glacial tributaries; above one rise the titanic rock masses of mountains, while near at hand, blue-watered tarns and white-sprayed cascades, alplands alive with flowers and valleys that call to their recesses, make Jasper Park a wonderland of wild beauty, having near its western boundary Canada's highest peak in Mount Robson, 13,700 feet high, and, as a near neighbor, Mount Alberta, 13,500 feet high. "It is my belief," says the Commissioner of Dominion Parks of Canada, "that Jasper Park will eventually outstrip all others in the Dominion in importance, and when the natural resources are looked into and developed it will become a source of perpetual revenue to the country." During the summer of 1911 a

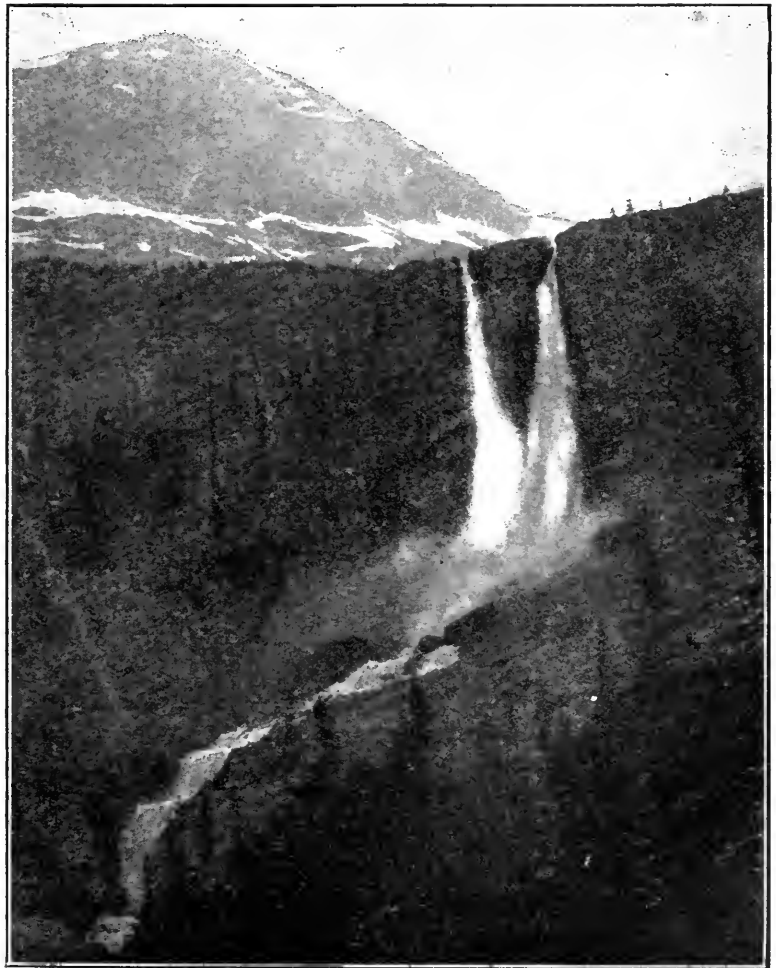
topographical survey party, under Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., was at work mapping out more fully this new park in the hills.

This vast and unsubdued alpine world of the north, hitherto remote as it has been, has yet an atmosphere of history and legend created by red man and half-breed, by voyageur and coureur du bois, by fur trader and factor, and more recently by the lonely prospector and explorer. Within its spacious boundaries has been epitomized the evolution of the great lone-land of prairie and mountain such as marks other regions of Alberta and British Columbia.

On the banks of the Athabasca are the ruins of Jasper House and Henry House, old trading posts of the Hudson's Bay and North-west Trading Companies in the days when a relentless mercantile war existed between the two. Little did old Jasper Hawes, the Hudson's Bay trader of 1800, dream that he should be immortalized a century after by having the region in which he had his headquarters named after him, or that a transcontinental railway would lay its tracks of steel where only tracks of mountain ponies or wild game had been seen. And as little did William Henry, the North-west Fur Company man of a hundred years ago, when he chose his charming site for a trad-

ing station at the headquarters of the Athabasca, forecast that his own company was doomed to disappear or that the trail to his log cabin would be a route for the prospector and the railway engineer, as the advance guard of a stream of travel soon to flow through the Pass of the Yellow-head.

Hard by the deserted cabins are the farms of a few plucky pioneers who, undeterred by the isolation and loneliness, have successfully engaged in agriculture where crop failures are unknown, thanks to the mild climate made by the chinook winds. But as all these parks are reserved from settlement, these squatters have, with one exception, been compensated, and have taken up land outside the park.



In the Yoho Valley, Yoho Mountain Pass.

Patches of mature green timber mark the valley, but they are only remnants of the once great forest that existed. With the future protection and natural reproduction of the pine and spruce, reforestation may in a measure repair the damage of the fierce fires of former days, the last occurring at the time of the Yukon rush.

Nature has further provided Jasper Park with extensive hot springs on Fiddle Creek, the waters carrying a distinctly sulphurous odor and taste, and reaching a temperature of 127 degrees. To reach the springs at present involves a hard day's travel over muskeg and windfalls, and the beauty of the scenery along the valley of the creek, under overhanging cliffs and beneath snow-covered mountains, make ample amends for the difficulties of reaching it.

A patrol of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, as well as four Dominion game wardens, have been established in the park, to provide for the protection of life and property and of the game, especially mountain sheep and goat, which were threatened by unlawful killing.

AN UNIQUE BUFFALO PARK.

A governmental reservation, unique in area and purpose, is Buffalo Park, located near the Grand Trunk Pacific divisional point of Wainwright, 120 miles east of Edmonton. This stretch of typical rolling prairie country is the home of Canada's great buffalo herd of one thousand, comprising practically all of the bisons left in a part of the continent where they once roamed in herds of thousands. 110,000

acres has been enclosed by a fourteen-strand wire fence, no less than seventy-three miles in length, sufficiently high to safely hold the big animals. This fine, new prairie park is dotted by many lakes that give it a park-like appearance. As in former days, so now it is an ideal grazing ground for buffalo in a wild state, and where the conditions are favorable to their speedy natural increase. The action of the Dominion Government in securing the famous Pablo herd of Montana, and thus saving the animal from extinction, is a highly commendable one, with the result that Canada now possesses the last great herd of these lordly beasts. The interesting fact has been noted that game near Buffalo Park, when disturbed, will fly over the wire fence and settle in the park for protection.

ELK ISLAND PARK.

One of the comparatively little reservations is the Elk Island Park, of 16 square miles, located at Lamont, in the Beaver Hills, some forty miles east of Edmonton. It was originally acquired by the Alberta Provincial Government as a forest and game preserve. Under the present policy of the Commissioner of Dominion Parks, a small number of buffalo are kept as a nucleus of another herd, with a considerable number of elk and deer.

One may repeat the hope that the new Government will continue and extend the policy of its predecessor in the matter of National Mountain Parks and forest reservations. It will prove an investment that will yield through the coming years rich dividends and the best of results.

THE PAGEANT

Joy but a day ago ceased utterance,
 And from the barren hall we went in gloom;
 Yet, lo, in one brief night starts Hope to bloom,
 Tiptoe upon the tomb of circumstance!
 —Philip Becker Goetz in February *Ainslee's*.

Smoke Bellew

By Jack London

The Stampede to Squaw Creek

TALE THREE.*

I.

Two months after Smoke Bellew and Shorty went after moose for a grubstake, they were back in the Elkhorn saloon at Dawson. The hunting was done, the meat hauled in and sold for two dollars and a half a pound, and between them they possessed three thousand dollars in gold dust and a good team of dogs. They had played in luck. Despite the fact that the gold rush had driven the game a hundred miles or more into the mountains, they had within half that distance bagged four moose in a narrow canyon.

The mystery of the strayed animals was no greater than the luck of their killers, for within the day four famished Indian families, reporting no game in three days' journey back, camped beside them. Meat was traded for starving dogs, and after a week of feeding Smoke and Shorty harnessed the animals and began freighting the meat to the eager Dawson market.

The problem of the two men now was to turn their gold-dust into food. The current price for flour and beans was a dollar and a half a pound, but the difficulty was to find a seller. Dawson was in the throes of famine. Hundreds of men, with money but no food, had been compelled to leave the country. Many had gone down the river on the last water, and many more with barely

enough to last, had walked the six hundred miles over the ice to Dyea.

Smoke met Shorty in the warm saloon, and found the latter jubilant.

"Life ain't no punkins without whiskey an' sweetenin'," was Shorty's greeting as he pulled lumps of ice from his thawing moustache and flung them rattling on the floor. "An' I sure just got eighteen pounds of that same sweetin'. The geezer only charged three dollars a pound for it. What luck did you have?"

"I, too, have not been idle," Smoke answered with pride. "I bought fifty pounds of flour. And there's a man up on Adam Creek says he'll let me have fifty pounds more to-morrow."

"Great! We'll sure live till the river opens. Say, Smoke, them dogs of ourn is the goods. A dog-buyer offered me two hundred apiece for the five of them. I told him nothin' doin'. They sure took on class when they got meat to get outside of; but it goes against the grain, feedin' dog-critters on grub that's worth two and half a pound. Come on an' have a drink. I just got to celebrate them eighteen pounds of sweetenin'."

Several minutes later, as he weighed in on the gold-scales for the drinks, he gave a start of recollection.

"I plum forgot that man I was to meet in the Tivoli. He's got some spoiled bacon he'll sell for a dollar an' a half a pound.

We can feed it to the dogs an' save a dollar a day on each's board bill. So long."

"So long," said Smoke. "I'm goin' to the cabin an' turn in."

Hardly had Shorty left the place, when a fur-clad man entered through the double storm-doors. His face lighted at sight of Smoke, who recognized him as Breck, the man whose boat he had run through the Box Canyon and White Horse Rapids.

"I heard you were in town," Breck said hurriedly, as they shook hands. "Been looking for you for half an hour. Come outside, I want to talk with you."

Smoke looked regretfully at the roaring, red-hot stove.

"Won't this do?"

"No; it's important. Come outside."

As they emerged, Smoke drew off one mitten, lighted a match, and glanced at the thermometer that hung beside the door. He remitted his naked hand hastily, as if the frost had burnt him. Overhead arched the flaming aurora borealis, while from all Dawson arose the mournful howling of thousands of wolf-dogs.

"What did it say?" Breck asked.

"Sixty below." Kit spat experimentally, and the spittle crackled in the air. "And the thermometer is certainly working. It's falling all the time. An hour ago it was only fifty-two. Don't tell me it's a stampede."

"It is," Breck whispered back cautiously, casting anxious eyes about in fear of some other listener. "You know Squaw Creek—empties in on the other side the Yukon thirty miles up."

"Nothing doing there," was Smoke's judgment. "It was prospected years ago."

"So were all the other rich creeks. Listen: It's big. Only eight to twenty feet to bedrock. There won't be a claim that don't run to half a million. It's a dead secret. Two or three of my close friends let me in on it. I told my wife right away that I was going to find you before I started. Now so long. My pack's hidden down the bank. In fact, when they told me they made me promise not to pull out until Dawson was asleep. You know what it means if you're seen with a stampeding outfit. Get your partner and follow. You ought to stake fourth or fifth claim from Discovery. Don't forget—

Squaw Creek. It's the third after you pass Swede Creek."

II.

When Smoke entered the little cabin on the hillside back of Dawson, he heard a heavy familiar breathing.

"Aw, go to bed," Shorty mumbled, as Smoke shook his shoulder. "I'm not on the night shift," was his next remark, as the rousing hand became more vigorous. "Tell your troubles to the bartender."

"Kick into your clothes," Smoke said. "We've got to stake a couple of claims."

Shorty sat up and started to explode, but Smoke's hand covered his mouth.

"Ssh!" Smoke warned. "It's a big strike. Don't wake the neighborhood. Dawson's asleep."

"Huh! You got to show me. Nobody tells anybody about a strike, of course not. But ain't it plum amazin' the way everybody hits the trail just the same?"

"Squaw Creek," Smoke whispered. "It's right. Breck gave me the tip. Shallow bedrock. Gold from the grass-roots down. Come on. We'll sling a couple of light packs together and pull out."

Shorty's eyes closed as he lapsed back into sleep. The next moment his blankets were swept off of him.

"If you don't want them, I do," Smoke explained.

Shorty followed the blankets and began to dress.

"Goin' to take the dogs?" he asked.

"No. The trail up the creek is sure to be unbroken, and we can make better time without them."

"Then I'll throw 'em a meal, which 'll have to last 'em till we get back. Be sure you take some birch-bark and a candle."

Shorty opened the door, felt the bite of the cold, and shrank back to pull down his ear-flaps and mitten his hands.

Five minutes later he returned, sharply rubbing his nose.

"Smoke, I'm sure opposed to makin' this stampede. It's colder than the hinges of hell a thousand years before the first fire was lighted. Besides, it's Friday the thirteenth, an' we're goin' to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

With small stampeding packs on their backs, they closed the door behind them and started down the hill. The display

of the aurora borealis had ceased, and only the stars leaped in the great cold, and by their uncertain light made traps for the feet. Shorty floundered off a turn of the trail into deep snow, and raised his voice in blessing of the date of the week and month and year.

"Can't you keep still?" Smoke chided. "Leave the almanac alone. You'll have all Dawson awake and after us."

"Huh! See the light in that cabin? And in that one over there? An' hear that door slam? Oh, sure Dawson's asleep. Them lights? Just buryin' their dead. They ain't stampedin', betcher life they ain't."

By the time they reached the foot of the hill and were fairly in Dawson, lights were springing up in the cabins, doors were slamming, and from behind came the sound of many moccasins on the hard-packed snow. Again Shorty delivered himself.

"But it beats hell the amount of mourners there is."

They passed a man who stood by the path and was calling anxiously in a low voice: "Oh, Charley; get a move on."

"See that pack on his back, Smoke? The graveyard's sure a long ways off when the mourners got to pack their blankets."

By the time they reached the main street a hundred men were in line behind them, and while they sought in the deceptive starlight for the trail that dipped down the bank to the river, more men could be heard arriving. Shorty slipped and shot down the thirty-foot chute into the soft snow. Smoke followed, knocking him over as he was rising to his feet.

"I found it first," he gurgled, taking off his mittens to shake the snow out of the gauntlets.

The next moment they were scrambling wildly out of the way of the hurtling bodies of those that followed. At the time of the freeze-up, a jam had occurred at this point, and cakes of ice were up-ended in snow-covered confusion. After several hard falls, Smoke drew out his candle and lighted it. Those in the rear hailed it with acclaim. In the windless air it burned easily, and he led the way more quickly.

"It's a sure stampede," Shorty decided. "Or might all them be sleepwalkers?"

"We're at the head of the procession at any rate," was Smoke's answer.

"Oh, I don't know. Mebbe that's a firefly ahead there. Mebbe they're all fireflies—that one, an' that one. Look at 'em! Believe me, they is whole strings of processions ahead."

It was a mile across the jams to the west bank of the Yukon, and candles flickered the full length of the twisting trail. Behind them, clear to the top of the bank they had descended, were more candles.

"Say, Smoke, this ain't no stampede. It's a exode-us. They must be a thousand men ahead of us an' ten thousand behind. Now you listen to your uncle. My medicine's good. When I get a hunch it's sure right. An' we're in wrong on this stampede. Let's turn back an' hit the sleep."

"You'd better save your breath if you intend to keep up," Smoke retorted gruffly.

"Huh! My legs is short, but I slog along slack at the knees an' don't worry my muscles none, an' I can sure walk every piker here off the ice."

And Smoke knew he was right, for he had long since learned his comrade's phenomenal walking powers.

"I've been holding back to give you a chance," Smoke jeered.

"An' I'm plum troddin' on your heels. If you can't do better, let me go ahead and set pace."

Smoke quickened, and was soon at the rear of the nearest bunch of stampedeers.

"Hike along, you, Smoke," the other urged. "Walk over them unburied dead. This ain't no funeral. Hit the frost like you was goin' somewhere."

Smoke counted eight men and two women in this party, and before the way across the jam-ice was won, he and Shorty had passed another party twenty strong. Within a few feet of the west bank, the trail swerved to the south, emerging from the jam upon smooth ice. The ice, however, was buried under several feet of fine snow. Through this the sled-trail ran, a narrow ribbon of packed footing barely two feet in width. On either side one sank to his knees and deeper in the snow. The stampedeers they overtook were reluctant to give way, and often Smoke and Shorty had to plunge into the deep snow, and by supreme efforts flounder past.

Shorty was irrepressible and pessimistic. When the stampederes resented being passed, he retorted in kind.

"What's you hurry?" one of them asked.

"What's yours?" he answered. "A stampede come down from Indian River yesterday afternoon an' beat you to it. They ain't no claims left."

"That being so, I repeat, what's your hurry?"

"Who? Me? I ain't no stampeder. I'm workin' for the Government. I'm on official business. I'm just traipsin' along to take the census of Squaw Creek."

To another, who hailed him with: "Where away, little one? Do you really expect to stake a claim?" Shorty answered:

"Me? I'm the discoverer of Squaw Creek. I'm just comin' back from recordin' so as to see no blamed *chechaquo* jumps my claim."

The average pace of the stampederes on the smooth going was three miles and a half an hour. Smoke and Shorty were doing four and a half, though sometimes they broke into short runs and went faster.

"I'm going to travel your feet clean off, Shorty," Smoke challenged.

"Huh! I can hike along on the stumps an' wear the heels off your moccasins. Though it ain't no use. I've been figgerin'. Creek claims is five hundred feet. Call 'em ten to the mile. They's a thousand stampederes ahead of us, an' that creek ain't no hundred miles long. Somebody's goin' to get left, an' it makes a noise like you an' me."

Before replying, Smoke let out an unexpected link that threw Shorty half a dozen feet in the rear.

"If you saved your breath and kept up, we'd cut down a few of that thousand," he chided.

"Who? Me? If you'd get outa the way I'd show you a pace what is."

Smoke laughed, and let out another link. The whole aspect of the adventure had changed. Through his brain was running a phrase of the mad philosopher—"the transvaluation of values." In truth, he was less interested in staking a fortune than in beating Shorty. After all, he concluded, it wasn't the reward of the

game, but the playing of it that counted. Mind, and muscle, and stamina, and soul were challenged in a contest with this Shorty, a man who had never opened the books and who did not know grand opera from rag-time, nor an epic from a chilblain.

"Shorty, I've got you skinned to death. I've reconstructed every cell in my body since I hit the beach at Dyea. My flesh is as stringy as whipcords, and as bitter and mean as the bite of a rattlesnake. A few months ago I'd have patted myself on the back to write such words, but I couldn't have written them. I had to live them first, and now that I'm living them there's no need to write them. I'm the real, bitter, stinging goods, and no scrub of a mountaineer can put anything over on me without getting it back compound. Now, you go ahead and set pace for half an hour. Do your worst, and when you're all in I'll go ahead and give you half an hour of the real worst."

"Huh!" Shorty sneered genially. "An' him not dry behind the ears yet. Get outa the way an' let your father show you some goin'."

Half-hour by half-hour they alternated in setting pace. Nor did they talk much. Their exertions kept them warm, though their breath froze on their faces from lips to chin. So intense was the cold that they almost continually rubbed their noses and cheeks with their mittens. A few minutes cessation from this allowed the flesh to grow numb, and then most vigorous rubbing was required to produce the burning prickle of returning circulation.

Often they thought they had reached the lead, but always they overtook more stampederes who had started before them. Occasionally groups of men attempted to swing in behind to their pace, but invariably they were discouraged after a mile or two and disappeared in the darkness to the rear.

"We've been out on trail all winter," was Shorty's comment. "An' them geezers, soft from layin' around their cabins, has the nerve to think they can keep our stride. Now, if they was real sour-doughs it'd be different. If there's one thing, a sour-dough can do it's sure walk."

Once, Smoke lighted a match and glanced at his watch. He never repeated

it, for so quick was the bite of the frost on his bared hands that half an hour passed before they were again comfortable.

"Four o'clock," he said, as he pulled on his mittens, "and we've already passed three hundred."

"Three hundred and thirty-eight," Shorty corrected. "I ben keepin' count. Get out the way, stranger. Let somebody stampede that knows how to stampede."

This latter was addressed to a man, evidently exhausted, who could no more than stumble along and who blocked the trail. This, and one other, were the only played-out men they encountered, for they were very near to the head of the stampede. Nor did they learn till afterward the horrors of that night. Exhausted men sat down to rest by the way and failed to get up again. Seven were frozen to death, while scores of amputations of toes, feet, and fingers were performed in the Dawson hospitals on the survivors. For of all nights for a stampede, the one to Squaw Creek occurred on the coldest night of the year. Before morning the spirit thermometers at Dawson registered seventy degrees below zero. The men composing the stampede, with few exceptions, were newcomers in the country who did not know the way of the cold.

The other played-out man they found a few minutes later, revealed by a streamer of aurora borealis that shot like a searchlight from horizon to zenith. He was sitting on a piece of ice beside the trail.

"Hop along, sister Mary," Shorty greeted him. "Keep movin'. If you sit there you'll freeze stiff."

The man made no response, and they stopped to investigate.

"Stiff as a poker," was Shorty's verdict. "If you tumbled him over he'd break."

"See if he's breathing," Smoke said, as, with bared hand, he sought through furs and woollens for the man's heart.

Shorty lifted one ear-flap and bent to the iced lips.

"Nary breathe," he reported.

"Nor heart-beat," said Smoke.

He mittened his hand and beat it violently for a minute before exposing it to the frost to strike a match. It was an old man, incontestably dead. In the moment of illumination, they saw a long grey beard, massed with ice to the nose,

cheeks that were white with frost, and closed eyes with frost-rimed lashes frozen together. Then the match went out.

"Come on," Shorty said, rubbing his ear. "We can't do nothin' for the old geezer. An' I've sure frosted my ear. Now all the blamed skin 'll peel off and it 'll be sore for a week."

A few minutes later, when a flaming ribbon spilled pulsating fire over the heavens, they saw on the ice a quarter of a mile ahead two forms. Beyond, for a mile, nothing moved.

"They're heading the procession," Smoke said, as darkness fell again. "Come on, let's get them."

At the end of half an hour, not yet having overtaken the two in front, Shorty broke into a run.

"If we catch 'em we'll never pass 'em," he panted. "Lord, what a pace they're hittin'. Dollars to doughnuts they're no *chechaquos*. They're the real sour-dough variety, you can stack on that."

Smoke was leading when they finally caught up, and he was glad to ease to a walk at their heels. Almost immediately he got the impression that the one nearer him was a woman. How this impression came, he could not tell. Hooded and furred, the dark form was as any form; yet there was a haunting sense of familiarity about it. He waited for the next flame of the aurora, and by its light saw the smallness of the moccasined feet. But he saw more—the walk; and knew it for the unmistakable walk he had once resolved never to forget.

"She's a sure goer," Shorty confided hoarsely. "I'll bet it's an Indian."

"How do you do, Miss Gastell," Smoke addressed.

"How do you do," she answered, with a turn of the head and a quick glance. "It's too dark to see. Who are you?"

"Smoke."

She laughed in the frost, and he was certain it was the prettiest laughter he had ever heard.

"And have you married and raised all those children you were telling me about?" Before he could retort, she went on: "How many *chechaquos* are there behind?"

"Several thousand, I imagine. We passed over three hundred. And they weren't wasting any time."

"It's the old story," she said bitterly. "The new-comers get in on the rich creeks, and the old-timers who dared and suffered and made this country, get nothing. Old-timers made this discovery on Squaw Creek—how it leaked out is the mystery—and they sent word up to all the old-timers on Sea Lion. But it's ten miles farther than Dawson, and when they arrive they'll find the creek staked to the sky-line by the Dawson *chechaquos*. It isn't right, it isn't fair, such perversity of luck."

"It is too bad," Smoke sympathized. "But I'm hanged if I know what you are going to do about it. First come, first served, you know."

"I wish I could do something," she flashed back at him. "I'd like to see them all freeze on the trail, or have everything terrible happen to them, so long as the Sea Lion stampede arrived first."

"You've certainly got it in for us, hard," he laughed.

"It isn't that," she said quickly. "Man by man, I know the crowd from Sea Lion, and they are men. They starved in this country in the old days, and they worked like giants to develop it. I went through the hard times on the Koyokuk with them, when I was a little girl. And I was with them in the Birch Creek famine, and in the Forty-Mile famine. They are heroes, and they deserve some reward, and yet here are thousands of green softlings, who haven't earned the right to stake anything, miles and miles ahead of them. And now, if you'll forgive my tirade, I'll save my breath, for I don't know when you and all the rest may try to pass dad and me."

No further talk passed between Joy and Smoke for an hour or so, though he noticed that for a time she and her father talked in low tones.

"I know 'm now," Shorty told Smoke. "He's old Louis Gastell, an' the real goods. That must be his kid. He come into this country so long ago they ain't nobody can recollect, an' he brought the girl with him, she only a baby. Him an' Bettles was tradin' partners, an' they ran the first dinky little steamboat up the Koyokuk."

"I don't think we'll try to pass them," Smoke said. "We're at the head of the stampede, and there are only four of us."

Shorty agreed, and another hour of silence followed, during which they swung steadily along. At seven o'clock, the blackness was broken by a last display of the aurora borealis, which showed to the west a broad opening between snow-clad mountains.

"Squaw Creek!" Joy exclaimed.

"Goin' some," Shorty exulted. "We oughtn't to ben there for another half hour to the least, accordin' to my reckonin'. I must 'a ben spreadin' my legs."

It was at this point that the Dyea trail, baffled by ice-jams, swerved abruptly across the Yukon to the east bank. And here they must leave the hard-packed, main-traveled trail, mount the jams, and follow a dim trail, but slightly packed, that hovered the west bank.

Louis Gastell, leading, slipped in the darkness on the rough ice, and sat up, holding his ankle in both his hands. He struggled to his feet and went on, but at a slower pace and with a perceptible limp. After a few minutes he abruptly halted.

"It's no use," he said to his daughter. "I've sprained a tendon. You go ahead and stake for me as well as yourself."

"Can't we do something?" Smoke asked.

Louis Gastell shook his head.

"She can stake two claims as well as one. I'll crawl over to the bank, start a fire, and bandage my ankle. I'll be all right. Go on, Joy. Stake ours above the discovery claim; it's richer higher up."

"Here's some birch bark," Smoke said, dividing his supply equally. "We'll take care of your daughter."

Louis Gastell laughed harshly.

"Thank you just the same," he said. "But she can take care of herself. Follow her and watch her."

"Do you mind if I lead?" she asked Smoke, as she headed on. "I know this country better than you."

"Lead on," Smoke answered gallantly, "though I agree with you it's a darn shame all us *chechaquos* are going to beat that Sea Lion bunch to it. Isn't there some way to shake them?"

She shook her head.

"We can't hide our trail, and they'll follow it like sheep."

After a quarter of a mile, she turned sharply to the west. Smoke noticed that they were going through unpacked snow,

- but neither he nor Shorty observed that the dim trail they had been on still led south. Had they witnessed the subsequent procedure of Louis Gastell, the history of the Klondike would have been written differently; for they would have seen that old-timer, no longer limping, running with his nose to the trail like a hound, following them. Also, they would have seen him trample and widen the turn to the fresh trail they had made to the west. And, finally, they would have seen him keep on the old dim trail that still led south.

A trail did run up the creek, but so slight was it that they continually lost it in the darkness. After a quarter of an hour, Joy Gastell was willing to drop into the rear and let the two men take turns in breaking a way through the snow. This slowness of the leaders enabled the whole stampede to catch up, and when daylight came, at nine o'clock, as far back as they could see was an unbroken line of men. Joy's dark eyes sparkled at the sight.

"How long since we started up the creek?" she asked.

"Fully two hours," Smoke answered.

"And two hours back makes four," she laughed. "The stampede from Sea Lion is saved."

A faint suspicion crossed Smoke's mind, and he stopped and confronted her.

"I don't understand," he said.

"You don't? Then I'll tell you. This is Norway Creek. Squaw Creek is the next to the south."

Smoke was for the moment speechless.

"You did it a purpose?" Shorty demanded.

"I did it to give the old-timers a chance."

She laughed mockingly. The men grinned at each other and finally joined her.

"I'd lay you across my knee an' give you a wallop in, if women folk wasn't so scarce in this country," Shorty assured her.

"Your father didn't sprain a tendon, but waited till we were out of sight and then went on?" Smoke asked.

She nodded.

"And you were the decoy?"

Again she nodded, and this time Smoke's laughter rang out clear and true. It was the spontaneous laughter of a frankly beaten man.

"Why don't you get angry with me?" she queried ruefully. "Or—or wallop me?"

"Well, we might as well be startin' back," Shorty urged. "My feet's gettin' cold standin' here."

Smoke shook his head.

"That would mean four hours lost. We must be eight miles up this creek now, and from the look ahead Norway is making a long swing south. We'll follow it, then cross over the divide somehow and tap Squaw Creek somewhere above Discovery." He looked at Joy. "Won't you come along with us? I told your father we'd look after you."

"I——" She hesitated. "I think I shall, if you don't mind." She was looking straight at him, and her face was no longer defiant and mocking. "Really, Mr. Smoke, you make me almost sorry for what I have done. But somebody had to save the old-timers."

"It strikes me that stampeding is at best a sporting proposition."

"And it strikes me you two are very game about it," she went on, then added with the shadow of a sigh: "What a pity you are not old-timers."

For two hours more they kept to the frozen creek-bed of Norway, then turned into a narrow and rugged tributary that flowed from the south. At mid-day they began the ascent of the divide itself. Behind them, looking down and back, they could see the long line of stampedeers breaking up. Here and there, in scores of places, thin smoke-columns advertised the making of camps.

As for themselves, the going was hard. They wallowed through snow to their waists, and were compelled to stop every few yards to breathe. Shorty was the first to call a halt.

"We ben hittin' the trail for over twelve hours," he said. "Smoke, I'm plum willin' to say I'm good an' tired. An' so are you. An' I'm free to shout that I can sure hang on to this here passar like a starvin' Indian to a hunk of bear meat. But this poor girl here can't keep her legs no time if she don't get something in her stomach. Here's where we build a fire. What d'ye say?"

So quickly, so deftly and methodically, did they go about making a temporary

camp, that Joy, watching with jealous eyes, admitted to herself that old-timers could not do it better. Spruce boughs, with a spread blanket on top, gave a foundation for rest and cooking operations. But they kept away from the heat of the fire until noses and cheeks had been rubbed cruelly.

Smoke spat in the air, and the resultant crackle was so immediate and loud that he shook his head.

"I give it up," he said. "I've never seen cold like this."

"One winter on the Koyokuk it went to eighty-six below," Joy answered. "It's at least seventy or seventy-five right now, and I know I've frosted my cheeks. They're burning like fire."

On the steep slope of the divide there was no ice, while snow, as fine and hard and crystalline as granulated sugar, was poured into the gold-pan by the bushel until enough water was melted for the coffee. Smoke fried bacon and thawed biscuits, Shorty kept the fuel supplied and tended the fire, and Joy set the simple table composed of two plates, two cups, two spoons, a tin of mixed salt and pepper, and a tin of sugar. When it came to eating, she and Smoke shared one set between them. They ate out of the same plate and drank from the same cup.

It was nearly two in the afternoon when they cleared the crest of the divide and began dropping down a feeder of Squaw Creek. Earlier in the winter some moose hunter had made a trail up the canyon—that is, in going up and down he had stepped always in his previous tracks. As a result, in the midst of soft snow and veiled under later snow falls, was a line of irregular hummocks. If one's foot missed a hummock, he plunged down through unpacked snow and usually to a fall. Also, the moose hunter had been an exceptionally long-legged individual. Joy, who was eager now that the two men should stake, and fearing that they were slackening pace on account of her evident weariness, insisted on taking the lead. The speed and manner in which she negotiated the precarious footing called out Shorty's unqualified approval.

"Look at her!" he cried. "She's the real goods an' the red meat. Look at them moccasins swing along. No high heels

there. She uses the legs God gave her. She's the right squaw for any bear-hunter."

She flashed back a smile of acknowledgment that included Smoke. He caught a feeling of chumminess, though at the same time he was bitingly aware that it was very much of a woman who embraced him in that comradely smile.

Looking back, as they came to the bank of Squaw Creek, they could see the stampee strung out irregularly, struggling along the descent of the divide.

They slipped down the bank to the creek bed. The stream, frozen solidly to bottom, was from twenty to thirty feet wide, and ran between six and eight-foot earth banks of alluvial wash. No recent feet had disturbed the snow that lay upon its ice, and they knew they were above the discovery claim and the last stakes of the Sea Lion stamperers.

"Look out for springs," Joy warned, as Smoke led the way down the creek. "At seventy below you'll lose your feet if you break through."

These springs, common to most Klondike streams, never ceased at the lowest temperatures. The water flowed out from the banks and lay in pools, which were cuddled from the cold by later surface-freezings and snow falls. Thus, a man, stepping on dry snow, might break through half an inch of ice-skin and find himself up to the knees in water. In five minutes, unless able to remove the wet gear, the loss of one's feet was the penalty.

Though only three in the afternoon, the long gray twilight of the Arctic had settled down. They watched for a blazed tree on either bank, which would show the centre-stake of the last claim located. Joy, impulsively eager, was the first to find it. She darted ahead of Smoke, crying:

"Somebody's been there! See the snow! Look for the blaze! There it is! See that spruce!"

She sank suddenly to her waist in the snow.

"Now I've done it," she said woefully. Then she cried: "Don't come near me! I'll wade out."

Step by step, each time breaking through the thin skin of ice concealed under the dry snow, she forced her way to solid footing. Smoke did not wait, but

sprang to the bank, where dry and seasoned twigs and sticks, lodged amongst the brush by spring freshets, waited the match. By the time she reached his side the first flames and flickers of an assured fire were rising.

"Sit down!" he commanded.

She obediently sat down in the snow. He slipped his pack from his back, and spread a blanket for her feet.

From above came the voices of the stampedeers who followed them.

"Let Shorty stake," she urged.

"Go on, Shorty," Smoke said, as he attacked her moccasins, already stiff with ice. "Pace off a thousand feet and place the two centre stakes. We can fix the corner stakes afterward."

With his knife, Smoke cut away the lacings and leather of the moccasins. So stiff were they with ice that they snapped and crackled under the hacking and sawing. The Siwash socks and heavy woolen stockings were sheaths of ice. It was as if her feet and calves were encased in corrugated iron.

"How are your feet?" he asked, as he worked.

"Pretty numb. I can't move nor feel my toes. But it will be all right. The fire is burning beautifully. Watch out you don't freeze your own hands. They must be numb now from the way you're fumbling."

He slipped his mittens on, and for nearly a minute smashed the open hands savagely against his sides. When he felt the blood-prickles, he pulled off the mittens and ripped and tore and sawed and hacked at the frozen garments. The white skin of one foot appeared, then that of the other, to be exposed to the bite of seventy below zero, which is the equivalent of one hundred and two below freezing.

Then came the rubbing with snow, carried on with an intensity of cruel fierceness, till she squirmed and shrank and moved her toes, and joyously complained of the hurt.

He half-dragged her, and she half-lifted herself nearer to the fire. He placed her feet on the blanket close to the flesh-saving flames.

"You'll have to take care of them for a while," he said.

She could now safely remove her mittens and work and manipulate her own feet, with the wisdom of the initiated, being watchful that the heat of the fire was absorbed slowly. While she did this, he attacked his hands. The snow did not melt nor moisten. Its light crystals were like so much sand. Slowly the stings and pangs of circulation came back into the chilled flesh. Then he tended the fire, unstrapped the light pack from her back, and got out a complete change of foot gear.

Shorty returned along the creek-bed and climbed the bank to them.

"I sure staked a full thousan' feet," he proclaimed. "Number twenty-seven an' number twenty-eight, though I'd only got the upper stake of twenty-seven, when I met the first geezer of the bunch behind. He just straight declared I wasn't goin' to stake twenty-eight. An' I told him——"

"Yes, yes," Joy cried. "What did you tell him?"

"Well, I told him straight that if he didn't back up plum five hundred feet I'd sure punch his frozen nose into ice cream an' chocolate eclaires. He backed up, an' I've got in the centre-stakes of two full an' honest five hundred-foot creek claims. He staked next, an' I guess by now the bunch has Squaw Creek located to head-waters an' down the other side. Ourn is safe. It's too dark to see now, but we can put out the corner-stakes in the mornin'."

III.

When they awoke, they found a change had taken place during the night. So warm was it that Shorty and Smoke, still in their mutual blankets, estimated the temperature at no more than twenty below. The cold snap had broken. On top their blankets lay six inches of frost crystals.

"Good morning—how's your feet?" was Smoke's greeting across the ashes of the fire to where Joy Gastell, carefully shaking aside the snow, was sitting up in her sleeping furs.

Shorty built the fire and quarried ice from the creek, while Smoke cooked breakfast. Daylight came on as they finished the meal.

"You go an' fix them corner-stakes, Smoke," Shorty said. "There's gravel

under where I chopped ice for the coffee, an' I'm goin' to melt water and wash a pan of that same gravel for luck."

Smoke departed, axe in hand, to blaze the stakes. Starting from the down-stream centre-stake of "twenty-seven," he headed at right angles across the narrow valley toward its rim. He proceeded methodically, almost automatically, for his mind was alive with recollections of the night before. He felt, somehow, that he had won to empery over the delicate lines and firm muscles of those feet and ankles he had rubbed with snow, and this empery

seemed to extend to the rest and all of this woman of his kind. In dim and fiery ways a feeling of possession mastered him. It seemed that all that was necessary was for him to walk up to this Joy Gastell, take her hand in his, and say "Come."

It was in this mood that he discovered something that made him forget empery over the white feet of woman. At the valley rim he blazed no corner-stake. He did not reach the valley rim, but, instead, he found himself confronted by another stream. He lined up with his eye a blasted willow tree and a big and recognizable

spruce. He returned to the stream where were the centre stakes. He followed the bed of the creek around a wide horseshoe bend through the flat and found that the two creeks were the same creek. Next, he floundered twice through the snow from valley rim to valley rim, running the first line from the lower stake of "twenty-seven," the second from the upper stake of "twenty-eight"; and he found that *the upper stake of the latter was lower than the lower stake of the former*. In the gray twilight and half darkness, Shorty had located their two claims on the horseshoe.

Smoke plodded back to the little camp. Shorty, at the end of washing a pan of gravel, exploded at sight of him.

"We got it!" Shorty cried, holding out the pan. "Look at it! A nasty mess of gold. Two hundred right there



He found himself confronted by another stream.

if it's a cent. She runs rich from the top of the wash-gravel. I've churned around placers some, but I never got but-ter like what's in this pan.

"What's the answer?"

"Well, the eastern entrance of the Panama Canal is west of the western entrance, that's all."

"Go on," Shorty said. "I ain't seen the joke yet."

"In short, Shorty, you staked our two claims on a big horseshoe bend."

Shorty set the gold pan down in the snow and stood up.

"Go on," he repeated.

"The upper stake of twenty-eight is ten feet below the lower stake of twenty-seven."

"You mean we ain't got nothin', Smoke?"

"Worse than that; we've got ten feet less than nothing."

Shorty departed down the bank on the run. Five minutes later he returned. In response to Joy's look he nodded. Without speech, he went over to a log and sat down to gaze steadily at the snow in front of his moccasins.

"We might as well break camp and

start back for Dawson," Smoke said, beginning to fold the blankets.

"I am sorry, Smoke," Joy said. "It's all my fault."

"It's all right," he answered. "All in the day's work, you know."

"But it's my fault, wholly mine," she persisted. "Dad's staked for me down near Discovery, I know. 'I'll give you my claim.'"

He shook his head.

"Shorty," she pleaded.

Shorty shook his head and began to laugh. It was a colossal laugh. Chuckles and muffled explosions yielded to hearty roars.

"It ain't hysterics," he explained. "I sure get powerful amused at times, an' this is one of them."

His gaze chanced to fall on the gold pan. He walked over and gravely kicked it, scattering the gold over the landscape.

"It ain't ourn," he said. "It belongs to the geezer I backed up five hundred feet last night. An' what gets me is four hundred an' ninety of them feet was to the good—his good. Come on, Smoke. Let's start the hike to Dawson. Though if you're hankerin' to kill me I won't lift a finger to prevent."

THE IDOL

I prayed, and wrought me an idol:—

Lord, it was sweet to pray!

From others, but most of all from myself,

I covered its feet of clay.

An evil ooze from the marshland

Soddened its feet of clay.

The Idol rocked on its flower-decked shrine:—

Lord, it is bitter to pray!

—*Jessie Anderson, in Lippincott's.*

The Men We Need

A Problem in Canadian Immigration: The Learning of a New Philosophy of Life

By Frederick Greyson

Immigration will always be a great Canadian problem. Fraught as it is with the gravest perils it is of surpassing importance to the Dominion in its present period of expansion. Nor is it an issue with which Canadians are unfamiliar; on the contrary, its dominant features are well understood. This article, however, approaches a consideration of the question from a new viewpoint and in an original way, and, having regard to the Britisher in particular, offers a solution, the outcome of which is that the newcomer, to be really successful in Canada, "must unlearn his old philosophy of living and learn a new one." National in its scope and application as affecting the needs of the country, the treatise cannot but prove valuable and helpful.

THE Captain and I stood back in the shadow of the little station and watched the little group.

"Poor devils!" muttered the Captain. "They ought not to go. They'll never make good. They can't. They don't understand your country and your country won't try to understand them."

"No," I said, "I think you're wrong, Captain. I think Canada is the very place for them."

There were in the group seven men, six women and thirteen children. Their luggage was of the usual variety which is seen in the steerage of west-bound Canadian liners. It consisted of small leather or tin trunks which weighed three times as much, in proportion to their capacity, as a Canadian trunk; of great wooden chests with heavy locks and hinges, which the men had carried to the platform of the station on their shoulders, and of all sorts of bundles and grips. They were farm laborers from the Captain's very own farm. They were waiting for the train which would take them to Liverpool,

whence an ocean liner was to transport them to—Canada.

The Captain beckoned to me and we walked away, and out into the little garden of the station master. Over the garden wall which lay between us and the little group of adventurers on the platform of the station, we could hear them "jowking." To the Captain, for he was their landlord, there was nothing to notice in their banterings. To a Canadian there was something almost pathetic in the guffaws and the buffoonery with which they tried to cover up the real anxiety they felt in thus taking leave of their own country. Then, too, there is something repellant about the gayety of people like these in the old country. There is a flat-throatedness about their laugh and a clumsy exaggeration in their fun which seems unwholesome. But that does not matter.

"'Ere, 'Arriet! 'Arriet, you toyk this luggie. I sigh, moind the boiby. 'Ere, you, carn't y' do as y're towld?"

The train had come in with the same quiet little air of deadly earnestness and extreme business with which an English train always arrives. The group on the platform was stampeding and the guard had his hands full to herd them into the third class compartments.

There was a slight rumble and the train rolled out.

"I am sorry to see those people go," declared the Captain emphatically. "I am sorry because I think that Canada is not the place for them. I think they won't prosper there and that they'll become discontents if not malcontents in a few generations."

"You are unfair," I retorted. "You say that because you are a land-owner and you resent the fact that these people have enough independence left to leave your property and go out on their own account."

"Oh, no," he replied, "you are quite wrong. You do me an injustice. I know your country, Canada, and I admire it very much. I think it offers a solution for some of our problems here in the Old Country, by relieving us of some of our over-population. I think it offers a man many more advantages than here in England. But I am still certain that those people who left are taking a very great risk."

"Why?"

"Because they are farm laborers."

"But farm laborers are the very people we are asking for in Canada. They are the immigrants that the country needs. We don't want city people from you. Our trade unions object to the immigration of artisans and city laborers. We *want* farm laborers. We *need* them."

"Well," he concluded, "they are the people we need least to secure employment for, and they are the least likely citizens you can pick for Canada. Take my word for it."

So we commenced to argue and this is the sum of our argument.

There is a radical difference between the Old Country view of living and that of the Canadian. The immigrant, coming from England or Scotland must, to be really successful in the new country, unlearn his old philosophy of living, so to speak, and learn the new one. The man who can do this is the best citizen for the new country; *and* the immigrant-

elect who is most likely to adapt himself quickly to the new conditions is the urban man, not the farm laborer. This was the sum of our conclusions.

Let us leave out of this the small farmer as he exists in England and Scotland. It is from this class that Canada can expect to draw heavily. The agriculturalists who may be attracted to this country are oftener the farm laborers who have become, if not dissatisfied at home, imbued with the general enthusiasm for Canada. These men, arriving in Canada, have been shifted out to Canadian farms. There, some of them have made good, as the saying is; but others have been miserable failures. The Canadian farmer is apt to tell you that he prefers the Canadian hired man at twice the money to the Old Countryman at the lesser price. You may find, as I said, some exceptions, but the average experience has been that the Old Country farm hand, while he is probably more thorough in his work, is not a good all around man. He is hard to teach. He is slow to adapt himself, and he is not resourceful.

"The Captain" is a modest landlord with a good "home farm" and a few acres besides. He is a County Councillor and a half a dozen other things like that. In fact he is a modern squire. I had told him that I really thought our Canadian farmers were unreasonable in their criticism and that the greatest difficulty to be overcome was their prejudice to Old Country methods. But he insisted that I was wrong and that the fault really lies in the fact that the English farm laborer, of all men, is least adaptable.

* * * * *

No position in the social structure is impossible to a Canadian. He recognizes no caste nor much precedence—sometimes not enough. He does not feel handicapped by the thought that his grandfather or his father was a horse-thief. Canada lies before him a world wherein nothing is as yet established, or at all events nothing that daunts him. He sees that it needs work done and that the man who does that work gets the reward, without respect to his ancestors. The rewards are large but the work is not like work in other parts of the world. He may have to endure privation; the possibilities are that he must. He will not be able to

pick and choose his work nor please his fancy as to the scenery in his neighborhood. The one fact before him is that he must *work* and work harder than the next man, or else wake some morning to find that the next man has outstripped him and stands in the way of his progress.

But the Old Countryman, of a certain class, arriving in Canada finds this very difficult to learn. He does not know the meaning of the word initiative. He has always left that to somebody else. If he learns the lesson he prospers. If he doesn't he fails to become all that the opportunities are worth. The city-bred man may be quicker in this regard. He is more accustomed to accepting new conditions; his mind is trained to see things quickly. But the farm laborer can only stand "mazed."

If you walk across a field in Surrey, or anywhere, for that matter, in rural England, and if you find a quiet place where you can sit down and get a quiet impression of the rural landscape, you will begin to understand the English farm laborer. It is such a finished field, such a comfortable and complete field. There is never any danger of its surprising you. It will always produce about the same thing that it has produced for the past twelve generations. The hedges are old. Nobody will ever change them. They mark the field as carefully and as permanently as though they were the lines of character in an old man's face. From year to year there is no development in that field. Everything is a matter of rotation, a matter of habit which has been fixed upon that field, not by the present generation of owners but by ten generations before them, perhaps.

The landscape is *finished*. It is cut and trimmed and barbered like an old Duke, or like an old dowager after her massage. The rivers will not vary much in their height because there are no far off forests being cut down. The stream sings the same song yesterday as it sang an hundred years ago. The men who pass you, with farm implements over their shoulders and coats on their arms, are not engaged in any competition for wealth. All are free and equal within their class. If a man keeps from letting the "public 'ouse" dominate him, if he

marries carefully and serves "the Master" well, he may expect to live in peace and comparative plenty in a small cottage, always. The weather is not bitter at any time. Food is plain but good. The Mistress at "the house" will give the children hot soup or coals or petticoats if the winter is very bad and the family gets poor. *Someone* will look after them *somehow*. Why strive?

The spirit of the old feudal system still survives in important parts of the old land. The people have been taught to be more or less dependent upon the landowner. He is often the very best of fellows—just like the Captain. He recognizes that his employees on the estate are little better than children. He gives them more or less protection and his wife tries to drill something worth while into the minds of the women folk. And that is about the end of it. They expect to be attended to. They are parts of the feudal system.

It is a wonder that this system breeds the fine men it does. For there are some excellent qualities among the farm laborers of the Old Country. There are, however, not a few who seem to degenerate under the English system. For instance, the Captain's wife came in one evening from working in her garden and said that she had never felt more "put out."

"Why"

Because she had tried to help a family of whom the rector had spoken to her. The rector said they were very poor and had scarcely any firewood or coals in the house. The man was somewhat delicate and, the rector supposed, may have been a trifle lazy. Captain's wife, out of pity, hired the man and his twelve year old boy to clear up the garden under the direction of her gardener. They worked very slowly but she supposed it was because they had been badly nourished. In time the man and boy seemed to have regained their normal strength and one day, seeing a pile of dry wood which would otherwise have been burned in the fire-place in the Captain's library, she directed the man in question to take it to his cottage. There was enough of it to keep him warm for the whole winter.

Three days later the wood was still lying there. Captain's wife summoned the

gardener and asked why it had not been given to the poor family.

"Given!" the head gardener had said, "why, ma'am, I asked Smiggins what you told him to do with the wood and he said you had told him he could take it home for himself. I asked him why he didn't do so and he replied, 'Do so! How'm I to get it 'ome?' Carry it, I told him, my lady. He says how, again, and I told him to take the barrow. But he wouldn't, ma'am. He said he wasn't able."

It was little wonder the Captain's wife was annoyed.

This illustrates the one product of Old Country feudalism.

But often the normal type of farm laborer is a poor animal when he reaches Canada. Nine times out of ten it has been misrepresented to him, either by some over-enthusiastic person who means well, or by a deliberate falsification. He has an idea that there is milk and honey lying about, that wages are high and living as cheap as in England. At home he has been accustomed to doing a special sort of work. Possibly he has been a cow-herd. All he knows is cows; or a sheep tender—sheep; or a field worker, or a ploughman, or a stableman. He seldom has a knowledge of general farming. With a mistaken idea of the proper manner to *bluff* his way in Canada (which he believes is a recognized way of promoting oneself in Canada) he says offhand that he knows all about farming. He is hired, shows his inefficiency and inability to

learn quickly. He does not approve of the Canadian methods. He cannot give the Canadian farmer the respect he gave the landlord at home simply because the Canadian farmer is a rougher and more practical man, not a "gentleman farmer," but a *real* one. Naturally there are misunderstandings, and when winter coming finds the laborer out of employment or drifting into the cities, he becomes a discontented man and wished bitterly that he were back in his cottage, rent free, potatoes free, fire-wood for the picking up, and milder weather, even though the wages would not be as high.

This then, as the Captain's understanding of the situation, was what made him sorry to see the laborers leaving on the train for Liverpool. They were his children. He had not objected to their going, but he had advised them against it. Some had accepted his advice. Others had rejected it with a sagacious wink and a leer of great understanding.

The Captain did not say, and nobody dares to say, that all of those that went would fail. But he knew well enough that they would be bitterly disappointed in many cases and that when the snow came and they felt themselves upon their own resources, without the land-owner or the Church to go to, there would be much lamentation.

"Speaking only from our own point of view," said the Captain, "we would like you to make room for our city employees. That is where the over-crowding comes. We can use our farm laborers at home."

THE COMING OF LOVE

A moonlight stroll beside some singing sea,

A pause, a glance, a moment's thrill and fire—

Life is no more as it was wont to be,

Nor is death older than this new desire!

—Charles C. Jones in *Ainslee's*.

The Girl and The Habit

By O. Henry

HABIT.—A tendency or aptitude acquired by custom or frequent repetition.

THE critics have assailed every source of inspiration save one. To that one we are driven for our moral theme. When we levied upon the masters of old they gleefully dug up the parallels to our columns. When we strove to set forth real life they reproached us for trying to imitate Henry George, George Washington, Washington Irving and Irving Bacheller. We wrote of the West and the East, and they accused us of both Jesse and Henry James. We wrote from our heart—and they said something about a disordered liver. We took a text from Matthew or —er—yes, Deuteronomy, but the preachers were hammering away at the inspiration idea before we could get into type. So, driven to the wall, we go for our subject-matter to the reliable, old, moral, unassailable vade mecum—the unabridged dictionary.

Miss Merriam was cashier at Hinkle's. Hinkle's is one of the big downtown restaurants. It is in what the papers call the "financial district." Each day from 12 o'clock to 2 Hinkle's was full of hungry customers—messenger boys, stenographers, brokers, owners of mining stock, promoters, inventors with patents pending—and also people with money.

The cashiership at Hinkle's was no sinecure. Hinkle egged and toasted and griddle-caked and coffeed a good many customers; and he lunched (as good a word as "dined") many more. It might be said that Hinkle's breakfast crowd was a contingent, but his luncheon patronage amounted to a horde.

Miss Merriam sat on a stool at a desk inclosed on three sides by a strong, high fencing of woven brass wire. Through

an arched opening at the bottom you thrust your waiter's check and the money, while your heart went pit-a-pat.

For Miss Merriam was lovely and capable. She could take 45 cents out of a \$2 bill and refuse an offer of marriage before you could—Next!—lost your chance—please don't shove. She could keep cool and collected while she collected your check, give you the correct change, win your heart, indicate the toothpick stand, and rate you to a quarter of a cent better than Bradstreet could to a thousand in less time than it takes to pepper an egg with one of Hinkle's casters.

There is an old and dignified allusion to the "fierce light that beats upon a throne." The light that beats upon the young lady cashier's cage is also something fierce. The other fellow is responsible for the slang.

Every male patron of Hinkle's, from the A. D. T. boys up to the curbstome brokers, adored Miss Merriam. When they paid their checks they wooed her with every wile known to Cupid's art. Between the meshes of the brass railing went smiles, winks, compliments, tender vows, invitations to dinner, sighs, languishing looks and merry banter that was wafted pointedly back by the gifted Miss Merriam.

There is no coign of vantage more effective than the position of young lady cashier. She sits there, easily queen of the court of commerce; she is duchess of dollars and devoirs, countess of compliments and coin, leading lady of love and luncheon. You take from her a smile and a Canadian dime, and you go your way uncomplaining. You count the cheery word or two that she tosses you as misers count their treasures; and you pocket the change for a five uncomputed. Perhaps the brass-bound inaccessibility

multiplies her charms—anyhow, she is a shirt-waisted angel, immaculate, trim, manicured, seductive, bright-eyed, ready, alert—Psyche, Circe and Ate in one, separating you from your circulating medium after your sirloin medium.

The young men who broke bread at Hinkle's never settled with the cashier without an exchange of bandinage and open compliment. Many of them went to greater lengths and dropped promisory hints of theatre tickets and chocolates. The older men spoke plainly of orange blossoms, generally withering the tentative petals by after-allusions to Harlem flats. One broker, who had been squeezed by copper proposed to Miss Merriam more regularly than he ate.

During a brisk luncheon hour Miss Merriam's conversation, while she took money for checks, would run something like this:

"Good morning, Mr. Haskins—sir?—it's natural, thank you—don't be quite so fresh . . . Hello, Johnny—ten, fifteen, twenty—chase along now or they'll take the letters off your cap . . . Beg pardon—count it again, please—oh, don't mention it . . . Vaudeville?—thanks; not on your moving picture—I was to see Carter in Hedda Gabler on Wednesday night with Mr. Simmons . . . Scuse me, I thought that was a quarter.

. . . Twenty-five and seventy-five's a dollar—got that ham-and-cabbage habit yet. I see, Billy . . . Who are you addressing?—say—you'll get all that's coming to you in a minute . . . Oh, fudge! Mr. Bassett—you're always fooling—no—? Well, maybe I'll marry you some day—three, four and sixty-five is five.

. . . Kindly keep them remarks to yourself, if you please . . . Ten cents? scuse me; the check calls for seventy—well, maybe it is a one instead of a seven.

. . . Oh, do you like it that way, Mr. Saunders?—some prefer a pomp; but they say this Cleo de Merody does suit refined features . . . and ten is fifty.

. . . Hike along there, buddy; don't take this for a Coney Island ticket booth.

. . . Huh?—why, Macy's—don't it fit nice? Oh, no, it isn't too cool—these light-weight fabrics is all the go this season . . . Come again, please—that's the third time you've tried to—what?—forget it—that lead quarter is an old friend

of mine . . . Sixty-five?—must have had your salary raised, Mr. Wilson . . . I seen you on Sixth Avenue Tuesday afternoon, Mr. De Forest—swell?—oh, my!—who is she? . . . What's the matter with it?—why, it ain't money—what?—Columbian half?—well, this ain't South America . . . Yes, I like the mixed best—Friday?—awfully sorry, but I take my jiu-jitsu lesson on Friday—Thursday, then . . . Thanks—that's sixteen times I've been told that this morning—I guess I must be beautiful.

. . . Cut that out, please—who do you think I am? . . . Why, Mr. Westbrook, do you really think so?—the idea!—one eighty and twenty's a dollar—thank you, ever so much; but I don't ever go automobile riding with gentlemen—your aunt?—well, that's different—perhaps.

. . . Please don't get fresh—your check was fifteen cents, I believe—kindly step aside and let . . . Hello, Ben—coming around Thursday evening?—there's a gentleman going to send around a box of chocolates, and . . . forty and sixty is a dollar, and one is two . . . "

About the middle of one afternoon the dizzy goddess Vertigo—whose other name is Fortune—suddenly smote an old, wealthy and eccentric banker while he was walking past Hinkle's, on his way to a street car. A wealthy and eccentric banker who rides in street cars is—move up, please; there are others.

A Samaritan, a Pharisee, a man and a policeman who were first on the spot lifted Banker McRamsey and carried him into Hinkle's restaurant. When the aged but indestructible banker opened his eyes he saw a beautiful vision bending over him with a pitiful, tender smile, bathing forehead with beef tea and chafing his hands with something frappe out of a chafing-dish. Mr. McRamsey sighed, lost a vest button, gazed with deep gratitude upon his fair preserveress, and then recovered consciousness.

To the Seaside Library all who are anticipating a romance! Banker McRamsey had an aged and respected wife, and his sentiments toward Miss Merriam were fatherly. He talked to her for half an hour with interest—not the kind that went with his talks during business hours. The next day he brought Mrs. McRamsey down to see her. The old couple were

childless—they had only a married daughter living in Brooklyn.

To make a short story shorter, the beautiful cashier won the hearts of the good old couple. They came to Hinkle's again and again; they invited her to their old-fashioned but splendid home in one of the East Seventies. Miss Merriam's winning loveliness, her sweet frankness and impulsive heart took them by storm. They said a hundred times that Miss Merriam reminded them so much of their lost daughter. The Brooklyn matron, nee Ramsey, had the figure of Bud-dha and a face like the ideal of an art photographer. Miss Merriam was a combination of curves, smiles, rose leaves, pearls, satin and hair- tonic posters. Enough of the fatuity of parents.

A month after the worthy couple became acquainted with Miss Merriam, she stood before Hinkle one afternoon and resigned her cashiership.

"They're going to adopt me," she told the bereft restaurateur. "They're funny old people but regular dears. And the swell home they have got! Say, Hinkle, there isn't any use of talking—I'm on the a la carte to wear brown duds and goggles in a whiz wagon or marry a duke at least. Still I somehow hate to break out of the old cage. I've been cashiering so long I feel funny doing anything else. I'll miss joshing the fellows awfully when they line up to pay for the buckwheats and. But I can't let this chance slide. And they're awfully good, Hinkle; I know I'll have a swell time. You owe me nine-sixty-two and a half for the week. Cut out the half if it hurts you, Hinkle."

And they did. Miss Merriam became Miss Rosa McRamsey. And she graced the transition. Beauty is only skin-deep, but the nerves lie very near to the skin. Nerve—but just here will you oblige by perusing again the quotation with which this story begins?

The McRamseys poured out money like domestic champagne to polish their adopted one. Milliners, dancing masters and private tutors got it. Miss—er—McRamsey was grateful, loving, and tried to forget Hinkle's. To give ample credit to the adaptability of the American girl, Hinkle's did fade from her memory and speech most of the time.

Not every one will remember when the Earl of Hitesbury came to East Seventy — Street, America. He was only a fair-to-medium earl, without debts, and he created little excitement. But you will surely remember the evening when the Daughters of Benevolence held their bazaar in the W—f-A—a Hotel. For you were there, and you wrote a note to Fannie on the hotel paper, and mailed it, just to show her that—you did not? Very well; that was the evening the baby was sick, of course.

At the Bazaar the McRamseys were prominent. Miss Mer—er—McRamsey was exquisitely beautiful. The Earl of Hitesbury had been very attentive to her since he dropped in to have a look at America. At the charity bazaar the affair was supposed to be going to be pulled off to a finish. An earl is as good as a duke. Better. His standing may be lower, but his outstanding accounts are also lower.

Our ex-young-lady-cashier was assigned to a booth.

She was expected to sell worthless articles to nobbs and snobs at exorbitant prices. The proceeds of the bazaar were to be used for giving to the poor children of the slums a Christmas din— Say! did you ever wonder where they get the other 364?

Miss McRamsey—beautiful, palpitating, excited, charming, radiant—fluttered about in her booth. An imitation brass network, with a little arched opening, fenced her in.

Along came the Earl, assured, delicate, accurate, admiring—admiringly great, and faced the open wicket.

"You look chawming, you know—'pon my word wou do—my deah," he said beguilingly.

Miss McRamsey whirled around.

"Cut that joshing out," she said coolly and briskly. "Who do you think you are talking to? Your check, please. Oh, lordy!"

Patrons to the bazaar became aware of a commotion and pressed around a certain booth. The Earl of Hitesbury stood near by pulling a pale blond and puzzled whisker.

"Miss McRamsey has fainted," some one explained.

Fresh Air Cure For Criminals

By Harold Willmott

The new concrete bridge over the River Speed, built entirely by men on the Ontario Prison Farm, who worked all night on one occasion in order to facilitate the progress of its construction.

In so far as first offenders are concerned the object of all imprisonment should be reformatory rather than punitive. With the more general acceptance of this principle have come the modern methods of Prison Reform. Among these the Ontario system, as exemplified in the Prison Farm near Guelph, takes first rank. The scheme, which is being attended by most satisfactory results, might almost be termed the "Fresh Air Cure for Criminals," for, as the article explains, it aims mainly to save misdemeanants from a continued life of crime.

IF you had a nasty, gnawing, cankerous sore that was continually troubling you, causing pain and discomfort, what would you do? Cover it up and let it fester? Likely not. You would rather wash and cleanse it, apply healing lotions, and give it air and sunshine to make it healthy again. So society has a cankerous sore—the criminal, the misdemeanant, the offender. Would you close him up, let the germ of discontent develop and grow worse? Wouldn't it be better, to give him a chance to become healthy, give him air and sunshine, so that the perverted mind might become normal and regular again? You have the club on the one hand, the protecting shield on the other; the destructive as opposed to the constructive method of reform; the old way and the new.

For a generation penalogists have theorized upon this question, endeavor-

ing here and there to introduce some principle of reform into prison methods with varying and often indifferent success, due first to lack of knowledge in application and lack of facilities for demonstration. Perhaps the primary fault was a lack of confidence in human nature—a feeling that the criminal, the offender against law and society, could not be trusted; or if trusted would prove unworthy. So he must be shut up and bludgeoned into submission.

But in the struggle for better methods of correction here and there have appeared a few men—not many, and mostly one at a time—who have had enough confidence in their fellows to make a test. And given facilities, necessarily incomplete and to some extent experimental, have produced results at once so astounding, so exemplary and so conclusive that within



The hydrated plant with kilns which are operated on the Guelph Farm by Ontario Prison Labor.

a short time a new era has been established in prison reform.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW METHODS.

One bright, sunny morning in June a party of newspaper men were crossing a farm some two miles distance from a prosperous manufacturing city in Western Ontario. Running through the tract was the River Speed, the land on either side sloping gently to its banks. Farther on, a charming piece of woodland—cedar, pine, maple and elm—gave its softening touch to the landscape, and, contrasting, an outcropping of limestone gleamed in the sunlight here and there through the trees. In the rich pasture of the meadowland a herd of Holsteins was seeking a shelter from the mid-day heat, conveying a gentle suggestion of pastoral contentment; and on the broad fields of the uplands the tiny stalks were shooting their heads skywards, giving promise of a plentiful harvest. Hard by stood the spacious buildings of the Ontario Agricultural College whose offices, perhaps more experimental were at least no more practical.

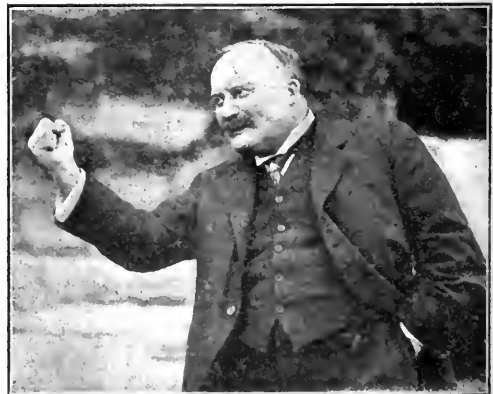
The hour was noon. In the distant city could be heard the shrill of the factory whistle calling men to rest. It was a welcome sound. As if responding to the touch of a magic wand, from all parts of the farm men made their appearance. Singly and in groups of two, three or half a dozen, they straggled past, using bypath, roadway or cross-country route. Their simple garb—blue jeans and a cow-plaster sunbonnet—suggested the occupation of a farm laborer, while sunburnt

faces and brawny arms told of health and vigor.

These were men under detention, serving sentences for misdemeanors in what is commonly known as the Central Prison. Formerly, in fact until April, 1910, the term Central Prison obsessed the popular mind as a dull grey brick building on Strachan Avenue in Toronto, with barred windows, a high brick wall surrounding, and armed guards posted in towers at all corners. Into an atmosphere such as this, first offenders, ordinary misdemeanants, were herded in iron cages, irritated by rigid prison discipline, brooding over ills or fancied ills, sympathizing with and encouraging each other in a desire for vengeance. Small wonder is it that such a system long ago outlived its usefulness, if it ever had any; and let all credit be given to the man, John Howard, whom history honors as the promoter of the modern prison reform movement.

THE ONTARIO SYSTEM.

But what can be said of Ontario's prison reform scheme? Where is its prototype, its progenitor? To-day there are a score of such institutions scattered in different parts of the world, the American continent, perhaps, in the forefront, but always acknowledging the leadership of Howard, while England and Continental Europe follow suit; even the far-off Philippines are falling into line. All of these have varying degrees of similarity, but none provide the model for or are duplicates of the Ontario idea. Without definition

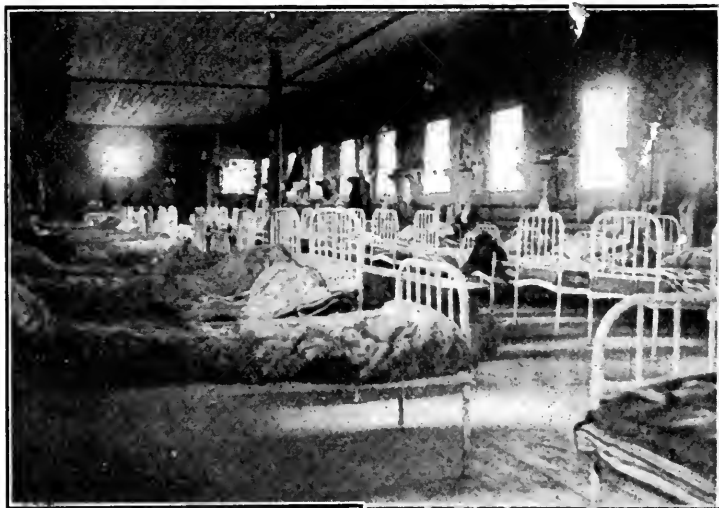


"The Hanna Idea and the Man Behind It"—a striking attitude of Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary for the Province of Ontario

or formulae; the Ontario system is at once large enough to be worthy of the genius of a great people—a province of over two millions of people—and yet centred down to one man. Told in a word it is the Hanna idea.

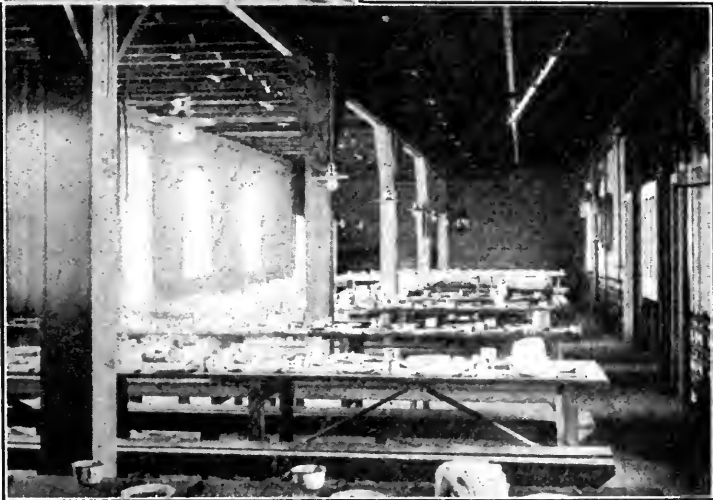
Back in 1907 Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, began to de-

entered into by the government for the disposal of this labor have all resulted in loss. The men were not worth 50 cents per day. In 1890 Warden Massey reported in connection with the then contract that there was a shortage of \$3,598.79 on nine months' operation, equivalent to 25 cents per day on the prison labor employed, "so that instead of earning 50 cents per day each, and sufficient to cover the foremen's salaries, the earnings per prisoner, after deducting working expenses, is only 24 cents." It will be seen that the Provincial Secretary had an economic as well as a moral question to deal with. He set to work. It took some time to reach a conclusion, but that conclusion once reached, he got to work. He wanted a farm. It almost had to be made to



The accompanying views show two important departments at the Ontario Prison Farm Institution near Guelph. The illustration above is that of the dormitories, and the one below that of the dining hall.

velop the germ idea. For years the contract system employed at the Central Prison in Toronto had been the cause of friction between successive governments and the labor interests; free labor was brought into competition with prison labor. "Our Central Prison was completed and commenced business on the first of June, 1874," said Mr. Hanna in a speech to the Legislature on February 26, 1897, "and from date to this we have had prison labor under contract in this province—always under protest, always without any satisfactory solution." Most of the inmates of the prison, it was explained, appeared to be ignorant of any useful work, and the different contracts



order; the specifications were severe. There must be good agricultural land, an inexhaustible supply of stone for road making and building construction, sand and gravel, proximity to the centre of population, good drainage and plenty of pure water, railway facilities and the like. It took a long time to get what was wanted, but now the Guelph farm (or farms,

for it comprises many) seems almost ideal for the purpose.

The early days were full of anxiety. It was much of an experiment. Nothing just like it was to be found anywhere. It was simply a Hanna idea, founded on a man's belief in human nature. "The short term prisoner with the first offence is not as black as he is sometimes painted. He would gladly be better if given half a chance. Would the solution we have in mind here give the prisoner a better chance? I believe it would. If it would do this, it would certainly as well give a solution of the question of prison labor that would avoid all possibility of its being put into competition with free labor."

WORKING OUT THE SCHEME.

How did the idea work out? After possession of the farm (or farms) was secured in April, 1910—less than two years ago—fourteen prisoners were sent from the Central at Toronto under charge of two officers. Think of it, fourteen men of a criminal class quartered in a farm house with only two guards and not a shackle, a handcuff, a revolver or bludgeon for protection. How did it come about? Mr. Hanna was as good as his word. He gave the men a chance. More than that, he appealed to their manliness. Sometime prior to the departure of this interesting company for Guelph, there was a conclave in the Central Prison. The men selected to go were taken to one side and the scheme was explained to them. To use Mr. Hanna's words: "We were frank with the boys. We told them what we proposed to do. It was an experiment; we wanted to know how they would take it. We asked them to talk it over among themselves for a while and let us know what they would do. Well, after a while we came back. 'Well, boys, what is it?' I said. They had talked it over and come to the conclusion to stick. 'You seem to be playing fair, and we will do the same thing.'"

It didn't take long for the little seed of confidence to grow. The fourteen men were gradually increased to twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty. Before the year was out nearly one hundred men were quartered on the farm under half a dozen guards.

Life on the farm for these men took a new phase. The change from prison discipline was great and the immediate results were equally astounding. The men responded like men. There was lots of hard preliminary work to do, but they went at it with a will. In the first place dormitories had to be built, administration offices established, and crops sown for the fall and winter. In an incredibly short time the place took on the air of a settlement, and more than that, the men took a pride in what was being done. Given a chance they made good; they required little watching. Doubts there were at first but they soon gave way to confidence. "Let any one try and break bounds," said one, "and we will fix him. We want no more prison life after this."

LOYAL TO THEIR TRUST.

The whole story of life at the farm since that April day to the present is one of individual experience. The scheme developed itself. It was a paying proposition from the first,—in dollars and cents as well as men. Take a few instances: Some Italians under cover of a lazy summer afternoon attempted to dynamite the river in the hope of getting fish. Two of the prisoners detected them and gave chase. The Italians made away, thoroughly frightened, and the matter was reported to the Sergeant, with the laconic remark; "Let us catch them dynamiting our fish, we will fix them."

A young Englishman got tangled up in a blind pig affair in Northern Ontario. He was sentenced to serve six months. Among the first batch to be put on the farm, he was given charge of the stables. He took a personal interest in the horses. One splendid Clyde was taken seriously ill. At night he went to the officer, "I think you had better let me stay with that horse to-night. I don't like his appearance and I would be sorry to lose him." Leave was given and he nursed the sick animal back to health. Shortly afterwards his time was up, and he had gained the confidence of the officials to such an extent that he was continued for some time at a remunerative wage.

A party of visitors were driving to the farm. One rig became detached and



The Industrial Railway on the Ontario Prison Farm which the prisoners built themselves. It runs from the stone quarries to the sites of the different buildings, and through its operation a great deal of time has been saved in trucking.

was late in arriving. They were met by a prisoner at the crossroads. "You are to go this way," he said, indicating the direction in which the remainder of the party had gone.

"All right," was the reply. "Where are you going?"

Out of bounds, unwatched and without fetters, the man replied, "I'll stroll back to the barns, I have some work to finish."

Go down to the "front" where the Grand Trunk Railway skirts the property and you will find a straightened watercourse, which in earlier days made the place boggy and foul.

Here an Irishman had been at work for some time. The day before his discharge he went to Mr. Hanna. "I am leaving here to-morrow," he said. "Now for heaven's sake don't let the next man who comes along spoil my work. I have done a good job."

Take the testimony of another burly fellow who had served a sentence amid these surroundings. He asked for an opportunity to thank the Provincial Secretary for what he had done. "What do you mean," asked Mr. Hanna.

"I just mean this," was the reply. "If I had been kept in the old building in Toronto I would not be fit to take a decent job on my discharge. To-morrow I will go away to Cobalt. I am fit physi-

cally and will easily get work in the mines. Under the old conditions I would appear sickly, the foreman of the mine would look me over and conclude that I had either been in the hospital or in jail. This would prevent my getting work. You see I have something to be thankful for."

A representative of the Alberta Government was recently in Ontario and wanted to see the Guelph institution. He drove out to the farm and was stopped by the man at the gate.

"Who do you want to see," he asked

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Have you business with anybody?"

"None in particular."

"Then I cannot admit you."

The Alberta man drove away, but ashamed at being daunted he turned back and explained his mission. He wanted to find out.

"If that is what you want, come in and see Mr. Armstrong. He is at the office."

Mr. S. A. Armstrong, Assistant Provincial Secretary, by the way, is the official in charge of construction. He opened the eyes of his visitor in many ways, but most of all in the information that the gate keeper was under sentence. His duty was to watch the entrance, and this occurrence gives sample evidence of his fidelity.

More than that, one day last summer when a gang was working on a concrete bridge over the Speed, built entirely by convict labor, late in the afternoon everything was ready to run the concrete. The work, if started, had to be completed that night. It would mean many hours of extra time. "What will you do boys, start now or leave it until the morning?"

"Start now," was the unanimous response. They started and it was near midnight when the run was completed, and through all there was never a word of complaint. Coffee and sandwiches was their tangible reward.

The institution, however, is only in the formative stage. An industrial building is nearing completion, the model of its kind in the province, it is said. A splendid dairy building is being erected, and by degrees the other buildings will go on. The limestone quarry provides most of the building material, and a hydrated plant also lessens the cost. The men work with a will, and an industrial railway is one part of the establishment to which they point with pride.

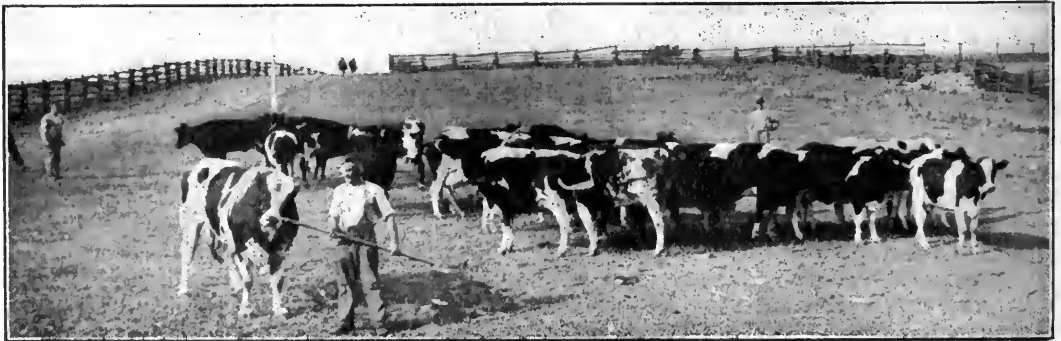
A short while ago, through the representations of Mr. Hanna, a parole board was established with the co-operation and approval of the Federal Government which sits at the prison once a month. Applications for parole are dealt with by this body. Any man can make, without prejudice, an application for pardon and is given the privilege of presenting his own case. The sitting is entirely informal, the board makes its recommendation

to Ottawa, and results are abundantly promising.

But it is not all work at Guelph. Sports and other recreations are permitted. After supper during the summer months a baseball game between opposing nines fills in the twilight hour. The field is large enough to prevent the ball going out of bounds. At half past eight a whistle blows for all to come in, and even though the pitcher is ready to deliver the ball, or the batter has sent the sphere far afield, the play is never completed. Quietly the crowd gathers in, the roll call is taken and in half an hour all are at rest.

This is the idea—it is hardly yet a system. The hardened criminal it cannot help. The professional tramp, who always wants to be moving, it does not satisfy, but the first offenders, the misdemeanants, those decent fellows who have done something in anger that they are sorry for afterwards, these men get time to reflect; they go back to their former haunts sobered, strengthened, certainly not seared with vice and criminality, and in many cases assured of being no further charge upon the state.

The Hanna idea has caught on. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are watching its development. San Quentin, California; Mansfield, Ohio; Bridgewater, Massachusetts; and other places across the line are giving evidence of the same work, and from all the answer comes back, "Give these men a chance and they will make good."



A herd of Holsteins at the Ontario Prison Farm.

COHEN'S INSOMNIA

BY E.D. CAHN

PICTURES BY - H.T. DENISON-12

IT was Saturday afternoon and cold and drizzling, and clients were conspicuous by their absence, so at four o'clock, I closed my office for the day and hurried around the corner for a comforting cup of coffee.

At first I thought the restaurant was empty, but espied my genial friend Max Lubinberg seated in a far corner. He did not notice my entrance and sat grinning away at his cakes and coffee as if they were a huge joke. I sat down opposite him.

"Well, Lubinberg," I began, "you look like a Cheshire cat laughing at a half-pound of butter. What's the joke?"

"Hello, Nathan," he gurgled, and went off into a perfect spasm of chuckles.

His fat face wrinkled up until his twinkling black eyes were half hidden, his small mustache

was lost beneath his decidedly "commercial" nose, and his chubby little body overflowed his chair and shook like a bowl full of jelly. He looked like a Jewish version of Old King Cole, and certainly was as merry an old soul as ever sold cheap clothing, "the very latest style, and all wool but the buttonholes."

"Nathan," he said at last, "real life is piles stranger as what fictionings is, ain't it? Sure it is. I guess being a young feller yet, that you go sometimes to a moving picture show? Of course you do—no use to denying it."

He had a bewildering way of asking me questions and then answering them himself to his own liking before I could open my mouth. So being anxious to hear the story I contented myself with an affirmative nod.

"Perhaps when



He looked like a Jewish version of Old King Cole

you seen it such a picture of a feller starting out to chase another feller, and first one mans and then another, and pretty soon womens and dogs and police and everybody chases after him, falling over baby carts and ladders and peanut wagons; that it is all a nonsense and never happens in really true life—don't you?"

"Of course, that's what everybody says."

"Well, Nathan, you are wrong once, that's *allus*. Such a thing did happen, and I seen it. Me, myself, only yesterday!"

"Tell me about it," I said, and after he had allowed me to order him more coffee, he took a long breath and began:

"You know we got such a clique: me and my wife, and Cohen and his wife and son Julius, what's a doctor, and Jacobs and his daughter, Hattie, what's a mighty jolly girl, even if she is nearly a old maid.

"Once a week we meet at somebody's house for what the Englishers call a 'bit of a shine,' and for a little game of poker, five cents limits, for sociability only. The ladies, they takes hands, too, and, honestly, Nathan, if we men don't keep our eyes peeled, they skin us every time.

"This here night I'm telling you about, we meets at Jacobs'. Hattie Jacobs always gives us a fine spread. I wish you could taste once her cakes—I bet you that you changes your mind right away about being a bachelor, and begin to call on her steady.

"I had just bluffed them out of a eighty-cent pot, and you ought to have seen those faces when I showed them my hand! Well, Julius was shuffling the cards, and Jacobs—he always makes jokes—starts in to josh Cohen about how he nearly had bluffed him only a little while before, on a pair of deuces, too.

"Cohen, he can't take a josh; he is the very most literalist man I ever see; and right away he gets mad.

"He says he aint no piker, and he is a game loser, and nobody can walk around his collar, and he begins to put on airs like a tin horn gambler."

"All the same," says Jacobs, 'you pretty near lost all of sixty-five cents, and I bet you if you had, you would'a got such a case of cold feets that you'd 'a dropped out of the game.'

"Cohen starts to swell up like a toy balloon, same as he always does when he gets mad, and Mrs. Cohen, she sees it there is going to be a fuss-fest, so she puts water on the troubled oil—*Ach Gott!* I got that back side befront, I mean she puts her finger in the pie.

"Oh, Mr. Jacobs," she says, 'I guess you don't know Sig. I tell you truthfully he is naturally a regular plunger. I have to watch him night and day, that he don't throw away his money. But anyway, he goes and squanders three dollars on such wickedness as Sweepstake tickets. A fine example he is setting for his son, I must say.'

"Hattie Jacobs, she asks what is sweepstake tickets—a raffle on a broom? Then Julius, he explains that Druckmeyer, a feller that we all know, that runs a cigar store, gets up a sort of a lottery business on a English Derby.

"He tells her that it is something like a raffle, only instead of a Battenburg bedspread, or a china clock, or a turkey, the winners gets cash. It's strictly on the square, and each ticket stands a chance to win a prize. The biggest one is four thousand dollars.

"Right away, Hattie wants to buy some, and everybody gets to talking about it. We forget all about cards, and a stranger hearing nothing but Derby and sweep would be justified in thinking it was instead of a decent, respectable poker party, a convention of hatters and broom makers.

"Julius, he tells us that he heard that all the tickets are sold already, and Jacobs, he offers to buy Cohen's tickets for twenty-five cents profits, each.

"First it was fun, and then earnestness, and they got to haggling like a pair of rag men over a bag of bottles, and, finally, Cohen sells Jacobs the tickets at a profit of fifty cents on each ticket, and thinks he had done a neat piece of business.

"Mrs Cohen aint satisfied. She thinks Cohen should'a got more for them and she begins to scold him for such recklessness, and says he's got a right to keep them after buying them, and anyway a card-party aint no place for business.'

"Julius he says he feels it in his bones them tickets are winners, and surely Nathan, that feller is bony enough to be a

fine prophet. Notwithstanding, Jacobs keeps the tickets, and Hattie, she says, come out to supper and everybody forgets about it.

"Five days later, that's yesterday, comes the day for the drawing. Jacobs he is always an early bird, and when he goes down by his jewelery store in the morning, he stops off at Druckmeyer's and finds out that on the tickets he bought from Cohen, he don't win so much as a mouldy pretzel.

"He aint exactly overjoyed to think that he lost four dollars and fifty cents for nothing, but he is a cheerful sort of a idiot and don't cry no tears.

"All of a sudden he thinks how Cohen, if he'd lost that much money, would'a gone up in the air and come down with a bad case of St. Vitus' dance fully developed. Also, he thinks how Cohen will give him the laugh since *he* got stung, and so he makes up his mind he shall play a little joke on Cohen and if anybody laughs, it won't be Cohen.

"I tell you Nathan, that there Jacobs is a devil of a feller for jokes. I hope he takes it pity on me; because I'm old and fat and got a bald head and a weak heart; and don't play any of his monkey business on me.

"I was in his store to get some change when he comes in.

"Listen," he says to Adolph; that's his watchmaker; 'I want you to call up Sig-mund Cohen, the real estate broker. It's early yet, and you'll be sure to catch him in."

"I'm fixing up a fine surprise party for Cohen this morning.' He says to me.

"That's why I want Adolph to 'phone him. If I do it, he'll sure know my voice, and he don't know Adolph's from a buzz-saw's."

"Where's his office?" says Adolph.

"That makes me laugh. It shows you don't know that Cohen. Such a cheap-skate he is that he won't have a decent office down town, but makes it in his house to save a few dollars office rent every month—and him just stuffed with money. 'Go ahead Adolph and ring him up.' And he goes on and tells him what to say.

"Adolph, he is tickied to death to play jokes himself and so soon as he stopped laughing he rings up."

"Hello! Is Mr. Cohen there? This is Druckmeyer's cigar store speaking. Please to call Mr. Cohen; we got some great news for him."

"Adolph nearly busts. He claps his hand over the mouth-piece and says he can hear Mrs. Cohen hollering, all excitement, to Cohen.

"Cohen comes to the 'phone and Adolph tells him he is the clerk at Druckmeyer's store what has charge of the drawing, and that one of Cohen's tickets wins the four thousand dollar prize, and he shall come right away down by the store and get the money.

"Cohen bites like a hungry perch and forgets to hang up the 'phone.

"Adolph listens and tells Jacobs and me how he has a fine fit because he's sold the tickets to Jacobs. Mrs. Cohen she is so mad at him that she says if he don't get them back and draw the four thousand himself, that she will go and get herself such a divorce. Julius he is almost crying and says he always thought his Dad had softenngs of the brains, and now he knows it.

"All of a sudden, Adolph he hears the door bang three times, and we guess Cohen is headed for Jacobs' store with Mrs. Cohen and Julius close behind.

"I seen a good customer of mine going into my store and I had to go over, but being right across the street, I didn't miss much.

"The Cohen's live easy, twenty blocks away, but I give you my solemn word that Cohen runs them twenty, in seven minutes one quarter and two ticks—flat. He comes tearing down the street with no hat and no coat; his white vest all over splashes from mud; his big gold watch-chain stretched like a ocean cable across that corporation of his, what as you know, is fully ten inches over the building line; sweat pouring off him, and puffing like a switch engine going to a wreck.

"Two blocks behind, comes Mrs. Cohen, scolding as fast as she could talk and every once in awhile running back a few steps to pick up a piece of hair what's shook off. She left a trail of hair-pins twenty blocks long. Behind her comes Julius, hollering to wait for him, he's sprained his ankle, but she won't pay no attention.

"People is rubbering and three kids and four dogs are following along like it was a circus. Mrs. Cohen I guess don't weigh no more than three hundred pounds.

"Just outside Jacob's door, Cohen stops and tries to swallow his heart what's high enough up in his throat from running, for him to bite a chunk out of it, and tries to

"Julius says I should take a quick walk every morning for my health. That's what I been doing. I thinks to myself there ain't no harm mixing a little business with pleasure, though I don't get much pleasure, and so I drops in to tell you I wants to buy back them sweep tickets what I sold you.'



Mrs. Cohen's hair catches fire from the lighter.

get his breath back, and look as cool as a cucumber.

"Then he puts on the same smile as the cat what's just eaten the canary; and don't know there is feathers stickin' all over her whiskers; and walks in.

"Hello," says Jacobs, 'Whatcha been doin'—a Marathon?' 'Anytime I does, lemme know,' says Cohen, panting like a panther.

"It is printed on the end of them, 'Not transferable,' and ever since I sold them to you Jacobs, I don't feel good. It goes against my conscience, and sooner than do a wrong by Mr. Druckmeyer, I want to buy them back from you and not lost it any more sleep.

"Jacobs he says; 'Why don't you take hot baths Cohen, if you've got insomnier?

Julius being a doctor, he should know what to do."

"That's a good idee. I'm much obliged. But how about them tickets?" says Cohen.

"Jacobs asks him is that the only reason he wants them back? Maybe he heard something, perhaps they are winners! Cohen swears he never heard nothing, and right in the middle of it, the door flies open and in comes Mrs. Cohen!"

"Her face is as red as fire, her hair falling down, and she has busted a under-arm seam, and she is as mad as a wet hen.

"She sees eemejitally that Cohen ain't got the tickets back."

"'Robber!' she screeches at Jacobs, 'four thousand dollars one of them tickets won on the drawing, and you buys it for nothing almost from my weak-minded husband. Give it quick here! It was mine all the time. The tickets ain't transferable. You can't get the money. *Oi! Oi! Mutter!* such a cruelty to keep away from a woman the money what belongs to her.'

"Then Jacobs, he pretends to get excited. 'So that's the reason! It's four thousand dollars that keeps you awake eh? I thought you got awful sudden a conscience!'

"'It ain't for your health you chases down here, but to cheat me, a honest man what paid you what you asked for them tickets, out of his rights. You're an angel, you are!'

"He dances up and down behind the counter, like a cat on hot bricks. 'Oh Joy! Oh Goodness! Adolph did you hear? I won the four thousand dollars by Druckmeyer's lottery business! Hooray! I will buy me such a airy-plane with the money!'

"Just then Julius staggers in with a lame ankle

"'Oh you will, hey?' he says. 'Well that money belongs to you no more than chalk's like cheese! Those tickets are ours, and you're a fine sand-bagger as well as a seller of phony jewelery if you don't give them up right now—this minute—at once! Popper had no right to sell the tickets in the first place.'"

"'No, says Cohen, butting in again. 'Well Jacobs, whatcha going to do about it?'

"Jacobs tells them they got a healthy nerve all right, but he ain't no hog and he will give Mrs. Cohen a fine diamond ring. No sir, not for six diamond rings. They all have fits again. That don't go a little bit. Julius he starts in to call names. Mrs. Cohen begins to cry, and Cohen says he will run quick to Druckmeyer's store and tell him not to pay the money."

"Jacobs yells to Adolph to run tell Druckmeyer that he owns the tickets, and Adolph chases out of the store like a fireman looking for trouble, toward Druckmeyer's."

"Cohen and Mrs. Cohen follow, licketty split, as tight as they can go down the street, and Julius limps along after, swearing in German, French and English. He's always putting on airs over his fancy education."

"I leave one clerk in my store and take the two others and the errand boy and my bull-dog, and we goes too."

"Everybody stops and rubbers and says what's up? Somebody says a fire; somebody else says a murder; another one says a lottery; a girl says it's a elopement, and everybody turns in and follers."

"Fat fellers, thin fellers, girls, womens, kids, bull-dogs, terriers, spitzes, one gravhound, two pugs and a collie and me, fatter'n a side of bacon, bringing up in the rear."

"At the second corner the blind man sees there is something doing and he puts his cup in his pocket, takes off his dark glasses and goes along; while the poor crippled pencil man puts his crutches under his arm and legs it along like the best of us."

"Say, Nathan, it was funny. People sticking their heads out winders and wondering why the fire engines didn't come. A old lady, showing a awful stretch of white stocking, and holding a green umbrella over her head, patters along just ahead of me gasping like a chicken with the pip, and every once in awhile letting out a squeak what was a cross between 'Police' and 'Stop Thief!'

"Going around a corner, somebody tripped over a ladder and three girls and a kid fell over him. Meyer Levi is awful near-sighted and he fell down a coal-hole: somebody stepped on the collie's tail and the dogs began to fight; and I give you my

word, Nathan, every minute I thought I'd bust laughing. I had a stitch in my side worse as pleurisy.

"The Cohens beat the crowd to Druckmeyer's by about one minute and a half. Cohen and Julius commence to talk at the top of their voices to Druckmeyer about how he shall not pay Jacobs the money; how they are going to have him arrested; and the whole business.

"It was a great hash about poker-party, diamond ring, 'thought he was a friend,' robber, strangler, swindler, and Mrs. Cohen having hysterics in the corner by the cigar-lighter.'

"The crowd gets bigger every minute, the store is jammed, and Druckmeyer nearly goes crazy trying to find out what's the trouble.'

"Mrs. Cohen's hair catches fire from the lighter, somebody yells fire, three folks turn in separate alarms, somebody 'phones for the ambulance, Druckmeyer's clerk throws a bucket of water all over Mrs. Cohen, two policemen come tearing up, and there is a regular hullabaloo such as I never seen since the day I was borned.

"They put Mrs. Cohen, more scared than hurt, into a carriage, and she was driven off home, shaking her fist out of the window and scolding like a Yiddish magpie, just as a fire engine, two hose carts and a hook and ladder came flying around the corner.

"Adolph whispers in Druckmeyer's ear. Then Druckmeyer asks Cohen the numbers of the tickets he had, and looks at his list."

"'Cohen,' he says, 'Can you take a joke?'

"'Somebody about the size of Max Jacobs has been playing tricks on you. Them tickets didn't win so much as a brass button, no matter who owns them. You had all your worry for nothing.'

"Cohen and Julius pretty near drop dead while they turn all colors in the rainbow and some what ain't.

"They swear and stutter and stammer, and the crowd gets on to the joke and laughs. I bet you Nathan they felt like a nickel's worth of dog meat chopped up fine.

"Such sights as they were! Muddy, no hats, sweating rivers, lakes and bays, their collars in strings like macaroni, and about a hundred bums laughing fit to kill themselves at them.

"They scoots for home as fast as they came, while the crowd goes into kinks laughing.

"When they got to Jacobs' store they stuck their heads in. 'Fakir,' says Cohen.

"'Sand-bagger!' says Julius, but all Jacobs says is, 'How's your insomnier now, Cohen?'

Lubinberg rose and helped himself to a tooth-pick.

"Our poker club is busted up into smithereens, for the Cohens they won't speak any more to the Jacobs', and I'd hate to hang until Jacobs asks them to forgive him. That feller, for all his joking, is as proud as a toad with side pockets."



ALL'S WELL

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled.

The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

The Great Game

A New Phase of World Politics: The Underlying Cause of the War between Italy and Turkey

By William T. Ellis

"A Great Game" dominates the war between Italy and Turkey. Cast against the black background of international struggles in recent times it looms large in its perspective, in its significance, in its results. The details—the play, the players, the settings, the complications,—are presented in bold relief in this article by William T. Ellis, the prominent American writer and authority on Eastern questions. We need not agree with his version of the game,—indeed, we may object to his references to Britain,—but his article nevertheless constitutes the most important pronouncement of the month on the existing situation and is well worthy a careful reading by all students of world politics.

THERE are conversational compensations for life in the Orient. Talk does not grow stale when there are always the latest phases of "the great game" of international politics to gossip about. Men do not discuss baseball performances in the cafes of Constantinople; but the latest story of how Von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador, bulldozed Haaki Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and sent the latter whining among his friends for sympathy, is far more piquant. The older residents among the ladies of the diplomatic corps, whose visiting list extends "beyond the curtain," have their own well-spiced tales to tell of "the great game" as it is played behind the latticed windows of the harem. It is not only in London and Berlin and Washington and Paris that wives and daughters of diplomats boost the business of their men-folk. In this mysterious, women's world of Turkey

there are curious complications, as when a Young Turk, with a Paris veneer, has taken as second or third wife a European woman. One wonders which of these heavy-veiled figures on the Galata Bridge, clad in hideous *ezars*, is an English woman or a French woman or a Jewess.

Night and day, year in and year out, with all kinds of chess-men, and with an infinite variety of by-plays, "the great game" is played in Constantinople. The fortunes of the players vary and there are occasional—very occasional—open rumpuses; but the players and stakes remain the same. Nobody can read the newspaper telegrams from Tripoli and Constantinople intelligently, who has not some understanding of the real game that is being carried on; and in which an occasional war is only a move.

The bespectacled professor of ancient history is best qualified to trace the be-

ginning of this game; for there is no other frontier on the face of the globe over which there has been so much fighting as over that strip of water which divides Europe from Asia, called, in its four separate parts, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Ægean Sea. Centuries before men began to date their calendars "A. D.," the city on the Bosphorus was a prize for which nations struggled. All the old-world dominions—Greek, Macedonian, Persian, Roman—fought here; and for hundreds of years Byzantium was the capital of the Roman and Christian world. The Crusaders and the Saracens did a choice lot of fighting over this battle-ground; and it was here that the doughty warrior, Paul of Tarsus, broke into Europe, as first invader in the greatest of conquests. Along this narrow line of beautiful blue water the East menacingly confronts the West. Turkey's capital, as a sort of Mr.-Facing-Both-Ways, bestrides the water; for Scutari, in Asia, is essentially a part of Greater Constantinople. That simple geographical fact really pictures Turkey's present condition: it is rent by the struggle of the East with the West, Asia with Europe, in its own body.

"The great game" of to-day, rather than of any hoary and romantic yesterday, holds the interest of the modern man. Player Number One, even though he sits patiently in the background in seeming stolidity, is big-boned, brawny, hairy, thirsty Russia. Russia wants water, both here and in the Far East. His whole being cries from parched depths for the taste of the salt waters of the Mediterranean and the China Sea. At present his ships may not pass through the Dardanelles: the jealous powers have said so. But Russia is the most patient nation on earth; his "manifest destiny" is to sit in the ancient seat of dominion on the Bosphorus. Calmly, amid all the turbulence of international politics, he awaits the prize that is assuredly his; but while he waits he plots and mines and prepares for ultimate success. A past-master of secret spying, wholesale bribery, and oriental intrigue, is the nation which calls its ruler the "Little Father" on earth, second only to the Great Father in heaven. If one is curi-

ous and careful, one may learn which of the Turkish statesmen are in Russian pay.

Looming larger — apparently—than Russia amid the minarets upon the lovely Constantinople horizon is Germany, the Marooned Nation. Restless William shrewdly saw that Turkey offered him the likeliest open door for German expansion and for territorial emancipation. So he played courtier to his "good friend, Abdul Hamid," and to the Prophet Mohammed (they still preserve at Damascus the faded remains of the wreath he laid upon Saladin's tomb, the day he made the speech which betrayed Europe and Christendom), and in return had his vanity enormously ministered to. His visit to Jerusalem is probably the most notable incident in the history of the Holy City since the Crusades. Moreover, he carried away the Bagdad Railway concession in his carpet-bag. By this he expects to acquire the cotton and grain fields of Mesopotamia, which he so sorely needs in his business, and also to land at the front door of India, in case he should ever have occasion to pay a call, social or otherwise, upon his dear English cousins.

True, the advent of the Turkish constitution saw Germany thrown crop and heels out of his snug place at Turkey's capital, while that comfortable old suitor, Great Britain, which had been biting his finger-nails on the doorstep, was welcomed smiling once more into the parlor. Great was the rejoicing in London when Abdul Hamid's "down and out" performance carried his trusted friend William along. The glee changed to grief when, within a year—so quickly does the appearance of chessboard change in "the great game"—Great Britain was once more on the doorstep, and fickle Germany was snuggling close to Young Turkey on the divan in the dimly-lighted parlor. Virtuous old Britain professed to be shocked and horrified; he occupied himself with talking scandal about young Germany, when he should have been busy trying to supplant him. Few chapters in modern diplomatic history are more surprising than the sudden downfall and restoration of Germany in Turkish favor. With reason does the Kaiser give Ambassador von Bieberstein,

"the ablest diplomat in Europe," constant access to the imperial ear, regardless of foreign-office red tape. During the hey-day of the Young Turk party's power, this astute old player of the game has been the dominant personality in Turkey.

The Britons have comforted themselves with prophecy—how often have I heard them at it in the cosmopolitan cafes of Constantinople!—the burden of their melancholy lay being that some day Turkey would learn who is her real friend. That is the British way. They believe in their divine right to the earth and the high places thereof. They are annoyed and rather bewildered when they see Germany cutting in ahead of them, especially in the commerce of the Orient; any Englishman "east of Suez" can give a dozen good reasons why Germany is an incompetent upstart; but however satisfactory and soothing to the English soul this line of philosophy may be, it drives no German merchantmen from the sea, and no German drummers from the land. The supineness of the British in the face of the German inroads into their ancient preserves is amazing to an American, who, as certain of their own poets has said,

Turns a keen, untroubled face

Home to the instant need of things.

In this case, however, the proverbial luck of the British has been with them. The steady decline of their historic prestige in the Near East was suddenly arrested by Italy's declaration of war. For more than a generation Turkey has been the pampered *enfant terrible* of international politics, violating the conventions and proprieties with impunity; feeling safe amid the jealousies of the players of "the great game." Every important nation has a bill of grievance to settle with Turkey. America's claim, for instance, includes the death of two native-born American citizens, Rogers and Maurer, slain in the Adana massacre, under the constitution. Nobody has been punished for this crime, because, forsooth, it happened in Turkey. Italy made a pretext of a cluster of these grievances, and startled the world by her claims upon Tripoli, accompanied by an ultimatum. Turkey tried to temporize.

Pressed, she turned to Germany with a "Now earn your wages. Get me out of this scrape, and call off your ally."

And Germany could not! With the taste of Morocco dirt still on his tongue, the Kaiser had to take another unpalatable mouthful in Constantinople. His boasted power, upon which the Turks had banked so heavily, and for the sake of which they had borne so much humiliation, proved unequal to the demand. He could not help his friend the Sultan. Italy would have none of his mediation; for reasons that will hereinafter appear.

Then came Britain's vindication. The Turks turned to this historic and pre-eminent friend for succor. The Turkish cabinet cabled frantically to Great Britain to intercede for them; the people in mass meeting in ancient St. Sophia's echoed the same appeal. For grim humor, the spectacle has scarcely an equal in modern history. Besought and entreated, the British, who no doubt approved of Italy's move from the first, declined to pull Turco-German chestnuts out of the fire. "Ask Cousin William to help you," was the ironical implication of their attitude. Well did Britain know that if the situation were saved, the Germans would somehow manage to get the credit of it. And if the worst should come, Great Britain could probably meet it with Christian fortitude! For in that eventuality the Bagdad Railway concession would be nullified, and Britain would undoubtedly take over all of the Arabian Peninsula, which is logically hers, in the light of her Persian Gulf and Red Sea claims. The break-up of Turkey would settle the Egyptian question, make easy the British acquisition of southern Persia, and put all the holy places of Islam under the strong hand of the British power, where they would be no longer powder-magazines to worry the dreams of Christendom. Far-sighted moves are necessary in "the great game."

Small wonder that Germany became furious; and that the Berlin newspapers burst out in denunciations of Italy's wicked and piratical land-grabbing—a morsel of rhetoric following so hard upon the heels of the Morocco episode that it gave joy to all who delight in hearing the pot rail at the kettle. "The great game" is not without its humors. But

the sardonic joke of the business lies deeper than all this. The Kaiser had openly coquetted with the Sultan upon the policy of substituting Turkey for Italy in the Triple Alliance. Turkey has a potentially great army: the one thing the Turk can do well is to fight. With a suspicious eye upon Neighbor Russia, the Kaiser figured it out that Turkey would be more useful to him than Italy, especially since the Abyssinian episode had so seriously discredited the latter. Then, of a sudden, with a poetic justice that is delicious, Italy turns around and humiliates the nation that was to take its place! The whole comic situation resembles nothing more nearly than a supposedly defunct spouse rising from his death-bed to thrash the expectant second husband of his wife.

Here "the great game" digresses in another direction, that takes no account of Turkey. Of course, it was more than a self-respecting desire to avenge affronts that led Italy to declare war against Turkey; and also more than a hunger for the territory of Tripoli. Italy needed to solidify her national sentiment at home, in the face of the growing socialism and clever clericalism. Even more did she need to show the world that she is still a first-class power. There has been a disposition of late years to leave her out of the international reckoning. Now, at one skillful jump, she is back in the game—and on better terms than ever with the Vatican, for she will look well to all the numerous Latin missions in the Turkish Empire, and especially in Palestine. These once were France's special care; and are yet, to a degree; but France is out of favor with the Church, and steadily declining from her former place in the Levant, although French continues to be the "*lingua franca*" of merchandising, of polite society, and of diplomacy, in the Near East.

Let nobody think that this is lugging religion by the ears into "the great game." Religion, even more than national or racial consciousness, is one of the principal players. In America politicians try to steer clear of religion; although even here a cherry cocktail mixed with Methodism has been known to cost a man the possible nomination for the Presidency. In the Levant, how-

ever, religion *is* politics. The ambitions and policies of Germany, Russia, and Britain are less potent factors in the ultimate and inevitable dissolution of Turkey than the deep-seated resolution of some tens of millions of people to see the cross once more planted upon St. Sophia. Ask anybody in Greece or the Balkans or European Russia what "the great idea" is, and you will get for an answer, "The return of the cross to St. Sophia." Backward and even benighted Christians these Eastern churchmen may be, but they hold a few fundamental ideas pretty fast; and are readier to fight for them than their occidental brethren.

Following the gleam of the cross that is to shine again upon the church of Constantinople, which is now a mosque, we find the noisy, gesticulating, instable Greeks. Study it in some quarters, and "the great game" appears to be merely a Turco-Greek affair. War between the two countries has been imminent for two or three years. Only the good offices of the Powers have prevented it. Greece knows that Turkey can eat her alive, yet she has not had the self-restraint to refrain from irritating her militant neighbor, especially over the island of Crete, which Turkey owns, but Greece claims. The population of this famous bit of land in the Mediterranean (for personal and searching criticism of Crete, consult the writings of Paul of Tarsus) is chiefly Greek; and it periodically flares out in irritating anti-Turkish incidents. It has caused the badly scared but still vociferous Greeks to be boycotted by all good Turks and Moslems; and this immense boycott has continued now for two years. Withal, Greece has furnished an excellent example of the "smart" and irresponsible bad boy, who deserves and fears a thrashing, but counts on the "big fellows" standing around to keep him from getting his deserts.

Reinforcing Greece, but by no means loving her, are the turbulent Balkan States, including doughty Bulgaria. All of these, with Greece, give aid and comfort to the Albanian and Macedonian subjects of Turkey, who are in a chronic condition of revolt. In the dim background stands Russia, with her gospel of Pan-Slavism, which is growing to be as definite and as formidable a force as

Pan-Islamism. This is her warrant for arming, officering, and even paying the troops of poor but brave little Montenegro; and for arming and officering the forces of Servia. Russia's "Little Father" is the special guardian of the Greek Church. He subsidizes the huge Russian pilgrimages to the Holy Land (these also figure in "the great game"), and he supports churches and schools by the hundreds throughout the Turkish domain. As it is the religious idea that keeps the Russian peasantry loyal to the "Little Father," so it is religious solidarity that binds Turkey's smaller neighbors to Russia.

The world may as well accept, as the principal issue of "the great game" that centres about Constantinople, the fact that the war begun twelve hundred years ago by the dusky Arabian camel-driver is still on. This Turco-Italian scrape is only one little skirmish in it. Mohammed failed to make any progress with his creed until he put the sword into the hands of his followers, and bade them smite. Swift and certain paradise was to be the reward of all who should fall in fighting the unbelievers. The surest way to win the caresses of the houris of his sensually-conceived heaven was to slay all who did not accept the prophet. In that faith Islam made its first and greatest conquests. That faith the faithful still hold. They keep their hand in by occasional massacres of Christians, and meantime dream of the possibilities of a "holy war" which shall once more make Islam master of the whole earth. The Pan-Islamic movement, which is a notable fact in the world to-day, is as truly a political manoeuvre as it is a religious propaganda.

All over the world the followers of the Prophet hail the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph, as Commander of the Faithful, as the shadow of God upon earth, and as the successor of Mohammed himself. This one fact alone accounts for the continuance of the Turkish Empire. The beholder is utterly blind to the meaning of "the great game" in the hither East unless he perceives this first factor. The wild and warlike and ultra-orthodox Wahabis

of the Nejd are kept in alliance with the religiously lax and enervated Turks only by the Islamic tie; the fierce Kurds of the mountains of Asia Minor are brothers to the "Marsh Arabs" of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley only for the same reason; the Bedouins of the Hejaz make common cause with the mysterious Senussi, who have been accumulating great stores of arms in the hinterland of Tripoli, and latterly in the Sudan, simply by reason of their one creed. Egyptian, Persian, Indian, Sudanese, all follow the green flag of the Prophet—which is in the Sultan's keeping; and that not by virtue of his sultanate, but of his caliphate.

Not long since I was calling upon the handsome Turkish Minister of War, Shevket Pasha. Suddenly an imaum, who was also a hadji, sounded in the lobby of the war office the muezzin, or call to prayer. At once there was a scurrying of uniformed figures toward the room set apart for this purpose. The army is responsible to the imaum, or Moslem priest! The episode is illustrative of a great grim fact. A few days later I photographed a Turkish warship between the minarets of a mosque; I keep the picture as a symbol. "The great game" is more than a contending of nations for the control of the Bosphorous; it is a titanic struggle of the two most vital religious creeds of earth for the possession of the city that was once ancient Byzantium; and subsequently for the dominion of the world.

The end seems clearly written. The crescent may not disappear from the horizon; but at least it will not always remain, on sword and flag, as the emblem of an imperial government, holding sway over the most historic and most sacred portions of the globe. Turkey will some day pass into the possession of the other nations, and law, commerce, agriculture, and safe communication will follow the flags of modern civilization where an archaic, chaotic, grotesque religio-political empire has for centuries wielded a deadening sway. Humanity stands to win in the end of "the great game."

Love's Confidence

By Marriet Neal Dow

THE Reverend Frank Warren was young and good looking. He was likewise clever and popular. Moreover, he was engaged to be married to a fair member of his own congregation, and still retained the loyalty and admiration of the rest of her sex. That may have been partly due to the fact that Ethel Stanfield was an exceedingly sweet and charming young lady, who had never cultivated the gentle art of making enemies.

The Reverend Frank Warren was pastor of the Presbyterian church, in a thriving little town in Ontario. For the first year or so, after leaving college, he worked successfully as a missionary in Western Canada and had then accepted a call to this congregation. The Presbyterians were the most numerous and well-to-do of the four denominations in the town, and they provided a cosy little manse for their minister. Here, Frank had been comfortably established with a house-keeper for the last two years, held in affectionate esteem by his people, old and young alike, and proving himself entirely worthy of their confidence and admiration.

One evening, just after dinner, he had come up to his study, intending to begin the preparation of his next Sunday morning's sermon. But he had happened on some old note books belonging to his college days, and as he now sat turning over the pages, he was living again in memory the various scenes which these notes recorded. Suddenly from between the leaves there dropped a folded bit of paper. Frank picked it up from the desk, opened it, and read these words:

"Forgive me! I must do as Mother says."

With a start of recollection, he exclaimed, "Lillian! I had forgotten I had kept that. Poor little girl!" Then, with a half-whimsical smile, "and poor little me! It

was pretty rough on us both at the time. I wonder where she is now! Married, no doubt, as I hope to be soon."

He rose, and carried the bit of paper over to the fire place, and laid it upon the coals. Just then there was a knock at the door, and his house-keeper entered, laid some letters on the desk, and withdrew. Frank roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, and going back to his chair, went through his evening mail. When he opened the last letter, which was in an unfamiliar handwriting, he glanced at the signature, then, with an exclamation of surprise, he turned to the first page, and read hastily through to the end.

As he read his expression changed: Surprise, pity, indignation, and perplexity followed one another in swift succession. He went through the letter the second time, slowly, then fell into a brown study, from which he at length emerged with a clearer countenance, having evidently come to some decision. He folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, and left the room and the house.

A short walk brought him to Dr. Stanfield's house. As he rang the bell, a tall, graceful girl was coming down the stairs. She hurried forward, and opened the door.

"Why, Frank!" she said, "This is a pleasant surprise! What made you change your mind?"

Frank drew her to him and kissed her. "I came to have a talk with your father, Ethel, on a rather important matter, and I want to see you too—afterwards. You were going out?"

She lifted her hands to her hat, and withdrew the pins.

"I was," she said, smiling, "but I have changed my mind." Then in a more serious tone, "Father is in the library. Will you go right up? I shall wait for you in

the parlor." She waved her hand at him, and turned into the parlor, while Frank ran upstairs, and rapped at the library door. A cheery voice called, "Come in." When Dr. Stanfield saw who his visitor was, he threw down his paper and greeted him heartily.

"Well, Frank, glad to see you: Come right over to the fire. You must have just missed Ethel. It is not five minutes since she went out."

"I met Ethel in the hall, Dr. Stanfield. She has changed her mind, and is waiting for me in the parlor. I wished to have a talk with you first. Can you spare me a few minutes of your valuable time?"

Dr. Stanfield looked at his watch. "I can give you exactly half an hour. What can I do for you?"

"I wish to ask your advice in a personal matter—something which has just turned up."

"I shall be glad to help you in any way I can. No trouble between you and Ethel, I suppose?"

"Oh! no," said Frank, "and yet it concerns Ethel, too, in a way, and I shall want her opinion later. I shall have to tell you a story, Dr. Stanfield."

"That sounds interesting," remarked the doctor.

After a slight pause, Frank began:

"Ethel is acquainted with the first part of my story, but there is likely to be a sequel, and it will be necessary for you to know it. During my last year at College, I became engaged to a charming young girl, but our happiness was short-lived, for after her father's death, her mother, who had other views for her daughter, suddenly interfered.

"She took Lillian abroad, and I have never seen nor heard from her since. A somewhat strenuous life in a Western Mission Field gave me little time to think of my own wrongs, so gradually the memory of them faded, and when I met your daughter, my hurt was completely healed. If I thought of Lillian Morrison at all, I concluded she had made a brilliant marriage long before this. You may imagine my surprise then, when this evening I received a letter from her mother."

Frank drew the letter from his pocket, and handed it to Dr. Stanfield, saying:

"Will you please read it, and tell me what you think I ought to do."

This is what the Doctor read:

"My dear Mr. Warren:—

"It was not difficult to obtain your address, when the Ontario papers are constantly referring to the popular young minister of S———. The hard thing was to bring myself to write you this letter, for I, who once refused you my daughter's hand, now come to ask of you a favor—to beg you, if need be, to grant my request.

"I have been a proud woman, Mr. Warren, but when one's only child lies dying, nothing else matters, and I would do *anything* to bring my loved one even a few moments' happiness.

"Yes, Lillian is dying, and I fear—nay, I believe—through her own mother's fault. Therein lies the sting of it. For Lillian has never forgotten you, and never ceased to care for you, and when I took it upon myself to separate you and her I did a cruel thing. God knows I did not mean to be cruel. I loved my daughter, and believed it was for her good. I was ambitious for her, and determined that she should have all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could give, for Lillian was fit to grace any position the world could offer. Instead of that, I have only brought pain and suffering upon her and upon myself.

"You know when we left Montreal we went abroad. Lillian became a great favorite in London society, and was invited everywhere. She was always gay and cheerful and ready for every excitement, but I know now that her lively manner was assumed in order to hide the grief which was eating at her heart. Her nervous system could not long stand the strain, and at the end of a year she broke down. A severe illness, lasting for months, left her almost entirely helpless, and a mere shadow of her former self. The doctors could do nothing. They advised change, and we have travelled from one health resort to another, but there has been no improvement in her condition. These last few months she has been growing weaker, and the doctor here says it is but a question of a few days now. She has been very sweet and patient, but I knew there was something on her mind, and last night she confessed to a longing to see you once

more. Oh! Mr. Warren, will you come? It is a great deal to ask of you, but your presence would bring her happiness in her last hours, and I believe you will not refuse this request of a broken-hearted mother.

Clara Morrison."

"A sad letter," commented the Doctor, handing it back to Frank.

"Of course there is only one thing you can do."

"So, I think," said Frank, "but we must hear what Ethel says."

"Well, it is not every girl who would send her lover off to see a former sweetheart, even if she were dying, but if I know my own daughter, she will agree with us that it is your duty."

"Ethel is a girl in a thousand," Frank declared fervently, and yet, even knowing that, I somehow dislike the thought of having to tell her about it. I don't know why I should feel that way, but I do, and I was wondering,"—Frank hesitated, "if it would be too much——"

"To ask me to tell her?" broke in the Doctor. "Why of course I'll do that much for you, and I think I understand how you feel. Come to think of it, it is rather a curious position to be in, and if it were anyone but Ethel, you might hesitate, but Ethel will take it all right, you will see."

"Thank you, Dr. Stanfield. Now, if I go, I shall have to leave to-morrow morning. The time is short—a question of days, the doctor says. I shall be obliged to be absent one Sunday, possibly two—"

"Now, don't you worry about that," interrupted the doctor. "I'll call a meeting of the session to-morrow, and we'll make all necessary arrangements for supply."

"I see you are determined to make it as easy for me as you can," said Frank, smiling. "It is really awfully good of you. There is just one thing more. It would be better, I think, that no one but Ethel and yourself should know just where and why I am going—on Ethel's account, you know."

"That's so," agreed the Doctor. "No need for anyone to know. I'll inform the brethren that you have been called away unexpectedly by the illness of a friend, and an announcement to that effect can be made on Sunday. Will that do?"

"Perfectly. I cannot tell you, Dr. Stanfield, how grateful I am for your sympathetic understanding and helpfulness."

"That's all right, Frank. I must run now. I'll see Ethel on my way out and make her acquainted with the main facts of what you have told me. Just wait here, and I'll send her up to you. Good-bye! Do give those poor creatures all the consolation you can, and wire me when to expect you back." And the doctor hurried from the room and down the stairs, leaving the library door open. Frank stood listening to the strains of Chopin's Fifth Nocturne till they ceased suddenly. Then he went back to the fireside and threw himself into one of the comfortable armchairs there.

It was not ten minutes before Ethel appeared. Coming straight over to him she said:

"Oh! Frank, that poor, poor girl! I feel so sorry for her."

"Then you do not mind, dear, and you think I ought to go to her?" asked Frank, as he drew her down to a seat beside him in the wide chair.

She turned her great brown eyes upon him, eyes of velvet softness, now full of tender pity.

"Mind! Why should I?" she returned, simply. "The poor little thing is dying and she has loved you and wanted you all these years. Let us give her a few hours happiness. Surely I should be a mean creature if I could begrudge her this. It is for such a short time, and *our* happiness is to be for always."

"How noble you are, dear—and how sweet! There is no one like you! . . . I am going to leave Mrs. Morrison's letter with you. When you have read it, destroy it. And now I must be going, as I have several things to attend to before morning."

They went down the stairs together to the dimly-lighted hall, where no one witnessed their parting but the little bird which came out of the clock to announce that it was half-past ten. But he only cried, "Cuckoo!" once, in a startled tone, and shut his little door again, with a sudden jerk.

It was evening again, nearly two weeks later, and Ethel was alone in the library. She held a book in her hand, but her eyes

frequently wandered from the page to the clock which stood on the mantel. For Frank had telephoned that afternoon of his return to town, and it was now near the hour when he had promised to be with her. She rose at last and went over to the table to lay down her book. Just then the door bell rang, and a glad light sprang to Ethel's eyes, but she remained quietly standing by the table till she heard a hurried step on the stair, and Frank stood in the door way. Then she held out her hands—it was characteristic of her that she always gave him both—and Frank came over and took them in his own, and so they stood for a full minute looking into each other's eyes. Then, with a deep sigh, he dropped her hands, and turning, walked over to the fire. She followed him, laid her hand on his arm, and said, softly:

"Do you know you have not kissed me, Frank?"

"There is something I must tell you first," he replied.

"No, kiss me first," she said.

"Ethel," he said, in a strange voice, and he turned away from her, "I do not come back to you just the same as when I went away."

She did not appear to hear what he said, but repeated:

"Please kiss me, Frank," and coming round in front of him, put her face up close to his.

He did not resist longer, but taking her in his arms, held her to him as if he would never let her go again. After a moment she freed herself, and said, in her ordinary clear, strong tones, "Now sit down there," pointing to her father's favorite armchair, "and tell me all about it," at the same time drawing up a low stool, and seating herself near him.

Frank began:

"You understand about the letters, Ethel. I had no opportunity for writing more than a line or two each day—and there were things I could not write about.

"I told you of my arrival, and of how grateful poor Mrs. Morrison was to me for coming. But Lillian! Even though I expected it, I was hardly prepared for the change in her. The sight would have

wrung your tender heart, Ethel. That terrible illness had left her, as her mother said, almost entirely helpless; she could only move her hands and her head. She had retained the power of speech, however, and up to the time of my coming, her mind had been perfectly clear and normal, but the day after my arrival, we noticed a peculiar change. She had lost sight of the four years which had elapsed since we had seen one another, and had slipped back to the days of our engagement, taking it for granted that I cared for her still as I did then. But there was something more, Ethel, and this made it harder still—she thought that I had come there for our marriage. What could I do? She only had two or three days at the most to live, and you had told me to make her happy. I could not undeceive her. I did not think you would want me to, dear. And so, on the third evening after my arrival, the sad marriage took place."

Frank paused a moment, but Ethel did not speak, nor did she turn her head, and her face was hidden. He went on.

"It seemed to be all she had been waiting for. From the moment it was over, she grew rapidly worse, and early the next morning passed away. Ethel, did I do right? I think if you had been there, you would have said so. Tell me, dear, will it make any difference?" and Frank leaned over to try to see her face.

Then Ethel turned to him, and her eyes were full of tears.

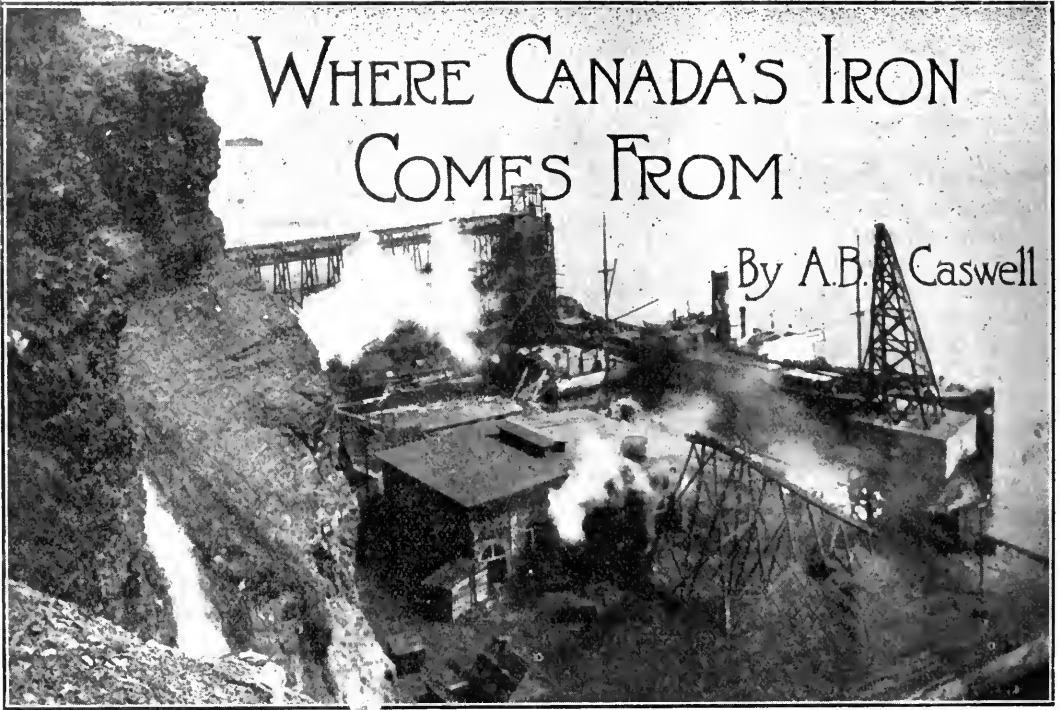
"Oh! Frank, why should it? Did you think I might blame you, that I might turn from you on account of this? Dear Lillian was dying. It was not a real marriage. She was never your wife. No, Frank, you are mine. You were mine even then, and I love and honor you all the more for your noble unselfishness. Was that why you would not kiss me? Ah! Frank, I understood you better than you understood me. I *knew* you could not do anything unworthy, and that you loved me entirely."

Frank drew her sweet face nearer, and kissed her again, tenderly, reverently.

"My darling," he said, "great is thy faith, and wonderful thy love. God make me worthy of both!"

WHERE CANADA'S IRON COMES FROM

By A.B. Caswell



This is an age of construction, marked by gigantic feats of Engineering. We view the finished product in the towering building or the massive bridge, but how often do we ask: "Whence came these materials?" Here is a racy little article telling how a small island off the Newfoundland coast furnishes Canada with its iron supply. And the supply is ample, too—enough to meet present requirements many times over for centuries to come.

JUST a little island, isolated and wind swept, yet occupying more real importance in the history of trade and commerce than many cities! We can get along without one city more or less but modern civilization cannot progress without the raw material necessary to the construction of its railways, its sky-scrapers and the hundred and one other uses to which that greatest of all metals, iron and steel, is put. Gold may be more precious, but gold could be better spared from the world to-day, than iron.

Nestling in Conception Bay, one of those great arms of the sea, which indent the Eastern Coast of Newfoundland, lies such an island, six miles long by two miles wide. Its coast is typical of the ruggedness of this land, famous for its rugged

scenery. Jagged cliffs rise perpendicularly out of the sea for 200 feet and over, and most of these exhibit the dark red of iron ore. It is called Bell Island, and here are located the iron mines which supply most of the raw material for the blast furnaces of Canada and many of the big smelters of the United States and Europe besides.

These are known as the Wabana Iron Mines and contain a number of seams of red hematite ore. The great seams all outcrop on the north of the island, and extensive prospecting carried on has proved that the land ore is but an infinitesimal portion of the great deposits which extend far under the sea. Slopes driven into these deposits have shown that they extend uninterruptedly for at least seven

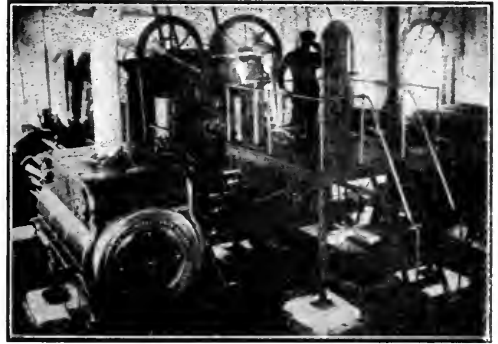
thousand feet from the shore, and experts who have examined the "Wabana" properties have estimated that they contain hundreds of millions of tons of this high-class ore. The existence of enough to supply many times over the present requirements for centuries has already been proved, although but comparatively little of the deposit has been opened up.

The ore has a bright, metallic lustre. It is non-bessemer, and when dried contains 48 to 56 per cent. metallic iron, 8 to 15 per cent. silica, and 0.7 to 0.9 per cent. phosphorus. The ore possesses a remarkable rhombohedral cleavage, breaking into blocks about five inches square, and therefore requiring very little crushing before use in the furnaces.

The mines proper are on the north side of the island, whilst the shipping facilities, which include excellent deep water accommodation for the largest vessels, are on the south.

Transportation between the mines and the steamers is maintained by an endless cable tramway built across the island. This tramway is doubled tracked and the cars, with a capacity of about one ton each, make a continual procession across the island.

The ore cars, on arriving at the south side, run directly on a trestle, and discharge into a storage pocket below. The cliffs at this point are 200 feet high, and immediately beneath the trestle is the pocket, which was constructed by enlarging a small ravine and closing up the mouth with cribwork. The pocket holds 25,000 tons of ore, and its bottom terminates in a chute, through which the ore is delivered on a horizontal bucket conveyor,



Big engines are operated at the Wabana Mines.

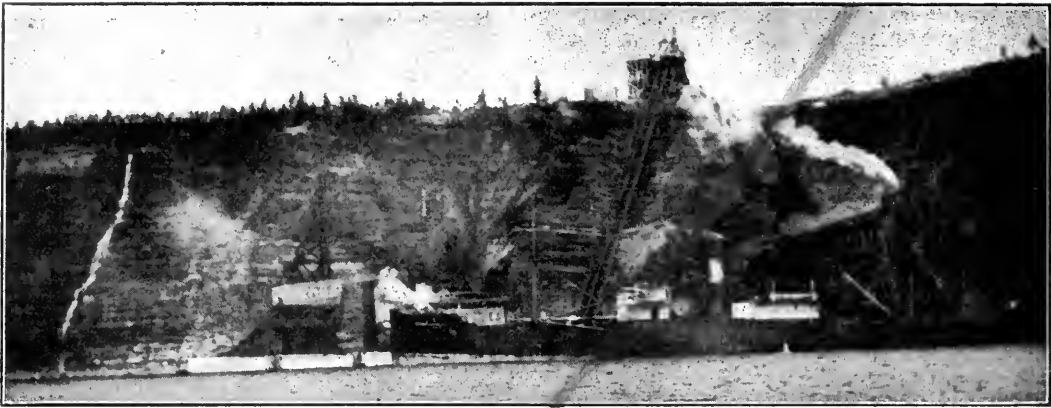
which carries it out through a tunnel driven through the cliff and thence along the top of the loading pier to a storage bin, whence it is delivered by a chute into the steamer's hold. So far as is known, Wabana loading records have never been equalled by use of a single chute only, as 7,000-ton steamers have been fully loaded there in three hours.

It is not definitely known when this ore was first discovered, but development was begun in 1893 by the New Glasgow Coal, Iron and Railway Co. who are now merged into the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., of New Glasgow and Sydney. In 1895, the first cargo was shipped. In 1899, the lower bed which hitherto had been the only one worked, three submarine areas adjoining the shore, and all the equipment were sold to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, which had then just been organized, and the "Scotia" Company at once began to open the "Upper" or "Scotia" bed, which they reserved because it contained the highest grade of ore found on the island.

The ore was mined by open cutting for a number of years, but in 1902 two slopes were sunk on it about half a mile apart, the main levels being broken off simultaneously on both sides, at 250 feet intervals, and driven nearly at right angles to the strike, but against the dip. These two mines, which are operated on the room and pillar system, have since supplied the greater part of the ore, although open cut mining has been carried on steadily. The mines are equipped with all the necessary deckheads, picking belts, crushers, etc., and have a capacity of 2,000 tons per day.



General view, Scotia No. 2 dockhead and ore piles.



Ore loading and coal discharging piers, Wabana.

Hoisting, drilling, pumping and underground haulage are done by compressed air.

In 1900, the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. acquired the first of its present submarine areas, and increased its holdings until they comprised $33\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, the Dominion Company at the same time, extending its holdings to $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. As the Nova Scotia holdings were located outside of the Dominion holdings, an agreement was reached by which the "Scotia" was enabled to drive through the intervening Dominion areas to reach its own outlying submarine ore property. Submarine slopes were commenced in May, 1905, and two years later the "Scotia" areas were entered. By the end of 1910, a point nearly 3,000 feet within the "Scotia" boundaries had been reached, and the results showed that the bold policy of sinking these slopes had been amply justified, the ore seams in the submarine areas being much thicker and somewhat richer than on the land.

While the two companies operating these deposits own and work different seams in the land areas, each company owns all the ore in their respective submarine holdings. In sinking the submarine slopes the "Scotia" Company drove through the upper seam. After entering their own areas, by sinking boreholes, it was discovered that the lower bed had increased very much in thickness and richness, so that it was determined to open it up. The grade of the slopes was changed, and this bed was entered in December, 1910.

To operate these submarine areas a very extensive and complete equipment has been installed. Iron mining is conducted differently from most coal mining in that the drifting is done from the surface by slopes, whereas in coal mining the shaft is generally sunk vertically some distance and the drifting done from these shafts. owing to the distance of these areas from the surface, the haulage problem was one of the chief obstacles encountered. Special



Portugal Cove, Conception Bay, N.F. Wabana's port on the mainland.



Endless tramway, from mines to steamers at Wabana

steel bottom dump cars, operating in balance on a single drum hoist, are used by the Nova Scotia Co. to transport the ore to the surface. The haulage slopes are laid with 80-lb. standard section steel rails. A 28-by 60 first motion Duplex steam hoisting engine, said to be the most powerful in British North America, supplied by Messrs. Fraser & Chalmers, of Erith, has been installed. This engine is equipped with all the most modern brakes and safety devices. Steam is furnished by a bat-

An idea of the depth of the mine may be conceived when I tell you that at the point where we stood we were nearly two miles from the mouth of the pit and such had been the descent of the slope that above our heads was 1,068 feet of solid rock and above that again 266 feet of sea water.

The regularity of the iron contents in Wabana ore has done much to secure its adoption wherever it has been tried. British, American and German furnacemen take the larger portion of the "Scotia" output and in a number of instances they use Wabana ore as a base for regulating their ore mixtures. Until the submarine deposits had been completely proved the quantity of ore shipped to outside furnaces was somewhat curtailed, but now that



Deckhead and haulage way showing top of submarine slope, Nova Scotia mine.

tery of Sterling boilers of 464 h.p. A new deckhead of special type, in which the cars are handled without any horizontal landing, has been erected, with a very complete equipment of crushers, picking belts and conveyors.

Iron mines have not the difficulties in lighting that the coal line has as there is no fear of explosion from gas. The main slopes of the Wabana mines are all lighted by electricity, whilst the miners carry naked acetylene lamps which throw a piercing light wherever they are turned.

The writer visited these submarine areas last summer and pen can hardly describe the vastness of the undertakings and success with which they have been carried out. At a point over 8,000 feet, or nearly two miles, from the top of the slope, several hundred miners are working drifting and developing pockets in every direction.



a practically inexhaustible supply is assured, the companies will be enabled to very largely increase their sales.

Bell Island contains about 3,000 inhabitants, all of whom are directly or indirectly supported by the iron mining, and is well supplied with churches and schools, and the necessities of civilization. It is peopled by warm hearted, intelligent and hard-working Newfoundlanders and Nova Scotians. The Nova Scotia Steel Co. and the Dominion Steel Co. maintain, in addition to their magnificent plants, stores and boarding houses for the comfort of their employees.

The Music Lesson

By A. Williamson

"WHAT'S this?" questioned the pupil as she drew from the farthest corner of the music-cabinet a tattered sheet of music.

"What's what, child?" answered the old teacher, adjusting his spectacles.

"Ah!" he said, and his voice was sad and tender as he gazed dreamily at the discolored pages; "a beautiful piece of music."

"Echoes!" exclaimed the pupil glancing over his shoulder; "what a romantic title, let me try it."

Swiftly she ran over the prelude, then swung with easy grace into the opening measures, bringing out every note true and distinct, and interpreting the many expression marks with marvellous skill and precision.

Half-way through she stopped abruptly. "I don't like it," she said bluntly, "it is dull and funereal."

"Just what I thought you would say, child," answered the teacher, "you do not understand it."

"Understand it!" exclaimed she in angry surprise. "You speak plainly, Professor Maxwell. Were you flattering then when you said a moment ago that you had taught me all you knew?"

"No child! I did not flatter you, I have indeed taught you all I know, but there are some lessons we can never learn unless the Master Musician himself be our teacher. But sit down child; my words were thoughtless; I did not mean to give offense."

"The power of music," he continued, seating himself by her side, "is not in the music itself, however exquisite, else we musicians were mere mechanics and our divine art a trade."

"There is something else, call it what you will; personality, style, expression,

lacking which we simply become reproducing machines, making music pleasing to the ear, but utterly failing to reach the heart, touching its strings, and even though they be bleeding and torn, making them sing triumphant over all earthly loves and joys and sorrows.

"Thus it is that music which from the hands of one falls upon our ears in an unintelligible tangle of sound, comes to us pregnant with the exquisite harmonies of heaven under the sympathetic touch of another who understands."

"Think you that you can learn all this in the music-room, child?"

"Your young heart has yet to learn how beautiful a thing is music, withholding its charms from those who would seek to use it as a pastime, a childish game, but coming with enchanting harmonies to those who seek its matchless inspiration and comfort, when the fight is hard, and the shadows of loneliness and discouragement are drifting down."

"But be not sad child, the music of your young heart is what this grey old world needs more than anything else, and sometime, somewhere, the music you give to others will come back to you, laden with priceless jewels of strong men's tears, laughter of little children and the smiles of care-worn women; then you will understand."

The golden sun poised on the distant mountain peak; one might fancy to have paused in its downward course to flash in kaleidoscopic beauty its dying rays from crag to crag as a farewell message of hope and cheer to a darkening world; when once again the pupil comes.

Tenderly she takes from its case the beloved Stradivarius and under magic touch its vibrating strings fill the room with

quivering, sobbing melodies now crescendo until they burst into thrilling, triumphant fortissimo, now sinking into low, prayerful murmurings of unutterable sadness, yet withal, speaking in eloquent tones of that calm peacefulness, that heritage of joy that comes to those who wring from bitterest agony some sense of joy and victory, and wrest from dire disaster and defeat a glad consciousness of a duty nobly done.

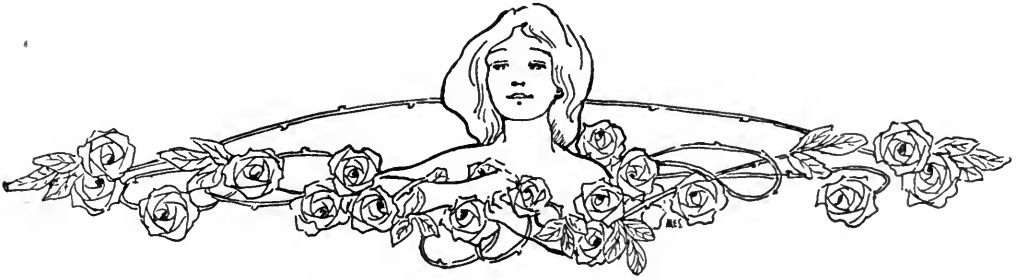
The music died away in low, plaintive tones of sad good-byes, she lowered the violin and turns with a wan little smile to the old teacher.

"Ah! child, how beautiful a thing is God's best gift? Did I not tell you that some time you would understand?"

"Tell me," he added shortly, "how it is that our divine art has revealed its secret harmonies to you who are so young and beautiful?"

Slowly she walked across the room and as the flickering firelight fell upon her form he noticed her garments of mourning. With a sad smile she held out her hand displaying a wedding ring.

"He died three months ago," she said very softly.



JOURNEY'S] END

Through darkest nights one star
Leads me to where you are.
A flower casts on the air
Its fragrance; you are there.

Yet is all incomplete
Until I reach your feet.
As love and faith stand sure,
So shall this quest endure.

Nor flowers nor stars need be,
When I find all in thee;
When Journey's End shall bring
A bourn to wondering.

—Alice Corey in Ainslee's.

Poise

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

"The attaining of an equilibrium between ourselves and the hostile forces that constantly threaten us"—such is Dr. Marden's definition of Poise. And it is true to life. The poised man—the man of balance, dignity, judgment and purpose—it is he who carries weight, compels conviction and challenges admiration. Hence the importance of Poise as an element in character building.

THE superbest character in the world is he who has conquered himself so completely that his equanimity, his balance cannot be disturbed by anything which can happen to him.

His serene character is beyond the reach of "hard times" and any material disaster, for he is founded upon the rock of faith, a stable, staunch character. There is no wealth like this, no accomplishment, no achievement comparable to it.

He has failed, no matter how much money he may have piled up, whose experience has not developed within him the philosophy of optimism, and who has not gained that supreme command over himself which will enable him to stand calm and unmoved and perfectly poised, even when all of his possessions are swept away from him and he has nothing left but his character and a clean record.

It is the poised, balanced man that carries weight. The world has little respect for the man who has no poise or dignity, who dances around like corn in a hot skillet, who gets excited over little nothings and goes all to pieces at little annoyances which the balanced man would not notice.

"When a man does not find repose in himself," says a French proverb, "it is vain for him to see it elsewhere."

Do not mistake insensibility for poise or serenity.

Poise is the attaining of an equilibrium between ourselves and the hostile forces that constantly threaten us.

"If you would acquire overcoming power you must cultivate poise. You must be able to stand alone. All power is associated with immovability. The mountain, the massive rock, the storm-tried oak, all speak to us of power, because of their combined solitary grandeur and defiant fixity; while the shifting sand, the yielding twig, and the waving reed speak to us of weakness, because they are movable and non-resistant, and are utterly useless when detached from their fellows. He is the man of power who, when all his fellows are swayed by some emotion or passion, remains calm and unmoved."

The poised person is not a football for all sorts of influences that shake others from their centres. Like the Eddystone lighthouse, all the storms of error, of disease, of fear, hatred and jealousy, of malice, do not move him a particle.

Many people are easily disconcerted, thrown off their equilibrium by the thoughts of other people, because they are not positive enough, not well-poised enough to act as a balance-wheel for all the conflicting vibrations which strike them.

The great balance-wheels of our big factories take up into themselves all of the violent shocks of the machinery and prevent its being racked to pieces. The machinery runs smoothly because of the enormous reserve power in the balance-wheel.

Every individual should have a mental balance-wheel, a character, so that no matter how great the shocks of error, or discord, of hatred, of malice, or of jealousy, the mental machinery would run quietly, smoothly, without a quiver.

The person who is the victim of all sorts of influences that are constantly changing his vibration never knows where he stands. There is no poise in his life. People do not have confidence in him because they never know when he is going to be shaken from his centre. It is the balanced soul that carries weight, that is always looked to for great responsibility.

I know one of these serene souls, a man so perfectly poised, so exquisitely balanced that it does not matter what happens to him. Nothing disturbs his serenity. No matter how the storms of jealousy and envy, of malice, hatred rage about him, the flame of his life burns without a flicker. He seems immune to all these influences. Their destructive shocks are all taken up and neutralized by his great mental balance-wheel.

I do not believe the person lives who could disturb this man or make him angry by any threat or criticism, any denunciation or vituperation. He would smile through it all.

There are plenty of people whose vibrations are changed, who are thrown off their balance by foods which they believe do not agree with them. Their vibrations are also changed by any reflection upon their conduct, upon their honesty or their judgment. They are thrown off their balance a dozen times a day by the merest trifles.

Now, these people never exert a great deal of influence, never carry much weight in their community. It is dependableness that counts. The world must know where to find a man before he gets its confidence. We not only want to know where a man is going to stand in pleasant weather, but we also want to know where he will stand when the storms which topple light-weights and up-root hollow-hearted superficially planted human trees rage about him.

Worriers, people whose lives are full of fear, are always unpoised, ineffective. They are playthings for all sorts of discordant vibrations which come from others, because they are not positive, be-

cause they have not discovered their own powers and are unable to neutralize them.

The soul that is centred in the great "I am," has touched power. He cannot be afraid, and he will not know want. He does not doubt his strength, does not lack confidence.

Nothing will have power to disquiet or discourage him, because he will know that nothing outside of himself can cripple him or work him harm. He will be master of his forces, mental and physical, and will work in perfect harmony with the Divine Power, which knows no shadow of weakness or discord.

Men who topple over easily, who are easily thrown off their balance, never become leaders. They do not furnish the bulwarks of civilization. It is the man who cannot be shaken from his centre that is in demand everywhere.

When you have lost your temper and are being tossed this way and that way by the passion raging within you, your vibration has been changed by some outside influence—either a tone, a voice or an insulting word—someone's mistake, some fancied injury, you cannot control yourself because you have lost control of your own vibration, and your agitation is caused by someone else, or by some source outside of yourself.

Now, when a person is perfectly poised, he is in a very positive mental condition, and he is able to change all negative vibrations that come to him from others. As long as he can do this, as long as he is master of the situation, he cannot be thrown off his centre or lose his poise. And no one is in a position to express his maximum of power until he reaches this perfectly poised state.

Poise delays old age. People who are constantly losing their mental balance, who live much of the time in an unpoised state, age rapidly, because all friction wears the delicate mental mechanism. Like sand in the bearings of a delicate machine, it grinds, rasps. Friction always favors the old age processes, while harmony retards them. If we could always live in harmony and keep the mind active, growing, fresh with the constant contemplation of youthful, fresh, progressive ideals, the aging processes could not get in their deadly work.

Many people sap a lot of their energies by their insisting habit. They are always trying to control the conduct of other people. They are set in their idea of things and want everybody about them to do things their way, to follow in their steps.

We have all had experience with the man who wants to run everything and everybody, and tries to make everybody think as he does, who wants to dictate other people's religion and politics.

For the sake of our own peace of mind and growth we must learn to let things go which we have not the right to control or regulate and not to feel troubled that we have to do so.

Quit trying to run things, to control everybody. You will find that learning to let go, ceasing to try to control everybody will give your own life a wonderful poise and uplift. You can never control yourself while you are trying to control the acts of others. Quit resisting, it saps your energy. Get your life poise and then you will express power.

"Who is serene? Not he who flees his kind,
Some desert fastness, or some cave to find;
But he who in the city's noisiest scene
Keeps calm within—he only is serene."

Everyone should be so balanced as to be able to control himself, to remain harmonious, no matter what negative vibrations are beating upon him from the outside.

He should be so perfectly poised that he can always predict his actions, always know to a certainty that, no matter what may arise, he can keep his balance and control his act.

Discord is an abnormal condition, and has no right or part in the world which God made and pronounced "perfect." God is Harmony and could not create discord. He is Love, and He could not create hatred or jealousy or envy. Hence they cannot be real, because there is only one Creator, and He cannot make anything unlike Himself. In God's world fear, dread, anxiety, melancholia, pessimism, sin, deformity, disease, jealousy, envy, have no rightful place. The man God made must be perfect because there is no imperfection in His nature, and He could not produce anything unlike Himself.

Yet a man may thrust himself out of this God-made world, out of harmony, out of beauty, out of joy, happiness, success, into a world of wretchedness, darkness, of disease, or deformity and death through his own voluntary wrong thinking and acting.

There is a great help in thinking of, holding mentally, the quality which you are trying to produce in your mind, to bring about in your thought.

If you hold persistently the thought that you were made for happiness, and that no discordant condition, no unhappy thought has any right to mar your harmony, you will soon learn to drive away all discordant conditions, and you will live in perpetual serenity.

If, for example, you are trying to produce mental peace, think a great deal about peace and serenity, hold the peace model graphically, persistently in your mind; this will be a powerful suggestion and will tend to bring about what you desire. No matter how discouraged or nervous you feel, just say to yourself, "I am poise, I am peace, serenity, in the truth of my being, because I am the product of perfection, and I must reflect the image of perfection, and perfection is peace." Try to feel the part you are trying to play, just as an actor would; try to feel serene, poised, balanced, quiet. You will be surprised to see how this suggestion will react upon the discord and tend to produce the harmony which you desire.

No matter what you seem to lack, you will be wonderfully helped by the constant affirmation of the "I am." It will work wonders in restoring, building up, strengthening your confidence in yourself, and giving you poise and self-control.

People who lack poise are the "I can't," "It is no use" people. The failure army is full of them.

Few people fail in this world who have discovered themselves and become conscious of their real power, who have become poised, and consequently proof against all discordant vibrations.

No man has really succeeded who has not arrived at complete self-mastery, who does not hold all of his powers and faculties in hand so that they obey his will implicitly. Of what use are powers and faculties if we cannot command them, if

they are going to fly off on a tangent in an emergency, just at the time when we need them most?

The man who cannot keep his centre under all circumstances, who cannot control the fires of temper within him, who has not power to smother the volcano of his passion, cannot boast of self-mastery—he has not arrived at real success. The man who gets off of his throne and lets anarchy reign, who lets passion rule in the place of his will, has not arrived at real manhood. When the beast has assumed the seat of government, the man has lost his centre; when he allows passion to usurp his place, he is off his balance, and he acknowledges that he has not arrived at self-mastery.

If you have found your centre, if you have become complete master of yourself, it does not matter what happens about you, what disasters or misfortunes may come to you, you will not lose your head, you will not be disturbed, for you revolve upon a true centre.

One of the secrets of Grant's power was his wonderful serenity of mind, his mental balance, his perfect poise under all circumstances. Men who were with him in great emergencies, in accidents when everybody around him was greatly agitated and excited, marvelled at his wonderful balance and calmness. He kept his equanimity of temper, his perfect balance under the most trying circumstances. It did not matter what the aggravation was, or how trying the situation, nothing could throw him off his centre.

Gov. Boutwell, who was Secretary of Treasury in his Cabinet, said that he was with him in a railroad accident, and that when the train was off the track and the wheels struck the sleepers, General Grant simply reached forward, took hold of the seat in front of him, without showing the slightest agitation of mind, or fear and held on firmly until the train came to a standstill.

Undoubtedly this serenity of mind had a great deal to do with the fact that he "was the one great military general in history who never was driven by fear when he was in command."

Most of us have some vulnerable point, some weak, sensitive spot where we are

easily wounded. It is a great art to learn to guard this weak point.

The gaining of one's centre, the attaining to this complete self-mastery, becoming so perfectly balanced that one never hesitates, no matter what happens, is success indeed. This is the last lesson of culture.

When your vulnerable point, your weak point is assailed, ah! there is the test of character. There is no difficulty in protecting ourselves when assailed where our armor is thick and strong, where we are thick-skinned; but when a thrust is made at our sore spot where we are weak and sensitive and thin-skinned, when attacked at our vulnerable point, this is quite another matter.

I know a business man who is so strong in most parts of his character that it is almost impossible to throw him off his centre. He can stand almost anything when attacked at most points, but has one vulnerable spot, and, at the slightest attack there, goes all to pieces.

Hit him anywhere else, pound him as much as you please, and you cannot disconcert him; he will remain calm, unmoved. But the moment you touch him on his sensitive spot, he will rave like a madman and fly into a fearful passion.

This man towers so high above most people about him in most respects, that they seem dwarfs, mere mannikins beside him; and yet he will sacrifice position, reputation, everything if his sensitive spot is touched.

The result is, that instead of the giant he might be, he is a weakling. He does not carry so much weight in his community as men with a tenth part of his ability, but who are better poised, because everybody knows that he is likely to go to pieces at a very critical moment if this weak point is touched.

I know another young business man who never loses his temper or self-control under any circumstances, no matter how trying, or provoking, or how aggravating; and yet he is naturally extremely sensitive.

He has gained this self-mastery by years of training in self-control. He early made up his mind that he could not command others if he could not control himself.

His wonderful mind poise seems to be largely acquired, because he says that he was very quick-tempered in his youth. But he has become a leader of men. And he says that no one who has not experienced it can have any idea of the great satisfaction, the gratification, the advantage of being able to keep a perfectly poised mind.

He says that it is an immense advantage to be able to say just what he wants to—the wisest, the most prudent thing—in a perfectly calm manner even under the most aggravating conditions, when the other man has lost his head completely and does not say what his wisdom dictates, but what his passion, his prejudice, his spleen, his love of revenge, his innate desire to get square with the other fellow impels for the moment. In other words, it is the brute that rules, and not the man.

The man who loses his temper and cannot say what he ought to or wants to until his fit of anger has passed, or until his hot temper has cooled and the damage has been done, has a great respect for the man who can stand calm and unmoved amidst a storm of abuse, and be able to say and to do the wisest and the best thing.

I know a man who was a natural born actor, who had great mental power, who is a superb impersonator of character, yet he has never risen above the little, petty stage parts, because he cannot get along with the managers. He is always quarrelling with anyone who touches his sensitive spot. He uses good judgment in most things, but he sacrifices all of his prospects by his hot temper. He is going through life a disappointed, disgruntled man, conscious of great powers which he cannot use, doing little, pica-

yune things when he is really capable of doing great things but for this weakness which handicaps him.

Everywhere we see people capable of taking star parts in life's great drama, playing little, petty roles on life's great stage, because of some little weakness which they have never been able to master.

"Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life?" says someone. "It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what comes to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm. That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold, yea, than even fine gold."

It was characteristic of the late Grover Cleveland to keep his mental balance, and this made him a power when other people around him became agitated, excited; he was always calm, serene, and seldom showed the slightest agitation.

When man learns the great secret of power, he will not be troubled at all by the things which upset others; he will not lie awake nights worrying about his business; he will not be so filled with fear of dyspepsia or physical derangement that he cannot eat; he will know that he is a part of the Creator's principle that rules everything, and that nothing can harm him except his own delusions or misconceptions.

The man whom God made will have perfect poise and be calm and serene on all occasions; the coming man and woman will not know unrest or worry, for they will absorb the secret of the Eternal principle of omnipotent power.

Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire—oh, no, love is not that—it is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living—yes, love is that, and is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest.

—Henry van Dyke.

We do not know anything about our own resources until we have taught ourselves to stand alone. Not until we can think for ourselves, decide for ourselves, and act for ourselves do we become more than infants in the moral universe.

—Angela Morgan.

Timkins' Corner

By Alan Sullivan

"DECEMBER wheat closes 85-78 to 86." The boy at the ticker drawled it lazily and Timkins traced the figures on the blackboard; small, neat, modulated figures that admitted of no misreading. Then there was a noise of shuffling feet and swinging doors, and the fat men who had been sitting with fat cigars in front of the board drifted out till ten o'clock should strike on the Chicago gong in the morning. Timkins looked after them with something of contempt. They daily filled the offices of Ward & Thompson, but they were only the unavoidable fringe of humanity that every broker must suffer in silence. To them a five thousand bushel deal, which was also the minimum, was enormous, portentous. The loss of a point was disastrous and more or less eliminating. But the real clients of Ward & Thompson never appeared. When one of the partners put his head out of the private office took a swift glance at the board and vanished as swiftly, then the loafers looked wise and nodded, and Timkins knew that something was doing. Who the big men were he did not know; all he knew was that the few were making money hugely, in inconceivable amounts, and that the little fellows were ceaselessly feeding them, just as ceaselessly as the small organisms of the deep sea swim into the whale's distended jaws.

That is what he was thinking when the office boy began to sweep up the cigar butts, and from that his mind turned to home. Timkins had very fixed ideas about home, much too fixed his wife said, for Timkins had worked it out something like this: A man may take risks if he does not risk anything, except himself, but when there are others involved, it is an

entirely different thing. Thus, when one's wife and two children are dependent upon one's twenty dollars a week, risks are out of the question. Arabel did not look at it this way. She credited Timkins with unparalleled genius that only needed an opportunity to assert itself. She read the stock reports and the grain markets; she upbraided Timkins with the chances he daily lost, and was, in fact, an embryonic plunger. But her husband knew that he could not move very far without running up against his own limitations. So he just held his head and smoothed down Arabel's ruffled plumage, and spent his Sunday afternoon with the children, instead of figuring out liabilities.

Now, it takes a mind of a certain calibre to be contented with the twenty dollars a week that had just been slipped into his upper inside pocket, and to smilingly combat marital complaints at one and the same time; and Timkins, in spite of himself, was getting a little tired of it. So, for once in his life, instead of making for the nearest subway station the moment the office closed, he settled down in one of the big leather chairs and gave himself over to day dreams. The boy departed in a trail of dusty air which the July afternoon sun transformed pleasantly into aisles of dancing light. Ward & Thompson disappeared with a banging of doors to their waiting motor cars. The mingled sounds of traffic in the canyon street below drifted up and into the silent board room, and Timkins stretched himself with a new strange sense of unhampered and personal freedom.

Just where his mind took him, he cared not. For once he had divorced himself from the small confining strangling influences that had dominated him for years.

He was waiting—for something—he did not know what, but, he was waiting, and his eyes were heavy.

Presently he rose with a start, seized his hat and descended three flights to the street. A motor car was there, and, at the sight of him, the chauffeur touched the peak of his cap and reached back to open the panelled door. Timkins never looked at him, but stepped lightly in. "Home," he said sharply. Then the car glided forward and Timkins looked carelessly about.

A bunch of carnations smiled from a cut-glass holder, and a box of cigars lay on the cushions beside a pile of evening financial papers. He selected a weed, and, leaning forward, picked up an electric cigar lighter and projected from a gilded socket; then he settled back in the corner and smoked thoughtfully.

The car moved majestically up Broadway, turned into Seventh Avenue, traversed that wide thoroughfare from end to end, and swung across west to Riverside Drive, and, all the time, Timkins sat back in his corner and stared straight ahead with unseeing eyes.

At the iron gateway of a big stone house that looked across at the Palisades, the motor stopped, and the little man slowly ascended. The plate glass doors opened at his approach, and a footman said respectfully: "Mrs. Timkins is in the morning room, sir," and there Timkins found her. Arabel was radiant, and kissed him affectionately. "Had a heavy day, dear?"

"Not very," said Timkins diffidently, "going out?"

"Crush at the Venderheims. Can't very well get out of it, but I depend on you for to-night."

"Opera?" said Timkins, thoughtfully. "Can't do it. Too much on."

His wife looked at him anxiously. "Fred, can't you be content? Do you want it all?"

"I want my end of it," replied her husband, with a nervous decision, "and I'm going to get it. Don't worry about me, run off and enjoy yourself."

He watched her admiringly. Arabel had never looked so well. Prosperity was meat and drink to her nature, as much as to her plump and favored body. And the children, no less than their mother, had taken to it like ducks to the farm-yard

pond. Fred, junior, was at Princeton; Arabel, junior, was getting a continental finish in Paris. Timkins was securing all round value for his money. There was no question of that.

He strolled into the immense bronze and leather library, and reviewed the markets. The reports had begun to reflect his own preconceived opinions, those opinions on the strength of which he had mortgaged everything and plunged, even as Arabel had pleaded. By small, but gradually increasing units, he had sold stocks and bought wheat, using the profits on his sales to increase his holdings. There had, of course, been reverses. Looking back on them, he laughed that the term should have been employed—but now, the position was briefly this:

Timkins was very long on wheat, he was a big bull. In the spring his agents had been everywhere, in Russia, India, the Argentine, and all over the great wheat-bearing area of the United States. And one by one the confidential reports had drifted in. Russia had no reserves and tension on the German boundary was acute; an offensive alliance had been secretly arranged between Turkey and the great German Kingdom, involving the closing of the Black Sea in case of war, and that would tie up the Russian supplies. India was dried out, the cracked earth refused to germinate seed, and durum was selling at twice last year's price in the bazaars. As to the Argentine, whose President was a close friend of Timkins, private advices were that the old trouble with Chile threatened to break at any moment, and Chile had sent her fleet with sealed orders eastward round the Horn; the fleet of fifteen super-dreadnoughts, on which Vickers Maxim and the Cramps had been working double time for the last three years. And for the United States, the story was—rust—with perhaps a quarter of the previous year's crop held over, and available.

All these things, and a thousand more, moved through Timkins' mind as he read the daily reports that had come in over his private Chicago and Winnipeg wires; for half of his business was done in Winnipeg, which now distributed the vast product of Western Canada.

December wheat—he reckoned the storm would burst before December—had opened at 1.10, declined to 1.09, risen in quick spasmodic jumps to 112¼ and closed, nervous and excited, at 111¾. The previous month he had bought over ten million bushels, between 95 and par, and added them to millions more that had been quietly picked up before the news of European restlessness reached the sensitive nerves of the American markets. But now the omens were unmistakable.

Timkins lighted another cigar and thought hard. He had begun to recognize certain changes in his own temperament and point of view. He had decided that the world owed him personally a good deal, and he was out to get it. And, with the thought of his own power, came also the idea of absolutism, only an idea so far, but still pressing and formative enough to demand recognition and consideration. Some men would have shrunk from the thought of having myriads of others under their sway, but Timkins had proved so completely to his own satisfaction how helpless most men are that the dream of dominion over them did not seem either unnatural or unreasonable. Then and there the ambition took root. He pondered and brooded over it, deaf to Arabel's pleadings for his company at the opera. The ego in him had found itself and was alive, and it was under the domination of that ego that he laid those gigantic plans which shortly focussed on him first the attention and then the fear of the world at large.

The next morning the grain market was convulsed and wheat leaped skyward, but he did not buy. He sold a little at top prices instead, and within the next week foreign news took on a more amicable aspect. Then wheat settled down, and he bought silently and avidly, till the government report came out to set the pot boiling again, and simultaneously news flashed from Magellan that the Chilian fleet had passed the straits, and was headed north. Wheat again jumped in quick chaotic spurts—but there was no wheat for sale.

That evening he received a petition from two of the largest firms in Chicago.

They were short—would he settle—and at what terms?

Timkins smiled grimly as the strings began to tighten. He settled, for wheat, that is for the wheat itself, to be delivered at a given point on the Atlantic coast; and for weeks the burdened cars dumped it into his warehouses by trainload and trainload.

Then a word sped to Winnipeg, and there arose at Brandon storehouse after storehouse, and soon their floors were deep in the tribute of the prairie farms.

Just about this time things began to happen in Europe; and, at the suggestion of the German Ambassador to Constantinople, mines were sown across the Bosphorus, and the Prussian North Atlantic squadron was ordered to patrol the Baltic. Thus, you will see, Russian wheat was as completely locked up as though it were all in the safest of deposit vaults. But it is not to be supposed that Timkins himself was lost sight of in the turmoil. The papers took care of that, and, such is the power of power itself, the very overwhelming strength of the man's position invested his small insignificant personality with strange and portentous qualities. By this time also he had so guarded his position that he was an international personage, a citizen no longer of one republic, but one who had sent out tentacles and filaments of influence that began to be felt in every great community.

On the Grain Exchange there was hardly an appreciable business. Timkins occasionally sold—a little—but it was a drop out of the vast resources he had collected. Stocks dropped, as he knew they must drop, and he covered his short sales and built more storehouses. The season for planting fall wheat came around, and such as was planted was by his mercy, for so completely had the rust destroyed the western grain that only from Alberta and Saskatchewan were any considerable supplies available, and Timkins had cornered those. Then came that hour, that great hour, when strive as he might, the despot was born in him. Up to this time he had been a latent, a potential, despot.

One evening, alone in his big library, he received a joint deputation from the English and American Governments;

wise, grave men who carried the burden of the well-being of nations on their shoulders. Their mission was unfolded with diplomatic delicacy, and, listening to it, Timkins was divided between a bursting pride and a ghastly desire to laugh aloud at their helplessness. The two spokesmen were the American Secretary of the Interior and the English Minister for foreign affairs. When they had finished and told him the things he knew they were going to tell him, he broke out:

"I won't do it. Why should I? Who put me where I am? Myself. I owe no man anything."

"Humanity would suggest"—put in the Secretary.

"Curse humanity! What did it ever do for me, except try to grind my life out for a pittance. Humanity is going to learn something now, and learn it from me."

He walked up and down the long room with quick, jerky strides: "You talk about the remedy of legislation. Do you remember a speech you made this last summer when you pointed out to the labor unions what you called 'the sacred right of property?' I heard that speech, and it was a darn good one. Now I want to point out to you the sacred rights of my property, and tell you that no legislation can ever take it out of my hands."

"You propose to visit the sins of the unjust upon the just," said the English diplomat, soberly, "I can hardly believe that."

"Visit nothing," snarled Timkins. "When I want to give wheat away, I'll give it—when I don't, I won't—that's all there is to it."

The Secretary of the Interior was thinking very hard. "Mr. Timkins, put it this way: You have attained an extraordinary—an unparalleled position. You are in a sense a dictator of the civilized world, and, as such, you have enormous responsibilities. It lies with you to make the name of American revered or loathed. 'What—' he said earnestly—"what are you going to do about that?"

The chest of Timkins expanded and his eyes flashed. That was it. From the mouth of a statesman the word had come. The dictator of the world. Suddenly he felt akin with the great ones of history, and through his veins sped something

divinely strange. Now he would show that he was indeed a dictator.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "at this time to-morrow and here, I will dictate my terms."

The two glanced at each other. "At this time to-morrow," they repeated, and, bowing, left him alone in the big bronze and leather room.

Timkins, plunged in meditation, sat for hours staring into the fire. The great house had subsided into slumber till only its omnipotent master moved within it, and even he, dazed with the fruition of all his desires, moved but seldom. The facts as he reviewed them were briefly these: Russia was at war on the German frontier; so far as wheat was concerned she had enough, but none could pass the inflexible mines of the Bosphorous. As for Vladivostok, he had agents there to pick up anything that came in over the Transiberian. India was hungry. Riots had commenced at Bengal and Nepal, and the English administration was importing rice from China, and people generally were at their wit's end. Down at Argentina the Chilean fleet was pouring shells into Buenos Ayres, whose capitulation was daily expected. In the interior the wheat was locked up, much of it hidden from the expected hosts of the invader.

There remained then, Canada and the United States. As to Canada, limited supplies were being forwarded to England by Timkins' wish, but so limited were they that the transcontinental lines were ribbed with miles of empty box cars, and rushing locomotives. (Timkins had leanings toward England, for his father had been a Yorkshire tyke, and worked in the woolen mills of Huddersfield).

Last of all, the great republic was swept bare of wheat, except that doled out for farmers' seed. The big mills at Minneapolis were running quarter time on Timkins' allowance, and flour was retailing at ten cents a pound. His storehouses, bursting with grain, were surrounded by armed guards, themselves jealously watched by lean militia and State troops. The world was on edge, and, in spite of himself, in spite of all the fortifications of his vast power, Timkins began to wonder. Then through the silence of the vast house, past his own private detectives that paced the

grounds, faint suggestive sounds began to drift in; sounds that he knew could never reach him there, but that somehow did reach him. There was the sound of a child crying, a weak plaintive note that brought back uncertain snatches of memory of the months that followed the birth of Arabel, junior. Then the sound of women weeping, that seemed almost to perpetuate the hunger and suffering of women all the world over; and, beneath that, a deeper, stronger tone, the tone of curses and groans and horrible muttered threats and imprecations of men whose souls were turning them to death and destruction. He listened for a while, pushing his hands out into the air; but the faint noises seemed to slip his fingers and assail his ears again. Then he walked uncertainly over to a cabinet and poured out a glass of whisky: "Till to-morrow," he said nervously, "just till to-morrow," but that night the detectives were doubled.

Within the next twenty-four hours the Black Sea squadron of the Russian fleet was blown to pieces in the Bosphorous, and there had been a severe naval engagement in the Baltic with honors even and much loss of life. Rioting had started amongst the foreign laborers in Pittsburg, suppressed also with many casualties, and the United States War Department had organized a militia patrol in most of the larger cities. Timkins knew it all as soon as it happened, but he was too busy working out his terms to be much affected. Then, promptly at half past eight, his visitors were announced.

He had spent some time in considering how his terms should be delivered, there was enough of the dramatic in him for that, but, when the two statesmen faced him, there was something in their grave demeanour that banished everything elocutionary, and he became, as ever, his brisk unmodulated self.

"Gentlemen, my terms," he said, and handed them a single sheet scrawled with four paragraphs of his own methodical handwriting.

The Secretary received it and glanced at the Englishman with lifted brows.

"Please," said the latter.

"I require that Chile and the Argentine shall at once sign a treaty of peace for the

next one hundred years, and that war be terminated forthwith.

"Also that Germany and Russia come to similar terms.

"I require that the United States immediately pass legislation that no individual shall in the future buy or possess more than five million bushels of wheat.

"In consideration of which, I make over to the United States Government all my present holdings of wheat at a price of ten per cent. above the cost price to me."

The committee of two stared hard at Timkins. He met it defiantly: "My terms, gentlemen; those are my terms."

The statesmen exchanged glances and the Secretary spoke, "Your terms are impossible, sir."

"Why?" said Timkins doggedly.

"In the first place, we have no rights over the powers at present at war. Their affairs are their own. International amenities make our interference impossible.

"In the second place, such legislation as you demand is equally impossible. No government can determine what a private individual shall buy or in what amount." He looked at the English Minister: "I think we are agreed on this."

The latter bowed. "Is there no alternative?" he said shortly.

Timkins' eyes, brilliant with excitement, darted from one to the other, then he addressed the Secretary.

"You say you have no right over the powers at war. Do you believe that if England and the United States demanded the stopping of these wars they would go on?"

"They hardly could go on," the Secretary said with the ghost of a smile, "but"—

"Would it engage England and the United States in war to demand it?" snapped Timkins.

"We don't think so, as matters armament stand at present," said the Englishman with a touch of pride.

"These wars are killing more people than I am," said Timkins savagely. "You can stop them, but you don't. Why don't you?" he burst out. "You can rule the world for peace, just as I rule it for wheat. Why don't you?"

For a moment neither spoke, then the Secretary asked: "And as for the rest?"

"As for that I'll tell you. I've cornered wheat, and, I don't want anyone else to corner it—ever. I've done it; I just had to do it; but it's bad, it's rotten. Just the same, I want the Timkins corner to be the last of them all. You don't know what brokers are. We take a sort of pride in a corner, and mine is a big one, as you'll both admit. Now, do you see? Just patch up peace and do a little legislating and I'll drop out. I've had enough. I'm tired—I'm—what's that!"

Two rifle shots barked outside in quick succession, and the big plate glass window at the end of the room flew into splinters. On the instant the three men ducked and a bullet sang overhead and buried itself with a cough in the third volume of Carlyle's French Revolution.

Through the shattered glass came the sound of shouting and factory whistles and the sharp clatter of racing feet on the stone pavement. Behind and beneath all this was a dull turbulent murmur, through which a loud shouting broke sharply and grew momentarily louder. Then came the unmistakable multitudinous roaring of thousands of men, a roaring that was terrible with threats and imprecations of death and destruction.

"What is it, gentlemen?" said Timkins, piteously. "What is it?"

"Your terms have come a little too late, that is all," said the Englishman quietly; then he crooked his finger toward the street. "They will make the terms now—not you."

A quick word of command sounded in front of the house, followed by a lull, in which Timkins shivered as he heard the snapping of breech locks, then another word, more terrible still, and the rifles cracked.

"Stop it," he shouted racing toward the window. "Stop it. Give them everything. For God's sake stop it."

He turned to the two statesmen. Both were standing very still, their faces pale, their hands folded, and somehow he thought they looked as if they were praying. "Save me," he shrieked in terror, "they're coming! they're coming!"

The Secretary's eyes rested on him for a moment. "This is the end of the Timkins' corner," he said gravely.

A rush of feet swept along the hall, then came a sharp hammering at the door. The two men did not move, but Timkins jumped in a vain effort to hold it. He felt a fierce pressure, and suddenly it burst into splinters at his face. He fell back dazed with the shock, and, rubbing his eyes, could see nothing but blackness.

Rub as he would, everything seemed black, and then, slowly, small white spots began to flicker, and gradually steadied down into figures; neat modulated figures that admitted of no misreading. "December wheat closes 85 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 86," that was it. His head was on the floor of Ward & Thompson's office, his bruised face turned toward the black expanse of the quotation board. Lying motionless, slowly winning back to conscious existence, his eyes shifted to the clock. The hands were on the stroke of seven. "Good Lord!" he said soberly, "where have I been? Good Lord!"

The hour sounded and he scrambled to his feet, seized his hat and wobbled unsteadily toward the door, "What will Arabel say?" And all the way home, as the brilliant subway train bore him northward, that was the question, "What would Arabel say?"

A little later he knew. Still dazed, still fumbling mentally to find and hold himself, he felt Arabel's arms about his neck. "I have been so anxious, dear. What kept you?"

It was too hard to say what had kept him. "I was tired, Arabel, and tried to rest, but," his words lost themselves, and he could only look about and see with enormous relief that all the old accustomed things were as he had left them.

"You tried to rest in the office and could not, so you came home. Was that it?" she said, with a sudden rush of motherhood.

"That was it, my dear," said Timkins. "I could not. So I came home." He fumbled in his pocket and held out a small yellow envelope with two figures marked in the top left-hand, and his name in the top right-hand corner.

"As usual?" asked Arabel with a lift of her eyebrows.

"Yes, my dear," he said cheerfully, almost thankfully; then, hesitating a moment, added with much decision, "As usual."



A modern residence in which chimneys are placed to good advantage in order to secure an attractive effect.

Chimneys

By John Holt

"The first mediaeval chimney was not so much a chimney as a crack in the wall." So writes Mr. John Holt in the third of his series of articles now running in MacLean's Magazine. This month, he deals with chimneys—a queer subject, many will remark, and yet one replete with features of interest. How did chimneys originate, by what means have they been improved, and what are the most modern ideas regarding them? Do you know? But that is another story. You will know the better after reading the article.

WHEN the hearth shifted to a position under the new invented chimney there was considerable protest on the part of more conservative individuals. Obviously this was a step, and a serious one, in the decadence of the race. What were things coming to? What would become of a generation too weak-lunged and finicky to breathe a little healthy smoke? Besides, think of the cattle! Who was going to keep cattle in the house if there was no thick aromatic smoke to counteract the small? Gadzooks! gossip, the country's going ——!

But the effeminate chimney and the decadent fireplace came to stay and had due

effect in producing the narrow-chested, soft-handed weaklings who sailed the seas for Elizabeth and later, who won a new world from the forest and the Indians. The old croakers mumbled invectives against new fangled notions from comfortable benches in the chimney corner.

The first mediaeval chimney was not so much a chimney as a crack in the wall. The hearth in the middle of the hall was all very well as long as the hall was but one storey high. Easy enough to have a hole in the roof with a louvre to cover it and let the smoke find its way between the rafters. But when the Norman barons took to building keeps with several floors



An imposing chimney at the front of the house represents a style of treatment that is growing in popularity.

it is obvious that this simple expedient would not answer.

At first no doubt the lord and his lady shivered along through the winter with their blue fingers extended over a brazier; or the expedient was tired of lighting a fire in the embrasure of a window through which the smoke might be hoped to find its way. Then some ingenious architect hit on the idea of an embrasure made especially for the fire with an aperture sloping upwards from the top through the thickness of the wall to carry off the smoke.

After a time the sentry on the battlements complained that sparks flew upward from the crack in the wall and incapacitated him for duty by lodging in his eyes. For some years the sentry complained, and his lord cursed the architect who had introduced the notion till it occurred to someone that a pipe leading from the crack up the wall of the castle to a point above the sentry's head might carry the spark beyond harm's way. My lord cursed

the expense and had the pipe built. The crack in the wall became a bona-fide chimney flue. There are ruins in England and on the Continent in which you may see every stage of the evolution.

And a fresh wonder came to light when this outside chimney was built. It created a fine, strong updraught, the fire burned brighter and more fiercely than before, and none, absolutely none of the smoke invaded the room—except, of course, in damp weather or when there was one of those easterly gales or—well, everything has its drawbacks.

Deprived of magazines and newspapers or the backing of an enthusiastic town planning association, the talented inventor of this perfect chimney did not live to see his contrivance in every home in England, as, of course, he felt it should be. Still he degrees chimneys came into fashion, and in a few generations there was hardly a new castle or manor house built in which some attempt at a chimney was not made.

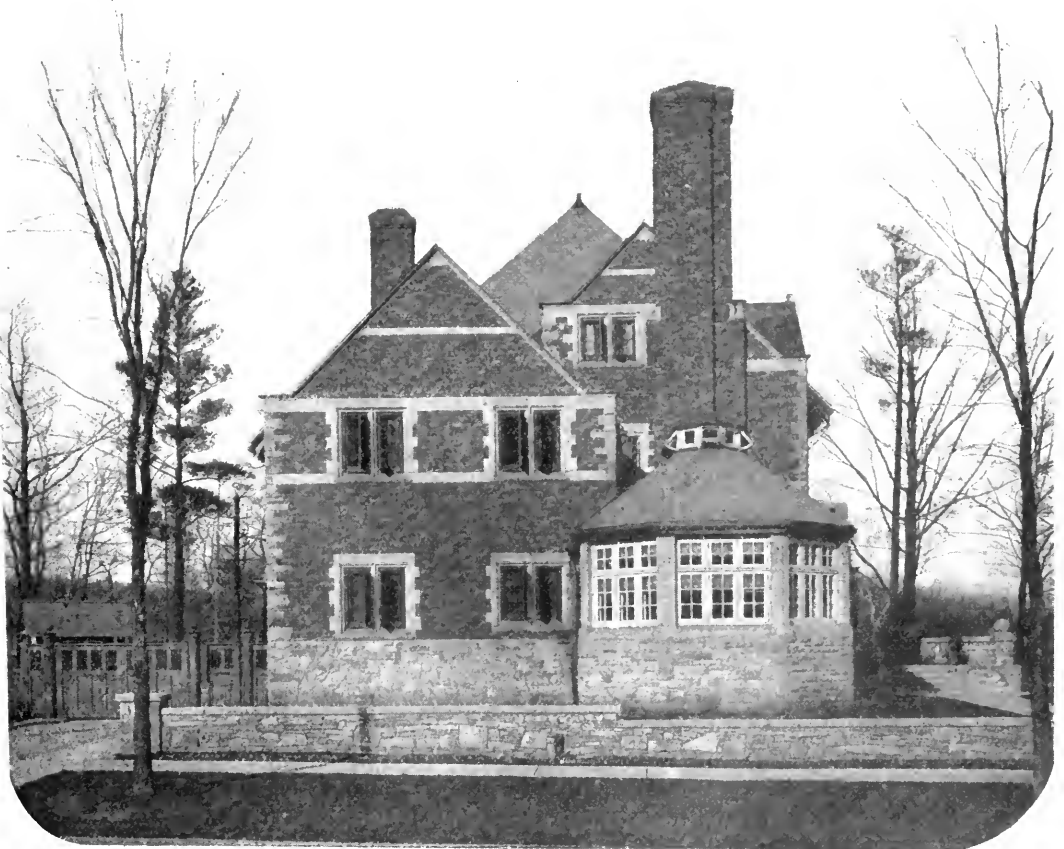
True, there were a few sturdy souls who held out against the notion till the last. Deene Hall, in Northamptonshire, had neither chimney nor fireplace till one was introduced by Lord Cardigan, of Balaclava fame, although it was built as late as the reign of Edward VI. But in Elizabeth's day the owner of a house without chimneys was wont to apologize to his guests for their absence, sometimes going so far as to arrange for the accommodation of ladies at neighboring houses where the luxury could be enjoyed.

The first chimneys were usually single flues, almost as large as the huge fireplaces—and they were more like small rooms than fireplaces—above which they rose. When they were of any height the updraught must have been tremendous. There are legends of children blown across the room into the fire and high backed. high seated settles with a rail to keep the

feet off the floor were less luxuries than life preservers. Sitting in the ingle of the chimney itself, although one enjoyed the warm proximity of the blaze, must have been rather like sitting in the Cave of the Winds.

An early improvement was the addition of a hood or canopy in front of the fireplace, its object being to catch stray puffs of smoke from sudden downdraughts and also, more or less vainly, to throw a little additional heat into the room. Many modern grates have these hoods in miniature for use when the fire is first lit and to be closed when it is burning well and brightly.

Gradually the chimney and the fireplace were reduced in size. Fireplaces ceased to be large enough to contain stools and benches for the most favored members of the household, and there began an approximation to that ideal state of things



A most attractive arrangement of chimneys at the side of a modern house

when the most favored individuals would each have separate fireplaces of their own.

The multiplication of fireplaces naturally led to considerable changes in the chimney. Chimneys that were single flues became fewer and chimney stacks of many flues came into being. But before this even the single flues had been contracting to such an extent that they began to threaten hardship to the chimney-sweep. There were Royal edicts in France in 1712 and 1723, fixing a minimum width of three feet for chimneys in order that the climbing boys could do their work easily and without danger.

Poor climbing boys! Few of them grew up to attain the proud position of master sweeps. Many a chimney claimed its human victims in the "old days," which are not so very far behind us. There are tales of hapless urchins choked with soot, of others stuck in crooked flues who had to be removed piecemeal. . . . Dark chapters in the otherwise cheery history of the chimney.

The modern chimney measures in inches what its bluff ancestors often measured in feet. Nine by fourteen inches is the usual size for kitchen chimneys, and for other household purposes they are often a trifle smaller. The Newcastle master sweep, who defended himself against a charge of manslaughter by explaining that he "used the smallest boys there was. 'Tain't my fault they ain't bred no smaller" would have been aghast at any modern flue as well as indignant at the "machinery" to clean them, which took the bread out of honest chummies' mouths.

Chimneys in general are very human in their failings and uncertainties, they have their moods and must be humored occasionally. It seems a rule among self-respecting chimneys to demand a few changes here and there after leaving the builder's hands before settling down to satisfactory work.

However, chimneys are seldom actually badly built, and there are few that cannot be coaxed into exemplary behaviour with the aid of a little common sense. A cowl perhaps, or the addition of a few inches to their height, or a bit of tin stuck somewhere in the flue—it is surprising sometimes how little will do away with a de-

moniacal down draught or cure apparently ineradicable sulkiness.

The architect and builder have much to contend with in planning chimneys. A single flue chimney is comparatively simple. It is when it comes to gathering numerous flues into a stack that the builder's difficulties are greatest. Sometimes on the outside wall of a new house you may see the courses of the various flues marked out in white brick, and it is easy then to appreciate some of the complexity of the task of arrangement.

There are, perhaps, four or five storeys to the house, and on each floor two or three fireplaces have to be connected with the one chimney stack. The flues from, say a dozen fireplaces, have to be led upwards at a gentle angle without crossing or interfering with one another till they meet as an orderly group on the roof. And besides this there are wall thicknesses, strains, thrusts and a hundred other things to be allowed for of which the layman reckons little.

The chimney must come through the roof at the proper point. Towards the middle of the ridge is the ideal spot and, like all ideals, it is usually difficult of attainment unless you are content with a four square house of the old New England pattern, build your chimney first, stick your house round it and then arrange your fireplaces in any way you can.

It is only a personal opinion, but it always has seemed to the writer that it is a mistake for chimneys to be too shy and retiring. On some houses you find the chimneys crouching behind ornamental parapets or peeping shamefacedly over ridges when they ought to rear their heads proudly and boldly. Some chimneys are such thin, meagre, naked-looking objects that their shame is comprehensible. But the fact should be recognized that it is impossible to hide chimneys altogether, and it is well, therefore, to clothe them fittingly and place them in commanding, while unobstrusive situations.

Directly chimneys became fashionable they began to be highly ornamental and seldom were they then afflicted with any false shame. They rose proudly from the roof to add interest, stately or fantastic, to the skyline of their house. Tall, slender columns, fluted, twisted, enriched by bands



Chimneys well placed at the front and rear of a house.

and panels of carving, or sturdy miniature towers plainer and less lofty, they carried message of warmth and hospitality with grace and dignity as certainly as tower or spire carried the message of the church beneath.

Formal classicism and chimney-stacks came in together, and the grace and individuality of the single shafts were lost for a time. But the massive stacks were used to help in the balance of the stately winged and porticoed mansions beneath them, and even then they contrived to give a saving touch of irregularity and homeliness to a blank array of marble or stucco by bristling with a cheerful fringe of vulgar, smoke-grimed, earthen chimney-pots.

Stacks of chimneys in these days of small flues are often treated as single chimney shafts, round or rectangular and richly ornamented. Thus, individuality has been restored and the chimney is able to look like a chimney, as frequently it did not in the Georgian days of vast rectangular stacks, which often gave the impression of an additional storey, and from which it was rather a surprise to see smoke issuing.

While being bold and self-confessing—this is another personal opinion—there should be a certain reticence and mystery about a chimney. It should not jut obtrusively from the most conspicuous

point of the roof or obviously lose its identity in a wall by issuing nakedly therefrom at the end of the gable. It is better when it rises proudly and mysteriously from behind a roof ridge, or is half hidden by a dormer, always granted, of course, that the visible portion indicates that it is no mere stump, but a tall shaft springing from the slopes of some dim red-tiled valley among the complicated mountain range of roofs.

Such a chimney gives rise to pleasant speculations. At what point does it penetrate the roof? To what rooms within is it a source of light and cheeriness? From what fire rises the smoke now curling from it? Is it the same chimney one sees from the rose garden? . . . In a big old rambling house in which numbers of graceful chimneys rise from unexplorable inner hinterlands of roof there are endless problems of this nature for the idle mind.

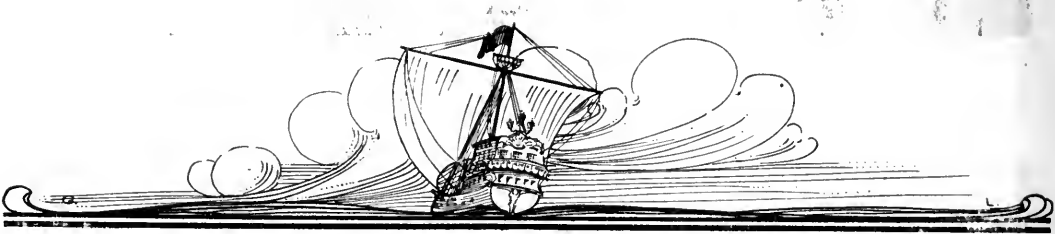
It may seem that this hiding away of the chimney is opposed to the plea for bold self-confession. No so: the chimney that is mysteriously half concealed from one viewpoint should be entirely visible from another, but less accessible spot. The idea is, in fact, that distance should lend enchantment to the chimney; if it is massive it should not be close to the side of the house, lest it be obtrusive and oppressive; besides, chimneys that are well set back may be much taller and more effective without dominating the house when

the whole effect is seen from a little distance, as is sometimes the case.

The use of tall chimneys has a sound bases. A chimney should rise higher than the roof by some two or three feet at least, and if it can possibly be avoided, it should not be overtopped by anything in its immediate neighborhood. One of the commonest causes of a smoky chimney is in its standing near something higher than itself—the roof, another chimney, a tall tree, or even a nearly hill or high building. Cresting the obstruction the wind sweeps *downward* into the chimney, hence

tears in the eyes of the users of the fire places below.

If the gaunt grimy factory shaft is the type of rampant materialism, so may other chimneys be taken as types of homely comfort—the rugged masonry of the cottage end, the curiously carved and twisted chimneys of the manor house. In few things are there such capabilities of beauty or of ugliness. The chimney must suggest, not the ugliness of the smoke it expels and the filth of the soot it contains, but the warmth and beauty of the fire on the hearth beneath. It should be the spire of the household altar.



THE HILL ROAD

O, white road, O, winding road
That climbs the distant hill,
I would ye felt my footsteps
As now ye have my will;
There's an ache I cannot smother
Within this heart of mine;
And ever to my yearning eyes
You're as a beckoning sign.

For once upon your whitened crest
A loved one waved good-bye,
And then with glance on me, it seemed
Walked straight into the sky;
I would not bid him back again
Nor fret that life wears ill,
But O, I dream the day, the night
That I shall climb the hill.

The babes, warm in the cradle
Swing deep in soothing sleep,
The winds are humming harmonies
As round the house they creep,
But O, the heart within me
Will never more be still,
Till I have gained the winsome road
That leads across the hill.

—Minnie Ferris Hauenstein.

The National Peril

Sir Edmund Walker Warns Canadians Against Feverish Speculation and Extravagant Living

By Sir Edmund Walker

The basis of this article was an address delivered by Sir Edmund Walker in Montreal. Sir Edmund is President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce but is generously devoting much time to the public welfare. His subject was "Some Canadian Assets and Liabilities." The observations which he made, and which are given below in full, will be read with much interest by business men in all parts of Canada.

A MIDST the happy optimism which pervades Canada at the moment we often hear the speaker say that the twentieth century belongs to Canada. What is true, however, is that Canada belongs to the twentieth century. There is little doubt that for good or ill we shall be shaped in our destiny by the present century. That we are being shaped by any other force seems to be forgotten by many Canadians. We know that effects follow causes inevitably, but we think very little regarding the future effect of our present actions.

In thinking about Canada we are sometimes like the sanguine type of borrower when he presents his balance sheet to his banker. He regards the assets with great pride as his own creation, and as undoubtedly his own possession, making very light of the liabilities, each of which must, however, be entirely discharged before he is entitled to boast of his accomplishments. Canada is one of the most precious assets in the world. In it we all have certain rights of ownership, but regarding it we also have most serious liabilities.

We have in our possession one of the largest countries in the world. In the extent of its sea coast, its lakes and rivers, its mountains and uplands, its fields and woodlands, and in the bountiful harvests to be gained from all these it is not excelled by any country. But it has of course, the defects which are inevitable in its qualities. It is a northern country, and to almost every scheme of work carried out in Canada there is added the labor and expense caused by the winter, while the loss from the many forces of nature which in that season have ceased to work for the benefit of man falls upon all of us. We are so far north that we do not even possess an Indian corn belt, much less sub-tropical areas where sugar, cotton and tobacco may be grown in large quantities, although we can hope that good sense may some day bring the West Indies into our confederation. But we would not exchange our winter for the suns of any sub-tropical country, and in the character of our natural resources, and the strength of the effort necessary to secure them lies the main assurance of our national character.

I need not enumerate the various sources of wealth in Canada. We all know that nature has done her part to make us one of the richest nations, and that our chief want is that men of the right sort shall join us in working out our great future. Our future will depend also upon the actions of other nations whose self-interests may not accord with our scheme for our future.

The average man thinks that he has enough to do to earn his daily bread without worrying about national affairs. He has doubtless attached himself to one of the political parties and he votes as he is urged to by his political leaders. What more can we expect. Very little more unless it be in great emergencies. But there are thousands of men who get much more out of life than just daily bread, and who think little more about our national future than their less fortunate brothers. These men usually regard themselves as practical people, whatever that may mean, but they are merely one of the many species of fools which the country suffers, gladly or otherwise. I need not, I am sure, hesitate to say to this audience that no man who is prospering in Canada has any right not to have in his mind some conception of what we are trying to do together as a nation. The fact that you are members of a club established for the purpose of securing a half-hour occasionally from the whirl of business in which to turn to other matters makes me safe in relying on your sympathy in making such a statement.

Shall we admit then that if we are engaged in laying up money for our children, we are truly foolish not to remember that we should also manage Canada for our children. If we save our money and destroy our country, little thanks will come from our children. Must we not also admit that in the pursuit of wealth we have passed in a few years from a country noticeably moderate and reserved to one of feverish speculation and extravagant expenditure in the cost of living? Much of the change is, of course, the inevitable accompaniment of prosperity, but in its worst aspects it is almost as destructive of the fibre of a nation as actual crime. The country that believes only in success as represented by money, without much regard as to how it is made, and which admires people in proportion

to their social display, will not survive. I do not believe we shall become that kind of country, but we can all see the danger. A nation must have self-respect and must care for the higher intelligence of life; otherwise, even if very wealthy, it can only become one of the hateful oligarchies which disturb the stream of civilization.

Our future depends even more upon our children than upon ourselves. No forces for civilization are so potent as our universities and schools. The conditions and the aims of our educational systems are improving, but there is very much yet to be done. Universities are springing up in the west, and their school buildings put us in the east to shame; but vast sums must be spent and much experience gained before we can fit our machinery to the task of suitably educating our people. Every earnest Canadian should remember daily how tremendously our future may be affected by the quality of the teaching in our schools.

In the administration of justice, one of the foundations of society, we still follow the good example of England, and if we consider the history of the settlement of our new areas we may take some pride in our record. Let us hope that we shall never see a time when our regard for justice is blunted by the examples of men of wealth escaping the results of wrongdoing by the use of their power. If our conception of justice remains high, and the newspapers endeavor to teach our people to work together in reasonable regard for the interests of all, we can by government commission and by direct legislation escape the evils of so-called trusts and also of unfair effects from tariffs or other taxation. To be just to each other with a due regard to the fact that all must make some present sacrifice for our national future should be our great aim.

But if we are to maintain a high sense of justice and to be unselfish where national considerations are concerned, we must improve our standards in other respects. We should encourage in our universities, our Canadian clubs and elsewhere such a study of political science as will enable us as soon as possible to give our large cities capable and pure government, such as has been very rapidly brought about in the United States in

many cases, and will remove from our national politics the mischief of patronage and will reform our civil service sufficiently to take it out of politics.

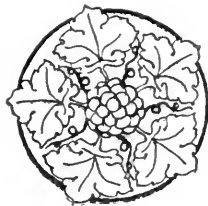
It is often said that our newspapers fairly reflect the people. Frankly, I hope that some of them do not. It has also been said that men will vote in accordance with their pockets. I have always insisted that this is untrue if men are stirred below the surface. If people are stirred deeply enough their feelings are generally sound, and if newspapers would stop praising one party and reviling the other to such an extent that real argument ceases, and would appeal to the best in people, many features in our politics which should not exist could be reformed.

Consideration of the future of Canada opens out in every direction, but I am nearing the end of my half-hour. I have urged that we should work together for the future of Canada, that in our individual relations, struggling as we all are to improve our positions materially, we should by the exercise of reasonable goodwill to each other, and with the aid of any possible machinery for the maintenance of justice in such relations, make our lives serviceable to those who will follow us by building in accordance with our noblest ideals a great nation of right-minded people.

I cannot close without referring to one among the many dangers we are encountering in our journey and which sometimes seems to loom larger than anything else. We are receiving a stream of immigrants greater relatively to the people already in Canada than any other nation has yet had to manage. If this year we receive 400,000 new people that will be the same as if the United States

received in one year 4,500,000 new people, so far as the power to assimilate them, and to provide for their reception is concerned. Notwithstanding the great wealth in the aggregate brought by them we shall have to incur two hundred or three hundred million dollars of foreign debt in order to further equip the country to receive them. This money comes from England and such European countries as follow her in investments. Our power to receive these immigrants depends on our credit with England. We enjoy at her hands the best credit of any country in the world. Every foolish operation in Canada finance imperils that credit. This credit is largely based on the belief that there is here in Canada a country destined to be not merely always loyal to the King, but to be a commanding influence in the future of the greatest Empire the world has known. What are we doing to make sure that the newcomers understand our political ambitions? And yet our future may depend on whether they will join us and play the game or not.

Who stops to remember that Great Britain gave Canada the western provinces merely on payment of the claim of the Hudson's Bay Company? Did she not do it because she was sure that we would play the game like gentlemen? Play it we shall, of course, but in all fairness let us set out before the newcomers what the game is. If we do so the children of the non-British settlers in the West will be as good Canadians as we are. Let both political parties join in saying on every political platform in the West that we are destined to do our share and eventually to pay our share towards the perpetuation of the British Empire forever.



The Private Office

Just as the engine room is the seat of power in the factory, so must the executive office be the centre of force in the Business end, and it is as essential that the details of location and arrangement be studied out in this as in any part of the organization. As a matter of fact, the private office problem of every business is a big one. When one begins to go into the various details of it they multiply continually. Who should have a private office, and why, is a question unsettled in practically every office of any size, and it is one that is seldom settled to the satisfaction, of all. The following article deals with the problems that confront the business where the personnel of those who shall have private offices has been settled.

FOLLOWING the article on the Equipping of General Offices which appeared in the February issue of MacLean's Magazine the one submitted herewith on "Laying Out the Private Office" will be of interest and value to Canadian business men in that it admirably supplements the suggestions which have already been made and in addition deals particularly with private offices, which were not covered in the previous treatise. Written by Wesley A. Stranger, an authority on office systems, the article was published in *Business* and while based on American usages will nevertheless be of practical assistance to many busy men in this country who are beset with difficulties in so arranging their offices as to best facilitate their work and at the same time meet the demands of the public. For, as Mr. Stranger says, "the private office is fundamentally the middle ground between the public and the business. Outsiders and insiders are those who use it; the man who occupies it is the man between." The article in full follows:

The first essential in the location of a private office lies in the determination of where it will best serve all concerned. It

should be accessible to the people, both inside and out. It should be so arranged that the man occupying it may be reached in the shortest time with the least inconvenience, yet it must be so located that he may not be interrupted when it is desirable that he should not be disturbed. Privacy is a desirable essential from every point of view.

In centralizing a private office, nearness to all interested persons and departments is the first requirement. Centralization does not necessarily mean the location of a private office according to geographical centres. It means locating it where the greatest number of people go the shortest distance to accomplish the desired result. To be successful in its arrangements the private office must be "central," and from it, in an executive sense, must radiate the nerves that actuate the business machinery.

After the question of location has been settled, the matter of arrangement begins. Arrangement has to do with the furniture, the people and the location of people and furniture within the office. In this connection three main considerations are to be borne in mind: Suggestion, practicability and efficiency.

ESSENTIALS IN OFFICE ARRANGEMENT.

In appearance the private office should carry out the general suggestion of the business of which it is a part. The interior arrangement should suggest the stability and character of the concern, and should also give some clue to the man who occupies it and his relation to the business. While the visitor gathers certain ideas from what he sees when he first enters a place of business, he receives a more concrete and lasting impression and has his confidence strengthened or weakened in a definite way when he enters the private office. The importance, therefore, of making it actually representative is obvious.

No office serves its purpose unless it carries with it an air of practicability. There is generally some good reason for its existence and its reason should be apparent. A private office in which there are barely enough furnishings to insure the transaction of business, or with furniture of low grade and poorly arranged, is not apt to impress the visitor with any idea of permanence or stability. On the other hand, an overly furnished office may have as disastrous an effect. Unless the office or arrangement is figured out from the primary standpoint of utility and efficiency, it will fail of its purpose. When men do business they want to have their surroundings conducive to that end: Lost motion in the location of a record, inability to find important papers, delay in securing the services of a clerk or stenographer all have a tendency to shake confidence. The man who is able to make decisions quickly and arrive at the meat of things instantly is the man with whom other men like to deal. The office in which he works has a great deal to do with his ability to do this. Its utility is based on the primary principle of its fitness to perform its function and its efficiency is a complement to the efficiency of the man who occupies it.

WHERE THE PRIVATE OFFICE IS AN EXCEPTION.

A large business house which loans money and deals in real estate, at one time had a problem in its office organization that was as hard to solve as any that will be encountered in a business

day. This firm has many important people to consider. It employs a corps of attorneys, experts on loans, men of banking experience. In the early days of the firm, private offices were the rule; today they are the exception.

The man at the head of the business meets the customers of the house on both sides. He sees those who want to lend money and those who wish to borrow. A private office is necessary to him, and yet it must serve a double purpose. It must impress the lender with the ability of the firm to wisely handle his money and it must impress the borrower with stability. The president cannot see everyone who calls for him, and yet he cannot be too remote at any time. To overcome the various problems presenting themselves, his office is located and arranged to indicate semi-privacy, yet is as private as it can be once a visitor is within its doors.

Just off the corridor is a reception room leading directly into the office of the president's secretary. Facing the door is the secretary's desk, and on a line with one end is a long table with a chair at the end. A visitor to see the president may want to see the secretary and he is ushered into this room which adjoins the president's office. Also leading off of the reception room is a narrow passageway leading to the outside entrance of the president's office, which is directly opposite a door leading to his assistant's office. If it is desirable to the caller to see the president, he is ushered directly into the office, and when he leaves he passes through the private entrance and is at once in the reception room. On the other hand, if he wishes to see the assistant, he enters his office from the passage-way and may be ushered into the president's office as easily as from the secretary's office. This private office arrangement is ideal where the occupant is doing business with people outside of the firm, for it makes him accessible and at the same time insures privacy. In the interior arrangement of this office as much thought has been put as upon the location. Aside from the chair occupied by the stenographer and the president, there are but two others. One stands in the corner and the other opposite the table across which the president talks to the visitor. The furniture is of

substantial appearance, built along simple lines. The desks are paneled mahogany and the chairs of the "Bank of England" design. Everything is plain and business like and there is no show of elegance or waste, but a great show of substantiality. The lender is impressed with the business-like appearance and the air of safety, while the borrower sees but simple designs and plain lines, suggesting ease of approach and conservatism.

KEEPING HIS FINGERS ON THINGS.

In a wholesale grocery house where the man at the head is constantly consulted by his associates and who must at the same time meet the country customers of the house, the private office has been reduced to its simplest terms. The man with the private office is located very close to the main entrance of the store, but to the right and a little aside from the rest of the establishment so that the visitor in coming in does not at once see the office. The sales manager sits right opposite the entrance, with his assistants on either side. To the left of the sales manager the desks of the salesmen sit in rows the length of the office. Back of the sales manager sits the secretary of the concern in an almost inaccessible part of the office for the reason that he has little to do with any except those in the house, and it is desirable to have him close to him and the buyers arranged in within reach of the treasurer and cashier, who are on the floor above, and not too far away from the sales department.

The president of this concern must keep his finger on the every angle of the business, and, as the sales department is close to him and the buyers arranged in a room adjoining his, he is at all times in close touch with the two most important departments. His private office has no floor covering. There are plenty of chairs, a large table, a roll top desk and the president's secretary. The walls on two sides are fitted with shelves, and on these shelves are placed samples of goods sold and many things suggestive of the business. Pictures of the men who are doing the big things in the trade, views of retail stores, photographs of the firm's branches and similar subjects ornament the walls.

On the second floor is a room fitted up with everything for ease and comfort which is the president's private office. When he meets a man he wants to see in his second-floor office, he either takes him upstairs himself and sees him there, or else has him taken up by an usher and attends to him as soon as possible. When he has any work of his own to do which requires quiet and privacy, he retires to this room, and leaves his secretary in charge of the first-floor office.

ONE WAY TO HANDLE COMPLAINTS.

A certain large store found that the most successful manner in which to handle complaints was to have the man in charge get as close to the complainant as possible. The manner of handling the problem in the beginning was to have a series of wickets at which complaints were made, and when the complaint clerk could not solve the problem to the satisfaction of the customer, to refer her to the last window where the manager was located. This was simply a window, and there was a partition between the complainant and the manager. One day the head of the business was attracted by loud talking in the complaint department and discovered an irate customer "toning down" the complaint department manager in good style. When the trouble was adjusted, the manager had an idea. The next day he gave orders to have a private office built for the complaint manager, with a railing and reception room outside. Settees and chairs were provided in the reception room, but only one chair in the private office besides the one occupied by the manager. When a troubled customer came in, she had no trouble in getting to the source of things. She was obliged to go through the routine of walking into the enclosure, taking a chair, sending in her name by a messenger and waiting her turn, but these details and delays, slight as they were, had a tendency to distract the mind, and by the time the complainant reached the private office, her wrath had usually cooled. The compactness of the office made it necessary for her to talk closely to the manager. There was suggestion of privacy and confidence, no need of shouting and no room to gesticulate. The surroundings and everything that had to do with the complaint depart-

ment set the mind of the visitor at comparative ease, for it was plain to see that there was no barrier to be beaten down and no lack of privacy and "first hand-ness" to the talk. The inauguration of this private office system resulted in a great saving to the house in time and annoyance.

DOING AWAY WITH SECRETIVENESS.

In a large public utilities corporation the executive in charge located his office on the topmost floor of the building. The elevators were placed in the centre of the building and a visitor reaching the top floor encountered an information clerk just inside a railing. At an angle with the information clerk's desk, was a half door, behind which sat the executive's private secretary and the under secretaries as well. Back of them were various department heads who came into immediate contact with the executive. All the rest of the floor was given over to the department of last analysis, that is, the department in which all records and figures were brought down to the point of submission to the executive. There were two doors to the executive's office. One led into the entrance opposite the secretary's office, and the other led into the main department where the clerks and accountants were at work. In the place of panelled doors, wicker swinging doors, filling about half of the door space were used. This kept the executive within his private office, and yet right on the floor with the men directly accountable to him. A visitor entering his office found it to be very roomy and occupied by a flat top desk and a long table, together with a number of chairs. For conversation or consultation purposes, the privacy was complete, yet this executive was as accessible or inaccessible as he chose to be.

A PLAN THAT SAVED TIME AND EFFORT.

In laying out the executive offices of a huge steel concern it was necessary to provide private offices for a number of executives. Another desirable feature was to have each executive as near every

other one as possible, and at the same time in close touch with the departments in which they were most concerned. The plan decided upon was to arrange the offices in a rectangle. In one corner of the rectangle was placed the office of the president. On his right was his assistant, and on the left his private secretary. A double passage-way was provided, one for the public and one for the officials themselves. Ranging from the president's office in one direction came the vice-president and secretary, and adjoining the secretary's office was the directors' room. Next in order was the auditor, and adjoining his room one entire side of the rectangle was given to the auditing department. Beginning at the president's office and working the other way was located the treasurer and, next to him, the cashier. Following the cashier was the sales manager and his department. On the other side of the rectangle was the purchasing agent and his department, together with the various buyers, while the completion of the rectangle was the order department; this adjoined the auditing department, so that the arrangements were continuous. The centre of the rectangle was given over to the stenographic department and other departments that came in direct contact with the executive offices.

The arrangement of the private offices made it possible for each executive to pass from the office of one or the other without interfering with anyone else and, at the same time, not go outside in the general corridor. Any employe or visitor could call on any official without seeing the rest, or, once inside of the private passage-way, could be sent from one to the other. On the other hand, the officials could move from one office to the other or enter on the main passage-way with the utmost privacy. The president was located at a point from which the various activities of the office radiated, and was closest to the men with whom he came most in contact. The interiors of the offices were essentially the same. Every man had his office fitted with steel furniture and mahogany finish.

The Hon. W. T. White

A Character Sketch of the Canadian Minister of Finance

By An Old Associate

WHEN it was announced that Mr. W. T. White, of Toronto, would be taken into Mr. Borden's cabinet, as Minister of Finance, some millions of Canadians asked each other "Who's this fellow, White?" Some scores of them in the city of Toronto held meetings of protest, being exasperated that a Liberal or an ex-Liberal should be given the most important folio in the new Conservative administration. In Ontario it was remembered that Mr. White had stumped several cities against Reciprocity, and that in the big Toronto meeting he was the sole speaker, beside Mr. Borden. A little further recollection supplied the fact that he was one of the Noble Eighteen Liberals of prominence in Toronto who had broken with their party on the great issue and were working for the defeat of the Laurier government.

There recollection of Mr. White's public career flagged. A further effort, and Mr. White was identified with the speech of protest made to Sir James Whitney when it was determined to operate the Hydro Electric in competition with the Electrical Development Co. In that speech occurred the phrase "Naboth's Vineyard," and it stung. Mr. White had served on the Board of University Governors, and on the Hospital Board. These facts comprised all his public and semi-public career.

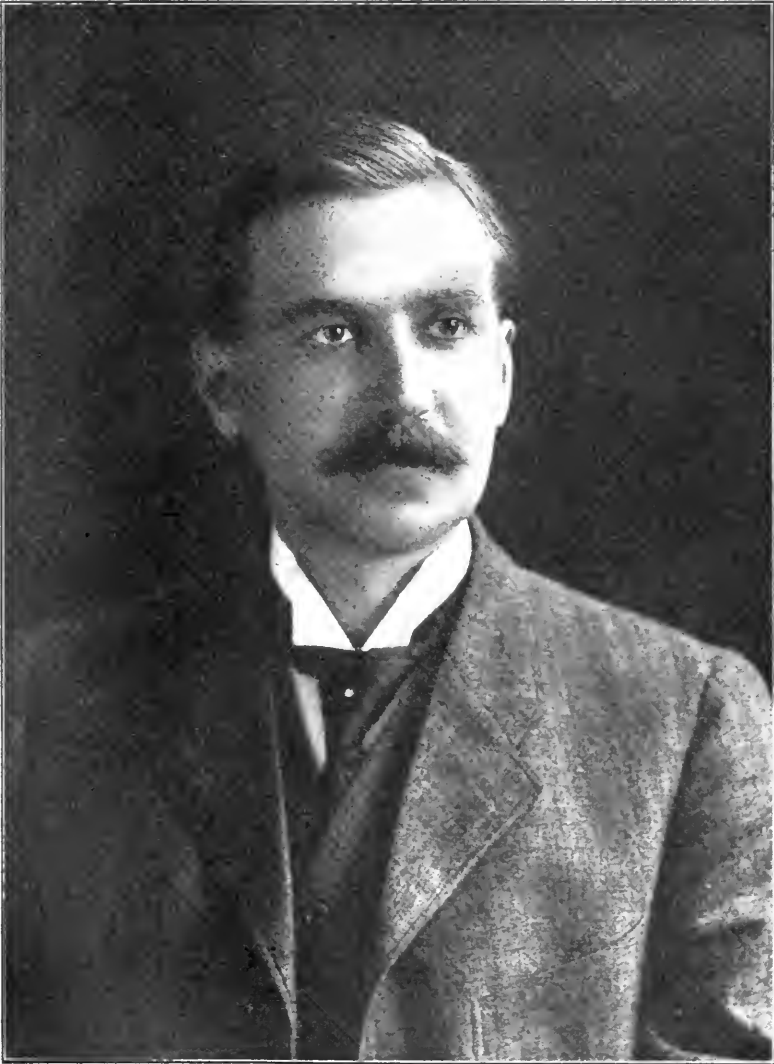
Looking over the record it hardly seems in itself justification for Mr. White's preferment, and in this respect

it might be said that his rapid advance belongs to that numerous class that it is difficult to understand. However, there were in the City of Toronto some hundreds of men and women, and in the Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba some scores to whom Mr. White's swift rise was no mystery. If he had been called to preside over the destinies of the British Empire, I know men who would say, "Well, it was about time, they found out about Tom White." These are the men and women who have known the Hon. William Thomas White for some thirty years, some of them longer, for it is likely that the boys who went to school with him felt that he was something out of the ordinary. They are right, too, and the millions are wrong, but they are not likely to be wrong a great while. The Minister of Finance will educate them.

The whole truth about Mr. White is that, to use a slang phrase, he has the "goods." He has every reason for his success ever a man had. No one could talk with him for five minutes and not know that he was a clever man, to use no stronger adjective. When you get a clever man who will work, why should he not succeed? Especially if he has youth and health and ambition, and on top of that another layer of ambition, and perhaps even another. I lay emphasis on the ambition. If it is a fault both Caesar and some other great men had it. Mr. White was a financial success because he would allow nothing to stand in the way of being a financial success.

He will succeed in politics for the same reason, for he has all the tools in his grip except, perhaps one, and that is the greatest of all. Sir John Macdonald had it; Sir Wilfrid Laurier had it; most

soldier bear hardships for the sake of his general's smile. It is a quality of the heart, not of the head, and when it is in operation it makes men comrades. The Hon. W. T. White hasn't it. Fol-



HON. W. T. WHITE,
Minister of Finance of Canada.

great generals had it, and it is called by different names. It makes a follower prefer to be in opposition with his leader than in power without him; it makes a

lowers won't bear hardships for his sake—not twice. To-day he is not a man of intimate friendships. He has admirers and many well wishers; but he hasn't

many friends, for he has the gift of turning friends into admirers, and of course this costs friends.

As far as the country is concerned, a statesman may be all the better for having few friends. There are the fewer reasons for him sacrificing the public interest on sentimental grounds. Hon. W. T. White will not sacrifice the public interest on grounds of sentiment. He was born in Halton county, but metaphorically speaking he is "from Missouri" and if you want anything from him, you will have to produce reasons why you should get it. The reason that you knew Tom White in the days when he was a Tom White is no reason at all; nor is the fact that you once played pool together, or spouted poetry together. You may have done either or both of these things with the Minister of Finance, but if you think the fact puts you on any footing, you make a mistake. You have come into Mr. White's presence feeling like a friend; you go out an admirer, and one of the growing throng that understands why this young man has been made a minister.

The Minister of Finance is forty-six years old. He was borne near Bronte, where his father's cousin, Mr. John White, M.P., was a notable figure a generation ago. Mr. John White was, as many will remember, a great horseman, and carried off some of the earlier Queen's Plates. When the present minister was a small boy, his father's cousin was making the name of White famous abroad by sending to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 the only thoroughbred horse entered from Canada. He won first prize with it, and for some years we may well suppose that the triumph was sweet to the White family. Tom's father who was employed by the cousin, caught a chill and died, leaving the widow with two children to fight the battle of life alone. This she was well qualified to do. There was a considerable connection on both sides of the family, and we recall what Thackeray said about the Irish, namely that you couldn't find an Irishman so poor that he wasn't helping some other Irishman poorer than himself. There is nothing but Irish blood in the Hon W. T. White and his Irish kinsmen did not forget

their duty to his mother, suddenly left alone in the world. The boy was taken by first one and then another, and his schooling went steadily forward until he had reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, a tall, lanky, freckle-faced lad with a fondness for poetry and a determination to climb. At that time one of the most flourishing members of the White connection was Mr. R. J. Fleming, then alderman for St. David's Ward, and at present manager of the Toronto Railway Company. Mr. Fleming's father was a brother of Mrs. White's mother, and it was natural enough that the ambitious boy should be sent to the city where opportunities were more numerous, and where a cousin of his mother's was a prominent figure. So to Toronto Mr. White came, and until the past few weeks in Toronto he has resided ever since.

His first job was a temporary one in the Assessment department, which he secured through the Alderman's influence. Through Mr. Fleming's friendship with Mr. John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto Telegram, and with Mr. John R. Robinson, editor of that paper, Mr. White was taken on as a reporter, and for some years he worked for the Telegram. All the time he was studying hard, and worked his way through Toronto University while doing his daily work on the newspaper. It is said that when, about twenty years or so ago, the word "appendicitis" began to fall heavily on the layman's ear, and when operations on the vermiform appendix began to be performed in the leading hospitals, Mr. White was the only Toronto newspaperman who was able to promptly discuss the matter as a newspaper man should. He was always interested in medical literature, and when the first patient was operated on in the General Hospital, he was ready to sit down and write a couple of columns about the strange disease, and the remarkable new method of curing it.

Readers of the Telegram are aware that that journal makes a feature of reporting the Twelfth of July Parade each year, and they will be interested to know that Mr. White used to excel in this work. Whether or not he instituted it is uncertain, but certain it is that under the heading of "Orange Lillies" he used to

contribute some bright paragraphs and verses, that the delighted Orangemen would peruse in the Exhibition Grounds as they lay panting in the shade after the exertions of the march. One of Mr. White's contributions to the literature of local Orangeism and only one need be repeated:—

“The Horse that good King Bill be-
strode
Had brothers twain beside:
One of them E. P. Roden rode
The other one has died.”

This is not submitted in disparagement of Mr. White's art, but merely as evidence of his versatility. Mr. White's connection with the Telegram was not completely severed until he became Manager of the National Trust Co., although for some years before this important event in his career his contributions were only occasional. Frequently he would write editorials, and he used to say that his ambition was to write ten editorials in a column and write a column an hour. His specialty, however, was the editorial paragraph, but his style was so much like that of the present editor that it would be difficult to go back over the files and pick out the White mots from the Robinson epigrams. Even when he wasn't writing he was often the inspiration for bright paragraphs, and Mr. Robinson used to say that ten minutes talk with Tom White was good for three or four “Ups and Downs” any way. He is a changed man indeed if his speeches in the House do not sparkle occasionally with gems of humor, for he has a keen sense of it. However, if Hon. W. T. White concludes that humor is out of place in a budget speech, you may be sure that you will find none of it there. Not Artemus Ward's kangaroo or an Irish joke book could bring the slightest responsive gleam to his features, if he thought mirth or levity indecorous. Moreover, he is not given to laughter. I doubt if anyone has heard him laugh out loud in ten years. Yes, I'll make it twenty. He smiles freely, gravely and politely, and chuckles sometimes, but roars of jollity do not belong with him. In undergraduate days, Tom White's chief fame lay

in his extemporaneous speeches. He would harangue his comrades from the top of a barrel, or table in fine classical style, and with a wealth of simile and allusion that aroused the delight of his hearers. In those days he was a good mixer and popular wherever he went.

A favorite quotation of Mr. White's was Longfellow's lines:—

“The heights by great men won and
kept
Were not attained by sudden flight
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward through the
night.”

He has lived up to it, too; but he was not always a great man. There was a time when he was only a young man, and somewhat given to sport. Twenty years ago there used to be a good deal of pool and billiards played round the Toronto hotels, and usually for money. Mr. White was one of the best cues in the game, and his sport didn't cost him much. Years later when he had not had a cue in his hands for many months, he was talking to a young man who used to waste considerable time and money in the pool rooms. He fancied that he was something of a player, and when he heard that Mr. White sometimes used to “take a stick” he invited him to play a little game of American billiards. So they adjourned to a room. The youthful sport won the break, and shot, not scoring. Then Mr. White ran out the thirty-six points, while the other waited for the turn that never came. Then they left the billiard hall, the youth with a chastened opinion of his own prowess. His ideas were further reduced by Mr. White remarking that he himself used to think he could play until one Teddy McCormick had played a similar trick on him in the wicked old days of the past.

He related, also, a story about Herbert Spencer who was once accosted by a youth in a hotel and invited to play a game of billiards. The philosopher complied, and the young man proceeded to “trim” him almost as severely as Spencer had “trimmed” Henry George in their debate on economics. Spencer stood first on one foot then on the other,

and then sat down, and still the affable young stranger continued to "pot the red." Finally he ran out his hundred, the synthetic philosopher not having had a shot. Spencer regarded him gravely as he put up his cue, and then said:—"Young man, while a certain proficiency in games of skill is indicative of a well balanced mental equipment, such proficiency as you have displayed is strong presumptive evidence of a mis-spent youth."

This was rather a favorite story of the Minister of Finance, and he used to complain that sometimes its point would escape the hearer. When this occurred he would add the detail that Spencer walked out of the room without paying for the table, and this post-script never failed to evoke the tardy laugh. It was a sort of test anecdote with him, and he used to divide his friends into the two classes, those, who laughed at the philosopher's grave rebuke, and those who did not laugh until the picture of the youthful "shark" being stuck for the game was presented to them.

Apart from the game of billiards, in which he was almost uncannily proficient, Mr. White did not devote much time to amusements, although as a young man he was active and had the natural wiriness of the country lad. He was able, however, to show a crowd of admiring city boys how to pitch an out-curve, at a time when this baseball art was merely a rumor, disputed by as many as averred its truth. Twenty-five years ago, or so, the amateur who could produce even a "roundhouse" out curve was regarded as a wizard, and I have no doubt that there are men to-day whose admiration for Hon. W. T. White was first kindled when they observed his long legs and arms and body twining in the convulsions preliminary to the production of a bona fide "out."

In the meantime the work went steadily forward. One job was never enough to keep the future finance minister busy. He was happier when he had two or three on hand. He was a reporter on the Telegram while he was doing work in the Assessment department, and also teaching night school. Later on he became the private tutor to a couple of young men, and I don't think there could

have been a better one, since he had the curse of affecting everyone in whom he took an interest with his own sense of neglected opportunities. He must have filled his pupils with a desire to succeed, for his favorite conversation related to some of the world's great men who had proved their quality while they were still young men. In 1896, he displayed his first interest in politics, and it was a personal one due to the fact that Mr. John Ross Robertson was a candidate for Parliament. While Mr. Robertson sat in the house as an independent Conservative, Mr. White's interest lasted, but apart from the personality of the member for East Toronto his political feeling was weak, and I remember him making the remark then that with the change of government an excellent opportunity was afforded for anyone to begin the study of Canadian politics. It may have been the strong feeling generated by the "Hands off Manitoba!" campaign, or it may have been the dormant influence of his North of Ireland ancestry that induced Mr. White to become an Orangeman at this time. If "Once a Mason, always a Mason" applies as well to Orangemen, the Minister of Finance, and the Speaker of the House must be recognized as brethren, although it is many years now since he has attended lodge.

A word might be said here about Mr. White's politics. In a partisan sense he hasn't any. He never had. He has cast both Liberal and Conservative votes. His earliest tendencies were probably toward the Liberal party, but his personal disposition is not to belong to a party, but to have a party belong to him. When he became interested in Finance, his business instinct warned him against the Hydro-Electric policy of the Ontario government, and speaking for the investors in the Toronto General Electric Light Co., and the Ontario Power Co. he protested strongly against the Whitney-Beck policy of state competition to private enterprise. Hence, the "Naboth's Vineyard" epistle. It was a sort of semi-secret among Mr. White's business associates that some five or six years ago, when the anti-private ownership tendency of the Whitney government became apparent, he had the am-

bition of breaking into provincial politics and heading the opposition. If it hadn't been for Sir James Whitney, however, the chance is that no one would ever have thought of Mr. White as a Liberal. He is at heart a Conservative, and has been for fifteen years. Of course, when he signed the notable manifesto with the "Noble Eighteen" it was good politics for the Conservatives to consider him a "life long Liberal reluctantly breaking the ties of a generation." This, however, is the politics of campaign managers. It is not Mr. White's politics. So we may dismiss from our mind the idea that Mr. White was taken into the Borden cabinet as an acknowledgment to the thousands of Liberals who voted against Reciprocity. Mr. White is Minister of Finance because he was the nominee of the financial crowd that knows no politics. Nor is this discreditable to him, for Mr. White was the nominee of that crowd because he had the confidence of every man who had done business with him. In other words he is Minister of Finance because he is well qualified for the job. No one need have a better reason.

Mr. White's first position of any account was in the Toronto Assessment Department. He got it through the influence of Mr. R. J. Fleming. He held it and improved it through his own ability, and through holding it and improving it he first came under the observation of the men who were later to offer him the Managership of the National Trust Company, and still later to give his name to Mr. R. L. Borden as that of the representative they wanted in the government. Those are the steps in the ladder Mr. White has climbed, and set down in this fashion they seem easy steps and close together, but it took a remarkable man to climb them. The tremendous feat was improving the position in the Assessment Department. It was not so difficult to become third in the office staff of the department, at that time presided over by Mr. Nicholas Maughan, for in those days the permanent staff did not include a dozen men and boys. It was when Mr. White was made assessor, at a salary of something less than \$1,500 a year, that he made the stride. He was made assessor a year or two before real estate

began to improve after the boom. The downward tendency had hardly ceased, the fashion was to mark a lot a couple of dollars a foot less than the year before and let it go. Mr. White attracted attention by not falling in with this custom, but by holding the last year's assessment. Promptly the owners would object and appeal to the Court of Revision. This was Mr. White's first battlefield, and as much as to any one event in his career he owes his present position to the determined way he would fight for his assessment before the Court of Revision. On one occasion he was defending a considerable down-town assessment against the attack of a prominent real estate agent who represented a number of large property owners. Mr. White had prepared his case with care. He was fortified with statistics regarding rentals, recent offers and sales, and had the whole dossier before him in a pile of foolscap. Turning his head for a few moments, he looked back to find his precious document gone. What became of it no one knows to this day, but the young assessor thought at the time that the real estate agent had appropriated it, in the full expectation that Mr. White without his notes would be at sea. He did not know Mr. White's methods. Whoever had the document, Mr. White had its contents in his head and he proceeded to cite figures without a moment's hesitation, and eventually won his point. It is doubtful if ever there was an assessor employed by the city whose valuations were as little affected by the Court of Revision or by the County Judge as those of the present Minister of Finance.

"It's a liberal education to be with Mr. White," was a remark the late Nicholas Maughan used to make to the assessment clerks chosen to accompany the young assessor on his rounds, and it is no bad sign that some of those clerks and the other office associates in those earlier days are among the warmest friends the Hon. W. T. White has today. By the carefulness of his valuations, the genial humor of his manner, and the firm but good natured defence before the Court of Revision of his assessments, Mr. White had made a reputation for himself as far back as twenty years ago. It was a time when reputa-

tions, perhaps, were easily made because so few were trying to make them. Nine out of ten people were "bear" on Toronto's prospects, and one of the earliest "bulls" was undoubtedly Tom White. He was in a minority for a year or two, and minorities are never popular, especially if the aim of the minority is to increase your taxes, but he was in a position to show reason for the faith that was in him, and, as I have said, his assessments were not often reduced.

The last year that Mr. Maughan was assessment Commissioner was the year Mr. White did his most notable work in the assessment department, and the manner of it throws a strong light on his character. Houses that had stood vacant for years began to fill up, some trading was done in vacant lots, the grumbling about assessment was more perfunctory. Men were working, the depths reached in the collapse of the boom had been reached, and values began to rise. We stood on the threshold of the wonderfully prosperous decade that ushered in the Twentieth Century. For a year or two before, Mr. White had ventured to resist the demands of property owners who wished their assessment reduced. In one or two cases he had even been able to justify a slight raise, but no general advance had been made.

Now, I do not need to say that the average City Hall employee takes his holidays when they are offered to him. With other officials of the same rank, Mr. White was entitled to a fortnight's holidays in the summer, and like other employees he took them. But he spent them differently. Instead of going fishing or billiard playing, he spent his two weeks in the offices of the real estate dealers and builders who were best informed as regards the property situation in Ward One. Early and late he was there talking, arguing, taking notes and investigating. At the end of that fortnight by studying early and late, he had mastered the general situation as regards property values over the Don. Now it was in this region that the effects of the boom had been most marked. Over the Don yet bore the scars of its exploitation, and winced when they were touched. Nevertheless, the surgeon was

on the job who was about to touch them, and with no velvet hand.

When Mr. White had made his assessment it was found that practically every foot of property had been advanced. Even in his own office there was protest and alarm, and had it not been for the fact that Mr. R. J. Fleming became Assessment Commissioner about mid-summer, resigning the Mayor's chair to do so, it is possible that Mr. White would not have been backed up in his work. As it was his new chief was quite as much an optimist as was Mr. White. The other assessors were infused with their enterprise and courage, and property values all over the city were slowly advanced.

There was some lively battling in the Court of Revision by the owners of vacant land, men who had hung onto their property in the lean years, in hope that there would be reaction. Now, with the reaction only faintly visible on the horizon they found the assessment department anticipating them. It was as though Tom White had been at the mast head while they had stood on the deck. They would like to have believed that his report was correct, but for the moment it was more business like to refuse to listen to him, and to save the immediate taxes. But they found that long experience had given the Court of Revision confidence, and the assessment, on the whole was maintained. That voluntary spending of two weeks holidays in preparing himself for his routine work is one of the finest chapters in Hon. Mr. White's history. It marked the beginning of the reform that Mr. Fleming carried out in the department, which he made the best in the Municipal service.

But even while he was engaged in this work, Mr. White had made up his mind that the City Hall was not big enough for him. He had determined to study law, and at an age, as he used to say himself, when most men were contemplating their past life in order to get a line on their future destination. Yes, it is a fact that the Minister of Finance, who now deals solemnly with duties and bounties and other weighty matters used to speak in this flippant strain. You may want to remember it next time you vote.

Mr. White attended no more lectures at Osgoode Hall that he could avoid, for the simple reason that he was doing his work—and much of his clerk's work—in the Assessment Department, and writing editorials for the Telegram at the same time. I cannot too strongly emphasize this faculty of his for work. In theory an assessor is supposed to do the intellectual part of the assessment, while his clerk does the purely manual part. Unless he had a clerk who was a wonder at figures, Mr. White preferred to do the clerk's work too. He is a remarkable mathematician, and used to be able to add three columns at once and multiply mentally into the hundreds of thousands. To do this work in July and August, when you were also writing "Orange Lillies" and "Ups and Downs," and when another man was paid for doing it, was something not many civic officials then or now would attempt, and to do it with such good humor that the clerk was led to suppose that Mr. White really liked it, was, I think, absolutely unique in the civil service.

The only relaxation from that work, and the only relaxation Mr. White indulged in for years, was conversation. Undoubtedly he loved to talk. He wasn't so much of a listener, as a monologue artist. He used to lean back in his arm chair, stretch his lank legs in front of him, and with his hands clasped behind his head, and a faint smile on his lips, he would talk by the hour on subjects from assessment to poetry, and from the battle of Waterloo to his friendship with the Rev. Dr. Wild. The value of hard work was a favorite topic. He used to dispargue cleverness, not without a tinge of mock modesty, perhaps. "If one man is six times cleverer than another," he used to say, "and the other is seven times as hard a worker, the other will win out because the ratio in his favor is slightly greater." He used to profess to believe in Carlyle's definition of genius as the capacity for taking infinite pains. Nevertheless, his great exemplar was not an illustration of this definition. Mr. White used to study Napoleon, and I suppose at the present moment he could arise before a Military Institute and give an interesting description of the battle of Waterloo. Pitt also

was a favorite, and though Sir William Osler's famous apochryphal remark about the chloroform age had not then been made, Mr. White used to think that men who really amounted to anything had made their mark before they were thirty. I dare say his opinion has been somewhat modified by events.

In literature his favorites were Stevenson and Kipling. The taste is common enough nowadays, but it was not so common then. Kipling was almost unknown to the general public, and the admiration for Stevenson was just beginning. It was the phrase making of these authors that chiefly attracted him, for with Mr. White in those days the ability to say a thing well was accounted of more importance than the ability of saying it accurately or even of doing it well. He used to roll the morsel "A rag, and a bone, and and a hank of hair" under his tongue as though he were a gourmet sampling some fairy vintage. There was a passage, too, in the "Wrecker" that used to fascinate him. It was where the Chinaman was thrown overboard, and sank in the sea "bubbling strange curses." The Ancient Mariner he had almost by heart, and could quote you from Milton and Shakespeare with any professor of literature. Speaking of poetry, Mr. White had written—but perhaps this had better not be mentioned under pain of incurring the ill-will of a powerful government. Nevertheless he had written, and I dare say it is at the bottom of an old trunk yet.

But neither his talking nor his writing interfered with his hard study as a student at Osgoode Hall. Sometimes he used to sit with an icy towel around his head as he poured over the law books. Nor was there any reason for the cold towel except strenuous work. If he is not a teetotaler he is as abstemious a man as ever studied law. He was just as cautious in the use of tobacco, and once fearing that he might be tempted to smoke too much, he threw his favorite pipe as far as he could from a back window, the stem in one direction and the bowl in another. Two days later his wife detected him out searching for the stem, having discovered the bowl. What his excuse was I do not remember; but it was a good one.

At Osgoode Hall, to use a sporting metaphor he "burned up the track." He stood first in his class every year, and finally graduated with a gold medal. His intention was to hang out his shingle, and to make a practice in commercial law, but I doubt if the shingle ever was painted. Before he could find an office Mr. E. R. Wood found him, and largely on the strength of a recommendation from Mr. R. J. Fleming, he engaged him to become manager of the National Trust, a newly formed company. Mr. Wood was manager of the company at that time, and he held the position strongly against his will. Finally, on the understanding that Mr. Flavelle and Senator Cox and himself should do nothing but hunt for a man to take the job, he occupied it temporarily until he lighted on W. T. White. The salary to begin on was not great, something like \$2,500, I think, but it was multiplied by six or seven before Mr. White was through with it, and ten or twelve years ago, it was no contemptible stipend, even for a brilliant young man like W. T. White. The young manager had no training in business except what he had received in the assessment department, and he was fresh from his law books, but he accepted the new job as composedly as though he had done nothing but manage trust companies from the cradle. "I can't do more than lose the capital stock of the company the first year," he remarked, and he set forth to emphasize the humor of his words.

When he entered on his business career, he became too much engrossed to maintain his old acquaintanceships, and most of his friends heard of him thereafter only through the newspapers. Two former associates went with him, both graduates of the Assessment Department, Mr. James Breckenridge, and Mr. Frank Poucher, and both are now important men in the National Trust Company. As he climbed steadily to wealth, much of the former genial levity of Mr. White was discarded as unbecoming a financier, and he became a grave young man. His salary was multiplied, "tips" on the stock market were put in his way, and he became an insider with the Cox and Flavelle and Wood syndicate. With Mr. Flavelle he

was particularly intimate, and he had a tremendous admiration for the moving spirit of the Davies Packing Co. "He is as remarkable in the mental world," Mr. White said on one occasion "as a man eight feet high would be in the physical world," but it is only fair to bear in mind the truth that Mr. White is rather fond of saying things. The old admiration for the makers of phrases stuck to him, and even yet he may not have thrown it off.

W. T. White's career as manager of the National Trust Company might be summarized in the line from the hymn—"from victory unto victory." He made a few mistakes and many a bold stroke. The business grew and his fame spread. He had lived for years in a boarding house on Wilton Crescent. Now he built him a fine home in Queen's Park, and his carpets and table linen were specially woven in the Old Country. His youthful flippancy faded, and its place was taken by a gentle, Christian austerity more befitting a man of large affairs. Here and there he dipped into pseudo public service, as on the Hospital Board and as a governor of the University. Once he blazed into wrath in behalf of the Electrical Development Company. Otherwise he said little that found its way into the newspapers.

Less than a year ago, he put his "feet up on the desk," to use his own phrase. He handed over the management of the National Trust Company to another, and became the vice-president of the concern. What his intentions were in so doing is not certain, but his colleagues all had the idea that Mr. White, who had long had an idea about entering politics, was about to seek an opening and devote himself to public life. Then came the Reciprocity Bill, the revolt of the Noble Eighteen Toronto Liberals, including Mr. White, his choice as the only speaker beside Mr. Borden at the Massey Hall meeting, his speech-making tour, which, it must be confessed did not materially affect the result, the amazing overthrow of the government, the fortnight's breathless pause, and finally the rumor that Mr. White might be taken into the cabinet as minister of finance.

There can be no doubt that before the issuing of the manifesto by the noble

eighteen that there was an understanding with some one that affected Mr. White. He may not have been specifically named in the protocols; if not the understanding must have been that the revolvers, in the event of Conservative success, should have the right of naming one cabinet minister. It may be that Mr. White was then named and the portfolio specified, though later events tend to weaken this theory.

This much is sure—until the day of the election, those who had been most closely associated with Mr. White presumed that his ambition was to secure a seat in the new cabinet. When he ceased to be manager of the National Trust Company, it was understood that he intended to devote his time thereafter to politics, as soon as opportunity offered. What was their amazement when it was suggested to him that he should enter the cabinet and he declared that they must be crazy to suggest such a thing. Did they think that he would go down to Ottawa and work for seven or eight thousand dollars a year? He, a man who had earned several times that amount for years past? The idea was simply a preposterous one, and he would not consider it for a moment. Other messengers were sent to him. One very big man indeed went to see Mr. White and urge him to go down to Ottawa. The very big man was repulsed almost rudely. He came away rubbing his eyes and scratching his head. Mr. White's intimates admitted one to the other that they did not know what had come over him. He seemed to have been working for this very thing for months, and then when it was within his grasp, he turned his back on it, and was angry with anyone who said he had ever had his eye on it.

Far be it from the writer to say how the offer was finally presented, but it was suggested to Mr. White that if he meant to refuse the portfolio, he should at least do Mr. Borden the courtesy of seeing him in person and explaining himself. So he went to Ottawa, and before he came back it was settled that Mr. White should be the minister of finance. He said to the writer that the week before this decision was made, was the hardest week in his life. Pressure was exerted from all quarters from men high in the regard of the Canadian people, and let there be no mistake about it, this pressure was needed. It was the nearest thing in the last day or so whether Mr. White would go back to the National Trust Company or go to Ottawa.

Having gone to Ottawa, Mr. White will make good if a keen mind, a capacity for hard and sustained application, and an absolutely upright character will bring success. Nobody has any string on the Minister of Finance. If the gentlemen who so busied themselves in getting the post for him and then getting him for the post suppose that they have a claim on him and that they will be able to influence him, let them take a tip from one who has known Mr. White for thirty years. There is nothing doing. He will make his mistakes like other men. The chief of them will be underestimating the intelligence of other men. All the faults that might spring from ruthless ambition may be his. But he is as straight as a string and there will be no "White scandals." No man or no collection of men will be able to coerce him. He wouldn't do a dishonest thing for the sake of all Canada. There was never a colder-blooded, or a more honorable man called to his country's service than William Thomas White, the minister of finance.

New Ideas in Autos

The month of February has witnessed the formal opening of the motor season in Canada, with successful shows in Toronto and Montreal. These have afforded the critics an early opportunity to present their views on the 1912 models. One of the best reviews has appeared in Motoring, from which the detail of this article has been taken.

IT has been said that progress is the law of life: that the moment progression ceases retrogression sets in. Possibly in no other branch of human achievement is this principle more applicable than to the field of invention. Likewise it may be argued that no class of modern invention has been more rapidly developed in recent years than that embracing automobiles and motors. The advent of spring, following the automobile shows which have been held in New York, Montreal and Toronto, offers a timely opportunity for a consideration of new ideas in motors, and one, too, which may be turned to the advantage of Canadians who are contemplating purchases for the ensuing season.

A SUSTAINED DEMAND.

That the demand for automobiles, both in Canada and the United States, is steadily increasing is established conclusively by statistics which have been announced by the government and figures which have been issued by the companies. The amount of duty collected on automobiles entering Canada for the last fiscal year, for instance, was \$1,623,787 as compared with \$688,205 in 1910, and it should be borne in mind that these figures should be supplemented largely by duties paid on material imported by Canadian automobile manufacturers, such as steel, which is not classified as automobile parts. On the other hand equally startling figures of the American output may be cited. The car

output for 1912 is 250,000 as compared with 210,000 in 1911, the total number of cars in use last year was 677,000, the average price \$1,245, and the cost of upkeep \$677,000,000. With so heavy and sustained a demand it is little wonder that manufacturers are exerting themselves to the limit of their powers in the production of cars which will meet the popular fancy.

FEATURES OF NEW MODELS.

To be perfectly frank, however, there have been few striking innovations in the models of 1912, the most noteworthy being the self-starting devices and electric lighting, but in addition there are developments or improvements embracing long stroke motors, valve motors, complete equipment, easier springs, better body building, better lubrication and centre control. The details of these outstanding features are well set forth in Motoring, and a brief description of each improvement is presented herewith:

SIX-CYLINDER FEATURES.

From the motor point of view, of importance during the year has been the activity among high-priced makers of the six-cylinder group. For a few years many wondered if the six would live. It had its ups and downs. Some of the high-priced car makers took it up in earnest and developed it and made it a success. At the same time a dozen builders of medium-priced cars took it up in a sort of sensation-

al but half-hearted manner and soon dropped it. The six has had a more or less vacillating career. For 1912 it has made big progress, and many new names have been added to the makers of sixes.

But there has been more activity in the six-cylinder field than merely the task of bringing out new models. There has been development, if we can gauge development by what has been taking place from year to year with the foreign builder.

The size of the six is diminishing on the average, but it has not dropped into the realm of the small car as it has abroad. The foreigner likes the six for its flexibility, and in America the great middle class has not yet come under the magic of it.

THE LONG-STROKE MOTOR.

Next to the six-cylinder trend in motors is the improvement in the four-cylinder type and the trend towards the longer stroke in many of these. The square motor has lost many adherents during the year. In America it is rare to find a motor in which the stroke is more than one-half in excess of the bore, but in Europe such designs are common. The long-stroke motor means a high motor. In Europe, the roads are such that small clearance is needed and so the motor can be carried low without danger of the flywheel striking on the ground, but in America the condition of the roads demands ample clearance. What changes another year will bring forth in this longer stroke time alone can tell.

MOTOR DEVELOPMENT.

The sliding-sleeve motor has arrived in earnest. Four companies have vigorously taken up its manufacture, and a big engine-building company has entered into the manufacture of this type of motor for sale to car-building companies who wish to buy it.

The introduction of the Knight motor, with its two reciprocating sleeves, its quiet operation and its high efficiency, has resulted in a vast amount of research into the non-poppet type of motor. In nearly every city are rumors of sleeve valves, of rotary-sleeve valves, or rotary-disc valves, of reciprocating-piston valves and of rotary-piston valves. Many are in the experimental stages.

SELF-STARTERS.

Close behind the long-stroke-motor trend comes that of the use of self-starters. Nineteen hundred and twelve will go down in automobile history as a self-starter year. The automatic starter has come as an avalanche. Only a few fitted them until suddenly a popular-priced car announced the inclusion of self-starters as stock equipment. That set the pace. Other makers delayed their 1912 announcements until they could include a self-starter in their equipment. The medium-priced makers have taken it up with more avidity than the high-priced makers, but the result is the same. The public has waited long for this device and it is to be hoped that self-starters will be improved and within a twelve-month made a corporate part of every motor.

But motors have been improved in many other ways. Quietness has been a big aim. The introduction of the non-poppet type has made this imperative. Designers have worked long and hard to get rid of the noise. Cams have been re-designed; valve springs have been inclosed; fibre washers have been embedded in the tops of the valve tappets; springs have been inserted to retain the tappet rollers in contact with the cams; some makers have introduced arc-shaped levers between the cams and tappet rollers; and others have worked on valve shape and size with the hope of reducing noise. All have had their results. Besides reducing noise many have increased efficiency and the net result has been progress.

CHANGES IN LUBRICATION.

There has not been the widespread alteration in lubrication that characterized the cars of a year ago. The circulation system of oiling led by a big margin a year ago and it has gained followers since then. Perhaps the real trend in motor lubrication to-day is the adoption of the non-splash system by many.

The interconnection of throttle and motor lubricant was one of the features of the Olympia show a few months ago, many of the leading French and German makers in both poppet and non-poppet valve types employing some form of interconnection.

The honors of progress in carburetion for the year are divided. Part belong to

the carburetor makers who build carburetors for all the different car builders; and credit must also be given to the makers of cars who manufacture their own carburetors, but it is difficult to follow any definite line of progress with carburetor builders. They are operating along many different lines and yet all are obtaining satisfactory results.

There is much unrest in the matter of using the single-jet type or the multi-jet type. Much experimenting has been done with the multi-jet with good results and it will, undoubtedly, be more in the public eye during the coming year than it has ever been before. One carburetor feature that has come to the front is that of bypassing gasoline past the nozzle to facilitate starting. In carburetion the old problem of controlling the gasoline remains in a more or less unsettled condition.

IGNITION PROGRESS.

The ignition department has progressed. The two-spark magneto is now being fitted as stock in many factories. In this instrument there is a double secondary winding, and a double distributor and two sets of spark plugs in the cylinders. Two sparks are delivered in synchronism. In a T-head motor this gives a very perceptible increase in power. A still more important factor in ignition is the adoption of the automatic spark governor which has been incorporated in the magneto. Such governors were shown in one or two cases last year, but for this season they have gained in popularity. By the governor the ignition expert insures a maximum of efficiency.

While the monobloc construction has shown little more than a start in six-cylinder motors, there is no denying the position that it now holds in the four-cylinder field. There are at present over fifty-one different models of four and six-cylinder design in which the cylinders are all formed in a single block. This list includes all of the names of those using this type of construction last year as well as many additions. It is a characteristic fact that concerns that have once adopted this construction have not departed from it.

In connection with block motor casting, it is not as yet a settled fact as to whether it is best to incorporate the intake and ex-

haust manifolds as well as the intake and outlet water pipes with the cylinder castings.

The use of thermo-syphon cooling has not progressed as was anticipated, and it is not making the headway in America that it is on the other side of the Atlantic. There is not a case of its discontinuance by an American maker who has been using this system of water circulation; and on the other hand there are not many cases of its being introduced. By careful estimate but 23 per cent. of the different chassis models listed for this year use this system, 72 per cent. continuing with the pump. The air-cooled following constitutes 5 per cent. of the total number of listed chassis.

NEW CHASSIS CONSTRUCTION.

In a cursory review of the chassis parts in general not so much activity is noted. It is true there have been refinements all along the line, but they have been more a matter of detail. Brakes have been increased in diameter and often width has been added to the drum. There has been a more general adoption of equalizers in medium-priced automobiles and the equalizers with all of the other brake connections are now carried inside of the side frame members, thereby giving a much cleaner chassis appearance. The use of fabric for friction surfaces continues; in fact, it has gained during the year.

There has been perceptible improvement in the adjustment features. Many have placed the adjustments under the front floorboards; and those who have left them at the rear have brought them into a more accessible position.

The war between multiple-disc and cone clutches continues. Both have lost some adherents and both have gained some during the year. They are now on a par so far as following is concerned.

In the gearset field the selective set has entirely outdistanced all others and has been gaining steadily, although the landslide during the past 12 months has not been so conspicuous as it was two years ago. The four-speed set has not gained so generally as there were reasons to expect. But three per cent. of the chassis made use of the progressive gearset and only two per cent. use the planetary set.

Shaft drive controls the entire field, its following being 93 per cent. Half of the chassis types mount the gearset as a separate unit in the centre of the chassis and the other half form it as a unit either with the motor or with the rear axle. These two types of unit construction are to all purposes on an equal footing, the unit type with the motor being a leader by a very slight margin.

DROP FRAME AND CONTROL CHANGES.

When the framework and springs and axles are looked into the coming of the double-drop frame cannot be overlooked. Its progress is slow, but it is certain. There is much difference in how the two drops are positioned. One maker will locate them immediately in front of the back axle so that the only advantage attained is the lowering of the door to the tonneau portion. Another maker will have the forward drop at the dash so that he accomplishes a lowering of many of the chassis parts and a consequent lowering of the centre of gravity of the car.

BODY STYLES AND MODELS.

The fore-door body has become absolute. Those concerns who fought against it last year and who decided to bring out 1912 types without the fore-door were compelled to delay the announcement of this year's models until fore-door bodies were arranged for. The use of the fore-door has called for the placing of the brake and change speed levers inside the body. Some makers have tried to do this without widening the body, and they have generally failed.

There has been much change in the matter of control. Placing the steering column on the left side has gained very materially. In nearly every case where the steering pillar is mounted on the left

side the change speed and emergency brake levers are placed in the middle of the floor-board. This is generally an excellent mechanical job; it is cheaper to manufacture than the side position and there is not any interference with the bodies.

In the matter of closed bodies, there has been a strong trend in the limousine direction. Many of the touring cars selling at the \$2,000 mark or under have been fitted with limousine bodies and the price placed around \$3,000.

The one-compartment body has more followers. It is a cross between a limousine and a coupe, and generally has but one door for the front and rear seat, with one of the front seats hinged for entrance and exit and without a partition between the front and rear seats. This is an admirable design for the man who drives his own car. In the medium-priced field there has been particular activity in the colonial coupe line.

EQUIPMENT.

A word on car equipment: As already stated, the self-starter is to-day looked upon more or less as a matter of equipment rather than one of integral design. This will soon change. The use of electric lights has progressed with leaps and bounds. In the early part of last year many concerns new in the field of electric lighting, experienced difficulties. Keeping the battery charged was the big problem, but the pushers of this form of lighting have been specially active. They have solved most of their problems and big advance may be looked for.

Demountable rims are now standard with many makes of cars. A year ago these were optional.

STRIFE

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.

—Theodore Roosevelt.



THE LIMIT OF STUPIDITY.

She—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

He (absent-mindedly)—"Yes, my lamb!"

ALWAYS ASKING.

Friend—"What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?"

Hardupp—"Yes, rather—he's always asking for it."

TWO TONGUES NOW.

"Mrs. Gabber fell downstairs and bit her tongue in two."

"I feel sorry for her husband. She was a terror when she had only one tongue!"

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Said an English clergyman, "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire; and what we have to do is to train that backbone to bring it to the front."

THE TEST OF HIS LOVE.

Olivette (as they encounter a vicious bulldog)—"Go on, Cecil; you know you said you would face death for me."

Cecil—"But he isn't dead."

WAS DODGING IT.

A clergyman, after a sermon of seventeen heads, remarked, "Brethren, we cannot avoid the conclusion!" "Thank heaven for that!" remarked a visitor. "I've been afraid for the past hour he was going to."

GOT THE JOB.

"Want a situation as errand-boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?" Boy: "Well, gov'nor. I don't know; but I reckon it ain't close enough to interfere with me running errands." He got the job.

THE FAIR, YET UNFAIR, DIVORCEE.

A wife, after the divorce, said to her husband: "I am willing to let you have the baby half of the time."

"Good!" said he rubbing his hands. "Splendid!" "Yes," she resumed, "you may have him nights."

SCARING AWAY BUSINESS.

In a small Carolina town two men were playing checkers in the back of the store. A traveling man, watching the game and not acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, called their attention to customers who had just entered. "Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move. "Keep perfectly quiet, and they'll go out."

VOCAL BRUTALITY.

A rather brutal thing was said unawares at an evening party. Shortly after midnight a gentleman was pressed to sing. Very thoughtfully he put forth the excuse that at the late hour the next-door neighbors might object.

"Oh, never mind the neighbors," cried the young lady of the house. "They poisoned our dog last week."

WHERE TO SPANK A CHILD.

A little boy had eaten too much underdone pie for his Christmas supper and was soon roaring lustily.

His mother's visitor was much disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good, sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted; "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor, "I'd turn him over."

ONE FOR THE IRISH.

A lady living in a fashionable quarter has a bit of statuary bearing the inscription, "Kismet." The housemaid was dusting the room the other day when the mistress appeared. "Shure, mum, what's the mainin' of the writin' on the bottom of this?" asked the maid, referring to the inscription on the statue. "'Kismet' means 'fate,'" replied the mistress. Bridget was limping painfully when out with her sweetheart not long afterward, and he asked, "What's the matter, Bridget?" "Faith," was the answer, "I have the most terrible corns on me Kismet!"

WAS GOING SOME.

Chief Justice White, of the American Supreme Court, is a Southerner, and knows many negro stories. The following is one of his favorites:

Two Louisiana negroes who worked on Mr. White's father's plantation got into a quarrel with a third laborer, who carried a pistol. The man with the revolver began to shoot, and the two others ran to cover. When they were out of range, one of them said to his companion:

"Did you hear dat last bullet?"

"Deed I did. I heard it twice."

"What do you mean by dat?" asked the first.

"I heard dat bullet once when it passed me, and den again when I passed it," was the answer.

A CRUSHING INQUIRY.

Samuel Nordheimer, though now in his 90th year, is still regarded as one of the cleverest wits in Canada. The latest story being told of him in club circles is that at a recent dinner, after the ladies had retired, one of the gentlemen began to discourse on the work of a Canadian artist. He had praised him to the point where he had him in the class with Murillo, having already shown that he was superior to such modern men as Sargent and Copley. As he paused to note the effect, Mr. Nordheimer, with an air of intense interest, modestly inquired, "Mr. —, does your friend enlarge photographs?"

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII

TORONTO APRIL 1912

No. 6

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done by some obliging friend,
And want a promise safe and sure, on which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done, just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has a moment he can spare;
He's busy "putting off" until his friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—he cannot stop to shirk.

So, when you want a favor done, and want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly works sixteen hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere, that has no other use.
And fix you while the idle man is framing an excuse.

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The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited

Montreal

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Toronto

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Winnipeg



The Toronto General Trust Company's building at Toronto, one of the "Big Buildings" erected last year and described in an article on page 591 in this magazine.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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HOW WILD THINGS LIVE THEIR LIVES

CAMERA HUNTING AMONG THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS OF ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

UP north in that vast wild known as the Ontario Highlands, rests the big playground and roaming-ground of the wood and water denizens; one million acres of little lakes and shaggy uplands about which the Government has placed a protecting arm and to its wild things granted immunity. The place is called Algonquin National Park. Throughout this wilderness, all year round, roam vigilant Rangers, whose part is to see that the law is lived up to and that the wild things are not molested by hunter or poacher. The trails which these men follow are long and arduous trails. Some of the Rangers drift back to civilization twice, perhaps three times a year. Others keep to the trails from year's end to year's end, seldom glimpsing at a human face during their sojourn, seldom hearing a human voice, still seemingly content with what they derive from the great Freemasonry of their environment. Most of these Rangers have chosen their vocation for a purpose.

Many of them are men of education and refinement. One, with whom I trekked the snow-trails of his solitude, was a doctor who had lost his health in a smoky city and who, to use his own expression, had "come home to stay." His youth had been spent in the forest-lands of Maine. To-day his eye is clear, his blood clean, and his muscles hard as iron. Another Ranger, I learned, was a botanist; and I scarcely think it would be possible to find one of them to whom the mysteries and solitudes of the forest do not strongly appeal.

In this great wilderness of wood and water is to be found every variety of northern animal and bird, and here the lover of wild things may study them to

his heart's content—*provided he knows how.* For the world of the untamed is not a zoo, into which the hunter with the camera and pamphlet may step and calmly take his pleasure; this fact is borne home to the novice after many ineffectual attempts to procure photographs of those shy



THE CANADIAN OTTER.



ARCTIC SNOWY OWL.

birds and animals that have a knack of appearing so suddenly and disappearing more suddenly still. It takes more than one season in the woods to teach one the art of proper observation. It requires infinite patience and much self-denial to learn a great deal about the shy, elusive wild things to whom Nature has accorded such matchless intuition and cunning.

THE SPRING AWAKENING.

As to the best season in which to study bird and animal life, opinions differ. Much, of course, depends upon climatic and other conditions. Spring is invariably the nature student's favorite season for the work.

To him who has followed the wood-trails of many shaglands and to whom the denizens of forest and stream have appealed most strongly, there is something indescribably beautiful about the great and mystic drawing together of the kinds, when the forest aisles are greening and the white lakes are waking. All about is life and sound. The tiniest morsel of animation

seems to fit harmoniously with the perfect whole. A chie-a-dee flits from sapling to sapling, a feathered atom no longer than a butterfly, his little soul alive and his throat swelling as he calls. From a far valley comes an answering note and he darts away.

A striped chipmunk, feathery tail erect, shoots from stump hollow to log and sits up to blink at a mossy patch on which rests a coverlet of strained sunlight. He leaps for it, digs his little claws

into it in ecstasy; bathes in the yellow lake of warmth. Then he bounds away towards a sound, inaudible to us, which his watchful ears have caught.

'Tis the mating season of the wild things. The woods are full of dank, sweet smells of doty wood, damp leaves, and spicy pine needles.

A wee tree-mouse, round ears protruded inquiringly, and long whiskers a-tremble, peers out of the doorway of her winter home. Just above her dozes her old enemy, the screech-owl. She knows he is there, but she knows also that in the daytime she has nothing to fear from



A SCREECH OWL.

him. She creeps out carefully, watchfully, and scampers across the damp, warming earth. By and by she returns to her home in the tree-trunk. In her mouth she carries a bunch of soft dried grass.

Deeper into the woodland, a ruffed grouse stands motionless and erect, her brown body showing in marked contrast against a charred, fire-licked stubble of trees. Throughout the summer and autumn she held to the brushland whose

mastery; then the victor will take the brown, waiting bird for mate. These battles for the possession of a mate are common enough among the feathered and furry creatures of tangle and water. Frequently, particularly among the smaller animals, the fight is to the death; while many of the larger ones, such as the bull-moose, dog-wolf, and buck-deer, frequently succumb to the wounds received in fierce battle with their sex and kind.



YOUNG FOXES AT MOUTH OF THEIR CAVE.

grey shoots blended so well with her markings of grey and brown. Now, as though anxious to be seen, she stands beside a blackened stump, neck stretched and ears and eyes alert.

FIGHTING FOR A MATE.

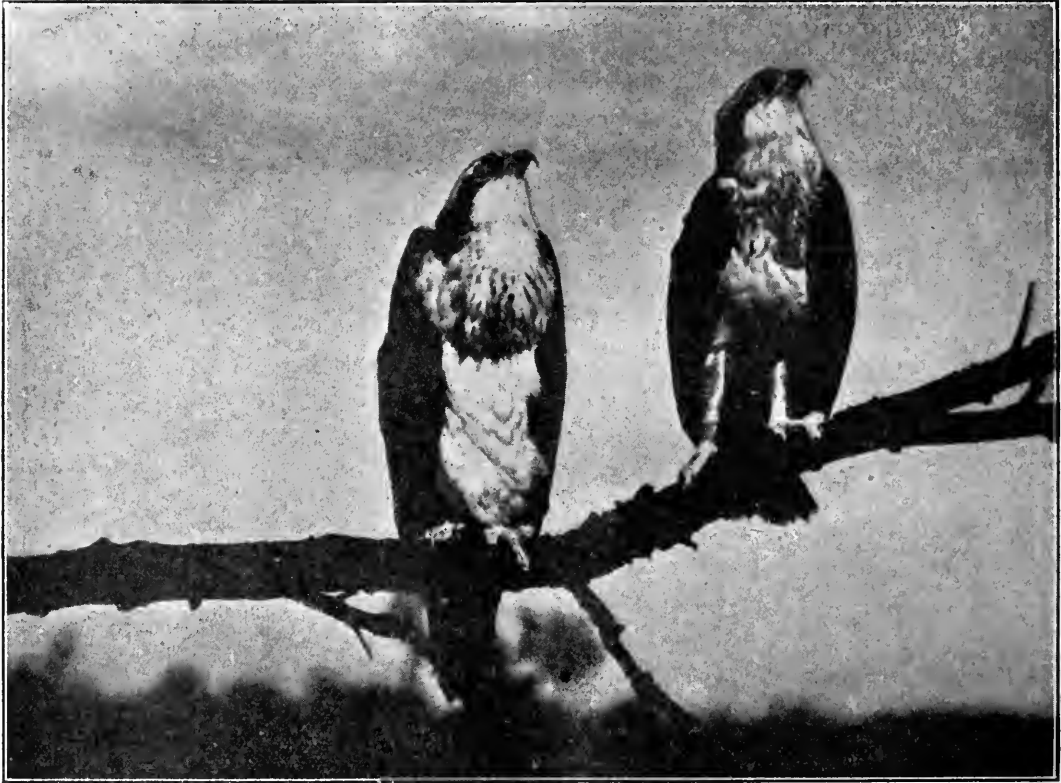
Just a little way beyond her two cock-grouse are contesting her ownership. They stand facing each other, heads low and necks vibrant with anger. They will fight until one or the other proves his

Others of the animals seem to find the choosing of a mate an easy task and one requiring little or no proof of superiority. The muskrat, that industrious little roamer of the marshlands, seldom fights with his neighbor or disputes his claim. Possessed of an easy, tranquil nature it seems that he would prefer remaining a bachelor to fighting for a mate. Nature would seem to have robbed him of all ferocity and to have implanted it in the bosom of the female: for she will fight

from the time she begins bossing the building of their round rush home until her young, ten in number, are born and able to take care of themselves.

The beaver, a kingly relative of the muskrat, many times removed, seems al-

alist may be fortunate enough to learn in a single day what another may fail to learn in a lifetime concerning a certain animal, but even the most careless observer cannot fail to discover that wild things are endowed with greater or lesser



AMERICAN OSPREYS.

so to possess his small cousin's peaceable disposition and kindly nature. I have watched these animals at all seasons and I cannot say that I think their wonderful powers of reasoning or their marvellous instinct have been at all overrated—something I cannot conscientiously say of many of the other animals and birds with which I have had a long and happy acquaintance.

SOME ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS.

Without in any way wishing to criticise the writers of what are called Nature-Stories, I cannot in justice to my little friends pass over certain erroneous impressions that have been given regarding these industrious animals. Some natur-

degrees of intelligence and cunning, and that in a family of animals is always to be found one of cleverness superior to that of his brothers and sisters. The master architect of a beaver colony is not always the largest and strongest beaver, either. He may even be a stunted member possessing no exterior qualities to commend him, but with a wisdom far superior to that of his subjects and a power of generalship that is Napoleonic. He directs because he was born for that purpose.

The industrious little citizens of Beavertown do not, as is commonly supposed, use the tail as a trowel in building operations: their two forepaws do the work instead, and when swimming the fore-

feet are seldom used at all. Neither does the male member of that marvelous home of tooth-cut logs and twigs, standing dome-like above the deep water behind the dam, control and direct his household. On the other hand, he is a mightily submissive and hen-pecked individual indeed. He hews and carries for Mrs. Beaver, keeps well to his own apartment of the home, and is occasionally allowed to see—NOT TOUCH—those wee fat babies, from two to six in number usually, which the fond mother suckles and cares for so affectionately.

Deeper into the tangle where the swift streams glide and whirl beneath a canopy of over-reaching trees, and where the daylight is strained to a blue whiteness resembling twilight, one may, by long

penetrable nook of the denser gloom. Fortunate indeed is he who has witnessed this fond mother training her kittens to swim and dive and catch the darting fish of the tiny bays always close to her den.

Further into the darkness the mother mink has her five blind babies hidden, far in a crevice beneath a great tree-root, fearfully guarding them and venturing forth along the shores or in the waters in search of frogs or clams but seldom, for fear the mate, from whom she hides, will spy out her habitation and put an end to her kittens in her absence.

Down the stream comes swimming another little animal. She is about two feet long from the tip of her lifted nose to the end of her tail, fringed with long, black guard-hairs. When she lifts



A LARGE CANADIAN LYNX.

and patient perseverance, see others of these wilder and shyer water animals at home. The fat otter, whose disposition, compared with other inhabitants of the shadowed streams, is happy and care-free, has her home hidden away in some im-

herself to a sunken log her soft steel-grey fore-part glistens in the sunlight. Her sloping body terminates in a rich brown. Between her white teeth she holds a still struggling frog. This is the "fisher," one of the fiercest little fighters among the

smaller fur-bearing animals. Like the mink, she has securely secreted her four babies from the prying eyes of the unnatural father.

Far down where the forest growth is thickest and where the stream narrows to spraying swiftness between high boulders, on the shore of a white-capped eddy stands another animal, a little smaller than the fisher. Her den is in a deep crevice of the rock close beside her. This is the martin, one of the shyest little rodents of all the wild bushland. She is a

may find much to see, much to wonder over, much worth while among the water-animals. When spring is gone and the verdure of tree and bush has broken into fuller bloom, the naturalist will experience greater difficulty in his search of the wild. Only on the more sparsely-wooded uplands will he be able to follow the lives and habits, in a small measure, of those shy denizens of the forest.

High above, on the branch of some giant tree, he may mark the nest of the great eagles, a dark blotch against the



A DOE AND FAWN.

beautiful little animal, the color of her fur being a commingling of light canary, orange, and light and dark brown, deepening to almost black in places. Her hair is extremely soft and full, the guard-hairs being long and very glossy. In her mouth she holds a wee three-days'-old baby. She is moving her family to another hiding place much as a cat moves her kittens when she fancies danger threatens.

And so all down the lake and water chain of that deep Algonquin wood one

faint green of springing leaf. Beside it, peering down at him and occasionally sending him a screech of derision, sit the great birds, master and mistress of the boundless, cloud-flecked air-lanes.

Perhaps, if he possess his soul in infinite patience, he may, by selecting some spot along white waterway, be rewarded by a glimpse of a timid doe and her fawn, or by following that stream down to a point where the waters widen and grow sluggish, he may see a young fox litter issue from a hole in the embankment, to furtively

creep into a neighboring thicket, there to play and roll and bite—for all the world like happy puppies. Or, through great good fortune, he may see that wise wild stalker of the shadows, the lynx, sprawling on the moss, his vigilance for the

of art, much of patience, and a world of love and sympathy for the little friends we would know the better.

But to one who has known the wooded realm in all its seasons and has studied the birds and animals in mating time and



WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE.

moment relaxed, after the appeasing of his hunger in a meal of fat rabbit.

So much for the wild things and their environment in the growing, calling springtime. It is all a wonderful story, the reading of which requires something

prowling time, the winter season of the savage thing and wild thing is the most enchanting. There is something unspeakably beautiful about this great realm of sleeping timber and frozen lake and snow-blanketed upland; an unnamable charm



A CHIPMUNK POSES FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

that draws the old bush-lover back along those white-filled trails, there to know those animals in their time of devastation.

STORIES ON THE SNOW.

One reads an old and always new story on the snows and learns to read in the criss-cross lines of tracks the petty triumphs and failures of the food-seekers; the little forest tragedies on padded and befeathered snow. One sees in the loping track of fox or wolf the eager searching for the scent of the game. There are the harrowing lopes that mark the trail of the seeker, the deep imprint of the claw-armed feet that marks the spring, and then the finis in the blood-sprinkled snow.

The old, old story of the forest; the old tale of seek, tear down, destroy.

Winter holds that vast solitude in silence deep as her grip is strong. Scarcely a sound comes to the wanderer across

the frozen lake or snowy rise, save, indeed, the occasional chatter of a red squirrel or the plaintive little note of the snow-wren. And he actually sees little of the life that goes abroad through the night alone, the dark hours claimed by the food-hunters, but rarely catching sight of browsing deer, creamy ermine, whirring grouse, or snowy owl—that amber-eyed night-rover whose plumage matches the white cloak of his hunting-ground.

But at night, when the day wind rests and the aurora borealis drifts upward in the northern skies, are heard the voices of the night-roamers calling. From the swales come the wavering yelps of the wolf-pack, from the uplands the shriller bark of the trailing fox and the snarling whine of the stalking lynx.

And in the morning one may read again the story the wild things write upon the snow.

WORK, LIVE, BE HAPPY

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize, after all, what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and be happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

By P. W. LUCE

"DID you ever know any girl who really *did* propose during a leap Year?"

Miss Anstell's question provoked many replies from the small crowd of salesgirls around her. Some had heard of cases, others guessed it had happened, but not one knew for certain.

"What I want to know," Miss Anstell's nasal tones broke in on the hubbub of feminine voices, "what I want to know is, has it ever really happened, or is it just a joke? I don't want to be a suffragette, but if I thought I could land one man I'd certainly do it."

The exact relation between a Leap Year proposal and the female suffrage movement did not seem to disturb the salesladies. And the moderation of Miss Anstell in aiming to land only one man apparently touched a responsive chord, for no girl advised a more ambitious effort.

"The trouble is that the right kind of men are scarce," complained Jessie Braynes. "There are twelve men working in this place, and only one in the lot that I'd have.

"And what's more—" she added as an afterthought. Then she stopped, slightly confused.

"You'd never dare."

"He'd just shrivel you up."

"I bet he'd take it just as a matter of course and say yes."

"He'd lecture you like a fond mother."

From these ejaculations it may be gathered that the other girls had a settled idea as to the identity of the male individual whom Jessie Braynes visualized when she slightly colored as she spoke her unfinished sentence, "and what's more."

No name was spoken by the little crowd. There was no occasion for it, because every girl knew that George Cammsard was the one eligible. He was in charge of the mail order department of the firm and his duties brought him in close touch with the different salesladies.

He had been looking after the wants of the country customers of Grey & Grey for the past five years, and had seen many girls come and go, and some of them come back. But it was not on record that he had ever exerted himself in the slightest to create a favorable impression among the members of the fair sex.

There was a tradition that he had once been on the point of commenting on the fact that his private stenographer was wearing a new dress, but he had checked himself almost before the first words had passed his lips, and his views on that dress remained his own.

Cammsard was an ordinary man in appearance. He did not have one distinguishing feature that bespoke individuality. As a mail order manager he did his work well, without being in any way a brilliant success. If he excels in anything, it was in his diplomatic re-arrangement of difficult store problems. His advice was never proffered, and it was never withheld when sought.

Somewhere between twenty-five and thirty-five, without a known vice or an oppression of virtues, of a complacent disposition, and reputed to be worth a few thousand dollars, Cammsard was not to be considered a negligible quantity by Grey & Grey's salesladies.

It was Leap Year. The girls considered very seriously the wisdom of the suggestion thrown out as to her intentions by Miss Braynes. Sundry wise nods became the straws that showed the current in which their thoughts were drifting.

George Cammsard, his mind immersed in the needs of the country buyers, did not look up from his order book as Jessie Braynes entered his office. He proceeded leisurely with his work until he felt he could afford to banish that particular piece of business from his attention for a moment while he heard the report brought in by one of the salesgirls. It was easier for the girl to wait than for him to recommence his tracing.

The lifting of his eyes from the order book intimated to Miss Braynes that Cammsard was ready. She gave him the information that the shade of silk needed by an outside customer could be supplied in any quantity.

"Good," remarked Cammsard, as he turned his attention once again to his book. It was a very ordinary business transaction.

"There's something else, Mr. Cammsard."

The intonation made Cammsard look up quickly. The "something else" suggested in such a tone could hardly refer to business.

"Yes?" he queried.

"This is Leap Year, you know, Mr. Cammsard."

"Four into nineteen—four and carry three—into thirty-one—seven and carry three—into thirty-two—eight even. Yes," assented the practical man, "this is Leap Year. This is also Tuesday, and the sixteenth day of the month. To-morrow will be Wednesday and yesterday was Monday. Other obvious remarks I might make will probably occur to you when you regain your composure, Miss Braynes. By the way, why this sudden desire on your part to inform me that this was Leap Year? Were you—"

Miss Braynes, tell-tale blushes spreading over her pink and white cheeks, attempted to frame a negative answer. Now that she was face to face with the situation she had rehearsed so many times, she was helpless. Conflicting emotions urged her to admit and pressed her to deny the impeachment. Her feminine intuition whispered that she must deny that she ever, ever intended to propose to him, and that he musn't think of such a thing, please. But on the other hand stern reason pointed out that Cammsard had accepted the situation exactly as she had foreseen. Had he parried her introductory remark concerning Leap Year, or directly expressed his opinion of a woman who proposed to a man because of the presumed privilege, she might have had some excuse for being at a loss for words. But she had anticipated that he would make some ordinary remark to the effect that Leap Years were necessary for the scientific arrangement of the calendar, and she had prepared a touching

little follow-up speech. She recalled every word even as she stood there, and in a sub-conscious way her proposal kept itself in the foreground as she wrestled with the voices that urged, one to Cammsard and the other to the door.

It was not an effusive proposal that she had so carefully prepared. She had studied Cammsard and had come to the conclusion that a direct business appeal would more likely meet with his favor. She would not make the mistake of learning by heart one of the "silent silv'ry moon" declarations of love she had frequently read—and with delight—in the last chapters of her favorite novels. No! She would say to the mail order manager:

"Leap Year confers upon woman a privilege founded on a very ancient custom. I really believe that I understand you well enough, Mr. Cammsard, to know that you will not despise me for taking advantage of this privilege, even if the suggestion I make does not meet with your approval. I believe that you would be happier if you were married, Mr. Cammsard, and I am willing to make you happy."

No suggestion of devotion, no mention of love, no reference to his lonely state—nothing but a practical statement of fact. She had felt that Cammsard could not but be in sympathy with such a direct presentation of an important case.

But, somehow, now that she was face to face with the man, the training of centuries handed down to her by her mothers would not permit her to proceed. At the supreme moment she was not sure that she wished to proceed.

She was only conscious of one thing, and that was that she had remained silent for a long time, and that Cammsard stood watching her with an expressionless face.

Her gaze fell on the sample of silk she held in her hand and a sequence of ideas flashed through her brain as she saw that it was green. It would give her time to recover her composure, anyway.

"I was about to remark," she said, "that this is the shade of green silk that is known as 'Bachelor's choice' during Leap Years. We have quite a lot of it in stock; I was wondering if it would sell well in 1912."

In the cadences of the laugh with which she finished this sally she seemed to hear the hidden question. "What would you do?"

"There is always a good demand for this shade—among the country buyers."

There was something in the inflection of the last three words that dashed the hopes of Jessie Braynes to the ground. She understood quite plainly that whatever might be done during Leap Year in the rural district, it was not considered proper, in Mr. Cammsard's opinion, for a city girl to take the first step towards a marriage proposal. She left the room, thankful that she could still face the mail order manager with a dignity she had almost lost.

As she closed the door a quiet smile spread over Cammsard's face. "Number two; more to follow," was his comment.

He was right in his surmise. More followed. Miss Anstell broached the subject the same afternoon, but she failed to make any headway against the diplomatic barrier of Cammsard's replies to her advances. She recognized that she lacked the finesse necessary to bring the interview to a successful conclusion and she retired, if not with glory, at least with honor.

One after the other the salesladies came. Sometimes a few days elapsed without one of the girls making a halting attempt to lead the mail order manager into a state of mind when he would be in a receptive mood for a proposal of marriage, but he was adamant. Not one of the girls got beyond the mark set by Jessie Braynes.

Somehow the secret advances of the girls became known to each other. First it was whispered by one dear friend to her best chum. Then they exchanged secrets, and finally every one on the selling staff knew how badly matters were progressing. It became a matter of sex pride. Should one man defy the efforts of many eligible girls? Never!

Because her chance remark had started the campaign aimed at Cammsard's celibacy, Miss Anstell declared that she would consider it a personal affront if not one of the girls could make him listen to a proposal.

"Somebody's just got to blurt out the question, that's all there is to it," she re-

marked, "he can't avoid answering when one of us says 'Will you marry me?'"

"Then you ask the question," chorused several voices.

"I'll do it," she answered with emphasis. "I'll go in right now, when I feel like it."

Three minutes later Miss Anstell stepped out of Cammsard's office. She held her head very high and her face bore no evidence of great joy.

She explained the interview in a few words.

"I went right to the point and said to him: 'Mr. Cammsard, I would like you to marry me.'"

"He looked up without being the least bit surprised and said in his quiet way, 'Certainly, Miss Anstell. As I am a justice of the peace in this state, I am empowered to unite two persons in wedlock. Make your arrangements with the bridegroom and let me know on what date you will require my services.'"

"Oh, it isn't so funny as all that," she went on, checking a spreading smile. "What could I do? I just said 'Thank you' and came away."

"He's too smart for any one of us, but I've got another scheme that's bound to work. Let's wait on him in a body and present our request in writing. Then he can't avoid giving an answer."

The next few days were interesting ones for the salesladies. They had no precedent to guide them in the preparation of their composite marriage proposal, and because of the delicate nature of the negotiations they were not inclined to seek assistance outside of their number. Finally the document was drawn up to the general satisfaction and the date fixed for its presentation. Appropriately enough, the twenty-ninth of February was the day selected. It was the weekly early closing day.

"Whereas," read the unusual document; "whereas, the salesladies of this establishment have decided that Mr. George Cammsard is a gentleman who would make an exemplary husband, and whereas we are all willing that one of us (names attached) should become Mrs. Cammsard, and whereas it is woman's privilege to propose during a Leap Year.

"Therefore, we have resolved to ask Mr. Cammsard to make choice of a bride from among our number."

The signatures of the girls followed. They all acknowledged that the petition didn't read quite right at the finish, but they had been unable to agree on the termination, some insisting on the words "And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray," while others were equally strong in favor of "In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals." Unable to agree on the correct ending, the difficulty had been solved by omitting it.

The manner of presentation was carefully arranged. The girls were to troop into Cammsard's office in a body, and without a word place the paper before him. The remainder of the program would depend wholly on the manner in which the mail order manager accepted the situation. It was all very simple.

At the appointed time the salesladies advanced on Cammsard's office. Jessie Braynes led the group, with Miss Anstell in second place. The others crowded behind.

A gentle knock at the door brought the reply "Come in."

The girls entered—eleven of them. In their self-consciousness they failed to notice that Cammsard was not alone, until it was too late to retreat. There was a lady sitting in the manager's chair—a lady the girls had never seen.

Miss Braynes broke the awkward silence.

"We thought you were alone, Mr. Cammsard."

She felt she could never place the petition on the desk in front of the strange lady. It would be too awful.

Two of the girls slipped out of the room, closing the door. The others could not escape without creating a scene. They waited for Cammsard to speak. Somehow they felt that he would straighten out the tangle and permit them to retire

without cheapening themselves in the eyes of the stranger.

In his usual calm manner Cammsard addressed the girls as he might have done had these descents on his office been matters of daily routine.

"Ladies, permit me to introduce to you *my wife*. Ella, these are some of our salesladies."

Wife! His wife.

Mrs. Cammsard bowed and smiled genially to the group. The group returned the salutation in an amazed manner, gazing at Mrs. Cammsard as one might gaze on some prehistoric animal. There was nothing in the appearance of the lady to warrant this strange surprise. It was not Mrs. Cammsard that amazed the girls, it was the fact that she existed.

More than ever they realized the necessity for quick retreat. Jessie Braynes' wit saw a way out.

"We came to congratulate you on your marriage, Mr. Cammsard."

"Thank you," replied that gentleman. And his face remained impassive even when his surprised wife volunteered the information:

"Congratulations? But we were married four years ago."

"Ours was a Leap Year marriage," supplemented Cammsard. "The present Mrs. Cammsard proposed in January and we were married on February 29. I would strongly advise you ladies to follow her excellent example."

Mrs. Cammsard later declared that those were the most extraordinary young women she had ever seen. She could not understand why they should be so strangely and so variously agitated over a four-year-old marriage announcement.

Had Mr. Cammsard shown her a signed document he found on the floor after the girls had left the room, she might have understood. But he was a wise man and a diplomat, and he loved peace and quietness in the bosom of his family.

A GREAT TIMBER KING

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF JOHN R. BOOTH,
THE MONARCH OF THE CANADIAN WOODS

—By JOHN MacCORMAC—

THE recent movement for reciprocity with United States, both as a cause and a fulcrum upon which to lever a party's hope into the fullness of power, was a failure. September 21st decided that. But ineffectual as it proved as a movement and decisive as was its defeat, it yet performed a peculiar service for Canada as a leavening of men and a sifting medium to bring to the top the more vital human atoms in the cosmic mass. It was a time for big men and not merely big politicians. It was a time which showed Canada its leaders.

Of all those whom reciprocity brought to the front probably there was no more unique a personality than that of John R. Booth, of Ottawa, emperor of the woods, monarch of the Upper Ottawa, a lumber-jack who rode logs and lived to ride in his private car, a financier who commenced his career with nine dollars, and ended it a multi-millionaire, a laborer who learned to own railroads by helping to build them. This is the story of Booth, and it is worth the hearing now for its subject is a lumber monarch, and the day for such in Canada is passing. This is the day of the trust and the combination, that sees the gradual vanishing of the old, picturesque figures who carved their fortunes out of the virgin soil and the substitution of an oligarchy of wealth. The age of the pioneer is slowly receding from the shores of the present, leaving giant industries, long lines of steel and thousands of miles of cleared land as its monuments.

TRULY A TIMBER KING.

John R. Booth is truly a timber king. A forest dominion of more than four thousand square miles is his. In Ontario,

north into Quebec and to Burlington, in Vermont State, its boundaries extend. Straining horses guided by teamsters whose payroll is initialed J. R. Booth, draw Booth logs to Booth mills from where, shaped by whirring saws, they are shipped over a railroad built and formerly owned by the same great master-mind which controls all. In the industrial and financial world the name Booth is one to conjure with. The leaves of that same huge forest domain whisper it, it rings in the keen biting axes or in the sibilant screech of the hungry saws. Thousands of logs form it in manifold patterns on the surface of the Ottawa, while factory chimneys build it, in fantastic letters of wreathed smoke against the sky.

A king, in fact, is J. R. Booth, but a king without a court. He is both an absolute monarch and an absolute democrat. Owner of millions he habitually wears, if the weather be cool, a short, black coat that bears signs of intimate acquaintance with sun and rain and a dark fur cap or a suit of the same indefinitely dusky shade if it blows mild. If you seek him in business hours you will, like as not, find him in overalls. That is if you find him at all, for J. R. Booth is not an office man. He did not make his money polishing a hardwood chair nor does he find the operation necessary to keep it. Indoor affairs he leaves to his sons or trusts to members of his office executive; outdoor ones, even in their smallest details, he himself superintends. He rose early and worked late away back in the fifties when Ottawa was not even thought of as the Capital city. Sixty years later, though the frosts of over four score winters have silvered his brow, he does the same thing

—up every morning at six o'clock, retiring at ten at night and putting in from twelve to fourteen hours of solid labor each day.

Short of stature and slightly stooped is Mr. Booth, as present generations know him. White hair and beard frame a square, granitic face, tanned by exposure and in which two bright blue eyes glitter keenly but not coldly. Of late years rather sparing in speech he has indulged in few reminiscences and given no autobiographies of his ascent up the rough hewn path of fortune. Interviewers who penetrate into the inner Booth sanctum and from there, directed by teamsters and waterboys, pick their way between piles of lumber or over heaps of sawdust to the short, sturdy figure, clad in rusty overalls and engaged in active superintendence of some construction process, generally retrace their steps carrying away perhaps a mental but not a pen picture of why J. R. Booth, the one time lumberjack, has become a multimillionaire.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE MAN.

But volunteers are not wanting who tell the early history of Booth. Of North of Ireland stock he came, six brothers of the one family who left their native land for Shefford county, in Eastern Quebec. Where they settled afterwards arose the village of Waterloo. In a small stone house less than half a mile away John R. Booth first saw the light of day and in Waterloo at this writing there are still many descendants of the race of Booth.

The early life of Mr. Booth was as that of many another farmer's son in the '30's. He chopped wood, drew water. He worked. Educational facilities in Waterloo were of the poorest, and poor as they were young Booth had little time to avail himself of them. In summer when there was much to be done he worked at home. In winter he worked at home, only it was then euphoniously called "doing chores," and went to school. The net result of both was that he acquired the rudiments of an education and a hearty distaste for work that led to nothing. Young Booth liked to handle tools and frequently the people of his native place saw him gravely observing the workings of little wooden mills, manufactured by his own hands and merrily turned by the waters of a

rivulet near his father's farm. Did the child perhaps in fancy dimly see the miniature realities replaced by huge turbines, did he substitute the Chaudiere's roaring kettle, foaming down between its walls of living rock on the Ottawa, for the purling current of the rivulet? Only J. R. Booth knew and J. R. Booth never said. But when the child that was become the man of twenty-one he left the farm.

STARTED WITH NINE DOLLARS.

"I can make more money elsewhere," he said, and that his neighbors deemed him foolish and spoke their thoughts troubled him not a whit. He saw the futility of the narrow round of toil, he knew that fortunes were to be and were being made and he felt he had the ability to make one. "I am going," he said, and he went. But not alone, for he took with him the wife of his choice and not unprovided, for he had a working capital of exactly nine dollars when he left his father's home to tempt fortune.

With his newly married wife, his working capital of nine dollars, some acquaintance and much ability with tools and an elastic capacity for work J. R. Booth went to Vermont and sought employment as a carpenter. For three years he was in the employ of the Central Vermont. He helped to build bridges and when they were finished he started on others. Needless to say the work he did was good work; he never turned out any other kind. It is doubtful if he ever could. But after three years of building bridges he was still building bridges and his working capital had not materially increased. He held a meeting of a committee of one and decided to quit it.

With added experience but none of the goods of this world J. R. Booth, having decided that helping to build bridges was not profitable, went to Ottawa. Still in his mind was the determination to do something, to be somebody. He intended to accumulate a fortune and that he had not yet accumulated even an appreciable fraction of it troubled him no more than the freely volunteered opinions of his neighbors when he left home. It was in the year 1852. Ottawa had not answered to the name Bytown for some five odd years and was beginning to visualize itself

as the future capital. But as a city it lacked size. It had a few industries and had scarcely ceased to think the Rideau canal the greatest feat of engineering ever performed. On the Hull side of the Ottawa river conditions were much the same, but things were rather busier. Lumbering

mills for Perley and Pattee and Philip Thompson, as yet undreaming of the day when the short, sturdy man whose keen blue eye roamed over its foaming expanse should tame it to his purpose. It seemed to be trying to terrify, deafen and dazzle him by its vast volume of gleaming water



JOHN R. BOOTH.

was being carried on though as yet on no great scale. E. B. Eddy had started in business and Levi Young and the Bronsons were cutting timber and laying the foundations of great fortunes. The Chaudiere contemptuously turned two small

and the formidable clamor arising from its whirling gulf as it precipitated itself with incessant roaring over its vast rampart of rock. But to the mind of J. R. Booth there was suggested an analogy between the spectacle before him and the

little rivulet that used to turn his whittled waterwheels in the old days back on the farm. He sought work in Hull.

BRANCHING INTO BUSINESS.

The first job the future timber king secured was in a Hull machine shop, where he put a few finishing touches to his knowledge of tools. He helped build a sawmill and was appointed manager of it for a year. His first business venture followed shortly after and took the form of a machine shop which was, however, destroyed by fire after eight months. He next bought a mill and began to do business in it, installing two shingle machines. At the expiry of the first year the proprietor wished to double the rent. Mr. Booth said "No." He quit the mill and went to Ottawa. There, on the site of the huge structures he was afterwards to build, he found another sawmill, lying idle. The young millwright secured a lease of it for ten years and started on a small scale with a single saw. His first encouragement came in the shape of a contract for furnishing lumber for the Parliament buildings. Ottawa had in 1855 been chosen as the capital and a legislative home was needed. The contract was awarded in competition with other bidders; Booth secured it and worked it out at a substantial profit. After three years' occupancy he purchased the sawmill. This was in 1860.

The name of Booth was now beginning to be heard. It stood for enterprise if not yet for great accomplishment. Its bearer was, for one thing, the first lumberman on the Ottawa to use horses in his timber operations. It was in connection with the parliament buildings contract and is by no means the least of the interesting stories woven into the fabric of that structure. Hitherto lumbermen had used oxen to haul their timber to the water and they regarded young Booth's actions as not merely original but foolish. To make matters worse a gang of longshoremen from Montreal formed the crew with which this doer of foolish things got his lumber out. Horses instead of oxen, sailors instead of lumberjacks! Why the mere combination proved the man crazy! And yet oxen as a medium for getting out logs are now but a memory of the past, while the modern river cruiser, if he is

not exactly a sailor, at least combines many of the qualities that distinguish the navigator of deeper waters.

BUYING HIS FIRST TIMBER LIMIT.

Just about this time Mr. Booth had a large stock of lumber on hand and a brisk demand springing up, he sold all he had. This gave him a good start. The bridge carpenter who had come to Ottawa ten years before with nine dollars now owned a mill and had rather more than nine dollars to his name. But he had a greater asset still—his credit. That was good and when several tracts of timber along the Ottawa, part of the estate of John Egan, were offered for sale the Bank of British North America, with whom Booth had been doing a small business, advanced him what he asked for. With this he secured a large limit at \$45,000, a fraction of its value, having previously sent his cousin, Robert, up the Madawaska to look it over. Robert Booth reported that it was worth many times the price it would likely command and thus J. R. Booth made his first big purchase much as he made his succeeding ones, after first finding out that it was worth buying.

The lumber operator's next step was to increase the capacity of his mill by putting in two gang saws. He used all that he had made and all he could get credit for in buying more timber limits, running largely into debt to do so. Time proved it a far-sighted policy. Fifty years later he was owner of more pine timber land than any other one person in the Dominion.

Frequently Mr. Booth found it necessary to add to his mill plant, and in 1892 he had 13 band saws and four gates in operation, with a capacity of more than one million feet in ten hours. In the month of May, 1894, this plant was destroyed by fire, entailing a serious loss to its owner and the citizens of Ottawa and Hull. Shortly afterwards he purchased an old mill adjoining the burned one and fitted it up with improved machinery. It is the largest lumber mill in the world, employs 1,600 men and runs day and night for seven months in the year. During the winter the force is reduced by half in the mills, the odd 800 men going to the woods to help get out the logs. J. R. Booth's large trade with United States is

supplied in great part through the mill and sorting yard at Burlington, Vt., and the sales office in Boston. He is the only Canadian lumber man who manufactures his own lumber in his own United States mill. It was in 1875 he built it. It has grown to include extensive lumber yards and woodworking factories covering an area of forty acres, with a box factory that

which destroyed the largest lumber mill in the world, was followed by the further disastrous conflagrations of 1900 and 1903 in which Mr. Booth lost millions of feet of lumber. Their effect, however, was not one of discouragement. The man of ordinary calibre might have followed such a reverse by a policy of retrenchment, but the Booth calibre was not of the ordinary



BOOTH LUMBER YARDS AT THE CHAUDIERE FALLS, OTTAWA, THE SCENE OF THE PRESENT DAY ACTIVITIES OF THE LUMBER KING.

consumes from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 feet of lumber annually. It is, take it altogether, a large establishment even for the United States though not so large as the one in Ottawa. It is also an evidence of the largeness of conception that was J. R. Booth's; he knew neither international limits nor natural boundaries.

If Mr. Booth's career was a record of success it was assuredly success in spite of obstacles. The great Ottawa fire of 1893,

gauge; he replaced his lumber piles and added a pulp and paper mill to his establishment, a mill capable of turning out daily some 80 tons of ground pulp. The fire of 1900 swept over the magnificent mansion of stone which he had built in Ottawa and left it a ruin of grey, bare walls. J. R. Booth built another. Through all his reverses he never asked any man or any government for financial assistance in any shape or form, neither

did he enjoy such boons as tax exemptions or other concessions. When his planing mills in Burlington were destroyed in another baptism of flame he was offered ten years' exemption from taxation by the council of that town who did not wish to lose an important industry. They asked Mr. Booth to rebuild the mill and held out the exemption as an inducement. The mill was built but the inducement was refused. Mr. Booth was not looking for municipal favors.

IN THE RAILWAY REALM.

Although J. R. Booth will be chiefly remembered as a lumberman, for that he still is, in railroad circles his name will long remain a living thing. He railroaded just as he lumbered, on a large scale. His early experience had brought with it a practical training for both, a training to which he added the indeterminable quality of his own personality. The result, in either case, spelt success.

It could scarcely be said of Booth that he went into railroading as wholeheartedly as he did of his own accord. He had always conceived himself a lumberman and had shaped his fortunes to fit that conception. He first became interested in the Canada Atlantic railway more as an accommodation for its first founders than with any very definite idea in view. Governor Smith of Vermont and a number of capitalists had commenced the construction of the Canada Atlantic and had floundered into financial sinkholes in the process. They asked Booth for a helping hand. J. R. extended one hand only to find that the job needed two and an active brain to direct them. He must either lose what he had advanced as a loan or figuratively roll up his sleeves and get to work. Of course he did the latter. And the Canada Atlantic and Parry Sound, now part of the great G. T. R. system, stand as a monument to what J. R. Booth could do when he rolled up his sleeves.

When the Canada Atlantic and Parry Sound roads had been completed the Booth system of railways covered about 400 miles of main line and 100 miles of sidings. A vast new country was opened up by the Parry Sound line, great elevator and terminal facilities were built at Depot Harbor and the foundation was laid for the immense grain carrying trade that in

turn furnished the major portion of the traffic of the railway itself. J. R. Booth not merely constructed, he created. True, he had no competition, but that was because there was at the time little to compete for. He had first to build his road and then develop the trade that was to furnish business for it. He built elevators, purchased steamships and bought wheat. The C. A. R., at first destined merely to be a feeder for the Central Vermont, became a self containing system of its own. Built in 1878 and followed in 1892 by the Parry Sound it was pre-eminently a freight carrying road, the line from Golden Lake to Depot Harbor running through a sparsely settled but densely wooded tract of country. Its passenger trade was therefore light, but as the medium of transit for much of the western grain and lumber its freight carrying capacity was taxed to the utmost. At the time of its purchase by the G. T. R. the Booth system handled annually over 200,000 tons of flour and package freight and 20,000,000 bushels of grain. By its construction the distance between Montreal and Chicago was shortened by over 800 miles and the distance between the latter point and Liverpool by 450 miles.

The excellence of the road and its equipment and the splendid facilities it offered as an outlet for western business were naturally not overlooked by the existing large railroad systems and rumors of sale were frequent. The line was sold by hearsay to the Grand Trunk, the Grand Trunk Pacific, to the Canadian Government to become a part of the Intercolonial, a dozen times each. The Conservative opposition scheme, opposed to the government plan, was to buy the Canada Atlantic, join it to the Intercolonial and give a part land, part water service to meet the West's growing demand for transportation. The Canadian Northern also wanted it as an outlet for its business in the West. Seward Webb of New York, representing a number of other American capitalists, proposed to buy it and even secured an option for which he paid down \$250,000. In 1904, when the road was finally sold to the G. T. R., Webb sued for his \$250,000 and \$2,000,000 damages. He secured neither and J. R. Booth, who chalked up \$14,000,000 to his credit when the G. T. R. bought his road, had Seward

Webb's quarter million for an additional nest egg.

Since the Grand Trunk bought out his interests in 1904 J. R. has taken no active interest in railway affairs except when something has gone wrong with the cars that carry the logs from his yard at the Chaudiere in Ottawa. That has happened but seldom and never for very long, not even during the Grand Trunk strike of a year ago, for there is but little use making excuses about the present and past performances of a railroad which your listener not only built, but knew all about before you were born.

IS NOT A POLITICIAN.

J. R. Booth is not a politician. He has been too busy and perhaps too wise to seek to sustain such a role. On very few occasions has his voice been raised in the political arena but never without effect. He broke the silence of years some few months ago with a denunciation of reciprocity with the United States. J. R. was not a politician but neither, in his scheme of things, was reciprocity politics. It was business and he was a business man. It was going to be a bad business too, so he told his workmen from woodpile tops for a few days preceding election; bad for them and bad for Canada. No fine flowers of oratory in these woodpile speeches, no rhetorical formalities but words, simple, direct, practical words of two and even one syllable that might not be believed but could not but be understood. As it happened they were both be-

lieved and understood. Perhaps because J. R. Booth was not a politician.

HIS METHODS OF PHILANTHROPY.

Neither is the millionaire lumber king a philanthropist in the sense that John D. Rockefeller or the laird of Skibo are philanthropists. This does not mean that he gives not to the needy, but it does imply that his benefactions have secured him no contracts for free advertising in the daily press. His charities have gone deeper than the mere signing of checks and found their records in the unspoken thought rather than in the written word. The mill employes of the Ottawa valley could have told of the nature of the Booth charity, of a voluntary reduction in the length of the working day of his employes that was in time adopted as the standard all through Eastern Ontario by mill men.

It is told of Booth, the one time laborer, that he came to entertain a king. If you asked George V. of England about it he might put aside the things of royalty for a little space to tell of how he once rode madly, tasting the copper-taste of excitement the while, through the lumber slides at Ottawa on a crib of squared timber, the guest of J. R. Booth and other Ottawa lumbermen. And of a dinner of pork and beans that followed and was partaken of in a log shanty built at Rockcliffe for the occasion and still known as the Royal shanty, he might have told. It was the meeting of two men, one of whom heredity had divinely appointed King of England and the other a timber king, appointed by himself.



DEPOT HARBOR, ONTARIO, A TERMINAL OF THE PARRY SOUND RAILWAY, BUILT AND OWNED BY BOOTH. AT DOCK IS ONE OF THE LAKE STEAMERS OPERATED BY THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE SMOKE BELLEW SERIES

TALE FOUR; "SHORTY DREAMS." THE STORY OF A BIG CLEAN-UP
WITH A WARPED WHEEL AND A QUICK EYE

By JACK LONDON

I.

"FUNNY you don't gamble none," Shorty said to Smoke one night in the Elkhorn. "Ain't it in your blood?"

"It is," Smoke answered. "But the statistics are in my head. I like an even break for my money."

All about them, in the huge bar-room, arose the click and rattle and rumble of a dozen games, at which fur-clad, moccasin-ed men tried their luck. Smoke waved his hand to include them all.

"Look at them," he said. "It's cold mathematics that they will lose more than they win to-night, that the big proportion is losing right now."

"You're sure strong on figgers," Shorty murmured admiringly. "An' in the main you're right. But they's such a thing as facts. An' one fact is streaks of luck. They's times when every geezer playin' wins, as I know, for I've sat in such games an' saw more'n one bank busted. The only way to win at gamblin' is wait for a hunch that you've got a lucky streak comin' and then to play it to the roof."

"It sounds simple," Smoke criticised—"so simple I can't see how men can lose."

"The trouble is," Shorty admitted, "that most men gets fooled on their hunches. On occasion I sure get fooled on mine. The thing is to try, an' find out."

Smoke shook his head.

"That's a statistic, too, Shorty. Most men prove wrong on their hunches."

"But don't you ever get one of them streaky feelin's that all you got to do is put your money down an' pick a winner?"

Smoke laughed.

"I'm too scared of the percentage against me. But I'll tell you what, Shorty; I'll throw a dollar on the 'high card' right now and see if it will buy us a drink."

Smoke was edging his way in to the faro table, when Shorty caught his arm.

"Hold on. I'm gettin' one of them hunches now. You put that dollar on roulette."

They went over to a roulette table near the bar.

"Wait till I give the word," Shorty counselled.

"What number?" Smoke asked.

"Pick it yourself. But wait till I say let her go."

"You don't mean to say I've got an even chance on that table?" Smoke argued.

"As good as the next geesers."

"But not as good as the bank's."

"Wait and see," Shorty urged. "Now! Let her go!"

The game-keeper had just sent the little ivory ball whirling around the smooth rim above the revolving, many-slotted wheel. Smoke, at the lower end of the table, reached over a player, and blindly tossed the dollar. It slid along the smooth, green cloth and stopped fairly in the center of "34."

The ball came to rest and the game-keeper announced, "thirty-four wins!" He swept the table; and alongside of Smoke's dollar, stacked thirty-five dollars. Smoke drew the money in, and Shorty slapped him on the shoulder.

"Now, that was the real goods of a hunch, Smoke! How'd I know it? There's no tellin'. I just knew you'd win. Whv. if that dollar of yours 'd fell on any other number it 'd won just the

same. When the hunch is right, you just can't help winnin'."

"Suppose it had come 'double nought'?" Smoke queried, as they made their way to the bar.

"Then your dollar 'd ben on 'double nought,' was Shorty's answer. "They's no gettin' away from it. A hunch is a hunch. Here's how. Come on back to the table. I got a hunch, after pickin' you a winner, that I can pick some few numbers myself."

"Are you playin' a system?" Smoke asked, at the end of ten minutes, when his partner had dropped a hundred dollars.

Shorty shook his head indignantly, as he spread his chips out in the vicinities of "3," "11," and "17," and tossed a spare chip on the "green."

"Hell is sure cluttered with geezers that played systems," he expositied, as the keeper raked the table.

From idly watching, Smoke became fascinated, following closely every detail of the game from the whirling of the ball to the making and the paying of the bets. He made no plays, however, merely contenting himself with looking on. Yet so interested was he, that Shorty, announcing that he had had enough, with difficulty drew Smoke away from the table.

The game-keeper returned Shorty the gold sack he had deposited as a credential for playing and with it went a slip of paper on which was scribbled, "Out—\$350.00." Shorty carried the sack and the paper across the room and handed them to the weigher, who sat behind a large pair of gold-scales. Out of Shorty's sack he weighed \$350.00, which he poured into the coffer of the house.

"That hunch of yours was another one of those statistics," Smoke jeered.

"I had to play it, didn't I, in order to find out?" Shorty retorted. "I reckon I was crowdin' some just on account of tryin' to convince you they's such a thing as hunches."

"Never mind, Shorty," Smoke laughed. "I've got a hunch right now—"

Shorty's eyes sparkled as he cried eagerly:

"What is it? Kick in an' play it, pronto."

"It's not that kind, Shorty. Now what I've got is a hunch that some day I'll

work out a system that will beat the spots off that table."

"System!" Shorty groaned, then surveyed his partner with a vast pity. "Smoke, listen to your side-kicker an' leave system alone. Systems is sure losers. They ain't no hunches in systems."

"That's why I like them," Smoke answered. "A system is statistical. When you get the right system you can't lose, and that's the difference between it and a hunch. You never know when the right hunch is going wrong."

"But I know a lot of systems that went wrong, an' I never seen a system win." Shorty paused and sighed. "Look here, Smoke, if you're gettin' cracked on systems this ain't no place for you, an' it's about time we hit the trail again."

II.

During the several following weeks, the two partners played at cross purposes. Smoke was bent on spending his time watching the roulette game in the Elkhorn, while Shorty was equally bent on traveling trail. At last Smoke put his foot down when a stampede was proposed for two hundred miles down the Yukon.

"Look here, Shorty," he said, "I'm not going. That trip will take ten days, and before that time I hope to have my system in proper working order. I could almost win with it now. What are you dragging me around the country this way for anyway?"

"Smoke, I got to take care of you," was Shorty's reply. "You're gettin' nutty. I'd drag you stampedin' to Jericho or the North Pole if I could keep you away from that table."

"It's all right, Shorty. But just remember I've reached full man-grown, meat-eating size. The only dragging you'll do will be dragging home the dust I'm going to win with that system of mine, and you'll most likely have to do it with a dog-team."

Shorty's response was a groan.

"And I don't want you to be bucking any game on your own," Smoke went on. "We're going to divide the winnings, and I'll need all our money to get started. That system's young yet, and it's liable to trip me for a few falls before I get it lined up."

III.

At last, after long hours and days spent at watching the table, the night came when Smoke proclaimed he was ready, and Shorty, glum and pessimistic, with all the seeming of one attending a funeral, accompanied his partner to the Elkhorn. Smoke bought a stack of chips and stationed himself at the game-keeper's end of the table. Again and again the ball was whirled and the other players won or lost, but Smoke did not venture a chip. Shorty waxed impatient.

"Buck in, buck in," he urged. Let's get this funeral over. What's the matter? Got cold feet?"

Smoke shook his head and waited. A dozen plays went by, and then, suddenly, he placed ten one-dollar chips on "26." The number won and the keeper paid Smoke three hundred and fifty dollars. A dozen plays went by, twenty plays, and thirty, when Smoke placed ten dollars on "32." Again he received three hundred and fifty dollars.

"It's a hunch!" Shorty whispered vociferously in his ear. "Ride it! Ride it!"

Half an hour went by, during which Smoke was inactive, then he placed ten dollars on "34" and won.

"A hunch!" Shorty whispered.

"Nothing of the sort," Smoke whispered back. "It's the system. Isn't she a dandy?"

"You can't tell me," Shorty contended. "Hunches comes in mighty funny ways. You might think it's a system, but it ain't. Systems is impossible. They can't happen. It's a sure hunch you're playin'."

Smoke now altered his play. He bet more frequently, with single chips, scattered here and there, and he lost more often than he won.

"Quit it," Shorty advised. "Cash in. You've rung the bull's-eye three times, an' you're ahead a thousand. You can't keep it up."

At this moment the ball started whirling, and Smoke dropped ten chips on "26." The ball fell into the slot of "26," and the keeper again paid him three hundred and fifty dollars.

"If you're plum crazy an' got the immortal cinch, bet 'm the limit," Shorty

said, "Put down twenty-five next time."

A quarter of an hour passed, during which Smoke won and lost on small scattering bets. Then, with the abruptness that characterized his big betting, he placed twenty-five dollars on the "double nought," and the keeper paid him eight hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"Wake me up, Smoke, I'm dreamin'," Shorty moaned.

Smoke smiled, consulted his note-book, and became absorbed in calculation. He continually drew the note-book from his pocket, and from time to time jotted down figures.

A crowd had packed densely around the table, while the players themselves were attempting to cover the same numbers he covered. It was then that a change came over his play. Ten times in succession he placed ten dollars on "18" and lost. At this stage he was deserted by the hardiest. He changed his number and won another three hundred and fifty dollars. Immediately the players were back with him, deserting again after a series of losing bets.

"Quit it, Smoke, quit it," Shorty advised. "The longest string of hunches is only so long, an' your string's finished. No more bull's eyes for you."

"I'm going to ring her once again before I cash in," Smoke answered.

For a few minutes, with varying luck, he played scattering chips over the table, and then dropped twenty-five dollars on the "double nought."

"I'll take my slip now," he said to the dealer, as he won.

"Oh, you don't need to show it to me," Shorty said, as they walked to the weigher. "I ben keepin' track. You're something like thirty-six hundred to the good. How near am I?"

"Thirty-six-sixty," Smoke replied. "And now you've got to pack the dust home. That was the agreement."

IV.

"Don't crowd your luck," Shorty pleaded with Smoke, the next night, in the cabin, as he evidenced preparations to return to the Elkhorn. "You played a mighty long string of hunches, but you played it out. If you go back you'll sure drop all your winnings."

"But I tell you it is isn't hunches, Shorty. It's statistics. It's a system. It can't lose."

"System be damned. They ain't no such a thing as system. I made seventeen straight passes at a crap table once. Was

"Just the same, Shorty, this is a real system."

"Huh! You got to show me."

"I did show you. Come on with me now and I'll show you again."

When they entered the Elkhorn all



"THEY WENT OVER TO A ROULETTE TABLE NEAR THE BAR."

it system? Nope. It was fool luck, only I had cold feet an' didn't dast let it ride. If it'd rid, instead of me drawin' down after the third pass, I'd won over thirty thousan' on the original two-bit piece."

eyes centred on Smoke, and those about the table made way for him as he took up his old place at the keeper's end. His play was quite unlike that of the previous night. In the course of an hour and a

half he made only four bets, but each bet was for twenty-five dollars, and each bet won. He cashed in thirty-five hundred dollars, and Shorty carried the dust home to the cabin.

"Now's the time to jump the game," Shorty advised, as he sat on the edge of his bunk and took off his moccasins. "You're seven thousan' ahead. A man's a fool that'd crowd his luck harder."

"Shorty, a man would be a blithering lunatic if he didn't keep on backing a winning system like mine."

"Smoke, you're a sure bright boy. You're college-learn't. You know more'n a minute than I could know in forty thousan' years. But just the same you're dead wrong when you call your luck a system. I've ben around some, an' seen a few, an' I tell you straight an' confidential an' all-assurin', a system to beat a bankin' game ain't possible."

"But I'm showing you this one. It's a pipe."

"No you're not, Smoke. It's a pipe-dream. I'm asleep. Bime by I'll wake up, an' build the fire, an' start breakfast."

"Well, my unbelieving friend, there's the dust. Heft it."

So saying, Smoke tossed the bulging gold-sack upon his partner's knees. It weighed thirty-five pounds, and Shorty was fully aware of the crush of its impact on his flesh.

"It's real," Smoke hammered his point home.

"Huh! I've saw some mighty real dreams in my time. In a dream all things is possible. In real life a system ain't possible. Now I ain't never ben to college, but I'm plum justified in sizin' up this gamblin' orgy of ourn as a sure enough dream."

"Hamilton's 'Law of Parsimony,'" Smoke laughed.

"I ain't never heard of the geezer, but his dope's sure right. I'm dreamin', Smoke, an' you're just snoopin' around in my dream an' tormentin' me with system. If you love me, if you sure do love me, you'll just yell, 'Shorty! Wake up!' An' I'll wake up an' start breakfast."

V.

The third night of play, as Smoke laid his first bet, the game-keeper shoved fifteen dollars back to him.

"Ten's all you can play," he said. "The limit's come down."

"Gettin' picayune," Shorty sneered.

"No one has to play at this table that don't want to," the keeper retorted. "And I'm willing to say straight out in meeting that we'd sooner your pardner didn't play at our table."

"Scared of his system, eh?" Shorty challenged, as the keeper paid over three hundred and fifty dollars.

"I ain't saying I believe in system, because I don't. There never was a system that'd beat roulette or any percentage game. But just the same I've seen some queer strings of luck, and I ain't going to let this bank go bust if I can help it."

"Cold feet."

"Gambling is just as much business, my friend, as any other business. We ain't philanthropists."

Night by night, Smoke continued to win. His method of play varied. Expert after expert, in the jam about the table, scribbled down his bets and numbers in vain attempts to work out his system. They complained of their inability to get a clew to start with, and swore that it was pure luck, though the most colossal streak of it they had ever seen.

It was Smoke's varied play that obfuscated them. Sometimes, consulting his note-book or engaging in long calculations, an hour elapsed without his staking a chip. At other times he would win three limit-bets and clean up a thousand dollars and odd in five or ten minutes. At still other times, his tactics would be to scatter single chips prodigally and amazingly over the table. This would continue for from ten to thirty minutes of play, when, abruptly, as the ball whirled through the last few of its circles, he would play the limit on column, color, and number, and win all three. Once, to complete confusion in the minds of those that strove to divine his secret, he lost forty straight bets each at the limit. But each night, play no matter how diversely, Shorty carries home thirty-five hundred dollars for him.

"It ain't no system," Shorty expounded at one of their bed-going discussions. "I follow you, an' follow you, but they ain't no figgerin' it out. You never play twice the same. All you do is pick win-

ners when you want to, an' when you don't want to you just on purpose don't."

"Maybe you're nearer right than you think, Shorty. I've just got to pick losers sometimes. It's part of the system."

"System hell! I've talked with every gambler in town, an' the last one is agreed they ain't no such thing as system."

"Yet I'm showing them one all the time."

"Look here, Smoke." Shorty paused over the candle, in the act of blowing it out. "I'm real irritated. Maybe you think this is a candle. It ain't. An' this ain't me neither. I'm out on trail somewheres, in my blankets, lyin' on my back with my mouth open, an' dreamin' all this. That ain't you talkin', any more than this candle is a candle."

"It's funny, how I happen to be dreamin' along with you then," Smoke persisted.

"No it ain't. You're part of my dream, that's all. I've hearn many a man talk in my dreams. I want to tell you one thing, Smoke: I'm gettin' manky an' mad. If this here dream keeps up much more I'm goin' to bite my veins an' howl."

VI.

On the sixth night of play at the Elkhorn, the limit was reduced to five dollars.

"It's all right," Smoke assured the game-keeper. "I want thirty-five hundred to-night, as usual, and you only compel me to play longer. I've got to pick twice as many winners, that's all."

"Why don't you buck somebody else's table?" the keeper demanded wrathfully.

"Because I like this one." Smoke glanced over to the roaring stove only a few feet away. "Besides, there are no draughts here, and it is warm and comfortable."

On the ninth night, when Shorty had carried the dust home, he had a fit.

"I quit, Smoke, I quit," he began. "I know when I got enough. I ain't dreamin'. I'm wide awake. A system can't be, but you got one just the same. There's nothin' in the rule o' three. The almanac's clean out. The world's gone smash. There's nothin' regular an' uniform no more. The multiplication table's gone

loco. Two is eight, nine is eleven, and two-times-two is eight hundred an' forty-six—an'—an' a half. Anything is everything, an' nothing's all, an' twice all is cold cream, milk-shakes, an' calico horses. You've got a system. Figgers beat the figgerin'. What ain't is, an' what isn't has to be. The sun rises in the west, the moon's a paystreak, the stars is canned corn-beef, scurvy's the blessin' of God, him that dies kicks again, rocks floats, water's gas, I ain't me, you're somebody else, an' mebbe we're twins if we ain't hashed-brown potatoes fried in verdigris. Wake me up! Somebody! Oh! Wake me up!"

VII.

The next morning a visitor came to the cabin. Smoke knew him, Harvey Moran, the owner of all the games in the Tivoli. There was a note of appeal in his deep gruff voice as he plunged into his business.

"It's like this, Smoke," he began. "You've got us all guessing. I'm representing nine other game-owners and myself from all the saloons in town. We don't understand. We know that no system ever worked against roulette. All the mathematic sharps in the colleges have told us gamblers the same thing. They say that roulette itself is the system, the one and only system, and therefore that no system can beat it, for that would mean arithmetic has gone bug-house."

Shorty nodded his head violently.

"If a system can beat a system, then there's no such thing as system," the gambler went on. "In such a case anything could be possible—a thing could be in two different places at once, or two things could be in the same place that's only large enough for one at the same time."

"Well, you've seen me play," Smoke answered defiantly; "and if you think it's only a string of luck on my part, why worry?"

"That's the trouble. We can't help worrying. It's a system you've got, and all the time we know it can't be. I've watched you five nights now and all I can make out is you favor certain numbers and that you keep on winning. Now the ten of us game-owners have got to-

gether, and we want to make a friendly proposition. We'll put a roulette table in a back room of the Elkhorn, pool the bank against you, and have you buck us. It will be all quiet and private. Just you and Shorty and us. What do you say?"

"I think it's the other way around," Smoke answered. "It's up to you to come and see me. I'll be playing in the bar-room of the Elkhorn to-night. You can watch me there just as well."

VIII.

That night, when Smoke took up his customary place at the table, the keeper shut down the game.

"The game's closed," he said. "Boss's orders."

But the assembled game-owners were not to be balked. In a few minutes they arranged a pool, each putting in a thousand, and took over the table.

"Come on and buck us," Harvey Moran challenged, as the keeper sent the ball on its first whirl around.

"Give me the twenty-five limit," Smoke suggested.

"Sure; go to it."

Smoke immediately placed twenty-five chips on the "double nought," and won. Moran wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Go on," he said. "We got ten thousand in this bank."

At the end of an hour and a half, the ten thousand was Smoke's.

"The bank's bust," the keeper announced.

"Got enough?" Smoke asked.

The game-owners looked at one another. They were awed. They, the fatted proteges of the laws of chance, were undone. They were up against one who had more intimate access to those laws, or who had invoked higher and undreamed laws.

"We quit," Moran said. "Ain't that right, Burke?"

Big Burke, who owned the games in the M. and G. Saloon, nodded.

"The impossible has happened," he said. "This Smoke here has got a system all right. If we let him go on we'll all bust. All I can see, if we're goin' to keep our tables running, is to cut down the limit to a dollar, or to ten cents, or a

cent. He won't win much in a night with such stakes."

All looked at Smoke. He shrugged his shoulders.

"In that case, gentlemen, I'll have to hire a gang of men to play at all your tables. I can pay them ten dollars for a four-hour shift and make money."

"Then we'll shut down our tables," Big Burke replied. "Unless" He hesitated and ran his eye over his fellows to see that they were with him. "Unless you're willing to talk business. What will you sell the system for?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," Smoke answered. "That's a tax of three thousand apiece."

They debated and nodded.

"And you'll tell us your system?"

"Surely."

"And you'll promise not to play roulette in Dawson ever again?"

"No, sir," Smoke said positively. "I'll promise not to play this system again."

"My God!" Moran exploded. "You haven't got other systems, have you?"

"Hold on!" Shorty cried. "I want to talk to my pardner. Come over here, Smoke, on the side."

Smoke followed into a quiet corner of the room, while hundreds of curious eyes centred on him and Shorty.

"Look here, Smoke," Shorty whispered hoarsely. "Mebbe it ain't a dream. In which case you're sellin' out almighty cheap. You've sure got the world by the slack of its pants. They's millions in it. Shake it! Shake it hard!"

"But if it's a dream?" Smoke queried softly.

"Then, for the sake of the dream an' the love of Mike stick them gamblers up good an' plenty. What's the good of dreamin' if you can't dream to the real right, dead sure, eternal finish?"

"Fortunately, this isn't a dream, Shorty."

"Then if you sell out for thirty thousand, I'll never forgive you."

"When I sell out for thirty thousand, you'll fall on my neck an' wake up to find out that you haven't been dreaming at all. This is no dream, Shorty. In about two minutes you'll see you have been wide awake all the time. Let me tell you that when I sell out it's because I've got to sell out."

Back at the table, Smoke informed the game-owners that his offer still held. They proffered him their paper to the extent of three thousand each.

paper, and Shorty took possession of the gold-dust.

"Now I don't want to wake up," he chortled, as he hefted the various sacks.



"SELECTED THE HEAVIEST SACK AND CUDDLED IT IN HIS ARMS AS IF IT WERE A BABY."

"Hold out for the dust," Shorty cautioned.

"I was about to intimate that I'd take the money weighed out," Smoke said.

The owner of the Elkhorn cashed their

"Toted up, it's a seventy thousan' dream. It'd be too blamed expensive to open my eyes, roll out of the blankets, an' start breakfast."

"What's your system?" Big Burke de-

manded. "We've paid for it, and we want it."

Smoke led the way to the table.

"Now, gentlemen, bear with me a moment. This isn't an ordinary system. It can scarcely be called legitimate, but its one great virtue is that it works. I've got my suspicions, but I'm not saying anything. You watch. Mr. Keeper, be ready with the ball. Wait I am going to pick '26.' Consider I've bet on it. Be ready, Mr. Keeper. . . . Now!"

The ball whirled around.

"You observe," Smoke went on, "that '9' was directly opposite."

The ball finished in "26."

Big Burke swore deep in his chest, and all waited.

"For 'double nought' to win, '11' must be opposite. Try it yourself and see."

"But the system?" Moran demanded impatiently. "We know you can pick winning numbers, and we know what those numbers are; but how do you do it?"

"By observed sequences. By accident I chanced twice to notice the ball whirled when '9' was opposite. Both times '26' won. After that I saw it happen again. Then I looked for other sequences, and found them. 'Double nought' opposite fetches '32,' and '11' fetches 'double nought.' It doesn't always happen, but it *usually* happens. You notice, I say 'usually' happens. As I said before, I have my suspicions, but I'm not saying anything."

Big Burke, with a sudden dawn of comprehension reached over, stopped the wheel, and examined it carefully. The heads of the nine other game-owners bent over and joined in the examination. Big Burke straightened up and cast a glance at the near-by stove.

"Hell," he said. "It wasn't any system

at all. The table stood close to the fire, and the blamed wheel's warped. And we've been worked to a frazzle. No wonder he liked this table. He couldn't have bucked for sour apples at any other table."

Harvey Moran gave a great sigh of relief and wiped his forehead.

"Well, anyway," he said, "it's cheap at the price just to find out that it wasn't a system." His face began to work, and then he broke into laughter and slapped Smoke on the shoulder. "Smoke, you had us going for a while, and we patting ourselves on the back because you were letting our tables alone! Say, I've got some real fizz I'll open if all you'll come over to the Tivol' with me."

Later, back in the cabin, Shorty silently overhauled and hefted the various bulging gold-sacks. He finally piled them on the table, sat down on the edge of his bunk, and began taking off his moccasins.

"Seventy thousan'," he calculated. "It weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. And all out of a warped wheel an' a quick eye. Smoke, you eat 'm raw, you eat 'm alive, you work under water, you've given me the jim-jams; but just the same I know it's a dream. It's only in dreams that the good things comes true. I'm almighty unanxious to wake up. I hope I never wake up."

"Cheer up," Smoke answered. "You won't. There are a lot of philosophy sharps that think men are sleep-walkers. You're in good company."

Shorty got up, went to the table, selected the heaviest sack, and cuddled it in his arms as if it were a baby.

"I may be sleep-walkin'," he said. "but as you say, I'm sure in mighty good company."

MY ROSARY

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over every one apart,
My Rosary.

—Robert Cameron Rogers.



A BUSINESS STREET SCENE IN LETCHWORTH, A MODEL GARDEN CITY IN ENGLAND, SHOWING AN ATTRACTIVE ARRANGEMENT IN BOULEVARDS AND TREES.

THE IDEAL GARDEN CITY

AN INTERESTING STUDY IN CITY PLANNING. "GARDEN CITIES OF TO-MORROW." A SKETCH OF LETCHWORTH

By EDITH LANG

Few problems are of more vital importance to the centres of population in Canada than that of city planning. Herewith is presented an introductory article on the subject, setting forth the ideals embodied in Ebenezer Howard's book "Garden Cities of To-Morrow," and detailing the movement and success which have resulted from it. It is really the story of an ideal garden city. So interesting is the theme and so practical the scheme as worked out in Letchworth, England, that it is hoped that the subject will be given more attention in Canada than has been accorded it in the past.

SOME of us can dream dreams, we can see visions of what ought to be, we have the faith which can take hold of the invisible; others of us have the organizing ability and willingness to work: given the idea, we can give dogged, persevering toil to trying to make the ideal real; but to few is it given to combine in one personality the imaginative and the practical qualities. The person in whom

both these traits are found is a genius, and most of us can but admire genius from afar. Such a man is Mr. Ebenezer Howard; it has been said of him that "he is a dreamer of dreams, but as deadly practical as the managing director of any great business."

It was in the year 1898 that a modest, little book entitled "To-morrow" was given to the world by Mr. Howard. It was

favorably received then, but even more so when it was re-issued shortly afterwards under the more explanatory title of "Garden Cities of To-morrow." This book has revolutionized modern thought on the subject of the housing question and other problems inherent in the growth of modern cities. But Mr. Howard has done more than that. Within thirteen years of the first appearance of his book, we can see for ourselves enduring monuments to the

with painful care. Nobody recognized more ungrudgingly than he did what had been done by social reformers and legislators to remedy these evils, but he recognized also that these remedies did not go to the root of the matter and he came to the conclusion that the cities must be relieved by operations taking place well outside of their boundaries. Gradually the garden city idea evolved itself in his brain. The congestion in the old cities must be re-



WORKINGMEN'S COTTAGES IN LETCHWORTH, RENTING FOR ABOUT 5s. PER WEEK.

author's far-sighted genius as a social reformer in the model city of Letchworth, in Hertfordshire in England, and in the garden suburbs that are in process of creation in many places in the United Kingdom and on the Continent of Europe.

THE SCHEME AND ITS OBJECT.

A word as to Mr. Howard's scheme. He desired to remedy two great evils—the immigration of the rural population to the towns, and the serious economic and social evils resulting from the overcrowding of those towns. Mr. Howard explored the sad region of the existing state of things

believed by the establishment of new ones. This is the main theme of Mr. Howard's book.

"Purchase," he said, "a large freehold estate at its agricultural value. Plan it out carefully with due regard to present and future residential and industrial needs; make ample provision for open spaces; reserve for each inhabitant a suitable plot of garden ground and maintain all round the urban centre a wide belt of agricultural land. Attract employers of labor to the new town, and your industries may then be carried on under healthful conditions and a ready market be created for the pro-

duce of the small holdings. Above all, reserve to the new community the "unearned increment"—that additional value which accrues to land from the existence on it of a large population." This, in barest outline, is Mr. Howard's scheme. The full details may be studied in "Garden Cities of To-morrow."

ACTION FOLLOWED SPEEDILY.

People read Mr. Howard's book and two years later there were sufficient people who believed in its principles to form the Gar-

den City Association. In 1902 the Garden City Pioneer Company (with a capital of £20,000) was registered, in order to prospect for a suitable site on which a garden city might be built. A systematic hunt for a site was instituted, and an admirable one, comprising six square miles of undulating land and embodying three beautiful old-world villages, was found at Letchworth in Hertfordshire, thirty-four miles from London and about three miles

from Hitchin, an important junction of the main lines of the great Northern and Midland Railways. The Pioneer Company was dissolved in 1903 and its shares transferred to the First Garden City, Limited, with a capital of £300,000. This company bought the estate, including all buildings, timber, etc., for £151,569 9s. 6d., representing about £40 an acre. A water supply had to be found, gas works erected, mains laid, new roads constructed, a station and good yards provided, farming tenancies re-arranged



ONE OF THE OLD ROADS IN THE VICINITY OF LETCHWORTH, SHOWING THE RURAL BEAUTY OF THE LOCATION.

den City Association. In 1902 the Garden City Pioneer Company (with a capital of £20,000) was registered, in order to prospect for a suitable site on which a garden city might be built. A systematic hunt for a site was instituted, and an admirable one, comprising six square miles of undulating land and embodying three beautiful old-world villages, was found at Letchworth in Hertfordshire, thirty-four miles from London and about three miles

and electric plant established so that it was well on into 1906 before the site of the new city began to assume the form of a town, and 1908 before the definite planning and facilities were complete enough to do justice to the promoters of the scheme, or to hold out any very definite "attractions to employers." It is easy to see that here was the critical point of the experiment. If Letchworth was to be successful as an independent town, it must have its indus-

tries and its working classes, and the real problem before the Garden City Company was, first to develop the factory area to suit modern requirements and then to convince manufacturers that it was to their advantage to remove their works to this "town in the country."

Hitherto, the whole tendency of factory owners has been centripetal: the reason is obvious. In the busy industrial centres, labor of all sorts is plentiful, railway and transport facilities good, the supply of water, power and light is already in existence and a market is close to one's door. But these very advantages bring other businesses, and as an inevitable consequence, the value of land, rent, wages and cost of living all steadily increase, and in some instances the advantages enjoyed by the city factory have been bought at such a price that profits have decreased until it has become necessary to choose another site for the factory. This is already happening in London and several other large centres of industry. The ground rent of land for manufacturing purposes often amounts to £1,000 per acre per annum, and, in addition, there are rates amounting to 30 per cent. of the assessed annual value of the factory. These conditions make it prohibitive for industries requiring much space to remain near the centres of population. Some industries are sufficiently self-contained to be carried on in isolated districts, but the difficulties in so doing are often considerable. Labor is difficult to get, railway facilities are not good, a big expenditure on plant to produce power is sometimes necessary, and last, but not least, labor is difficult to import, because town people do not, as a rule, like living in the heart of the country, and, even when some are willing to move it is difficult to find housing accommodation for them.

OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTIES.

These difficulties are all overcome in the case of the garden city of Letchworth. Labor is cheap and plentiful, (the population has increased from 400 to 7,000 since the estate was purchased); the situation of Letchworth at a junction of the Great Northern and Midland lines gives quick and cheap transport to London, the North and the Midlands; the gas, water and elec-

tricity supplies are cheap and efficient, water costing (by meter) from 6d. per 1,000 gallons, gas from 2s. per 1,000 for power and up to 3s. for lighting, and electricity from 1d. per unit; it has not been found difficult to import labor, as the work-people find that their conditions are so much better than in the cities. They have nice cottages with some land, they and their children are healthier (the mortality of Letchworth for 1909-10 was 4.5 per 1000, as against 14 for London, 17.9 for Manchester and 19. for Liverpool) and opportunities for recreation and social intercourse are not lacking. The Garden City, too, though it does not itself build or own buildings, guarantees to manufacturers coming into the district that they shall have sufficient houses for their work people at reasonable rents.

Add to all these advantages the fundamental one that land is cheap, and so great freedom is possible in planning buildings to give the maximum of efficiency with the minimum loss of time and labor in dealing with goods. Economical, convenient and well-lit, one-storey buildings can be used and ample space can be retained for the expansion of the business. Letchworth has arranged its factory area where it is screened by a hill and a belt of trees from the working-men's residential district, so that these can be near their work and yet not see the factories while they are at home. A circular railway connecting with the main line has been laid round the factory area, and every firm can have a private siding brought into his own yard so that he can ship his goods straight from his own door.

SOLVING THE FACTORY PROBLEM.

Without doubt the First Garden City Company has done a great deal to "attract the employers of labor."

Have they succeeded in so doing?

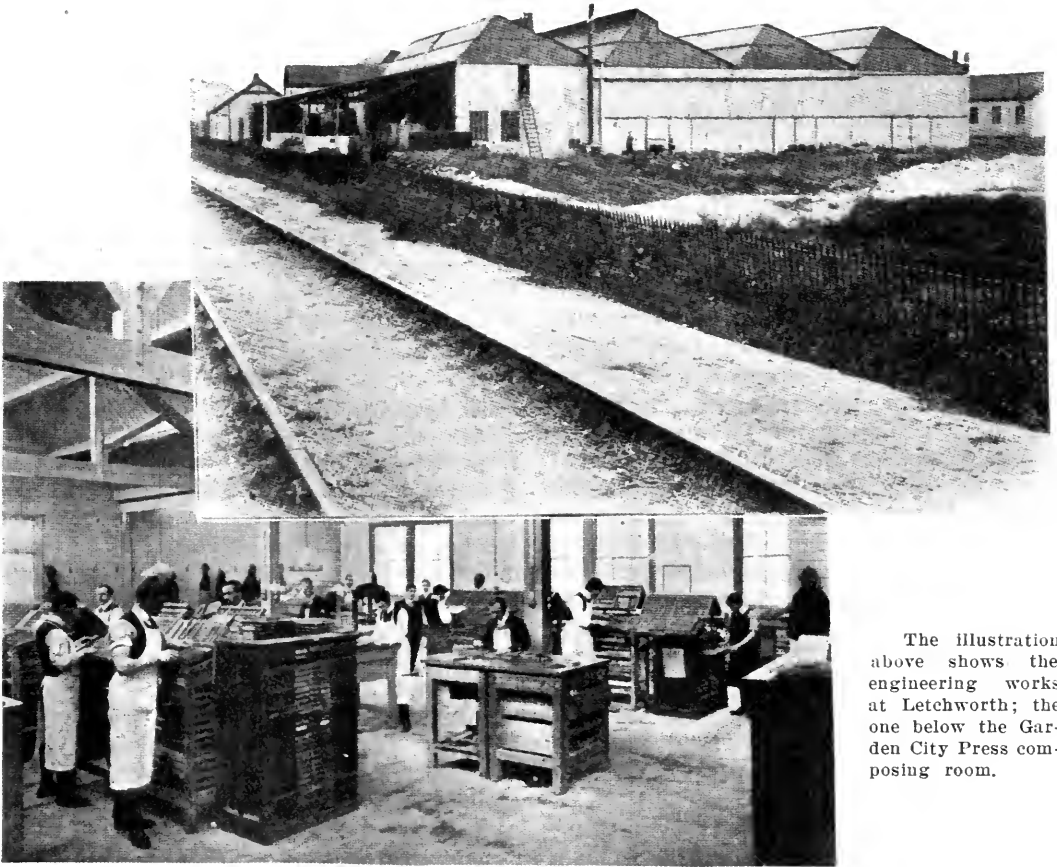
Already there are fifty factories built and working. These include a variety of industries, most of which, however have this in common, that they want plenty of space and plenty of good natural light. For instance, engineering, motor-car, mineral-water, joinery and agricultural implement industries have settled there, while many bookbinders, printers, laundries, tapestry and embroidery works enjoy the

advantage of the one storey buildings adequately lit. It is interesting to note that two American firms have also started work there, viz.: the Spirella Corset Co., from Buffalo and the Foster Scientific Instrument makers from New York.

All the manufacturers seem well contented with the advantages gained. Several of them have written their commendations and others have given them in interviews to newspaper men.

don, as we were told that they would, and we also find that their wives like it—which is most important. They have good cottages to live in, and they do their work here better than they ever did it before. This is saying a good deal for the Garden City, and I think that any manufacturer who comes and starts his works here will be satisfied with the results."

Mr. J. M. Dent, the publisher of "Everyman's Library," drew particular at-



The illustration above shows the engineering works at Letchworth; the one below the Garden City Press composing room.

Thus, Mr. C. H. John Hornby (a partner in the well-known publishing, printing and bookbinding firm), has said: "We do not feel that any place in England would have suited us so well or given us such facilities as this place has done. We have any amount of space at a reasonable rent; we have all our factory on one floor, we have ample room for expansion, we have nice cottages for our work-people, we find that they like the place, that they do not want to go back to Lon-

don, as we were told that they would, and we also find that their wives like it—which is most important. They have good cottages to live in, and they do their work here better than they ever did it before. This is saying a good deal for the Garden City, and I think that any manufacturer who comes and starts his works here will be satisfied with the results."

If we take the capitalized value of Mr. Dent's Letchworth site to be about £2,500, it is easy to see that he has reason to be

glad that he moved and saved a matter of £17,500 on his outlay for ground alone.

AN IDEAL GARDEN CITY.

Letchworth has proved itself a success: Mr. Howard's idea has triumphed, but he is hoping to see it grow still further, and it undoubtedly will do so as manufacturers and others see its advantages. His great ambition is to see Letchworth with a population of 32,000, at which number the city will be said to be complete, and no more land will be available either for business or residential purposes. Other manufacturers wishing to set up their businesses in such ideal circumstances will have to encourage the formation of other garden cities on similar lines, and so England and other countries may become dotted about with small towns, healthy and well-planned out.

It must not be imagined that Letchworth is a town made up entirely of well-organized factories and model workmen's cottages. These it has, but it has far more than these. It is on its way to become a complete town, with good shops, banks, and a varied residential element, which is fast developing all the social and recreative associations usually found in a self-contained town. It differs from other towns in having been planned out as a whole from its very commencement, so that roads and shops, factories and houses can be placed in situations calculated to give the best possible return in utility and beauty.

In this planning out great care has been exercised to retain all the beauty of the three old world villages, Norton, William and Letchworth, which come within its boundaries, as well as that of the existing roads and lanes with their dignified avenues of stately trees. In deciding on new roads, these have been planned with a view to their future uses. Main thoroughfares have a wider roadway, more expensively made up, but even these have wide sidewalks and boulevards planted with flowers and flowering trees. Roads which are destined for residential streets, and more especially those planned for smaller property, where all the traffic to be expected is the occasional tradesman's cart, have been allowed narrower roadways, and are less expensively made up. The distance between

the house lines has to be the same, however, and the extra width is either put into the boulevards or else into the front gardens of the houses.

The Great Northern main line to Cambridge runs through the middle of the estate, and the passenger station has been built in a cutting to the west of the factory area. Between the station and the factories is the shopping district, with its seventy odd shops, its public halls, clubs and cinematograph theatre. To the south and west of the business part is the main residential district, reached and divided by a wide Broadway, which runs through an open space destined to be the town square, from which diverge twelve residential streets, which all command views of the open country and keep open a passage for fresh air to ventilate the more densely populated town part. As the city develops this square will be used for the public buildings, but great care is being taken not to put up such buildings before the needs of the town are fully known, nor to add to the expenses of planning the town until there is real need of such buildings due to the increase of population. The English town planners are trying to save that condemnation of their principles as "too expensive for ordinary life," which has been the result of the building in Germany of squares and open spaces of great beauty, but which have been undertaken without due regard for the necessity of keeping down expenses.

Another open space of great natural beauty is where the Broadway crosses Solerstoll. The roads diverging from this spot are reserved for houses with gardens of half an acre or more, and the ground rent of this district is £30 per acre.

One of the principles of the Garden City Company is to limit the number of houses which may be built to the acre. Near the centre (except in the actual business district) the number is limited to 12 per acre, and by means of economical and farseeing estate development it has proved quite possible to do this and yet build model workingmen's dwellings containing a big kitchen and a scullery (in which is placed the laundry tubs and bath) a small sitting room and three bedrooms for rents from 5s. and upwards per week. The houses further from the centre are limited



TYPICAL RESIDENTIAL ROADS AT LETCHWORTH.

to eight, four and even two to the acre, and beyond the inner circle of 1,200 acres there is to be retained *for all time* an agricultural belt taking up the remaining 2,618 acres of the estate. This belt is let out in farms, small holdings and even quarter-acre allotments. Here, too, are the golf links, sports fields and houses with big grounds.

The advantages of this belt of country are many. It keeps Letchworth forever "a town in the country." It prevents the lands round from being developed by land speculators and jerry builders, who would otherwise rush in to make some of the unearned increment, which would have accrued to the surrounding land by the nearness of a flourishing town. It creates a ready market for the produce of the small holdings on the one hand, and gives an abundant supply of dairy and country produce to the towns-people on the other, and, lastly, it prevents the town from growing to the unmanageable dimensions of most industrial centres, and, by closing its doors to manufactures anxious and willing to settle there, encourages the growth of other similar cities to the great advantage of the country at large.

Much more might be said about Letchworth. No mention has been made of the many interesting social experiments, such as its co-operative houses, its co-partnership tenants' houses or its country inns without licenses, but enough has been said to show the future which is before such garden cities, and to prove that Mr. Howard has given to the world an idea not only ideal, but practical, and has created before our eyes an object lesson of interest not only to the people of an old country, but perhaps even more so to the citizens of a new country, where the foundation of new cities is an almost daily occurrence, and where there are such vast possibilities of building up a country of ideal cities.

The question whether there are to be slums or garden cities in Canada is one of immediate importance: slums grow so quickly and without any effort; garden cities need care and forethought, and an enlightened public opinion which will back up all public spirited citizens who, in and out of office, are anxious that their city shall be developed on scientific lines, and not as is the tendency at present, for the enriching of land speculators and grasping landlords.

"THE LITTLE LIZZIE"

By W. HASTINGS WEBLING

THERE were only three of us in the club at the time, bachelors all, and we sat around the blazing fire in the cozy little smoke room, making the best of things as we found them, hoping that soon some decent fellow would drop in to make a fourth for a rubber of "auction bridge."

"Listen to that rain, would you?" said Martin McRaye, looking apprehensively over his shoulder at the rattling windows. "Bet we won't get a fourth to-night!"

"Oh, someone will be dropping in soon," remarked Fred Bowers, who is a bit of an optimist.

"Hope so," said I, fervently. "It's just the night for a game—nothing like a little 'bridge' to pass the time and take your mind off one's troubles, imaginary or otherwise."

"Blamed little imagination about our troubles," exclaimed Martin dolorously. "A few months ago we were all booked for the millionaire class, ridiculously sanguine and financially solvent, but where do we stand to-night? We're up against it! We've all pledged ourselves to a good deal more than we can afford and practically every dollar we possess is in the 'Little Lizzie,' and so far as I can figure it out, they will remain there; we'll never see them again."

"Curses on all mines!" I muttered vindictively, for was not I in the same predicament as Martin and Freddy?

"No use cussing the 'Little Lizzie,'" observed Fred reflectively, "but if I could have just one little go at that smooth-tongued fakir that sold us that quarter interest, I'd—I'd slap his wrist real hard. Why, hang it, he swore there was enough gold actually in sight to pay off our original investment in six months. That's over a year ago."

"Yes," interrupted Martin, "and he told me there would be gold taken out of that mine when my children were grey headed."

"Guess he put one over on you there, Martin, you darned old bachelor," said I. "Give him quite a time limit to make good in, or get out—eh?"

"Yes, by jove!" continued Martin, ignoring my remark, "and then, by the gods of war, in less than six months he was calling on us for more money—more money from us, after all he promised!" Martin's voice rose to almost a shriek.

"Well," observed Fred, judiciously, "we've talked all this over before, but little good it does. It won't get our money back or pay that last note coming due next month. The question is, do we want to raise some more money in some way to buck our luck?"

"Not on your sweet, innocent life," exclaimed Martin with finality, "not for mine! I'll see Mr. James J. Jorkins in Jericho before he gets another dollar out of me."

"Same here," I hastened to agree. "I'm beautifully broke to the world, and it will keep little Willie busy meeting his share of that note. Besides it's foolish to throw good money after bad. I vote we just bid Mr. Jorkins and his 'Little Lizzie' a fond, but final farewell."

"Never cared for that man Jorkins anyway," muttered Martin, "don't like the way he caressed my hand and patted me on the shoulder. Besides, he wouldn't drink and never smoked in his life. That alone should have been sufficient warning."

"Say, fellows," exclaimed Fred, suddenly taken with an idea, "we haven't the time or money to waste over a sideline like this. Let's appoint a committee of one to sell our stock and get out of this mess. I propose Huskiegh here be given the whole bunch to dispose of to the best advantage, he to receive ten per cent. commission and entertaining expenses."

"Not on your—" I started to object, when Martin took the floor and expressed his great pleasure in seconding the mo-

tion, with one amendment, namely, that Huskeigh should have twenty-five per cent. selling commission and pay his own entertaining expenses. It might be more satisfactory all round and possibly more profitable to the concern as a whole.

In this Fred immediately concurred and concluding the matter settled, promptly pushed the button and told the steward to take our orders.

We ordered the usual and Radnor, while Martin, fired by example, bought the cigars.

Nevertheless, I thought it my duty to suggest that whereas I considered Fred's idea to be excellent in many ways, and personally speaking, I should only be too delighted to do all in my power to assist in the undertaking, I could not help feeling that Fred himself was a far better qualified man to undertake the delicate operation of unloading our stock on the innocent public, especially as he travelled more than I did and that alone would doubtless commend itself to their sagacity, when they reflected that should by any chance "Little Lizzie" prove a failure, it would be less embarrassing to us all to have the stock held by people from a distance—greater the distance the better.

Fred's strenuous objections were here interrupted by the arrival of a tall, fair complexioned young man, who stooped slightly, wore glasses over a prominent nose and smiled on us with suspiciously mild blue eyes.

"Rotten night—what!" he exclaimed, lighting a cigarette. "Silly rotter to come out a night like this, but beastly slow in the hotel—couldn't stand it, really, you know. Have a drink? Good!"

Rickaby, or to give his full name, Robert Horace Fitzclarence Rickaby, had blown into our burg from the Old Country a few days since, with a letter to old Moulton of the British Bank, but Moulton was away from home at the time and Bellhouse, the accountant, had put him up at the club, introduced him to a few of the fellows, and let it go at that.

Rick, as we soon learned to call him, was a good-natured easy-going sort of chap, who seemed to have nothing but money and didn't mind spending it. He played a rotten game of bridge, but usually held wonderful cards, or some-

thing, for he won our money with painful regularity.

However, we welcomed his advent on this occasion with unusual warmth, for we wanted a game badly and Rick was better than no one at all. So we grouped round the card table and were soon playing the game. We pivoted and, as usual, when it came to settle up, Rick received from every one.

We congratulated him in a perfunctory manner, for after all, one cannot help feeling sore at losing to such a dub as Rick. It seemed to us, poorer the player, greater the luck—a sort of law of divine compensation, very nice for him, but deuced hard for us.

As we returned to the smoke room for a final, I heard Martin whisper, "What's the matter with giving Rick a chance on 'Little Lizzie?' With his luck he might do anything."

"Eh, what?" said Rick, whose hearing at least was not dull. "Who is the gal, do I know her? Is she what you call a peach?"

"She isn't a girl," I explained, "it's a gold mine we're interested in in Porcupine."

"My word! That's awfully funny; you know I leave to-morrow for Porcupine and may pick up something there myself. Must be awfully jolly to own a gold mine, what?"

"It is," we agreed with forced enthusiasm.

"Do you own it between you?" he enquired with evident interest.

"No," I replied, "we only own a third share, but understood on the word of the original discoverer and promoter of the mine, one Jorkins, that it was a wonderful proposition, a regular mountain of the precious metal—in fact, there were millions in it, just waiting to be picked up."

"By jove, just the sort of game I'm keen for."

"It's a little difficult to secure stock," I continued to explain, while the other fellows smoked nervously and signalled encouragement. "You see, it's a sort of close corporation; the shares have never been on the market, the thing was too good to lose; we didn't want anybody else in. Mr. Jorkins, who owns the balance of the stock, was very decided about this. However, if you are going to Porcupine,

you can see him at the mine and you can look the proposition over. Can't he, Martin?" This to give Martin a chance. I was tiring in my stride.

"Sure thing," conceded Martin, with alacrity. "I'll write to Jorkins to-morrow. I'm sure he'll look after you in great shape. Smart man, Jorkins—been mining all his life."

"Thanks, awfully," said Rick gravely; "awfully good of you fellows. I'll look him up as soon as I arrive."

We escorted Rick to his hotel and as we walked homeward we asked Martin what his game was, why not sell him our stock and not bother with Jorkins?

"Nit," said Martin succinctly, "better leave it to Jorkins—he'll treat us right if the thing goes through. Besides, if Rick is going up there, he'll get a run for his money; of course he'll get stung anyway, and why shouldn't we get a bit out of it? I believe in home missions."

Some time elapsed after the events just recorded when one morning the phone rang violently. I answered it.

"Well, who is it? Oh, that you Martin? What is it, a fire or a funeral?"

"Come over to the office at once," snaps back Martin excitedly. "Got an important message from Jorkins. Just phoned Fred; he'll be here right away."

Before I had a chance to make further inquiries Martin had hung up the phone. I hastily snatched my hat and cloak and beat it for his office, but Fred was there before me. Martin ushered us into his private office and carefully closed the door.

With an air of importance he cleared his throat and deliberately unfolded a night telegram.

"This message," said he, in impressive tones, "reached me this morning and reads as follows:

"Martin McRaye,

Plowton, Ont.

Wire immediately if you are prepared to grant me ten days option on your shares in the 'Little Lizzie' at original cost, plus six per cent. interest from time of purchase. Am going to get from under and advise you to do the same. 'Little Lizzie' shows good values but fear cost of mining prohibitive on small capital. Thanks for Rickaby. He's a cinch.

John J. Jorkins."

"Now, gentlemen," said Martin solemnly, with the air of a King's Counsel addressing the jury in a murder case, "it's for you to decide. We have had a lesson and the experience may do us no harm, indeed it may be of inestimable value to us in after years. Furthermore, the experience, unlike most others, is not going to cost us anything. We went into this thing with a reckless disregard, possibly carried away by the contagious enthusiasm and inspiring eloquence of our friend Jorkins. Results might have been disastrous, but here we have an opportunity of doing what our friend advises, get from under. Gentlemen, what are your wishes?"

"Why, there's nothing to it," exclaimed Fred. "Give him the option and pray to Heaven that he doesn't fall dead in the meantime."

"Right!" said I. "By jove, if I ever get my hand on those giddy simoleons once more, it's me for the little savings bank and four honest per cent. per annual."

"Per-haps," observed Fred ironically. "But, for Heaven's sake, Martin, get that wire off quick and put in a postscript to keep Rick under lock and key till the deal's closed."

Needless to say, for the next few days we lived in a state of feverish excitement, alternating between hope and fear. No further word came from Jorkins and so it continued till the morning of the tenth day.

I met Fred on the street that morning; he was looking pale and nervous. He, on the other hand, said he would hate to feel as badly as I looked. I think he did, only worse.

"No word, I suppose?"

"No," he replied gloomily, "the option's up in an hour; looks as if there was nothing doing. Let's go over and see Martin."

Martin saw us coming and waved to us wildly from his door. We simply rushed and followed him excitedly into his private office.

"What news?" we cried in one voice. "What's the verdict?"

"The best!" replied Martin, almost out of breath. "Just got a wire and been phoning you for the last five minutes.

It's a go! Jorkins has sold to poor old Rick and wired the cash to our bank."

"Hurrah!" we shouted in glee. "Now all we've got to do is to endorse the certificates in blank, divide the spoils and finish up the day with a bang up feed at the club. Are you on?"

"We are," we chorused back. Any old time either of us would miss an excuse for an opportunity of this description meant one of us must be in a very bad state of health.

The necessary details were concluded to our complete satisfaction and we rang up Harry Rocksure to make a fourth. You bet we had a great old time.

Of course we felt a little guilty about Rick, but we argued he went in with his eyes open and would have a good run for his money. In fact, we drank his health and hoped he would make a million. The toast was honored with subtle enjoyment, and we all laughed heartily, even H. C., when we explained the joke to him.

But he who laughs last laughs best. Two days later Fred came rushing into my office with a tragic look on his face and a morning paper in his hand, saying, "For the love of Mike, Husk, have you seen this?"

Then and there I read the following press despatch, a regular headliner. It reported the important sale of several Porcupine properties to a wealthy English syndicate. Among the properties acquired was the extremely promising "Little

Lizzie" mine, controlled by Mr. John A. Jorkins for \$500,000, etc. The whole negotiations were most successfully conducted by Mr. Robert Rickaby of London, England, son of Sir Horace Rickaby, Bart., of the well known financial firm of Rickaby, Dean and Rickaby.

"Well, what do you know about that?" I cried, simply aghast. "Have you told Martin?"

"No," said Fred, sinking into a chair, in a state bordering on mental collapse.

"Let me," said I, making for the phone. "Next best thing to receiving good news is relating bad."

"That you, Martin? Say, have you heard the news? No? Well, here it is," and I read the item slowly and distinctly so that dear old Martin wouldn't miss a point. He hates to miss anything anyway, being Scotch.

"What did he say?" said Fred with curious interest, noting the strange expression on my face.

"I shall never tell," I replied solemnly, "but it was a revelation."

I might add in conclusion the incident of the Little Lizzie is now tabooed between us by mutual consent and furthermore, it is not considered advisable for others to broach the subject if they are desirous of retaining our goodwill and friendship, no sir.

As to James J. Jorkins—oh, well, what's the use?

THE QUIET WORKER

It is the quiet worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of badinage or worry or nagging. Therefore, if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps.

THE ODDITIES OF ENGLAND

A CONTRAST BETWEEN LIFE AND CONDITIONS IN THE OLD LAND AND AMERICA

By FELIX J. KOCH

THE popular conception of education has undergone a radical change in recent years; the modern standard requires a knowledge of life as well as of books. The new viewpoint, indeed, is well illustrated in the "commencement" exercises which are held annually at the colleges and institutions of learning, when graduates are sent forth into the world, adequately equipped in theory, to "commence" their life work in practice. In the actual combat of life, and there only, are actual conditions encountered and practical experience gained. Gradually there is developed a new conception of life which is crystallized into what is commonly termed "viewpoint."

Few people realize that viewpoint is everything in life. A man is sane only in so far as his outlook is sensible and safe and sympathetic. "The longer I live," declared one of the world leaders of thought and action, "the more constantly is this fact pressed upon me, 'that the most important thing in life is to ascertain the other man's standpoint.'" Only those of wide and varied experience are able to appreciate this to the full. Experience alone must be the teacher.

Possibly no other means of gaining accurate and reliable information of other people at first hand approaches that of travel. It is interesting and educative in many ways. New countries may be visited, presenting new conditions and

modern problems in the struggle of development; old lands, too, may be toured, replete in interest in their historical associations and ancient structures. The preacher may draw sermons, the architect gain suggestions, the artist find inspiration and the writer see visions, in travel. It all depends on their viewpoint, on what they seek. What go ye out to see?

A new side, and not the least fascinating feature of modern travel, has to do with the oddities which one may meet in any of the popular tours abroad. To

Canadians, who live in a new country where time has not yet produced oddities, this phase of travelling is ever interesting. All of the older countries have their curiosities for the traveller. Many of them have been exploited for years; few people have not been told of the odd ways of England, for instance. And yet the whole story has yet to be related. For even England presents new oddities.

Next time a *blase* traveller tells you there is nothing odd left in England, that everything that is unique has been exploited so often that there is nothing left worth the telling about, ask him if he ran across some of the following, and then set him to explaining at length, to test the truth of his statement.

Entering Liverpool one is apt to encounter curious sidewheel steamers bearing on their sides, in heavily gilded relief



THE TYPICAL ENGLISH SCHOOLS ARE
MORE ORNATE THAN THOSE IN
AMERICA.

work, the strange insignia of three human legs. Not simply so many legs, in a row, but each joined to the thigh of the other, much as are the spokes to a wheel. What does it mean? The symbol is the insignia of the Isle of Man, whence these boats ply, and signifies the proximity of England, Ireland and Wales, just a step for one with the seven-leagued boots of which English folklore relates.

On the Mersey, as you get further up the river, the dredges are curious enough to attract even the layman. These have a long inclined shift for the sand, rising from their decks to what seems a derrick. The sand brought from the bottom is raised aloft to this height, then comes gently down the incline into the hold, like some miniature brown cataract of the West.

To the newcomer in England the rounded ends to the street cars appear strangely.

Another oddity, reminiscent of the hotel runners' cries at Nantucket, is presented imme-

diately on docking, by a bevy of men boarding the boat, each holding squarely across his chest a leather-bound time table, on which, in heavy gilt letters is the name of some railway. These men are cappers for the respective lines, and their appearance, in single array thus, is indeed a ludicrous one, well nigh, to the newcomer.

How cheaply folk will work, or, better, how much comfort is to be had for little is emphasized, especially to a Canadian. Railway *bagaglois*, as they're called in the Near East, reserve a seat for you in the car, secure you your ticket and deposit your luggage for you both in this car and the van for such, and all for 12 cents. In America a Pullman porter expects



A FAMILIAR SCENE IN LONDON, SHOWING THE USE WHICH IS MADE OF TREES ALONG THE WALKS FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES. THE FIGURE ABOVE IS THAT OF A LONDON POLICEMAN, A MEMBER OF WHAT IS COMMONLY REGARDED AS THE BEST POLICE FORCE IN THE WORLD.

25 cents simply for shining your shoes and brushing you off.

Over the seats in the *coupees* of English railways, photographs of attractive scenes along the line are set. This is a gilt-edged advertisement costing the roads nothing, and one wonders why American cars have never been adorned with the decorative effects.

then, when you dismount, keep a careful eye to get there well ahead of you, I can claim your piece as mine, walk off, and leave you none at all behind me. The simple American system of a brass check or a paper one, given on putting in the piece and surrendered on receiving the piece similarly numbered, would doubtless prove a bonanza to this land.

Telegraph is so cheap in England one is startled, well-nigh. Twelve words for twelve cents, London to Liverpool. Only there you pay for your own name and for that and address of recipient; we, of course, do not.

Another unique sight, recalling somewhat Philadelphia, is found in the villages, where the houses one and all are of a dark



Again, while Americans pride themselves on their railways, it's decidedly more comfortable to have the cement floor of the *depot* on a level with the floor of one's car, as in England, than to have to climb the wee steps that we do in Canada.

On English trains they collect the trunk from any house in London and deliver it to any house in Liverpool, on your railway ticket, for only twelve cents.

On the other hand, England, and one wonders indeed at this, has no checking system for baggage. There the heavy valise is put by your baggage porter into the luggage van. Come to the destination for which it is labelled, you and a hundred others besiege this van to claim your respective pieces. If I come first, or if I watched you as you put yours in, and



IN ENGLAND THE MAIDS OF SERVICE DRESS IN WHITE LINENS, AS SHOWN IN THE VIEW ABOVE; IN THE OLD LAND ALSO EVEN THE POOR BUY FLOWERS, WHERE AMERICANS WOULD BUY FOOD.

brick, each and all have their heavy slate roofs, and their little enwalled gardens. Where a row meets the street-crossing, however, unlike any row we ever saw in Canada, it does not end there, but instead, curves itself on, house upon house, down that next street.

English folk can tell the speed of a train easily by counting the telegraph

poles for a minute, then calculating. There are always 36 such to a mile. In Canada we count the clicks of the rails on one side of the car, which is more trying and tedious.

Roads in England always go over or under the railway track, never leading across it. In this country such safety precaution is the exception rather than rule.

In Canada we name our sleeping cars.

centuries should still possess so much farm land. Judging from the Canadian West one would imagine it to have been completely built over long since.

Round Canock the barns excite curiosity. These have one wall rising erect. Then, from its top, the roof proceeds on a slant down to the ground, much like some wind-shifted haycock might do.

Beginning at Lichfield, the allotments



THE ENGLISH BUS LARGELY SUPPLANTED THE AMERICAN STREET CAR UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY IN ENGLAND.

In England it is the locomotive which is named.

American railways pride themselves on the inordinate length of one's ticket. In England there are no tickets met with on the trains at all, since this is given up, car by car, as the train is still waiting in the station and, the area being enclosed, no one gets in without his card.

Newcomers to England comment always on the strangeness of the fact that a country so little and settled so many

greet the traveller as oddities. Each man of a town, almost, has a little section of ground on which he raises his kitchen vegetables and these innumerable patches, each with well-nigh identical array of produce, resemble some patchwork of old. Round Nuneaton in particular there are many such allotments, the ground being rented at so much and then folk raising what they will. There is nothing in Canada to exactly compare with the system.

'TWIXT LOVE AND DEATH

By J. de Q. DONEHOO

WILDLY, outside raged over the Canadian prairies the winter storm; within, a silence reigned that could be felt above the ticking of the cheap alarm-clock upon the mantel. By her husband's bedside sat a woman who, at times, softly wept, then restrained herself and inwardly prayed; for a life hung in the balance in that squalid room—a life inexpressibly dear to the watcher, even in proportion as she reflected that she had wrecked and saddened it.

Which way the battle would go before the morning broke, no man might say. The doctor, who had recently left, had shaken his head and refused to express any positive opinion. It was doubtful—most uncertain, the final issue of this battle royal between the forces of life and those of disease. But in regard to one thing the physician had emphatically assured Helen Lee; if the sick man failed to get, as directed, the medicine left for him, small indeed would be the hope that the crisis might be safely passed. That stimulant was absolutely necessary to keep the weary heart throbbing and pen in the fluttering soul.

Helen had promised the utmost faithfulness to directions, and resolutely began her vigil that night. All of which mortal was capable would she do to prolong for her husband that life which she confessed to herself that she had well-nigh ruined.

How he had loved her, she now called to mind, in that golden time before she sinned and fell. Upon her, his bride, had he then lavished all the treasures of affection that belonged to a profoundly sentimental nature. For a few short months she had been perfectly happy. She felt that she had indeed snared the "Anka, God's bird," that figure of flawless felicity dreamed of by the poets of the Orient. In those days there was nothing more that either of them could have asked of the immortals.

Often and often since had Helen bitterly reflected that the old Greeks must

have been right in thinking the immortals to be ever jealous of human happiness. Certain it is that they do not long permit perfect felicity to be enjoyed by any of the children of men; for that, it seems, is a morsel far too delicious to be tasted with impunity by any save the gods who ever feast on high Olympus.

The Nemesis of *her* happiness had very suddenly appeared. Even to this day she had never been able to understand it all, to fathom the source of that temptation which led her, for a few short and wretched days, to be unfaithful to her idolized husband. But untrue, in thought, at least, she had been; whether by stress of that evil that dwelt within her heart, or by the compelling power of some devil that entered into her from without.

If any reasonable doubt as to her infidelity had existed, she knew that Stephen would have clung to this while life remained. But, alas, there was none. He had been witness with his own eyes of the absolute proofs of her treachery. Moreover, the tragedy which followed stained his hands with human blood, however plain the unwritten law that justified him in his own sight and in that of the community. His career was ruined, his happiness gone forever.

After a few months' time a reconciliation did, it is true, take place between them. Sincerely, humbly penitent she came to him, and he received her; but it was only, she felt, for the sake of their child. Then that little one was stricken and died. The world seemed altogether dark for her, unless, indeed, she could once more regain that treasure of affection which she had madly thrown away.

She knew that Stephen at first felt that he would in time be able to fight the thing down, and find revived the lingering embers of love for her that had not altogether died out. She resolved that she would do everything in her power to atone for her one false step. Truly contrite, she lavished on her husband increas-

ed outward demonstrations of love, exerted herself, as she had never done in the days of her happiness, to secure his approval for her every action. But, alas, his jealousy constantly whispered to him that there was a false note in all this. The demon that was within him now insinuated that it was attrition, not contrition, that she displayed—the anxiety to atone that springs from the fear of the consequences of sin, not heartfelt sorrow for the wanton wounding of a beloved object.

Many a long, sleepless night had Stephen tossed, torturing himself. It appeared that he was ever haunted by that scene which pronounced his wife guilty—guilty of wilful, wanton treachery to the man who had confided the happiness of his life to her faithless keeping. She knew that the moan of King Arthur, passing out of life in utter despair, rang continually through her husband's brain; for more than once she heard him muttering these words in the watches of the night:

For I, being simple, thought to work
His will,
And have but stricken with the sword
in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and
friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my
realm
Reels back into the beast and is no more.

The outwardly reunited couple planned, of course, to leave the home of their childhood and start life anew in some far-away region where there would be no fear that the breath of the old scandal could reach them. Necessarily they turned to the West, that section which, with ever-widening reach towards the setting sun, has hospitably opened its arms to the human wreckage of the nation's failures and tragedies. Accordingly they settled on a splendid farm in the Canadian West, at a distance, however, of some ten miles from the nearest town.

The couple felt that this was providential, and were soon settled on the tract, occupying a rude cabin. Stephen had no ambition now but to fight this thing out on the broad prairies, under the open skies—to find out whether there was anything left in life that he cared for and could believe in. He had given up all

his once ambitious plans for the future; for he was weary of the world and all its conventions, absolutely disgusted with his once idolized profession of the law. And Helen set herself to suffer and to hope that some day the shadows might flee away.

It was a hard life upon which they had entered, one especially trying for this delicately nurtured woman accustomed to the luxuries of life and the pleasures of society. And very ill-prepared were both of them for this return to nature—for struggling with the hardships that beset pioneers in a new country. Stephen had no greater qualifications for the calling of a farmer, one that the average city man thinks requires no preparation, than he had for deciphering cuneiform inscriptions. Helen was even less fitted to be the mistress of the new home on the prairies.

Every conceivable misfortune seemed to befall the pair, and Stephen's alleged crops on the newly broken acres only escaped the open ridicule of his neighbors because sympathy, happily an abounding feeling in the west, took entire possession of them. As a farmer he was a hopeless failure; and now, the last of his resources having been spent, he was fast running into debt.

Such was the situation at the beginning of the winter, when Stephen fell ill. Poor, weary, discouraged little Helen! A thousand times a day she asked whether the curse would ever be lifted. She prayed that kind heaven would give her some opportunity to atone, to prove to this man that her love for him was as strong as death itself. Could she do that, she felt that her husband would once more rally to be his own true self; that the clouds would roll by, and the happiness that the immortals had envied return. Yet he was to-night, perchance, dying—dying through her fault and sin, in poverty and discouragement, all the splendid possibilities of his life unrealized. In an agony of grief and despair the unhappy woman knelt and prayed once more.

Recklessly the sick man tossed and moaned.

"Yes, dear, here I am," she called out cheerfully, making a great effort, and ran to bend over the bed. The face was paler than even its wont; the weary heart was throbbing painfully, and, oh, how slowly.

The medicine the doctor left! Where was it?

Yes, there it is—the little two-ounce phial standing on the table by the bedside, just as he left it. But no! There are *two* tiny bottles there, the same in size, similar in color. Which is the right one? There are no labels upon either. Ah, these physicians who ride the long miles over the prairies must needs be their own pharmacists, and often have no means at hand to put labels on the medicines they dispense, careless and dangerous as this practice must seem.

Yes; Helen now distinctly remembers that the other phial contains a preparation of strychnine, left by the doctor yesterday for use as a stimulant in certain emergencies that might arise. But no dose of it had yet been given, and the orders for its administration had been countermanded on account of other symptoms that had appeared. The physician's directions had been that but one drop of it should be administered at a time; more than that might prove fatal, for the tincture was of great potency.

Merciful God, is this the alternative? The sick man gasps, the stimulant is sorely needed; a few minutes more and it may be too late. Helen remembers that strychnine is bitter; that may give her an indication as to which is the right phial. She tests upon her tongue a drop from the first bottle. Bitter as death this is, but how about the other? She tastes of it and finds its contents equally bitter. She cannot, by her poor knowledge of drugs, distinguish between the two. And yet in a spoonful of medicine from one or other of these phials lies life for her husband, and in a like measure from the other lurks swift and fearful death.

There must be no further delay in meeting the issue, for the sick man's face is rapidly becoming ghastlier in the dim light of the kerosene lamp. Helen turns swiftly and kisses the pallid lips. Firmly she says, "Now, dear, get ready to take your medicine."

With steady hand she pours the dark liquid from one of the phials into a teaspoon, and with a hurried prayer swallows it. For an instant she pauses irresolutely, ready to shatter that bottle upon the floor and with her last remaining strength to pour from the other one and give to the sick man; for she knows the awful death one dies who drinks the extract of the deadly *nux vomica*. Thoughts of possible antidotes flash through her mind; but only one controlling thought is there—her love for him. She will save him, though he knows it not, or she will die for him; and falling there in death beside him whom only once she wronged, it will be well.

But Stephen *did* know what she had done. Aroused to consciousness by her words, an instant before, it flashed upon him—the meaning of the phial she held with that look upon her face, whilst she gazed at the other on the table. And this was the woman whose love he had doubted, she to whom he had virtually denied forgiveness, and that answering love that was to her as the very breath of life. A great passion of tenderness, of infinite regret for his blindness and injustice, surged through him.

Thus did a moment pass and Helen, all unconscious that he had seen or knew, but full of joy that the danger was past, turned her eyes upon him and said, "Here, dear, is your medicine. Take it now, like a good boy."

She had poured from the phial she held and was bending over him. Stephen took the draught from her. A flush of life overspread his pallid face, and upon it Helen saw a look that had never been there since that sad day more than two years before.

He stretched out two arms, wasted with illness, and drew her to him, saying, "Dearest, now I know."

And Helen felt in her heart that from that hour it should be well with them both.



THE MOTOR TRUCK IN NEW YORK. AN ILLUSTRATION FROM WORLD'S WORK, SHOWING A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK. A DOZEN OR MORE MOTOR TRUCKS ARE TO BE SEEN ON THE PAVEMENT.

THE MOTOR TRUCK

WHAT EFFECT WILL IT HAVE ON COMMERCE? SWIFTER SERVICE, CLEANER STREETS, BETTER TRAFFIC, WIDER RADIUS OF DELIVERY

By REG. CALBECK

IT has been said that where we cannot invent, we may at least improve; we may give somewhat of novelty to that which is old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure, and currency to that which was recondite.

The greatest of all laws is the law of progressive development. It is not of so much account that the telephone or telegraph were invented as it is that they have been made useful agencies of humanity; not so important that electric cars and automobiles were developed by some genius as is the fact that they have been util-

ized in revolutionizing methods of commerce.

Commerce, indeed, has made all winds her messengers, all climes her tributaries, all people her servants. Every agency of civilization has she employed in her conquests of aggression; never has she hesitated in the meeting of changed conditions by the adoption of new methods. If invention has been glad to pay her tribute she in turn has been quick to employ all the marvellous devices which wizards have contrived for the good and welfare of the race. And ever watchful she still stands, willing to accept new forces which

will aid her development and advancement.

Among modern inventions, which through the process of improvement are being pressed into commercial services, none gives promise of greater results than motor trucks, which have been aptly termed the "new freighters." As a country of "illimitable distances," Canada's most vital national problem is transportation. Despite the great trunk lines of railroad which span the Dominion, the need of branch lines as feeders has always been felt severely. Electric lines and good roads' systems have relieved the situation somewhat but it has remained for the motor truck to offer a practical solution of the problem. Gradually, this type of vehicle is assuming its share of patronage as a means of conveyance and in the estimation of business men and farmers is being brought to a standard of perfection which will shortly ensure its general adoption for transport purposes.

In the broadest sense the motor truck rests its claim for service solely on utilitarian grounds—that it can compete successfully with horse-drawn vehicles, giving a better or cheaper service, or both in some instances. And the facts of actual experience would seem to substantiate the claim. Those familiar with conditions, after a critical study, point out some interesting facts in this connection. As compared with horse traffic the motor truck covers a much greater territory, it effects deliveries more speedily, it has no limitation as to the number of hours of which it is capable of labor, it is not affected in its deliveries by bad weather, deep snows or excessive heat, it costs much less to store and takes less room than idle horses, it brings about a prodigious economy in the density of street traffic in congested centres, it is vastly more sanitary and as compared with its service the cost of upkeep and operation is reasonable. Undoubtedly, this constitutes a formidable list of advantages, varied in character and far-reaching in effect. But can each be substantiated?

THE MOTOR TRUCK ADVANTAGES.

There is little room for doubt as to the relative extent of territory covered. It is estimated that the radius of a single horse with a one-ton wagon is twenty miles a

day, to attain which, one-half the distance is generally covered without load. On the other hand, a one-ton motor truck can easily travel eighty miles a day. Other instances could be cited, illustrating the relative distances covered by two-horse or three-horse wagons as compared with three-ton or five-ton motor trucks, but sufficient has been given to show that the motor covers four times the distance of which horses are capable in the course of a day.

If it is possible to cover greater distances in less time it follows that deliveries can be effected by motor much speedier than by horse service. A truck can make a delivery ten miles from the store very nearly two hours quicker than the wagon. Moreover, in addition to its higher speed, the truck is not limited as to its hours of operation. It requires no period of rest and sleep as does the horse. All day it can work, without exhaustion during rush periods, and it can run night and day continuously if needs be. Nor does the weather affect its operation. In winter, the motor truck, with anti-skidding appliances attached to the tires, glides over the icy pavements and through the deep snows without restraint; in summer it survives the season of heat prostrations, during which thousands of horses succumb in the larger centres. As a matter of fact, the motor truck in times of crucial test, in periods of extreme heat or cold, simply gives the usual service regardless of the existing conditions.

No stronger factor can be urged in behalf of the commercial truck than its compactness, a feature which is important both from the standpoint of the owner and the public. It costs much less to store than idle horses for it takes less room. In a garage 40x60 feet, five heavy trucks could be accommodated, while forty horses and ten wagons which would be required for the same service would need three or four times the space. In operation, the utilization of motor trucks would produce an enormous economy of space, greatly relieving the congestion of street traffic in the crowded cities. In evidence of this, Mr. Charles E. Stone, a prominent truck expert, is quoted in the *World's Work* as follows: "A horse delivery-wagon has an over-all length of about eighteen feet and occupies ninety square feet of area. To

stable the horse and wagon requires about one hundred and forty square feet of area. The motor of like carrying capacity will average an over-all length of about ten feet, or sixty square feet of area, whether

Already the congesting conditions of centres of population now demand that we legislate the horse off the streets. Discussing the American situation in this regard, Rollin W. Hutchinson, jr., says:

"We have legislated against the housefly and the mosquito in our cities as enemies to man's welfare, health and hygienic comfort. The horse, as a purveyor of filth which serves as the breeding or culture medium of flies and a variety of noxious germs is doing more than any other agency to prevent the proper sanitation of cities. He is costing us hundreds of thousands—millions, even, to keep our streets tolerably decent, and he is spreading contagious disease at a frightful rate." Truly a warning and a ringing call for cleaner and less congested streets."

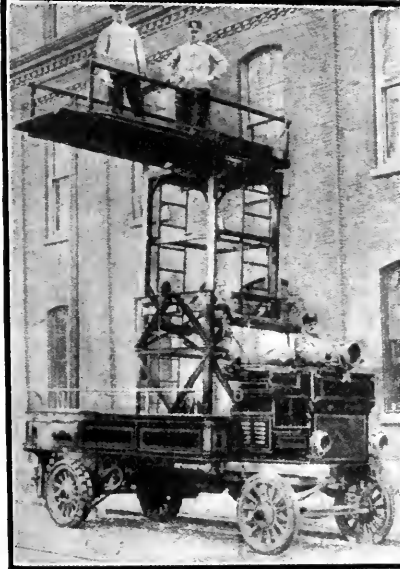
THE PROBLEM OF COST

But the item of cost presents perplexing problems. Is the motor truck, judged on the merits of its service, cheaper than the horse and wagon? Reduced to a business consideration, the question ultimately resolves itself into one of expense. So many items enter into cost—interest on invest-

on the street or in the stable, a saving of practically one-third on the street, and nearly 60 per cent. in the stable, where the high rental value has to be considered. The comparison with larger drays is even more striking. The five-ton horse truck will require about twenty-five feet on the street, or 200 square feet of surface, and the stable space for this equipment would represent 281 square feet. A motor of equal capacity would require only 176 square feet. While

these figures show a very decided saving for the motor as against the horse, conservative estimates prove that it is doing two and a half times the work of the horse, making a saving of street space of no less than 73 per cent.; so the same amount of work could be done with only about one-quarter of the street congestion, or four times the present volume of traffic could be accommodated before relief measures would be needed."

As Canadian cities grow in population and extent, the traffic problem will become increasingly menacing. Not the least difficult element insofar as horse traffic is concerned will be the maintaining on our streets of proper standards of cleanliness.



THE HEAT OF SUMMER DEMONSTRATES THE SUPERIORITY OF THE MOTOR TRUCK OVER THE HORSE. IN THE CENTRE VIEW A MOTOR "REPAIR OUTFIT" IS SHOWN. THE LOWER PICTURE IS THAT OF A MOTOR FIRE ENGINE RESPONDING TO A CALL.

ment, insurance, drivers' wages, garage, etc., garage charges, gasoline, oil, depreciation, tire maintenance, machine overhauling, upkeep—that it is difficult to determine any definite total, particularly when the trucks, requirements, operation and conditions are so varied and different. It is almost impossible to obtain any accurate statistics with regard to the cost of upkeep in Canada as most users either keep no record or are only experimenting themselves at the present time. The general opinion of large users, however, appears to be that the heavy motor truck is considerably more economical than the team and wagon, while the light delivery van is not yet quite so economical as the horse and rig, though several houses have adopted it on account of its greater handiness. In the United States, however, the operating and maintenance cost of a one-ton motor car, for instance, covering everything, is definitely stated to average \$2,422 per year or \$8.07 per day. This includes the wages of the driver, the truck averaging 80 miles a day. This would mean a carrying of 40 tons a distance of 40 miles in a day at a cost of 20 cents per mile. The cost of a horse and wagon, together with a driver, for one day is similarly estimated at \$4.00, but the limit of delivery is only 11 miles, which makes an average cost of 36 cents per mile. Statistics obtained from Great Britain show that where roads are good the delivery automobile can displace at least six horses and reduce the delivery expense by about eight cents a mile. One large London departmental store has fifty-six motor vans on the road, which travel over a million miles a year. The vans engaged on the longest routes travel 25,000 miles annually.

THE FUTURE OF MOTOR TRUCKS.

As to the future of the motor truck and its general utilization in commerce there can be no reasonable doubt. It is being used to-day in 125 separate and distinct lines of trade and industries, and newer fields of adaptability are constantly being found for it. In the United States the commercial truck is already a factor in the country's transport; close on one hundred manufacturers are devoting their attention to it, and, according to authorities, their

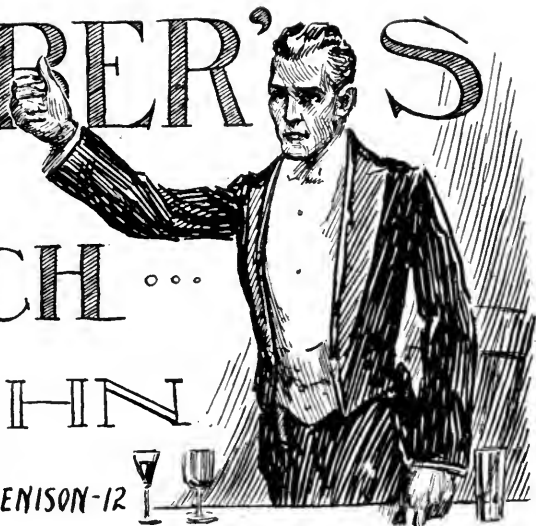
output, large as it is, is barely equal to the demand. In Great Britain a similar condition of things exists. British manufacturers are building up huge industries at home and in the overseas dominions, and more than one has established a branch factory in the United States to tap the market existing there. Canada will not be without its supply, for already Canadian manufacturers of motor trucks are in the field.

A further evidence of the practicability of the motor truck is the rapidity in which municipalities are taking it up. There is hardly a city of any importance in Great Britain, Canada or the United States that does not own at least one of them. London, New York and Chicago probably employ over a hundred apiece, while Toronto owns several Berna trucks, the most conspicuous being those on which are mounted the 14,000 gallon water tanks which flush the streets during the summer months. In many centres, the trucks are applied mainly to fire-fighting. Speedy, powerful and capable, they are already displacing the horse in hauling the heavier fire-fighting implements. The motor water-tower, chemical engine or fire escape is now a familiar object to dwellers in any large town. All in Toronto have seen the motor engine, and throughout the whole chain of towns from Halifax to Vancouver the sight of a motor fire destroyer is commonplace.

But the operation is by no means confined to the uses outlined. Commissary departments are equipped with the trucks, they have been pressed into the mail service, express companies have adopted them and contractors utilize them in big works. At the present time there are several hundred million dollars' worth of motor trucks in existence, and in the United States, where there are now some twenty thousand cars in operation, it is estimated that the number will have increased one hundredfold by next year.

And the outcome of it all should be a swifter service, cleaner streets, less congested traffic, and a closer delivery connection between urban and suburban points. Manifestly, then, the motor truck is here to stay.

VAN BIBBER'S FAMOUS ... SPEECH ... BY ED. CAHN



PICTURES BY- HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-12

IT was a mild evening in May. The air full of the gladsome exhilaration of spring, was an added source of uplift to Van Bibber's already bouyant soul.

He paused on the doorstep, letting the door close on him with a smart snap, unsteadily drew on his gloves, and eyed the quiet block with a slightly idiotic smile.

The passing guardian of the peace nodded pleasantly, and Van Bibber as pleasantly nodded in return.

"Shure now," thought the policeman as he took in the elegant young man's faultless evening attire, "it must be a foine thing to hov' all thim clothes an' places to wear 'em at. Well, bedad, the rich kin ride in ottermobiles, but the poor kin walk, an' be damned to thim." Thus moralizing, he turned the corner just as a hansom drew up before the Van Bibber bansion.

"Don' wan' go to 'ol banquet. Can't make af'er dinner speech. Wan' go out fer a time—zash what I wan'," confided Van Bibber to the air.

"Cab, sir?" asked the driver.

"Yesh," said Van Bibber, stifling a hic-cough.

"My goodness, Cabby. You're an evil looking man." He critically inspected the visage of the cabman, lit up with all the unmerciful candor of a dim Montreal street lamp.

"Well," he decided, swaying slightly, "I guess you'll do, but I drasher have a better looker drive muh. Here I goes." And

this bibulous scion of an ancient family descended the steps, putting one foot before the other with deliberate and painstaking precision.

Having reached he sidewalk in safety, he flung caution to the four winds and began the journey to the curb with a recklessness that sent him into the arms of a passer-by.

He clutched wildly at the stranger's coat, grasping it like a spar in mid-ocean. The other man's hat fell off and rolled into the gutter. The cabby sprang to assist and they righted themselves beneath the lamp-post.

"Oh, I shay ol' man," stuttered Van Bibber, maintaining his grasp, "'scuse me, will you?" He forgot his apology at the look of utter bewilderment on the other's face.

His rescuer was his exact double. Hair, eyes, every facial detail were identical. The only difference was between the shabby brown sack suit of the stranger and Van Bibber's immaculate evening clothes topped by a shining silk hat set at a rakish angle on the back of his head.

He began an incoherent and it must be confessed, profane, expression of his delighted surprise at meeting his double, whom he immediately dubbed "Twinnie"; stopping abruptly as an insane idea popped into his head.

"Shay, ol' man. I wan'a make a bargain wish you. Come on in." And he clambered into the hansom.

The man hesitated, then with a laugh and a shrug stepped in beside him.

"Down the avenue," ordered Van Bibber to the interested driver.

"Now," said Van Bibber, "I'm Alger-non Van Bibber, 'n I'm 'spected to be at the Mount Royal banquet to-night, 'n I got to make a speech about—about—jus' a plain speech."

"At the Mount Royal Club?"

"Yesh, that's it. Beastly bore. I've 'nother 'gagement I wan'a keep. If we change clothes, I'll look jus' like you, an' you'll look jus' like me. I'll keep my ozzer date in your clothes an' you go to banquet in mine. What do you shay, Twinnie?"

Twinnie laughed. "Why, my dear fellow you must be crazy. The thing is impossible—absurd."

Nevertheless, the idea appealed to him, and he thought rapidly, unheeding Van Bibber's tangle entreaties to "be a sport."

"What a lark!" he thought. The affair was exclusive. The brightest men in the city were to be guests. The thought of once more donning decent linen and irreproachable garments and mingling with his fellows as an equal after his years of outcast wandering beyond the pale, was too much for him.

Once more to be a man among men! The flowers and music, the very atmosphere! Yes, he would oblige this inebriated young swell and trust to luck and the resemblance to carry him through. He consented abruptly.

"Hurrah for you!" shouted Van Bibber. "Shay, you, up there! Stop at the nearest hotel."

Arriving there and securing a room, they proceeded to make the change.

It seemed no time until the stranger was gazing at the handsome image which confronted him in the mirror, clad in gala attire.

Van Bibber, gurgling with glee, and wriggling about in the silent stranger's baggy trousers, was in a fever of impatience to be off and hustled him down to the waiting cab as soon as possible.

"Mount Royal Club," he shouted to the driver almost before his obliging friend was within, and hurried off on foot as fast as his unsteady legs could carry him.

It seemed but a moment until the twin found himself, a late arrival, being seated at a glittering table banked with rare flowers and decked with costly wines.

There was an imposing array of speakers, and beneath Van Bibber's name on the card at his plate, there was a verse from which he drew a clue as to what was expected. He had barely sipped his wine when the toast-master called upon "Van Bibber."

As he slowly rose he perceived that he was accorded most respectful attention. "That chap must be a somebody," he thought. "Well, here goes."

Trusting to luck, inspiration came. He spoke brilliantly, impressively, feelingly, his audience amazed and speechless at this evidence of deep thought and certain knowledge from the irresponsible Van Bibber.

For twenty minutes he held them spell-bound, then, amid a storm of applause, he brought his speech to a brilliant close, and seated himself with the happy consciousness of deserved approbation.

"Well done, Van Bibber," said his neighbor warmly. "So those are your sentiments, eh? By Jove! Everyone thought—"

The rest was lost, for our orator's joy was turned to bitterness as he remembered that he was here, applauded and complimented, not as himself, but as another. An impostor! Ugh! It was suddenly intolerable, impossible.

He contrived to slip away almost unnoticed, secured his hat and coat and vanished.

Van Bibber was electrified next morning to read in all the papers flattering accounts of his remarkable speech. Some went so far as to publish the greater part of it.

At first he was dumfounded, then, as congratulations came in over the telephone, and he realized that no one had discovered the hoax he burst into peals of laughter.

"By George! What an actor that fellow must be. Why he has almost made me famous over night! Who on earth is he?"

His valet entered with a note. It was signed "James Mallory," and was sufficient to make him dress and call for a

suitcase. He insisted upon packing it himself, a proceeding which incensed the valet to the very last degree.

After some trouble, Van Bibber succeeded in locating the address given in the note, in a mean side street in a poor quarter. He climbed innumerable dark stairs, the grip banging his knees at every step, to the top floor where he lit a match and finally made out the door he sought.

"Poor chap, he must be on his uppers," he thought as he rapped.

"You did! Well, my dear fellow, you don't know me. Send a man, after all you did for me! Why, that speech of yours is in all the papers! You have made me famous! Or rather you are famous, but I am given the credit. Lord, what an ass you must have thought me last night. I'm awfully ashamed of myself, and awfully grateful to you, and I want to thank you, and— Oh, hang it all! What do you live in a place like this for?"



THE TINY ROOM WAS ICY COLD AND IN THE UGLY IRON BED, WHICH HALF FILLED IT, LAY HIS COUNTERPART.

"Come in!" cried a voice in answer. The tiny room was icy cold and in the ugly iron bed which half filled it, lay his counterpart.

Evidently he was not expected, for the man in bed flushed a painful red at sight of him. Somehow he felt like an intruder, and, for a moment, both were silent.

"I thought you would send a messenger or—your man," stammered his host, drawing the thin bed-clothing closer around his shoulders.

Mallory laughed. "For the same reason I stay in bed while my clothes are being returned, because I'm stone broke."

"Gee!" said Van Bibber, expressively. "That's fierce. But how in thunder a chap that can make a speech such as you made last night can be broke is more than I can see. Excuse me. I have a great way of saying what I think first and then thinking about it afterwards."

Mallory looked annoyed for an instant, but at this ingenuous remark he laughed.

"Sit down Mr. Van Bibber. There is not much choice in seats. There is that three-legged affair my landlady calls a chair, and the corner of the bed."

"Ah! there sits a wise man," he exclaimed in mock admiration as Van Bibber seated himself on the bed. "I see you do not trust yourself to shaky devices when you know what your are about."

"Since you ask me, and the morning after the night before is a good time for moralizing, I'll tell you how I came to be in this beastly hole. I'm sure you will understand, for if my memory does not fail me you were about three sheets in the wind yourself last night, and I fancy about ready for another Bromo and the kind attentions of old R. E. Morse. Am I right?"

"You bet you are," said Van Bibber.

"Well," continued Mallory, "behold in me, the biggest ass of the twentieth century. I won't give you all the harrowing details, only the main points. My father gave me a college education; and as I wanted to follow in his footsteps to the extent of being an engineer put me through for that, besides giving me the best in the world on a silver plate, along with it. After he died I was alone in the world with a very sizable fortune, and having no sense, I threw it away; the same old story—wine, women and song, though in my case it was mostly wine. One fine day I woke up flat broke and the unhappy possessor of a terrible appetite that demanded to be pampered and satisfied whether I was rich or poor. Since then I have had a long, hard pull, and more pulling in sight." For a moment he seemed to look beyond Van Bibber back into a painful past. "But, thank God, I am my own master once more. There were times when it seemed to me that I would be an abject slave forever. It was a fight for your life, but I *won*! That's the whole story in a nut-shell."

He laughed a little awkwardly. "I don't know why I should bore you with advice, as you did not ask for any, but since I've got this far, might as well offer it. Let it alone, or at least be mighty careful. If you don't you will be down and out sooner or later. It's no fun to have to climb out of a pit ten thousand feet deep with blue monkeys and pink snakes

hauling you back every step—take it from me. To use some more slang, beat it while the beating's good. I hope no harm has come to that suit of mine," he added briskly. "It's the only one I have, and I've got to hustle for a job or I'll be sleeping in the park by the end of the week."

His little story had made a deep impression on Van Bibber, but this reminded him. He gravely opened the suitcase and laid out the dingy brown suit, thrusting his own in its place.

"That's the most convincing temperance talk I ever heard," he said soberly. "And I'm a Chinaman if I don't take your advice, Mallory. By the way, was your father of the firm of engineers who built that string of bridges in India along about the eighties?"

"Yes. That was his firm, and I served my apprenticeship, as it were, on that contract."

"Well!" said Van Bibber. "Now I know who you are. By George, what luck! You are just the chap we are looking for. Dad has a contract in the west, and was saying only yesterday, that if we could find a chap like Mallory to handle it for us, we would be in clover."

He jumped up and searched his pockets for a card. "Here is where our offices are, Mallory. Come on down as soon as you can and we will talk it over. By Jove, that was a lucky speech you made, eh?—Hurry up now. I'll expect you by one o'clock this afternoon. I'll get out now so that you can dress." He snatched up the suitcase and was clattering down the stairs before Mallory had recovered his breath.

It so happened that Van Bibber, senior, had a bad cold and was prevailed upon to stay at home that day, so when Mallory presented himself at the office, Van Bibber met him and insisted upon carrying him off to his home to meet his father and to have luncheon.

That he made an instant and favorable impression on the elder member of the firm was very apparent to his delighted patron, but his sharp eyes failed to note that the impression on the beautiful daughter of the house was even greater.

He came often to dinner, and it was not long until there was a very pretty little romance under way which pleased Van Bibber immensely.

It was only a matter of a short time until arrangements were complete and Mallory was appointed as the manager of the new contract in the west.

What absurd excuse Mallory made to get rid of Van Bibber's superfluous presence in the parlor the last evening he was to spend there before leaving for the west, we really cannot say, but it served.

What was said, of course, we did not hear, and not being there could not count the tears in Miss Van Bibber's blue eyes as she said good-bye to her adored brother's brilliant double, whom she regarded as just as nice and whom she loved, well, perhaps not just as she did Van Bibber; but we do know that Mallory distinguished

himself in the west, that business brought him back to the city very often, and that he made it a point to call at the big stone mansion every time.

Also, that at the end of the year he was made a member of the firm, that Van Bibber reformed entirely, that there was a quiet wedding at the family mansion in June; and that Van Bibber, senior, loves to refer to James Mallory as "one of my sons."

Only the other day we saw the old gentleman gravely superintending the feeding of the gold fish in the park by no less a person than James Van Bibber Mallory, aged three.



NOTHING NEW

"There's nothing new beneath the sun"—
 So doth the ancient proverb run.
 No joke to crack that isn't old,
 No tale to tell that isn't told,
 No line to pen
 That's not been done by other men.

No play to write that's left unwrit
 By some old-time dramatic wit;
 No thing to paint, no mood to limn,
 Remaining from the ages dim;
 No song to sing
 That did not in the old days ring.

Ah, well, perhaps the proverb's true,
 And in this world there's nothing new;
 Yet naught I care if it be so—
 Some old things still retain their glow,
 And I know well
 One spot where still they weave their spell.

Two lips, I know, not far away,
 With blissful fruitage day by day,
 And eyes that with their glances speed
 Rare messages that I would heed.

 All old, maybe,
 And yet as good as new to me!
 —John Kendrick Bangs in Ainslee's.



SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AT REGINA.

A BIG BUILDING ERA

SOME PRACTICAL EVIDENCES OF CANADA'S DEVELOPMENT IN
MODERN STRUCTURES ERECTED DURING THE PAST YEAR

By JOHN HOLT

It has been said that the moral fibre of its citizenship constitutes the essential element of a nation's wealth. Vitally important as that is, the value and necessity of material resources should not be despised. A nation to be truly great must have wealth, commerce, buildings, railways and bridges. In previous articles in this magazine Canadian railway development and bridge-making have been treated; this month the Big Building activities of the past year in the Dominion are reviewed. While the period was marked by some inactivity the records are such as to impress the reader that these are days of Big Building in Canada.

THERE was no boom in building last year. At most it was an "off" year.

What with elections and one thing and another a good many enterprises were held up for a while and a lot of the Big Building which justly should have fallen to the share of 1911 was held up also to swell the coming totals of 1912.

Yet in this year of slackness there was an average increase of over 30 per cent. in the amounts spent on building throughout the Dominion. And the total came to double, or nearly so, the amounts spent in 1909. Pretty good, considering.

But these are days of Big Building in

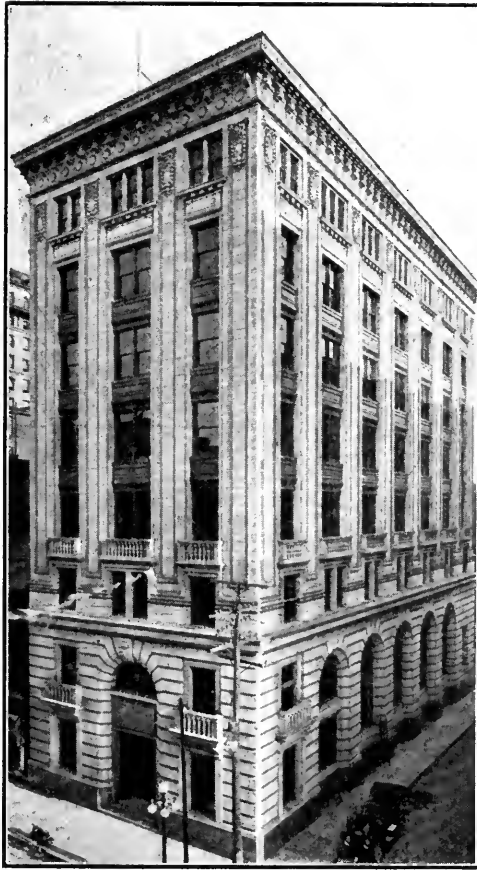
Canada, literally, figuratively and every other way. In all 1911 was a good, sound, normal year and the fact that it was not a violent record breaker must not be held to its discredit. As one building authority says of the figures: "They reflect a condition which for general and consistent progress stands without parallel in the building records of the country."

Big Building nowadays, record breaking or otherwise, means also big buildings. In this respect as well 1911 was a good, sound, conservative year. It escaped giving Toronto the tallest office building in the Empire, as did 1910, or of breaking

this record with a still taller one as will 1912, but it accomplished some pretty imposing buildings nevertheless. Moreover it has done the heavy spade work for very many others which will fall to the credit of 1912.

In the last three or four years big buildings have become commonplace in Canada. Even a "so-so" year like 1911 sees so many new buildings erected that it is impossible to keep track of them mentally as well as in fact—one's ideas have to be constantly under revision; what was a big building the year before last will make a noise like a mere barn when compared with the erections of the year after next.

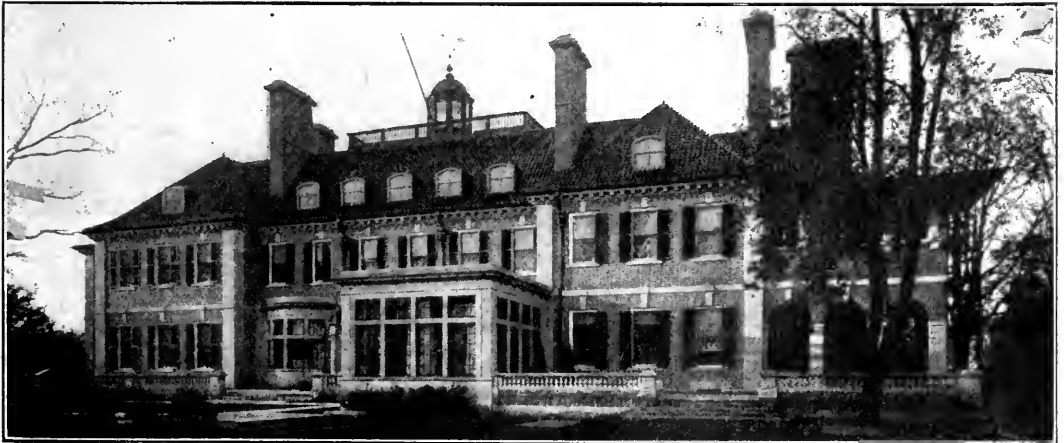
You remember how your city used to glow with pride when it got a new seven storey business block, or a public library



THE STANDARD BANK BUILDING,
TORONTO.

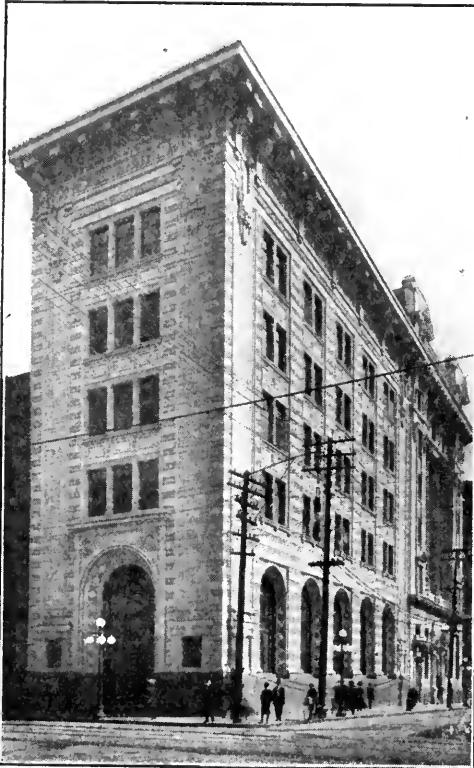
or a fine big railroad depot. The local papers ran special pages illustrated by architects' drawings and halftone cuts, and news of your acquisition echoed from Halifax to Esquimalt. But now you hardly glance at your brand new skyscrapers. Perhaps you mildly ejaculate "Why," there's the Blank Building finished. I wonder what their office rents are." This is significant.

In Big Buildings the figures for 1911 show Canada's four principal cities running a pretty close race in development, with Toronto leading by a length or so. During 1911 there were building permits issued in Toronto to the extent of \$24,374,539, while the figures for the other three cities are: Montreal, \$15,715,859; Winnipeg, \$17,555,400, and Vancouver, including North Vancouver, \$18,425,110.



MR. J. C. EATON'S NEW RESIDENCE, TORONTO.

Figures like these represent a good deal of bricks and mortar, or, as we are learning to say, "steel and terra-cotta." Vancouver and Winnipeg take seventh and eighth positions in record of progress of all the cities on the American Continent. Toronto has only New York, Cleveland and Chicago.



THE UNION BANK BUILDING, TORONTO.

While the big cities are thus keeping within a few millions of one another it is from the smaller places that the real big figures come; big in proportion, that is to say, if not large in actual amount. Some of these western towns fairly take one's breath away. Medicine Hat has an increase in its building permits of 261 per cent. while many others, such as Calgary, Regina, Moose Jaw and Saskatoon have increases running from 90 per cent. to 130 per cent. It is a pity that figures are not available from some of the still smaller places—the new towns with histories hardly going back more than two or three years. Undoubtedly a very big percentage of Canada's big building is being done in such places and they are acquiring big buildings which, though they may be only

galvanized iron grain elevators, have quite as much cause to be proud of themselves as the cities' skyscrapers.

It is chiefly in the east that the slackness of the building last year has made itself felt. In general the percentage increases are small in the eastern towns and in several cases there are actual decreases, Peterborough, for instance, has fallen off as much as 33 per cent.

However, between them 31 Canadian cities have spent, in round numbers, \$130,000,000 during the past year. This is certainly Big Building for an "off" season.



THE KENT BUILDING, TORONTO.

It is the Big Buildings rather than the Big Building which appeal most to our imaginations. To the average man it is the big office blocks, universities, churches, factories, and so on, which are the outward and visible signs of this outpouring of good hard money rather than the square miles of comfortable dwellings and small

stores which the bulk of the total goes to create. It is only when he sees his business district soaring skyward that a man feels that his town is really beginning to get a move on.

About three years ago the West began

realize the full height and size of this new station. One would hardly think, for instance, that it was half the height of the Traders Bank in Toronto, yet it measures 100 feet from floor to dome of the great central rotunda and contains some 250,000 feet of floor space.

The new Saskatchewan Parliament Building at Regina is the only other western achievement of the year which ranks with the above. Both architecturally and in size it equals the legislative buildings of any of the other provinces. Very shortly Regina will have another big building in the \$275,000 Methodist College which was started last year and which again will be supplemented by a \$150,000 women's building.



THE NEW CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY BUILDING,
INCLUDING THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC QUARTERS,
AT WINNIPEG.

to compete with the East in point of actual size of its buildings. Montreal and Toronto soon will have nothing on Winnipeg and Vancouver in this respect; indeed, even now it is more in the number of their big buildings than in their size that the older cities are in the lead.

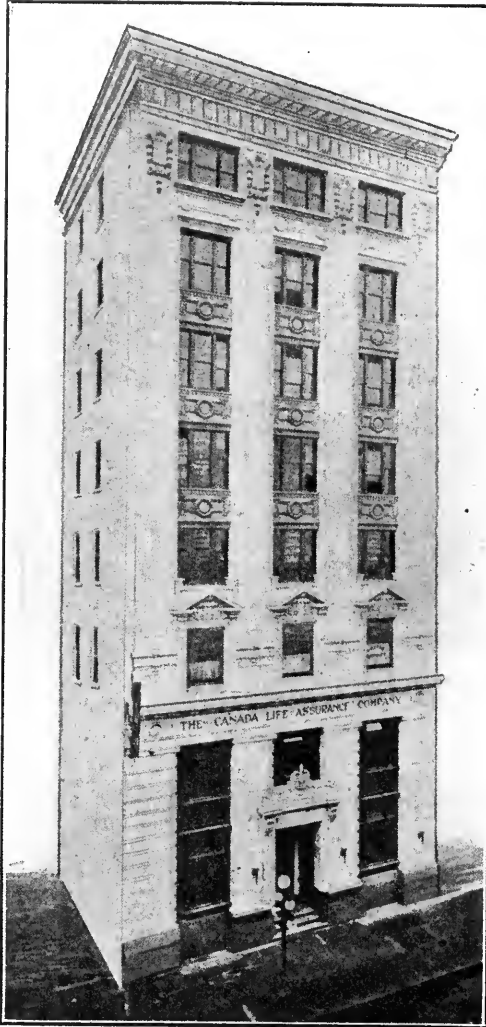
Take one of last years' western achievements as an example—the big new depot of the G.T.P. and C.N.R. at Winnipeg. In point of size this really magnificent building is equal to anything similar in Canada; except perhaps the big C.P.R. terminal at Montreal, the enlargement of which, by-the-by, came under last year's building achievements.

From the somewhat squat, square nature of the architecture it is difficult to



THE ROTUNDA OF THE C. N. R. BUILDING AT WINNIPEG.

The most noticeable feature of the year both east and west has been the increase in the number of big office buildings; not twenty-storey record breakers, but good, substantial eight to ten-storey edifices. Indeed last year may be said to have seen



THE CANADA LIFE BUILDING, VAN-
COUVER.

the acceptance of the "quarter of a million dollar" building as a sort of standard. Other years have seen these buildings going up experimentally so to speak, but the number built during quiet 1911 shows that a crop of such buildings is now to be accepted as part of the normal state of things.

The Kent Building, one of Toronto's 1911 productions, is a good example of this standard type and it indicates how big are the big buildings which 1911 has seen. Even the greatest cities of the old world hardly have so fine a standard. Such a building contains some 1,500 to 2,000 tons of steel and perhaps a couple of

million bricks, yet the record of 1911 indicates that the business section of every considerable Canadian town will, in a few years, consist very largely of blocks of this type. The Toronto General Trust Building and the new Toronto building of the Standard Bank are further illustrations of what is meant by this "standard."

Vancouver, perhaps, built the greatest number of these blocks in proportion to her size. The "single tax" in that city, which exempts buildings from taxation, has proved an enormous stimulus to improvement and during 1911 Vancouver acquired a dozen or more of what can properly be called Big Buildings of which the Canada Life and Holden Buildings are good examples.



THE HOLDEN BUILDING, VANCOUVER.



THE HOLLY LODGE APARTMENT HOUSE, VANCOUVER.

The biggest office buildings of the year fell to the share of Montreal in the new headquarters of the Dominion Express Co. and the Transportation Building at the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier Streets. The former contains several new features which are interesting, such as an all night elevator service and ice-water laid on to every office from a central refrigerating plant. These show how the standard is improving in these office blocks. There is a growing demand for greater luxury and more and more convenience.

The new home of the Sterling Bank at Winnipeg is another western Big Building which should be mentioned, though 1911 has not seen it actually completed. Calgary, too, built five or six fine blocks costing from \$160,000 to \$250,000 apiece.

The huge Roman Catholic Cathedral at Haileybury is one of the nearest approaches to a record that 1911 has made. It has been

nearly two years abuilding and was formally opened last Christmas Eve. It has capacity for upwards of 2,000 people and is one of the biggest churches in Canada. Considering its situation on the very fringe of northern civilization—in a six year old mining camp—it establishes a real record in Big Buildings. St. Paul's Church in Toronto is the only other ecclesiastical building of the year in Ontario which can claim a similar place among Big Buildings.

By a few months 1911 misses the real building record of many years. This is the new General Hospital in Toronto which extends over the whole of an exceptionally large city block. The exterior of the hospital is now practically entirely complete, and indeed one section is quite finished and in actual use, but it will be well on in this year before the whole ten acres of buildings will all be in working order.



FIRST SECTION OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL AT TORONTO, TO BE COMPLETED AND UTILIZED.



DOMINION EXPRESS BUILDING AT MONTREAL

Another feature of 1911 has been the great growth in the number of apartment houses; in every big city there were as many or more big apartment houses built as big office buildings. Here again the year has seen the acceptance of a standard, though naturally there are more departures from the big type in apartment houses than in office blocks. The accompanying illustration of an apartment built last year in Vancouver is an excellent example of the accepted standard. It is impossible to obtain exact figures, but an architect who specializes in such buildings estimates that between seventy-five and a hundred were erected last year throughout the Dominion. Further, he gave an opinion that this number might easily be doubled during this year.

The year 1911 also saw a great improvement in the standard of private residences. The biggest was the fine house built for Mr. J. C. Eaton of Toronto. This will be eclipsed, in point of size, this year by the house which is being rapidly completed for Sir Henry Pellatt. There was the same slackness, however, in residential building as in other classes, except, of course, in the production of the smaller type of dwellings. Naturally every year brings its due crop of these, as nearly as

possible in proportion to the increase of population.

And in reviewing the past year yet another fact becomes apparent. If it is made evident that the accepted average standard is increasing in size it is also increasing very much in beauty. Our Big Buildings are becoming beautiful buildings worthy to take place beside any in the world.

Look, for instance, at the picture of the Toronto General Trust Building. It is merely a business structure in a business street, yet one need only compare it with the similar buildings of ten or five, or even three years ago to see how taste has improved.

With residences it is just the same. A few years ago our rich men did not feel that they had their money's worth if their architects did not cram as much pretentious ornament on their houses as possible. Now we are getting big houses such as that of Mr. Eaton—quietly dignified, large without heaviness—as beautiful, except for the glamor of age, as the mansions of old England.

Our public Big Buildings—art galleries, libraries, city halls and so on—have been on a pretty high architectural level for some years past. In these therefore the improvement is not so marked; it is evident chiefly in little matters, more attention to detail in the surroundings of the buildings, smoother lawns, better flower beds. The action last year of some of the railroad companies in beginning to encourage the creation of gardens round their depots and the general beautifying of their properties is but a manifestation of a very widespread and rapidly growing feeling.

Boom years and slack years we are building a great deal bigger, and better, than we know. We are building better, if that is possible, than we expect of ourselves—and very much better than outsiders expect of us. A quotation from Kipling will show the truth of this. It was written in the dim past of 1908; today you may multiply the Englishman's astonishment by four at least.

"I had the good fortune to see the cities through the eyes of an Englishman out for the first time. 'Have you been to the Bank?' he cried. 'I've never seen anything like it. . . . It's wonderful. . . . Marble pillars, acres of mosaic, steel

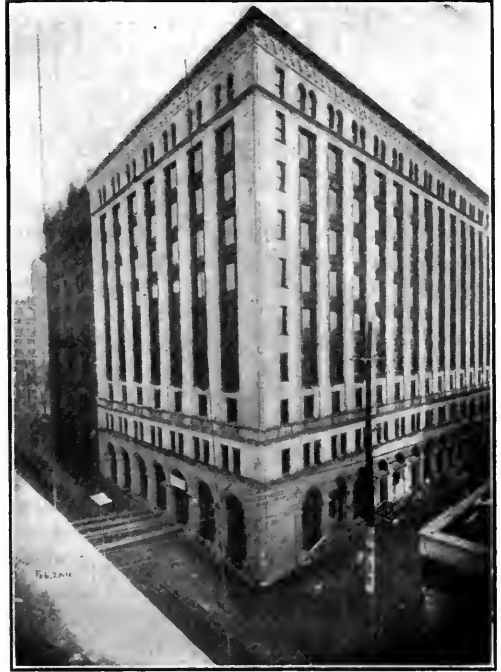
grilles—might be a cathedral.' 'I shouldn't worry over a bank that pays its depositors,' I replied soothingly. 'There are several like it in Ottawa and Toronto. . . . They've given up painting their lodges with vermilion hereabouts.' 'Yes, but what I mean is, have you seen the equipment of their schools and colleges—desks, libraries and lavatories? It is miles ahead of anything we have and—no one ever told me.' 'What was the good of telling? You wouldn't have believed. There is a building in one of the cities on the lines of the Sheldonian but better, and if you go as far as Winnipeg you'll see the finest hotel in all the world.'

"'Nonsense,' he said, 'You're pulling my leg. Winnipeg's a prairie town.'"

Catch a newly arrived Englishman and show him some of the new buildings in your city. If you tell him that 1911 was not much of a Big Building year, that it accomplished comparatively little in the way of Big Buildings he will certainly accuse you of leg pulling. But it is true nevertheless. This year we are going to do very much better.

And this is no idle boast. Already this spring Canadians in all parts of the Dominion have seen evidences of a building boom. Following a year of normal activity the period of 1912 promises to be a record one, both in point of the number and the cost of new structures. In the larger cities, particularly in the east, the season opened early; in fact, operations were continued throughout the winter in many parts. The result is that the advent of spring will witness a building year well advanced and giving promise of eclipsing all previous records.

The meaning of it all is that Canada has struck its pace. It is all a marked evidence of steady and substantial expansion. The country is building for the future. Beyond question the conditions will continue. With the rapid settlement of the west a great stimulus has been given



THE NEW TRANSPORTATION BUILDING
AT MONTREAL.

the development of that section, while the east, still the industrial centre of the country, must keep pace with the demands of the whole dominion. As the west grows so must the east, and the process will make for a greater Canada.

What is the dominant note for the future? In what respect will big building most impress itself on the life and progress of the country? It will be in industrial expansion. To meet the larger demands of a growing country the east must increase its manufactured output; to do so, it must also enlarge its factories. Never was the outlook in manufacturing better. And with the rearing of tall chimneys and the throb of industry will come all other things to be desired—busy workmen, thrifty homes, fine cities and a prosperous country.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

By O. HENRY

The poet Longfellow—or was it Confucius, the inventor of wisdom?—remarked:

“Life is real, life is earnest;
And things are not what they seem.”

AS mathematics are—or is: thanks, old subscriber!—the only just rule by which questions of life can be measured, let us, by all means, adjust our theme to the straight edge and the balanced column of the great goddess Two-and-Two-Makes-Four. Figures—unassailable sums in addition—shall be set over against whatever opposing element there may be.

A mathematician, after scanning the above two lines of poetry, would say: “Ahem! young gentlemen, if we assume that X plus—that is, that life is real—then things (all of which life includes) are real. Anything that is real is what it seems. Then if we consider the proposition that ‘things are not what they seem,’ why—”

But this is heresy, and not poesy. We woo the sweet Nymph Algebra; we would conduct you into the presence of the elusive, seductive, pursued, satisfying, mysterious X.

Not long before the beginning of this century, Septimus Kinsolving, an old New Yorker, invented an idea. He originated the discovery that bread is made from flour and not from wheat futures. Perceiving that the flour crop was short, and that the Stock Exchange was having no perceptible effect on the growing wheat, Mr. Kinsolving cornered the flour market.

The result was that when you or my landlady (before the war she never had to turn her hand to anything; Southerners accommodated) bought a five-cent loaf of bread you laid down an additional two cents, which went to Mr. Kinsolving as a testimonial to his perspicacity.

A second result was that Mr. Kinsolving quit the game with \$2,000,000 profit—er—rake-off.

Mr. Kinsolving’s son Dan was at college when the mathematical experiment in breadstuffs was made. Dan came home during vacation, and found the old gentleman in a red dressing-gown reading “Little Dorritt” on the porch of his estimable red brick mansion in Washington Square. He had retired from business with enough extra two-cent pieces from bread buyers to reach, if laid side by side, fifteen times around the earth and lap as far as the public debt of Paraguay.

Dan shook hands with his father, and hurried over to Greenwich Village to see his old high-school friend, Kenwitz. Dan had always admired Kenwitz. Kenwitz was pale, curly-haired, intense, serious, mathematical, studious, altruistic, socialistic and the natural foe of oligarchies. Kenwitz had foregone college, and was learning watch-making in his father’s jewelry store. Dan was smiling, jovial, easy-tempered and tolerant alike of kings and ragpickers. The two foregathered joyously, being opposites. And then Dan went back to college, and Kenwitz to his mainsprings—and to his private library in the rear of the jewelry shop.

Four years later Dan came back to Washington Square with the accumulations of B. A. and two years of Europe thick upon him. He took a filial look at Septimus Kinsolving’s elaborate tombstone in Greenwood, and a tedious excursion through typewritten documents with the family lawyer; and then, feeling himself a lonely and hopeless millionaire, hurried down to the old jewelry store across Sixth Avenue.

Kenwitz unscrewed a magnifying glass from his eye, routed out his parent from a dingy rear room, and abandoned the interior of watches for outdoors. He went with Dan, and they sat on a bench in

Washington Square. Dan had not changed much; he was stalwart, and had a dignity that was inclined to relax into a grin. Kenwitz was more serious, more intense, more learned, philosophical and socialistic.

"I know about it now," said Dan, finally. "I pumped it out of the eminent legal lights that turned over to me poor old dad's collection of bonds and boodle. It amounts to \$2,000,000, Ken. And I am told that he squeezed it out of the chaps that pay their pennies for loaves of bread at the little bakeries around the corner. You've studied economics, Dan, and you know all about monopolies, and the masses, and octopuses, and the rights of laboring people. I never thought about those things before. Football and trying to be white to my fellow-man were about the extent of my college curriculum.

"But since I came back and found out how dad made his money I've been thinking. I'd like awfully well to pay back those chaps who had to give up too much money for bread. I know it would buck the line of my income for a good many yards; but I'd like to make it square with 'em. Is there any way it can be done, old Ways and Means?"

Kenwitz's big black eyes glowed fierily. His thin, intellectual face took on almost a sardonic cast. He caught Dan's arm with the grip of a friend and a judge.

"You can't do it!" he said, emphatically. "One of the chief punishments of you men of ill-gotten wealth is that when you do repent you find that you have lost the power to make reparation or restitution. I admire your good intentions, Dan, but you can't do anything. Those people were robbed of their precious pennies. It's too late to remedy the evil. You can't pay them back."

"Of course," said Dan, lighting his pipe, "we couldn't hunt every one of the duffers and hand 'em back the right change. There's an awful lot of 'em buying bread all the time. Funny taste they have—I never cared for bread especially, except for a toasted cracker with the Roquefort. But we might find a few of 'em and chuck some of dad's cash back where it came from. I'd feel better if I could. It seems tough for people to be held up for a soggy thing like bread. One wouldn't mind standing a rise in

broiled lobsters or devilled crabs. Get to work and think, Ken. I want to pay back all of that money I can."

"There are plenty of charities," said Kenwitz, mechanically.

"Easy enough," said Dan, in a cloud of smoke. "I suppose I could give the city a park, or endow an asparagus bed in a hospital. But I don't want Paul to get away with the proceeds of the gold brick we sold Peter. It's the bread shorts I want to cover, Ken."

The thin fingers of Kenwitz moved rapidly.

"Do you know how much money it would take to pay back the losses of consumers during that corner in flour?" he asked.

"I do not," said Dan, stoutly. "My lawver tells me that I have two millions."

"If you had a hundred millions," said Kenwitz, vehemently, "you couldn't repair a thousandth part of the damage that has been done. You cannot conceive of the accumulated evils produced by misapplied wealth. Each penny that was wrung from the lean purses of the poor reacted a thousandfold to their harm. You do not understand. You do not see how hopeless is your desire to make restitution. Not in a single instance can it be done.

"Back up, philosopher!" said Dan. "The penny has no sorrow that the dollar cannot heal."

"Not in one instance," repeated Kenwitz. "I will give you one, and let us see. Thomas Boyne had a little bakery over there in Varick Street. He sold bread to the poorest people. When the price of flour went up he had to raise the price of bread. His customers were too poor to pay it. Boyne's business failed and he lost his \$1,000 capital—all he had in the world."

Dan Kinsolving struck the park bench a mighty blow with his fist.

"I accept the instance," he cried. "Take me to Boyne. I will repay his thousand dollars and buy him a new bakery."

"Write your check," said Kenwitz, without moving, "and then begin to write checks in payment of the train of consequences. Draw the next one for \$50,000. Boyne went insane after his failure and set fire to the building from

which he was about to be evicted. The loss amounted to that much. Boyne died in an asylum."

"Stick to the instance," said Dan. "I haven't noticed any insurance companies on my charity list."

"Draw your next check for \$100,000," went on Kenwitz. "Boyne's son fell into bad ways after the bakery closed, and was accused of murder. He was acquitted last week after a three years' legal battle, and the state draws upon taxpayers for that much expense."

"Back to the bakery!" exclaimed Dan, impatiently. "The Government doesn't need to stand in the bread-line."

"The last item of the instance is—come and I will show you," said Kenwitz, rising.

The Socialistic watchmaker was happy. He was a millionaire-baiter by nature and a pessimist by trade. Kenwitz would assure you in one breath that money was but evil and corruption, and that your brand-new watch needed cleaning and a new ratchet-wheel.

He conducted Kinsolving southward out of the square and into ragged, poverty-haunted Varick Street. Up the narrow stairway of a squalid brick tenement he led the penitent offspring of the Octopus. He knocked on a door, and a clear voice called to them to enter.

In that almost bare room a young woman sat sewing at a machine. She nodded to Kenwitz as to a familiar acquaintance. One little stream of sunlight through the dingy window burnished her heavy hair to the color of an ancient Tuscan's shield. She flashed a rippling smile at Kenwitz and a look of somewhat flustered inquiry.

Kinsolving stood regarding her clear and pathetic beauty in heart-throbbing silence. Thus they came into the presence of the last item of the Instance.

"How many this week, Miss Mary?" asked the watchmaker. A mountain of coarse gray shirts lay upon the floor.

"Nearly thirty dozen," said the young woman cheerfully. "I've made almost \$4. I'm improving, Mr. Kenwitz. I hardly know what to do with so much money." Her eyes turned, brightly soft,

in the direction of Dan. A little pink spot came out on her round, pale cheek.

Kenwitz chuckled like a diabolic raven.

"Miss Boyne," he said, "let me present Mr. Kinsolving, the son of the man who put bread up five years ago. He thinks he would like to do something to aid those who were inconvenienced by that act."

The smile left the young woman's face. She rose and pointed her forefinger toward the door. This time she looked Kinsolving straight in the eye, but it was not a look that gave delight.

The two men down into Varick Street. Kenwitz, letting all his pessimism and rancor and hatred of the Octopus come to the surface, giped at the moneyed side of his friend in an acrid torrent of words. Dan appeared to be listening, and then turned to Kenwitz and shook hands with him warmly.

"I'm obliged to you, Ken, old man," he said vaguely—"a thousand times obliged."

"Mein Gott! you are crazy!" cried the watchmaker, dropping his spectacles for the first time in years.

Two months afterward Kenwitz went into a large bakery on lower Broadway with a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses that he had mended for the proprietor.

A lady was giving an order to a clerk as Kenwitz passed her.

"These loaves are ten cents," said the clerk.

"I always get them at eight cents up-town," said the lady. "You need not fill the order. I will drive by there on my way home."

The voice was familiar. The watchmaker paused.

"Mr. Kenwitz!" cried the lady, heartily. "How do you do?"

Kenwitz was trying to train his socialistic and economic comprehension on her wonderful fur boa and the carriage waiting outside.

"Why, Miss Boyne!" he began.

"Mrs. Kinsolving," she corrected. "Dan and I were married a month ago."

VALUE OF PERSONAL APPEARANCE

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD CLOTHES AS AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER AND AS AN AID TO SUCCESS

By Dr. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"Clothes do not make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job," said Herbert H. Vreeland, who rose in a short time from a section hand on the Long Island Railroad to the presidency of all the surface railways in New York City, in the course of an address on how to attain success, "If you have twenty-five dollars, and want a job, it is better to spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, four dollars for shoes, and the rest for a shave, a hair-cut, and a clean collar, and walk to the place, than go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit."

THOUSANDS of worthy young people have failed to obtain situations simply because they have not learned the art of clothing themselves properly, of appearing to advantage. It is very astonishing how quickly the quality of clothing is mated to its wearer. If it is of good material, fits well, and is becoming to him, he immediately partakes of its superiority, which is manifested in his increasing self-confidence, self-possession, and feeling of well-being. An ill-fitting and slouchy suit will often demoralize the best meaning man.

"After a long business career," says a long-headed business man, "my deliberate judgment is that it pays to wear good clothes, fashionably made. I remember when, as a boy, I began my business career at six dollars a week. I was sent on an errand to a swell tailor's establishment of the city. After I had done my errand, the tailor looked me over, and suggested that I should order a new suit. When I explained my financial condition, he said, kindly: 'My boy, whatever it may cost, it would be the best business investment you could make. With fashionably cut garments, your own confidence and self-esteem will be enhanced, and other people will think better of you;' and he generously offered to make me a suit and let me pay for it whenever I could, or not at

all. It was as good an investment as I could have made. The habit it gave me of always wearing good clothes helped me very much in my business career."

The consciousness of being well and fittingly dressed has a magic power in unlocking the tongue and increasing the power of expression. It is a great deal better to economize in other things than to be too saving in your wardrobe.

The advantages of advertising are wisely enough, loudly and widely extolled, but one truth should never be lost sight of: a man's personality and his establishment are his best advertisements for good or ill. The man in the soiled shirt or ill-fitting slouchy suit, may have filled several columns with advertisements, and in a large measure nullified the effect by the carelessness of his dress.

"I believe," said one who had thought seriously on the subject, "that a clean place of business, neat apparel and well-kept hands and finger nails are worth fifty per cent. interest on every dollar a man invests in business." If to these things he adds a pleasant and interested manner, prompt attention, a disposition to serve his customers with exactly what they want, even though it be an inexpensive article, and he may be obliged to send for it, he may confidently count on a hundred per cent. on his invested capital.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," says Shakespeare.

There is a very close connection between a fine, strong, clean physique and a fine, strong, clean character. A man who allows himself to become careless in regard to the one will, in spite of himself, fall away in the other.

"As a general thing an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals," says H. W. Shaw.

High ideals and strong, clean, wholesome lives and work are incompatible with low standards of personal cleanliness.

No young man or woman who wishes to retain that most potent factor of the successful life, self-respect, can afford to be negligent in the matter of dress, for "the character is subdued to what it is clothed in." As the consciousness of being well dressed tends to grace and ease of manner, so shabby, ill-fitting, or soiled attire makes one feel awkward and constrained, lacking in dignity and importance. Our clothes unmistakably affect our feelings and self-respect, as anyone knows who has experienced the sensation—and who has not?—that comes from being attired in new and becoming raiment.

Work people whose personal habits are slovenly produce slovenly work; those who are careful of their own appearance are equally careful of the looks of the work they turn out. And probably what is true of the workroom is equally true of the region behind the counter. Is it not a fact that the smart saleswoman is usually rather particular about her dress, is averse to wearing down-at-the-heel shoes, dingy collars, frayed cuffs, and faded ties? The truth of the matter seems to be that extra care as regards personal habits and general appearance is, as a rule, indicative of a certain alertness of mind, which shows itself antagonistic to slovenliness of all kind."

Shy people should dress well. Good clothes give ease of manner, and unlock the tongue. The consciousness of being well dressed gives a grace and ease of manner that even religion will not bestow, while inferiority of garb often induces restraint. As peculiarities in apparel are sure to attract attention, it is well to avoid bright colors and fashionable extremes, and wear plain, well-fitting garments of as good material as the purse will afford.

Clean, well-fitting garments are not costly. Excellent goods are well made up, and sold for little money. Yet, in dress, it is not so much a question of what one wears as of how one wears it. There has come under my observation lately a striking example of this. A poor young man of good family went as a stranger to a large city. He arrived there with less than twenty-five dollars, and no prospect of employment. His appearance and manner pleased the city editor of a newspaper, to whom he applied for work, and he was given a place as a reporter. He was not possessed of any special gift for writing, and he was in no way an unusual reporter. But his constant care for his appearance, though his salary admitted of his buying only cheap ready-made clothes, and his good taste in the selection of what he did buy, made him a valuable man for occasions where the paper wished to send a well-dressed representative. In this way, he became acquainted with the best-known people in the city, and before he had been there two years, he was more widely acquainted among the most desirable classes than many of his co-workers who were born and reared in the city. To a young man starting out in life, the friendship of such men and women as become his friends is worth more than the salary he receives. To this one, it was due at first entirely to his care in his appearance. Of course, he had to show something more to warrant friendship; but if he had been untidy and careless in his dress, he would never have had the opportunity of showing what he was to those who could appreciate.

By emphasizing the importance of dress I do not mean that you should be like Beau Brummel, who spent four thousand dollars a year at his tailor's alone, and who used to take hours to tie his cravat. An undue love of dress is worse than a total disregard of it, and they love dress too much who, like Beau Brummel, devote most of their chief object in life to the neglect of their most sacred duty to themselves and others, or who, like Beau Brummel, devote most of their waking hours to its study. But I do claim, in view of its effect on ourselves and on those with whom we come in contact, that it is a duty, as well as the truest economy, to

dress as well and becomingly as our position requires and our means will allow.

It is true that clothes do not make the man, but they have a much larger influence on man's life than we are wont to attribute to them. Prentice Mulford declares dress to be one of the avenues for the spiritualization of the race. This is not an extravagant statement, when we remember what an effect clothes have in inciting to personal cleanliness. Let a woman, for instance, don an old soiled or worn wrapper, and it will have the effect of making her indifferent as to whether her hair is frowsy or in curl papers. It does not matter whether her face and hands are clean or not, or what sort of slipshod shoes she wears, for "anything," she argues, "is good enough to go with this old wrapper." Her walk, her manner, the general trend of her feelings, will in some subtle way be dominated by the old wrapper. Suppose she changes,—puts on a dainty muslin garment instead; how different her looks and acts! Her hair must be becomingly arranged, so as not to be at odds with her dress. Her face and hands and finger nails must be spotless as the muslin which surrounds them. The down-at-the heel old shoes are exchanged for suitable slippers. Her mind runs along new channels. She has much more respect for the wearer of the new clean wrapper than for the wearer of the old, soiled one. Would you change the current of your thought? Change your raiment and you will at once feel the effect.

During the annual convention of merchant tailors held recently at the Hotel Astor in New York City, Mr. Clarence McCarthy, of Chicago, the president of the association, in an interview for the *Evening World* said:

"It isn't necessary to be wealthy to be perfectly dressed. Any young man earning a fair salary can save enough to furnish himself with a fairly complete wardrobe. After that it is only a question of exercising good taste and care in the personal appearance.

"Of course, the man of leisure and wealth is able to keep up a tremendous wardrobe, but he need be no better dressed on any particular occasion than the man of moderate means.

"The true test of a man's perfection in dress lies not in the number, quality and fit of the suits of clothes in his wardrobe, but the use he makes of them and the taste he shows in the choice of the little things accessory to the general costume.

"The perfectly dressed man is never out of key. His costume is always perfect in its harmony and appropriate to the occasion on which he wears it. It is merely a question of applying in a more subtle, delicate way the same principle of good taste that makes tan shoes and a red necktie a horror in conjunction with a dress suit.

"The perfectly dressed man need not necessarily wear extremely sober and conservative clothing. Latter day fashion has given him an extremely wide latitude in the choice of brilliant bits of color in tie and shirt, and a large assortment of shades and patterns in cloth for business and lounging suits. A few years ago the man of fashion would never have dreamed of wearing the colorful things now possible.

"Punctillious care as to the immaculate condition of his linen, shoes, finger nails and hair is of course essential to perfection in dress. Along this line there is a little thing that thousands of busy men who think they are perfectly dressed forget. No perfectly groomed man ever allows his hair to grow so long that his friends are able to notice when he has had his hair trimmed at the barber's."

For those who have to make their way in the world, the best counsel on the subject of clothes may be summed up in this short sentence, "Let thy attire be comely, but not costly." Simplicity in dress is its greatest charm, and in these days, when there is such an infinite variety of tasteful but inexpensive fabrics to choose from, the majority can afford to be well dressed. But no one need blush for a shabby suit, if circumstances prevent his having a better one. You will be more respected by yourself and everyone else with an old coat on your back that has been paid for than a new one that has not. It is not the shabbiness that is unavoidable, but the slovenliness that is avoidable, that the world frowns upon.



THE RUSH OF CARS IN THE C. N. R. YARDS AT SASKATOON, SASK.

THE WESTERN WHEAT BLOCKADE

A CRISIS ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES—THE WEST EXPERIENCING
“GROWING PAINS”—A REMEDY FOR THE SITUATION

By ALLAN A. McQUEEN

Of the many big issues which are pressing for solution in Canada at the present juncture none is of more vital importance to the West than the wheat blockade. Nor is there any other fraught with greater danger, for unless drastic measures of relief are taken at once the results will be disastrous. The crisis is the subject of daily discussion in political and business circles. The situation is herein reviewed in all its phases—the causes, conditions, developments and outcome are detailed—and a remedy is advanced. The article makes an interesting study in Canadian problems of national scope and significance.

THE present crisis on the prairies has brought to our notice in a most forcible manner this most distressing fact—the West has “growing pains.” The increasing rush of immigration during the last ten years with all its attendant faults due to the lack of cohesion among the unassimilated elements, the wheat-mad wasteful form of agriculture, the extensive rather than intensive programme of railway extension, the questionable policies of our banks with regard to farm loans, the lack of even ordinary foresight on the part of the farming community have all helped toward a misproportioned development in

a great many ways. We have failed where we thought we were strongest, and where we prided ourselves on our wisdom. The whole situation may be summed up in a few words.

The rush of European emigration, together with the invasion of moneyed Americans, has resulted in a remarkable increase of agricultural acreage, most of which has been immediately tilled because of the mechanical achievements in farm apparatus. The production of cereals has doubled in ten years, but scattered over an area so vast that transportation to terminal markets is impossible, perhaps for many

months after harvest. In the meantime, the value of the crop steadily depreciates, market prices are poor because of the anxiety to sell and everybody suffers. The farmer cannot turn his potential wealth into cash. The bank deposits fall, the industrial organizations have their capital tied up in unpaid for implements, etc., the wholesale and retail trade of the country is run on abnormal bank overdrafts. And why?—Well—because!

To analyse this answer—"because"—is most difficult. Its component parts are so interwoven, so intricately allied as almost to baffle dissection. The problem may, however, be lucidly dealt with under the following headings: Railway transportation facilities, the banking system, the adoption of mixed farming, the education of the agricultural classes.

Regarding the first mentioned, the remarkable statement issued by Vice-President Bury, of the C.P.R., must give grounds for the deepest consideration to all Canadians. The great questions upon which he merely touches, but which are nevertheless present problems crying out for speedy solution, claim the immediate action of our legislators and the hearty co-operation of our financiers, manufacturers, and grain growers.

WAS IT WRONG POLICY.

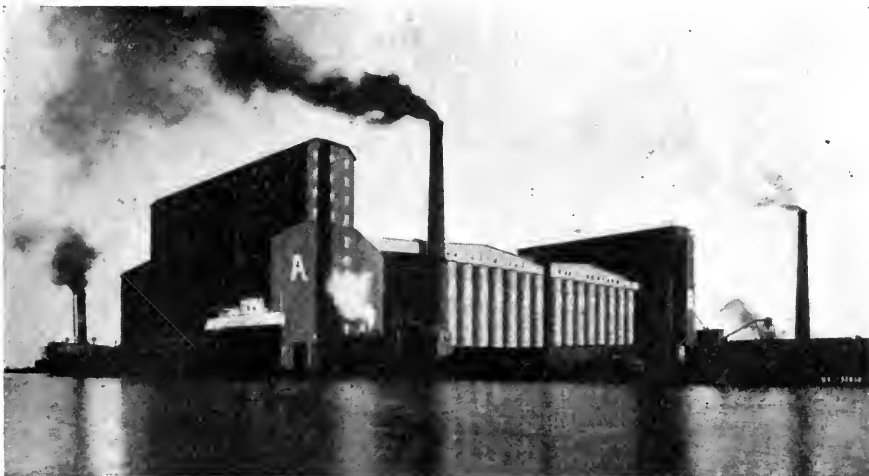
"If we are perfectly frank with each other we will have to admit that the development of the country has carried everybody off his feet," said

Mr. Bury. "The rush of immigration, and the introduction of the gasoline tractor (which enables the farmer to break thirty acres a day) has brought the land under cultivation at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world. Since 1907 the acreage of grain under cultivation has increased 98 per cent.

It may be asked why the terminal space and the second tracks were not available. Speaking of the Canadian Pacific, I would say that during the past eight years we have had every year more money allotted for improvements than we could expend. The men and the material were not available to complete them, although the work was prosecuted with the utmost vigor. During the last eight years we have enlarged and remodelled every terminal on our line from Fort William to Vancouver, inclusive.

"I believe that our most censorious critic wishes to be just, and, if so, he can leave those facts out of consideration. If the railway officers are open to any criticism it would be that in their efforts to build new lines for the development of the country they did not concentrate all their efforts on building terminals, and second, third, and fourth tracks. Let it be remembered, however, that the country has called loudly for railway construction, that Governments, municipalities and individuals have brought the strongest pressure to bear on the railways in favor of a further construction policy, and that the cry everywhere has been: 'If branch lines are not built the flood of immigration would be checked.'"

The trend of the whole statement is an argument that the railway building policy of the past decade has been wrong in principle. To make room for the tide of immigration, branch lines have been pushed into new territory. Settlers with capital have rushed along these lines and have, by the use of mechanical appliances, "broken ground at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world." The flood of grain resulting from this rapid settlement has choked the main lines of the Canadian railways. What must be done to relieve such a situation?



THE CANADIAN NORTHERN ELEVATORS A AND B AT PORT ARTHUR. THESE ELEVATORS HAVE A TOTAL CAPACITY OF SEVEN MILLION BUSHELS.



ELEVATORS ARE FEATURES OF EVERY TOWN OF THE WEST, YET THERE ARE TOO FEW TO STORE THIS PAST YEAR'S CROP.

To begin with, the statement: "Speaking of the Canadian Pacific Railway, I would say that during the past eight years we have had, every year, more money than we could expend"—must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. It bears every indication of being merely a blind, trying to fool some of the people that the C.P.R. has done its duty and its whole duty.

Nonsense! to anybody acquainted with the West the position of two great railways is simply this: They have worked hard, and now, with their hands comfortably full with all the work they desire—are just leaning back with a contented sigh and a self-laudatory. "Well done thou good and faithful servant"—while they take the wealth that comes and slowly improve what they have got.

Very good!—but where does the growing West come in? Is not the prosperity of the whole Dominion so absolutely allied to the continued and ever-increasing wealth of the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta that any halt in their development would be a national blow? Most assuredly!

THE PROBLEM IS ACUTE.

Every year the wave of immigration rises higher and higher; every year the demand for new land will become more insistent. It is this demand which must be and can only be met by the pursuance of a progressive policy of railway construc-

tion. Take for instance, such a line as the Moose Jaw-Outlook-Wetaskiwin branch of the C.P.R.—when completed, this road will open up to transportation the most fertile portion of Alberta, a range of country most admirably adapted to the demands of mixed farming.

But even more than this is demanded of the railways. Terminal yard facilities should be made more adequate, new terminal and line elevators must be built and large portions of the main line double-tracked.

It is not enough for these companies to pride themselves on what they have done. Their claim that the West was made possible by the railways is granted. But is not the claim re-active that the wonderful possibilities of the prairies have made the transcontinentals a financial success beyond all dreams. Why, then, should they adopt the picayune policy of what is known on the floor of the Stock Exchange as "profit taking."

R. R. BUILDING MUST GO ON.

The solution of the present crisis as far as the railways are concerned, therefore, is obvious. It must be a broad-minded far-sighted and generous policy of construction. The coming spring and summer should witness more railway building than has ever been done in the period of our greatest expansion.

On the other hand, due credit must be given to the railway companies that they are earnestly trying to cope with the task of moving the grain. They alone are not responsible for the crowding of the grain on the markets. Considerable blame must be laid at the doors of our banks who are pursuing a most remarkable course for which little extenuation can be found.

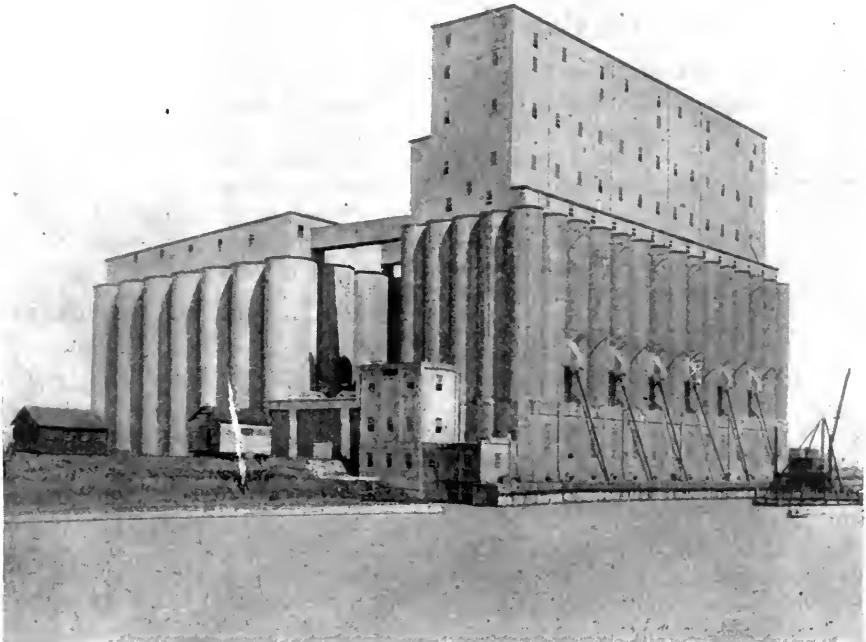
The farmer is buying for twelve months in the year, yet for a great period of that time wheat farming is absolutely unproductive in a monetary sense. The agriculturist who buys expensive farm implements is a man of considerable resources which are, however, tied up in his land and his surplus or working capital in his standing crops. The present situation, by reason of which he is unable to meet his obligations to manufacturers and retailers, is most unsatisfactory and detrimental to the welfare of the country since large sums of money are expended in the carrying of the heavy aggregate liabilities which these debts involve. The manufacturer pays out hard cash for materials, labor, selling expenses, etc., and in this manner puts into circulation money which ulti-

mately goes back to the banks. When the manufacturers have to wait for the farmers to get cars or elevator space to realize on grain the outlay not only handicaps the manufacturer but makes the machinery more expensive to the consumer.

ARE THE BANKS PROGRESSIVE?

It seems not only reasonable but also necessary that the banking institutions of the country should seek their own good by alleviating this condition. Reasonable security can be obtained for advances made to farmers with grain stored in private granaries. In this way, settlement of accounts could be greatly facilitated, making for highly increased prosperity to all concerned.

In Western Canada to-day, there is universal dissatisfaction with and little defence for the action of the banks. In fact, it would seem as if there were a deliberate attempt on the part of these institutions to force farmers to crowd their grain on the markets for the benefit of the elevator interests, the confusion of the railway companies, and the financial loss of the grain grower.



NEW ELEVATORS OF THE G. T. P. AT THE MISSION AT FORT WILLIAM. THIS IS THE LARGEST SINGLE ELEVATOR IN THE WORLD WITH A CAPACITY OF FOUR MILLION BUSHELS.

The most efficacious way, however, to deal with the present problem is obviously the one which affords the surest relief in the shortest possible time. Such a statement may be termed just ordinary good business common sense. But is the average grain grower exercising even this good business common sense?

Hundreds of thousands of bushels of threshed wheat are lying absolutely exposed or very unsecurely housed all over Western Canada for the lack of even ordinary precaution as to storage facilities. A very simple solution to this difficulty has been presented.

Different manufacturers in Winnipeg, Regina, and Calgary are at present turning out corrugated galvanized iron granaries with a capacity of from 1,000 to 2,000 bushels, at the very low cost of from \$65 for the smaller size to \$125 for the larger ones. These granaries are of heavy corrugated iron, rolled to the correct curve for the walls, and already punched for the rivets or bolts. In fact, they are in every way turned out for convenient assembly. They may be easily set up or taken down and are thus portable from place to place about the farm. Moreover, being of strong, weatherproof construction, they afford absolute shelter to the grain.

LOW-PRICED STEEL GRANARIES.

The low initial cost of these granaries is a splendid feature, running as it does to only seven cents per bushel of capacity. This could also be met by the saving in the first year alone—whereas the granaries will have a life of many years.

The advantages are almost too obvious to mention. With accommodation of this kind for his crop the grain grower at once becomes freed of the necessity for storage facilities in the nearest elevator. He can insure his grain thus stored without any trouble and with such security may as easily float a loan at his bank as if it had been dropped off in the elevator. Such immunity from the necessity of immediate marketing of his grain allows the chance of waiting for favorable market prices while the more rational shipping of grain if such a policy were widely adopted would largely solve the transportation problem. Such an investment is, therefore, earnestly recommended to all grain growers.

The ultimate solution of the situation in the North-west, however, undoubtedly lies in the adoption of greater diversity in agriculture. Sir Edmund Walker, President of the Bank of Commerce, who is intimately acquainted with the needs of the country, said in his recent report reviewing economic conditions in the wheat belt:

"There are some object-lessons to the farmers in connection with the past season's work which might well cause him to pause and seriously consider. Most important of all is the question of a greater diversity of farming. We refer particularly to the apparent indifference of a very large percentage of our farmers to the raising of high-grade cattle, hogs, horses and sheep, and also to the lack of effort on their part to produce such profitable commodities as milk, butter, eggs, cheese, vegetables, fruit, meats, poultry, and all the minor by-products which the farm is capable of producing. Experience has proved that large profits, not long delayed, await the farmer who will intelligently carry out a system of intensified farming."

Also in this connection it is most convincing to once more quote Vice-President Bury:

"The adoption of mixed farming in large portions of the west seems to me the easiest, in fact, the only solution of our troubles. It would arrest the impoverishment of the soil, guard against the possibility of a calamity which might follow two or three successive failures of the wheat crop, and would make this country independent of the day when a great fall in wheat prices might result from the sudden development of Asiatic countries admittedly fertile, which are now inhabited by backward races with primitive institutions."

The advice of these two men is only what is realized on every hand. That mixed farming will come is admitted by all who have studied conditions in the three provinces. But its adoption is obviously a matter of time.

Granted, however, that greater diversity in farming will eventually be the rule rather than the exception, the matter should be taken up immediately by the Departments of Agriculture and a comprehensive, systematic plan of education evolved.

DEMONSTRATION FARMS.

A demonstration campaign consisting of a thousand mixed farms, run on an intensive principle, in each province would, in a few years, more than realize in return the money expended on them and a lasting impression would have been made upon the agriculture of the country. Any farmer will adopt that which is shown to be for him a good successful enterprise—but very few will blaze their own trail.

Considerable attention should also be paid by the Colonization Departments to the education of the new settler along

proper lines. Too much that may be labelled as absolutely untrue in tone has been circulated in literature because of an inordinate desire to people our plains. We may observe the result anywhere in the West. If more conservatism were displayed in the effort to secure colonists and greater liberalism shown in a proper demonstrative education of these people to the best potentialities of the Canadian Market—a great step toward the elimination of “wheat-mining” and grain blockades would be taken.

The situation as presented in these different phases proves to be, not the mere embarrassment of a day but the culmination of the work of a series of great forces. The hysterical outlay of that part of the press which is also aptly described as “peanut minded” against the railway companies, clamorously demanding that conditions be altogether altered for the movement of the 1912 crops appears rather senile when viewed in its proper light. The railways are earnestly trying to cope with a bad situation. But, and this is where the protest against the railway policy is right, there must be no halt called in con-

struction. The increased expansion of the railways, double tracks, terminal yards and elevators are all real necessities.

The agitation for British Columbia ports is also one of considerable importance in the wiping out of the trouble due to annual grain blockades. They, however, will not be valuable until the completion of the Panama Canal and, in any event, will not be possible grain routes for some years to come. Little enough interest is, however, displayed in Canada regarding the potentialities of the Panama Canal route as a 365 day in the year proposition, which with its low freight rates will be a great factor in transportation.

The solution of the whole difficulty lies with the whole of the people, yet, as has been pointed out, each component part may be separately attacked by a portion of the community. The railways, the bankers, legislators, farmers, agricultural educationalists are all directly to blame for present conditions and thus must all directly help in the remedy. Any portion of this combination is practically helpless without the co-operation of the other.

A PERPLEXED CHILD

I wonder why it takes so long
 To make the letters shape a song?
 And how the words can ever know—
 All down the pages—where to go?
 Sometimes alone a letter stands;
 Sometimes the words take hold of hands:
 I see them gather thick and black,
 Then turn about and travel back;
 I look just where they were before
 And find there aren't any more.
 But Mother “Most words are queer
 Until you come to know them, dear.”
 It seems no matter what they do,
 She knows where they are going to,
 And reads some books all through again.
 One song there is about the rain
 That has a comfortable sound—
 “The rain is raining all around;”
 When I just read it in the book
 How strange the marching letters look.
 But hearing her I seem to see
 Ships and umbrellas, field and tree.
 —*Grace Hazard Conkling in The Craftsman.*

HER OWN COUNTRY

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

SITTING on the platform of the Klineville church on Easter morning, the choir and organist beside her, and all Klineville before her, the great soprano of St. Mark's said the same words over and over to herself:

"I am a little girl. I wear a red gingham dress and red mittens. When I go home, I shall sit on the little stool and pretend that the settle is a piano, and Grandmother will tell me it is time to do the dishes. There is Sally Miller, there are the Filberts. It is all the same, everything else is a dream."

But it was not the same. Her grandmother was not there, Sally Miller and the Filberts had grown old, there were dozens of children whom she did not know. And she herself wore no gingham dress, but a broadcloth suit and a great plumed hat, and her hands were covered, not by red mittens, but by gloves of finest suede. Nor had her heart ever throbbed in those old days as it throbbed now.

Beside her sat a young man who belonged to Klineville as little as did her fine clothes. He was tall and wonderfully clad, according to the decrees of New York's spring fashions; he looked superciliously at Klineville. Across his knee lay several sheets of music; he had the attitude of one who has been forced into a disagreeable situation, and who had not hesitated to protest.

"You will sing in Klineville on Easter, Miss Lohrman! Where is Klineville? What do you mean?"

"Klineville is where I was born. I know everybody. I have promised myself for years that this Easter I should go back and sing them my best song. If you can't go, I'll get some one else to play for me."

The young man ventured another objection; he had known Miss Lohrman a long time.

"You sail on Tuesday, and you're going to sing on Sunday to half a dozen people in a country village!" The young

man stammered; he could hardly believe his own ears.

Miss Lohrman smiled at him. She was one who did not often explain.

"I am going to do exactly that," she said a little thickly.

"But—"

"But I am going."

And Miss Lohrman, being old enough and famous enough and rich enough to do as she chose, had gone. The young man, having great admiration for Miss Lohrman, had caught the early morning train which took her from New York to Klineville. And it is not an easy thing to take a six-thirty train in New York!

The protests of the young man had been no more urgent than the objections of the Klineville organist, who was also the Klineville soprano, and who had not a very kindly disposition. Miss Lohrman, seeing the organist's bright eyes and her set mouth, and the uncompromising greenness of her spring suit, was certain that she knew exactly what the organist had said and how the good old preacher had answered her.

"I have arranged other music for Easter."

"But Ellen Lohrman will come all the way from New York to sing. I guess we must let her sing."

"I don't believe she can sing."

"But let her try!"

"But I won't play for her!"

"She will bring her own player."

Gradually Miss Lohrman puzzled them all out. The organist's name was Effie Troxell—she remembered her as a cross little girl. The alto, she decided, was a Shiller—she remembered the Shiller ears and the Shiller curly hair. The tenor was a Behm—there was a Walter Behm who would have grown to manhood by this time—and the bass was a Hill.

On the music rack lay a copy of "Jerusalem," at sight of which Miss Lohrman was amused. Poor Klineville, to whom

"Jerusalem" was new, or to whom it was still tolerable! She drew a deep breath, remembering suddenly that once she had liked "Jerusalem." But she had come a long way since then; she knew now the difference between good music and bad!

A stranger in the Klineville hotel had heard her sing when she was sixteen years old, as she swept her grandmother's pavement, and had urged her on and helped her to study after her grandmother's death. She had sung first in a little church in New York, then in a great one, she had had the best of lessons, had studied as hard as one could study. More than once she had overstepped the line which divides mere weariness from dangerous fatigue, more than once she had had to rest and wait. She had had, to begin with, a winning face, the possibility of a great voice, and a sense of the dramatic; she had gained the score of other elements which go to the making of a successful singer—power to endure, eternal patience, presence of mind before great audiences, a knowledge of books in her own tongue, a speaking acquaintance with French and German and Italian, a wide knowledge of music, of its literature, its theory—it seemed to her that there were hundreds of things which one must learn. And now she had attained, or had begun to attain, thanks to Mrs. Allan, who had discovered her, thanks to the great, cross, beloved musician who had trained her, thanks to Klineville which had disciplined her orphaned youth. Her grandmother was an invalid, so Mrs. Filbert had taught her to cook and bake, and Sally Miller had taught her to sew, and at the same time to persevere infinitely and to be patient.

This morning she was going to give Klineville the best thanks she could. She could sing superbly, and she would sing her best for them. She was infinitely happy.

Then her face sobered. Sally Miller sat before her, that same patient Sally who had taught her mending without ever a thought of reward. Sally's hands were twisted with rheumatism, her bright eyes looked as though they filled often with tears. Mr. and Mrs. Filbert, who had been her grandmother's closest friends, gazed at her as at a stranger. She remembered that of their four children

none was left them. But she would make them forget their pain and sorrow, she would sing them her most perfect song. She might have sung it in New York to thousands, she would sing it again to little Klineville. And she would come again, she would sing for them often, she would do things for them.

The old preacher rose with outstretched hands for the invocation, and with sudden panic she wondered whether she could sing. The great, grim Bible verse painted on the wall above the preacher's head, the familiar creaking shoes of the late-comers, the curious, half-doubting faces, remembered from her childhood, made the present seem unreal and impossible. Could she sing? Had she ever sung?

Then her mind left Klineville and the little church and the staring, simple people. She saw her master's studio, where reproof had given gradual place to proud approval, she saw the blazing lights, the crowds of the great opera-house, she heard strains of great songs. The sudden rush of affection for her old home and her own people had warmed and opened her heart. A hundred rich suggestions filled her mind—glimpses down long, dim aisles in old cathedrals, odors of flowers and incense, the sound of bells, recollections of great pictures, the remembrance of a mighty storm at sea—all the visions and emotions of a young woman with an intense interest in life and the opportunities of a great career.

She had no fears now! She knew that she held little Klineville in the hollow of her hand. In a moment they would be breathless, men and women would wipe their eyes, children would stare at her. They had no arched ceiling, no Easter procession, no mystic lights, but they should have for once a perfect song. Then she would gather to herself the reward of which she had dreamed oftenest, the honor and admiration of her own people. She knew now how much she loved them.

In a moment she must begin. Her accompanist had asked whether there were a three-manual organ, and she had smiled. She wondered how he felt at sight of the little cabinet organ with its St. Cecilia in the green suit and the worn, popular music on its rack. She half wished that the young woman would sing

"Jerusalem," she pictured to herself the astonishment with which the young man would listen to such a performance.

It was perfectly plain that Effie Troxell did not enjoy giving up her place. As she rose from the organ-stool, she pushed in all the stops, as if she did not wish either to dictate to or to assist the usurper. Effie Troxell did not believe that Ellen Lohrman could sing, she had never heard of the composition which lay on the young man's knee, she wished that they were back in New York.

Ellen rose slowly. She was absolutely sure of herself, yet strangely excited. The moment was a great one; it marked not only her home-coming, but the end of apprenticeship, the end of the hardest struggles of her life.

At the first mellow note, the accompanist felt the tears gather and his own throat swell and close. He knew suddenly that Miss Lohrman had been perfectly right to come back to her home, that she was going to sing as she had never sung before. Then, being a superb accompanist, he put himself and his own emotions aside, and thought only of his work. He played perfectly, so perfectly that even a trained listener would not have been conscious of him, even in the phrases which he played alone. The accompaniment was difficult; he played it so easily and so simply that Effie Troxell always claimed that she could have played it better.

It is easy to describe the young man's playing; it is impossible to tell how Ellen Lohrman sang. Her music lay beside her on the chair, she had forgotten it and did not need it. She sang with her whole heart, meanwhile modulating her voice carefully to the compass of the little room. She sang lightly, exquisitely, with crystal clearness of articulation. She sang away the loneliness of an orphaned childhood, the discouragements of her long apprenticeship, she sang the healing of all woes, the victory of all righteousness, the glory of a great hope. It was as great, as flawless, as the most exacting spirit could desire.

Having finished, she sat down, and the young man rose from the organ stool and sat down beside her. He said nothing at first, he could not have trusted himself to speak.

Ellen Lohrman did not know whether he spoke to her or not. The ecstasy on her face had faded, on her brow was a frown, in her heart a half-amused, half-angry amazement.

The congregation was hastening to open its hymn-books, and Ellen Lohrman looked slowly from one to the other, from old David Filbert to the youngest of the children. Men and women glanced at each other furtively, there were no wet eyes. It did not take Ellen Lohrman long to realize the truth: *Klineville had not liked her singing*. Her song had not "got over," as a singer would have said. It had fallen flat. Not one person looked her in the eye. The song was new to Klineville, it was not, for some strange reason, the sort of song which Klineville liked. Klineville, dull, ignorant, self-satisfied Klineville, dared to be disappointed in Ellen Lohrman!

And suddenly, back of her, Ellen Lohrman heard a whisper. It was the girl in the green suit, her words were intended for the basso, and perhaps, alas, for any one else who might hear. Ellen Lohrman heard plainly.

"I'd hate to have the people think I thought I could sing, if I couldn't do better than that," said Effie Troxell. "You can hardly hear her. And such a piece!"

Ellen settled herself to listen to the sermon. She wished that she were out of doors, where she could laugh. She had had her great moment, she would sing better for it all her life. She said to herself that Klineville's lack of appreciation did not disturb her for an instant, she cared nothing for Klineville.

Then, suddenly, Ellen Lohrman realized that once more her heart was throbbing. More than that, it ached. She *did* care what Klineville thought. She had wanted to please them, it had never occurred to her that she could not please them. It had never occurred to her to try to recall Klineville's taste, even though she had once shared it. Besides, people should hear the best, they ought to like the best, it was degrading one's art to give them trash. But she had not come to educate Klineville, she had come to please them, and she had failed, and the failure hurt her more than anything had ever hurt her in her life.

The preacher preached, as Klineville would have said, "with power." He was not a great preacher, but he was a forceful one, and the simple, true things he said were driven home with all the vigor of a strong voice and frequent gestures. To him the congregation gave the admiring, close attention which Ellen Lohrman had expected for herself. She acknowledged it with a smile.

Once the young man leaned forward and whispered incoherent praise, and she looked at him absently.

Then, suddenly, Ellen Lohrman flushed a rosy red, and spoke to the young man, who looked at her, blinking. What she asked, or what the young man refused to do, Klineville did not know, except that his answer took a short, sharp shake of the head. Then Ellen Lohrman leaned forward and spoke to the young lady in the green suit, who responded with an amazed and supercilious "yes."

The sermon over, the preacher announced a hymn, and the young lady in green took the organ stool once more. The choir, half rising, sat down, and Ellen Lohrman rose. They had not expected her to sing twice, the congregation looked at her with astonishment, the young man stared with parted lips and eyes which threatened to pop out of his head. Klineville, observing him, could not suppress a smile.

The smiles ceased, and Klineville held its breath. There was a familiar chord, another, and yet another, slow, long-drawn, sentimental. The young lady in green pulled out all the stops, even the tremolo, she pressed the knee swells with powerful country muscles, she worked the bellows-treadle mightily. Her motive in playing was not apparent. Perhaps she pitied Ellen Lohrman and wished to give her another chance, perhaps—and it is to be hoped that this is a mistake—she wished to make Ellen's failure more evident and to prove that she herself was a far better player than the young man. In any case, it would take a mighty human voice to sing above the vibrant roar which she produced.

But there was a mighty voice to sing. Ellen Lohrman had never before sung

"Jerusalem," but she knew it as the child on the street knows it. At first she let the young lady set the pace, and a slow pace it was. Half notes became wholes, quarters lengthened to halves, *Andante Moderato* became the most lingering and solemn of *Graves*. Nor was there any difference in tempo between singer and player. The young lady in green may have held the notes because she liked to hear them, or because she wished to test the singer's capacity. In either case she achieved her object. When, with apparent unwillingness, her fingers slid from one key to the other, Ellen's voice followed, still strong and clear and true; when she pedalled till her face was scarlet, Ellen Lohrman was still there, soaring above her, able for anything.

Then, suddenly, the young lady in green led no longer, but followed. A strange feeling came over her, the same feeling which made Klineville sit rapt and wide-eyed, a thrill which stirred them as they had never been stirred before. New York had felt it, the accompanist had felt it many times, he felt it now. Even for him, critical, difficult to please, Ellen Lohrman's soul and Ellen Lohrman's voice glorified the song and for the moment made it great. She had begun it almost in mockery, she finished it with devout, triumphant rapture. It left the young man breathless, dumb.

Having finished, Ellen Lohrman sat down, trembling, and looked about her.

Already she knew what the papers would say the next day:

Ellen Lohrman, to please old friends, forsakes classic for popular. Handel and Roy Jones at the same performance.

She knew what her teacher would say, and now she had a flash of regret.

"My child! Were you mad?"

But Ellen Lohrman did not care. She said to herself that she owed Klineville as much as she owed her accompanist or her teacher or the New York papers. And all Klineville, even Effie Troxell, Klineville, bursting with pride and admiration, looked as one man straight into her tender eyes.

The Birth of the O.A.C.



A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF A PART OF THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FARM, GUELPH.

The Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, has been the means of establishing the reputation of Canadian agriculture throughout the world. Every farmer in the Dominion is familiar with its history and work. But do Canadians know this institution and appreciate it as they should? Possibly many do, but in any event they will have a better grasp of the subject after reading this article, written by George A. Putnam, Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes for Ontario.

A HISTORY of the establishment and development of the one educational institution which represents the greatest single industry in the leading province of the Dominion, should be of interest to all true Canadians. Those of us who value the O. A. C. at its true worth, realize that there are larger and better things in store for it. With the tendency among the rural population to migrate to the cities and towns, one is forced to conclude, that not only the urban population, but also the residents of the country districts, fail to appreciate the relative importance of agriculture in the ad-

vancement and permanent prosperity of the nation.

In the thirty-seven years past, since the Ontario Agricultural College was established, much change and great advance has marked the history of the farmers' school, as well as the general agricultural methods of the province. There has been an entire reversal of attitude upon the part of those for whom the college was established, and the methods of investigation, experiment and instruction in the institution itself have broadened and have become more perfect in keeping with the advanced agricultural spirit of the times.

It may be that the establishment and the early work of the college, together with the activities of various agricultural organizations, created that spirit which called for advancement in the institution to which the individual farmer, communities of farmers, and provincial agricultural societies have looked for leadership for a generation or more.

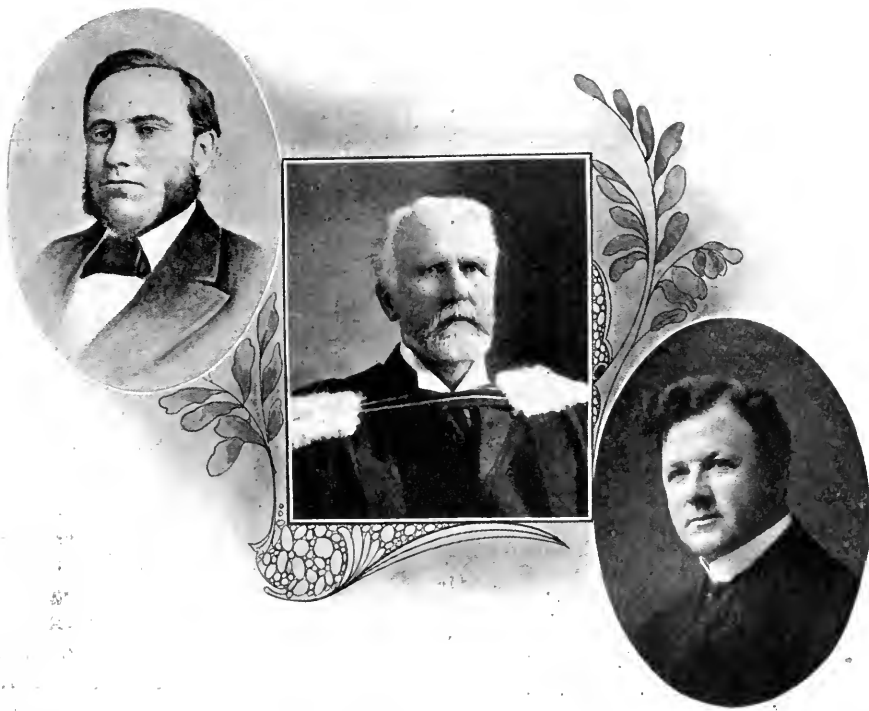
How did an agricultural colleges come to be established in Ontario?

There was evidence of a desire on the part of the farmers and some of our legislators and educationists throughout the province, between 1840 and 1850 for some form of systematic agricultural instruction. The appearance of the Canadian Agricultural Reader in 1845, followed by Prof. Hind's text book five years later, indicated the broadening agricultural spirit of the times. The teaching of agriculture in some of the schools was advised by the superintendent of education, Edgerton Ryerson, in 1860, and some years later he published an agricultural text book. A growing realization of the importance of agriculture and the need for some form

of systematic instruction for the farmers, materialized in the first definite steps towards establishing an agricultural college being taken in 1869, by the late Hon. John Carling, Commissioner of Agriculture, to whom also is due the credit of having established the Dominion Experimental Farms at a later date.

MR. CARLING'S REPORT.

In his report for the year 1869, addressed to Governor Howland, Mr. Carling, then Commissioner of Agriculture and Arts for Ontario, spoke in complimentary terms of the system of general education in this province, and then said: "I have a growing conviction that something more is required to give our education a more practical character, especially in reference to the agricultural and mechanical classes of the community, which comprise the great bulk of the population and constitute the principal means of our wealth and prosperity. What now appears to be especially needed, in addition to the ordinary instruction in common schools, is the introduction of elementary



PRESIDENTS OF THE O.A.C.

MR. WM. JOHNSON.

DR. JAS. MILLS.

MR. G. C. CREELMAN.



WHERE THE GIRLS ARE LEARNING DOMESTIC SCIENCE, MACDONALD HALL,
GUELPH.

instruction in what may be termed the foundation principles of agricultural and mechanical science, and I hope to be able, in the next report I may have the honor of presenting to Your Excellency, to record the fact of a commencement being made with a prospect of success."

On the 12th of August, 1869, Mr. Carling appointed the Rev. W. F. Clarke, of Guelph, a commissioner to visit the principal agricultural colleges of the United States, gain what information he could and report, with the view of establishing in this province a school to give instruction in agriculture and kindred subjects, and to conduct experiments for the purpose of solving some of the problems which confronted those who were engaged in agricultural and horticultural pursuits. Mr. Clarke's report, which appeared on the 8th June, 1870, was concise, comprehensive and scholarly, and withal practical and sensible in its suggestions and recommendations.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE ALSO.

So, in pursuance of his previous intimation, Mr. Carling, in his report for 1870, definitely proposed the establishment of two schools, one for agriculture and the other for mechanic arts, and the outcome of his recommendation and subsequent action was the founding of the School of Practical Science in Toronto, and the purchase of 600 acres of land for a school of agriculture at Mimico, seven miles west of Toronto.

The land was purchased in 1871, and a contract for the erection of school build-

ings for the accommodation of 100 resident pupils, at a cost of \$47,900, was entered into in November of that year. A change of Government that fall was followed by the Hon. Archibald McKellar, the new Commissioner of Agriculture, requesting the Provincial Board of Agriculture and Arts, and afterwards Professor Miles and Dr. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, to examine the site and report as to its suitability for an experimental farm.

Both reports were unfavorable to the site, chiefly on account of the character of the soil and the lack of church and other privileges such as are enjoyed in the immediate neighborhood of a town or city. A commission advised that this be sold, as it was in some respects unsuitable for the purpose in view.

THE STONE FARM IS BOUGHT.

A committee composed of John Dunlop, John Miller, John Dryden, the Hon. David Christie and Robert N. Ball was directed to select a site for the new institution, "The Ontario School of Agriculture and Experimental Farm." In 1873 the Provincial Government, upon the report of the committee, bought the 550-acre farm of F. W. Stone, Guelph, the present home of the O. A. C. The motto chosen was "Practice with Science," and as the years have passed the relative importance of "practice" has become more appreciated, while the necessity for definite and applied science in directing that practice is more evident.

FIRST YEARS OF THE COLLEGE.

The college opened its doors to students on the 1st of May, 1874, with the following staff:—

H. McCandless, from Cornell University, principal.

Rev. W. F. Clarke, from Guelph, rector.

James McNair, from Richmond Hill, farm foreman.

James Stirton, from Guelph, stockman.

Thomas Farnham, from Toronto, gardener.

James McIntosh, from Guelph, foreman carpenter.

Mrs. Petrie, from Guelph, housekeeper.

T. Walton, from Toronto, engineer.

Twenty-eight students were enrolled for the first year. The school accommodated eighteen, ten rooming in the homes of the officers. The students were admitted on the following conditions: Practical work in the field, shop, garden or barn for five hours each day; and in return each received instruction, lodging, board, washing and a bonus of \$50, if at the end of the year he successfully passed the prescribed examinations.

The house and barns upon the farm when purchased were utilized to provide accommodation for students, faculty and stock. The farm-house, with very little alteration or addition, and the barns form-

ed the building equipment for the institution at the beginning. These have been added to and supplemented until now there is a group of buildings which provide accommodation of a kind, but altogether inadequate in many cases, for the following departments:—

"Animal Husbandry."

"Field Husbandry."

"Fruit Growing."

"Dairy Husbandry."

"Poultry Husbandry."

"Chemistry."

"Biology."

"Home Economics."

"Horticulture."

"Farm Mechanics."

"Manual Training."

"Forestry."

"Veterinary Science."

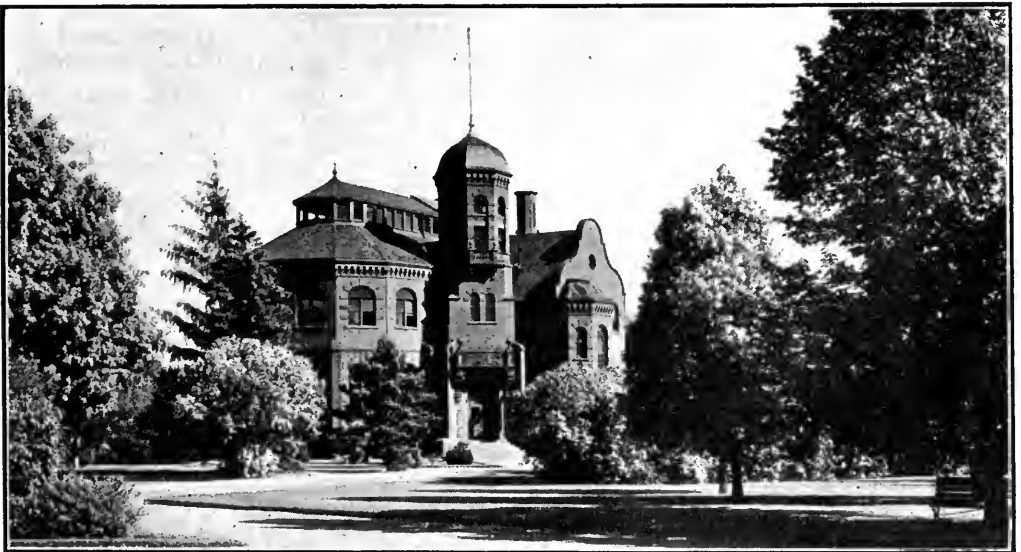
"Physics."

"Bacteriology."

"English."

In addition to the above, there is dormitory and dining room accommodation for 275 students. A first-class library, reading room and gymnasium form an important part of the equipment.

Nearly all the chief buildings upon the campus are shown in the illustrations accompanying this article. These provide class room accommodation for a large



THE MASSEY LIBRARY SET IN ITS BEAUTY AMONG THE TREES—NATURE HAS A WIDER CHARM THAN ART.



THE O. A. C. AS IT WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF 1874.

number of students and laboratory accommodation for a comparatively limited number. It is with great difficulty and at considerable cost in efficiency and much additional labor that the largely increased number of students are accommodated.

The growth of the institution is indicated by the addition of new departments and new buildings from time to time to accommodate the ever increasing attendance.

As at most education institutions, the need of additional buildings or equipment was apparent for years before they were secured. At the present time much repetition of lectures and a multiplication of laboratory instruction are found necessary, because of increased attendance in the regular courses and the addition of short courses since the class rooms and laboratories were built.

The southeastern addition to the main building in 1875, and the northwestern front two years later, were the first evidences of growth. In 1880 further additions were made to the main building, and, except for the small addition made in 1907 to provide additional dining room and dormitory accommodation, the "old building" was the same in 1880 as at the present time. This building served not

only as a students' residence, but also contained class rooms, laboratories, library and reading room. The farm buildings were twice destroyed by fire, in 1885 and 1888. The main grain barn, with stabling accommodation for cattle beneath, and extensions for horses and sheep was considerably improved a couple of years ago.

MANY BUILDINGS OF LATE.

Who would even have suggested in the 80's that a gymnasium be provided for farmer students. 1891 saw a gymnasium and a horticultural building erected. A well equipped dairy school building was provided in 1892. In 1894 a poultry plant was established, and a special department for that branch created. Artesian wells were sunk in 1896. A model cold storage was erected in 1900. The years 1901, 1902 and 1903 might be referred to as the "building era" of the institution. During that time the following additions were made:

- "Live Stock Pavilion."
- "Massey Library."
- "Botanical Building."
- "MacDonald Hall."
- "MacDonald Institute."

While the number of students in the regular courses has increased materially

since the "Golden age of building," the accommodation has remained practically stationary.

FARMERS LACKED FAITH.

In the early history of the institution, the work of the college was discredited by the farming community, largely because of ignorance as to what was being done at the institution, and partly because of mis-statements made in the public press and by public men. The third president of the institution, Dr. Jas. Mills, saw the necessity of getting in closer touch with the farming community, so in 1884 he arranged for some members of the staff, together with a few successful practical farmers, to attend meetings called in the interest of farmers and to be held at a number of different centres in the province. This was the beginning of the Farmers' Institutes, which have grown until the whole province has been well served during the past twenty-seven years by lecturers sent out at first from the college, and later from the special branch created to look after that feature of agricultural instruction. Nothing has done more to place the college in its true light before the farming community than the holding of institute meetings. To-day it is quite the exception to hear the Agricultural College and the work of the men at that place adversely criticized.

An evidence of the growth of the institution is indicated by the additional courses and new features of work introduced from time to time. First, short

courses in dairying were introduced in the early nineties, to be followed by similar work later in live stock judging, poultry raising, fruit growing, bee keeping and housekeepers' course, teachers' courses, etc. The "short course" portion of the college work is now one of its strong features.

IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH FARMERS.

The Ontario Agricultural College is something more than a collection of classrooms, laboratories and books and a staff of professors and instructors, who give instruction to a group of students in regular attendance at the college. By correspondence, the publication of bulletins and reports, attendance at Institute meetings, judging at fall fairs, addresses at winter fairs and various live stock and other association meetings, as well as at short courses in stock and feed judging and fruit growing at the college, as well as at many points through out the province, the whole farming community is in direct contact with the work of the college, and every farmer may be a student thereof, directly or indirectly.

Through the establishment of a system within recent years whereby district representatives of the Department of Agriculture are placed in some twenty counties, four or five being added to their numbers each year, the instruction formerly confined to the college at Guelph has been extended, to a limited extent, to the High Schools of the country. These district representatives are graduates of the college, who, of course, keep in close touch



DAIRY BUILDING AND HERD AT GUELPH.

with its work, and in addition to teaching in the High Schools, encourage and assist the farmers of their respective counties through various local agricultural societies, such as Institutes, fall fairs, farmers' clubs, fruit associations, etc. They also maintain an office to which the farmers come for assistance and advice in solving various agricultural problems. This system cannot be fully described in a short article: it is equivalent to establishing branches of the college throughout the province.

THE EXPERIMENTAL UNION.

The Agricultural and Experimental Union is and has been for many years a strong bond of union between the college and the farmers. Through its system of distributing proven varieties of grain, roots, etc., throughout the province to be tested and results reported, it has done much to improve the crops of the country

as well as form a bond between the farming community and the college.

The development of the O. A. C. has not been so much a matter of buildings, laboratory equipment, class-room accommodation, etc.; as of *men*. A whole article might well be devoted to a review of the qualifications and work of those who have given up this life's work or have been called to other fields of usefulness. The Province of Ontario has been and is to-day fortunate in having for the most part capable, energetic men in charge of the various departments at the college.

The high place which the O. A. C. holds in the estimation of educationalists, not only on this continent, but throughout the English speaking world, as well as the success of its graduates, at home and abroad, is an accomplishment of which we may justly be proud.



THE BEEF HERD IN PASTURE ON THE O. A. C. FARM.

THE CANADIAN THROAT

ADENOIDS, A NATIONAL DISEASE, REVIEWED IN MEDICAL ARTICLE—
THE CAUSE AND TREATMENT

By Dr. HELEN MacMURCHY

Among the most valuable and instructive articles appearing in MacLean's Magazine from month to month are the medical contributions from well-known Canadian authorities. This month, "Adenoids," which may be termed a national trouble, is treated by Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, under the head "The Canadian Throat." These articles, while they contain much technical information about subjects vital to health, are written in such a way as to be both readable and practical—a diagnosis and treatment on paper which will be of interest and value to Canadian readers. The article this month is particularly timely.

"NOT built that way," says the Man on the Street in his picturesque colloquialism. But how few people know how they are built. It is quite possible that if you caught three good citizens such as the Mayor, the Bank Manager, the President of the Board of Trade, the President of the Women's Canadian Club, the kindest woman in the city, and the best cook in the county, and asked them all to draw two plans, one of the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, and another of their own heads, the plans of the Cathedral would be the more accurate of the two. This is not altogether a disadvantage. It is perhaps better to know too little than too much, especially if that knowledge is gained by sad experience of disease. Better never to explore the antrum of Highmore than to know too well where it is.

If only we have sufficient knowledge of the rules of health and common sense to keep well, that knowledge will save us from having to know a great many other things.

HOW WE ARE BUILT.

However, the conditions of modern (so-called) civilized life make it necessary to know a few useful things about how we are built. Why, for example, is the head

comparatively a light part of the body? Because it has enormous air-space. Empty. Because the bones have within them smaller air-spaces, likewise empty or filled with spongy tissue or cells of thin tissue, some of which are almost as large as the cells of a honey-comb. and their walls no thicker than the wax walls of the cell in which the honey is stored.

MAIN THOROUGHFARES.

The Mouth, the Nose, the Throat and the Two Ears are a series of chambers and galleries, with intercommunications far more satisfactory than those in any Canadian city street, though there is a fine square in Hamilton and another in Guelph. These thoroughfares for traffic within our heads are rather better planned even than the beautiful "Civic Centres" projected for us, or the fine streets and avenues of Winnipeg and other Western cities. Just as city streets have homes, shops and factories built on them, so we have certain manufactures carried on hard by these air-thoroughfares. Specialized secretions, such as the saliva, amounting daily to about 1,500 ccs. or 100 tablespoonfuls, as 30 cubic centimetres equal one fluid ounce, so important for digestion, must be produced and kept ready. Another necessary secretion is the product

of the mucous glands in and about the lips, mouth and nose, which keeps all these structures in good condition during health and the lack of which largely causes the dry or sore lips of a cold or fever. There must be a right of way and a storehouse for these, and there must also be a right of ingress for food, air being one of our chief foods. These air-spaces cunningly covered with tapestries of mucous membrane of a rose pink tint when healthy, and the walls of which are often adorned with scroll work and carving (known to anatomists by the more ordinary names of the superior, middle and inferior turbinated bones of the nose) are primarily intended to receive our air supply. The organ of smell is skilfully lodged hereabout in the upper part of the gallery, a place not altogether unlike the place designed by Sir Christopher Wren for an organ of another kind when he built St. Paul's.

AIR-WAYS.

This air-way receives our air supply and inasmuch as the velvety rose-pink mucous membrane is filled almost as full of warm blood at 100 degrees as your bath-sponge is of hot water when you take a hot bath, it can do more than receive it. It can warm it up, as the hot air furnace warms the cold air coming into the house from outside. Nor is this all—brushes and bristles are thickly set at the entrance to the air-way to screen the dust and bits of coal (smoke is small pieces of coal) out of our air-supply. Finally, inasmuch as your hot-air furnace is not complete without a pocket in its wall large enough to hold a pail or two of water, nature, who knows a trick worth two of that, has made the soft mucous membrane to hold enough and to spare of moisture to bring dry air up to the necessary standard of humidity for safe and comfortable breathing.

MOUTH BREATHERS.

But mouth breathers live on cold, dry, dirty air, unwarmed, unmoistened and uncleaned, because the mouth has not the facilities that the nose has for warming, moistening and cleaning it.

Our fresh air, then, clean, moist and warm, should pass freely along the nostrils and throat towards the great main air-way to the lungs.

PINK CORAL.

But does it? That is the question. Is the air-way open? It ought to be. One word before we forget about that rose-pink tinge of health. Do you know it when you see it? Look at your gums. (But that is another story for another article.) Still, take a moment to think about it. Are your gums pink or red? If they are red, as "red as a beet," or as red as red coral, they are not right. They should be about the tint of pink coral. The lips are a little deeper tint but still not quite cherry-red, and the inside of the mouth and the throat and all should be about the same rosy shade that we are trying to describe.

LOOK AT THE THROAT.

Now let us get a look at the throat for that will help in answering the question, is the air-way clear? No. No tongue depressor, or "De Pressor," as I once had it in an official book-keeper's account. No "*Tongue De Pressor*" for us.

Take a little trouble with yourself and the child whose throat you want to see and you will never need a tongue "*De Pressor*." Well, hardly ever. There are exceptions to all rules, but this article is not about exceptions. It is about the ordinary, average Canadian throat.

HOW TO SEE YOUR OWN THROAT.

Take a hand-glass in your hand and go and stand at the biggest window in the house with the sun coming in, if possible. Stand with your back to the window, catch the sun or the best light you have on your glass. Now open your mouth and say "Ah," the way you do when politics don't please you, and throw that beam you caught on the hand-glass right into your throat and there it is.

THE CHILD'S THROAT.

Now about the child. If it is your own Mary or John, you know just what to do. I wouldn't presume to make any suggestions to you how to see your own children's throats. They will do just what you tell them. But if it is somebody else's Mary or John, and the child is the right size, take him on your knee, seating him so that the light falls full on his face. (If you cannot get a good light otherwise an ordinary lighted match does capitally.)

Say to the child, "John, did you have your dinner?" That never fails. (But be sure you mention the last meal.) Having got an answer and generally a happy smile too, then say, "What did you have for dinner?" Then say, "Now, open your mouth wide, and let me see where you put the potatoes?" You may occasionally need to say, "Now say, ah," or "Put out your tongue a minute, son." But not often.

WHAT DID YOU SEE?

What did you see? A double arch, with the division in the centre formed by a downward projection (the soft palate). Behind the first arch, another arch. Both arches built of muscle and connecting tissue and covered with mucous membrane, and between the pillars of the arches on either side is to be seen a small prominence, not projecting beyond the pillar at the back. This is the tonsil, made of tissue like an ordinary lymph-gland, a curious little body which sometimes grows so large on account of infection or disease that one or both of these arches may be completely blocked.

THROAT BLOCK.

Sometimes the large tonsils actually meet and touch in the middle, under the soft palate, so that one wonders how the poor child ever managed to swallow his dinner, or even a drink of water. It often hurts the child to swallow at all. Now for the point about blocking the air-way of the nostrils, the air-way to the lungs (no thoroughfare in the body more important than that).

ADENOIDS.

It is a good general rule to which there are few exceptions that if the throat has plenty of room under the arches and the child breathes freely through his nostrils then the air-way at the back of the nose is clear and one need not fear adenoids. What are adenoids that we should fear them? Never despise your enemy. We fear them because they grow at the back door of the nose and so can, and do, if enlarged, block up our air-way from the nose to the throat, that is from the nose to the lungs, thus interfering with the work of the lung and so with the capacity of the chest and the general health of the body.

We fear them because they (and the tonsils in the throat too) are very apt to get inflamed and infected and swell up and so close the Eustachian tube, the opening from the throat to the ear on either side, another important air-way, the beginning of which is three-quarters of an inch from the opening of the nose into the throat.

GOOD HEARING.

It is absolutely necessary to have this passage open if the ear is to be healthy and the hearing good. Infection of the ear, when it happens, is from the throat through this Eustachian tube. Earache is caused by acute inflammation within that tiny chamber. Hollowed out of the solid rock-like bone, where a chain of bones like the precious stones in a ring, are set so that they vibrate in response to the waves of sound which they transmit thus to the still more marvellous structure of the internal ear and so to the brain itself for interpretation. Probably two-thirds of all cases of ear-disease and deafness in children are thus due directly or indirectly to adenoids. Sometimes the only symptoms of adenoids are due to ear disease, as in this case.

We fear adenoids because these unhealthy conditions lead to chronic irritation and infection of the nose and throat (catarrh) and to many disagreeable and dangerous conditions among which are

THE HARM THEY DO.

The partial or complete loss of the sense of smell and the sense of taste. This loss is a serious one and has a bad effect on digestion. There is another way in which digestion is interfered with. The mouth breather on account of the nostrils not being used and the facial muscles not developed nearly always has the jaws and teeth somewhat deformed. The arch of the jaw is narrowed and the teeth are crowded and irregular, the upper teeth projecting in an ugly manner. Each tooth in the lower jaw instead of meeting fairly and squarely its fellow of the upper jaw, falls outside or inside or to one side or the other and so does not work well or wear well. The teeth are apt to decay, mastication is not satisfactory and the digestive organs, instead of being perfect, become inadequate or even diseased.

Thus we have three of the principal senses, hearing, smell and taste, attacked by this enemy and moreover, the general health is so lowered by it, and the education of a child is so affected by his dullness of hearing and general mal-nutrition that the good effects of removing this enemy sometimes are sudden and great enough to seem almost marvellous.

WE FEAR ADENOIDS BECAUSE

The appearance of a child is markedly disfigured by habitually breathing through the open mouth, and unless this matter is remedied in children both the damage and disfigurement become permanent and cannot be removed, in an adult.

We have a nasal discharge that resists treatment, frequent enlargement of the glands of the neck, noisy respiration and snoring, breathlessness, an unpleasant tone of voice, a characteristic, dull and unattractive facial expression, an attitude differing greatly from the upright dynamic posture natural to the human race, deafness, poor respiration, impaired indigestion, poor smell and dull or difficult hearing, a great many nervous habits such as stammering, night-terrors and bad dreams, and chronic cough. Spasmodic croup and "catching the breath" in the infant is caused by adenoids. Generally the chest is not well-developed but retracted, and has on the average only about four-fifths of the average capacity.

In more advanced cases the face is seriously disfigured by lack of development of the facial muscles and muscles of expression, by projecting teeth in the upper jaw, by the lower lip and chin hanging down, and so the enjoyment of life and vigor are not what they ought to be, because all these things are depressing and ought not so to be.

But early removal, where such removal is indicated, makes almost a beauty, or at least an attractive child out of the poor victim. Children with adenoids are often ten pounds below the average weight, four inches below the average height, and two years behind the average place in school, for children of the same age.

THE CAUSE.

This adenoid and lymphoid tissue is normal and should be present of the roof

of the nasopharynx. When it is enlarged so as to cause obstruction we call these enlarged growths adenoids. Adenoids were first discovered in 1870 by William Meyer, a Danish doctor, who died a few months ago. They vary much in size and exact position. They occur most frequently between the age of three and twelve years and then tend to disappear. But when they disappear they often leave behind them the dire consequences described above.

The exact cause is unknown. But we know that frequently several members of one family are affected and that adenoids prevail in the Temperate Zone, where we have sometimes damp and sometimes cold weather, where rheumatism is a common complaint.

Sir William Osler says there are more mouth breathers to the acre in England than in any other country. We see a great many among the Scotch Canadians. Travel through Italy from north to south and the mouth breathers among native Italians gradually disappear. But we do see adenoids among Malays on the Equator and among Esquimaux at the North Pole.

THE TREATMENT.

Should enlarged tonsils always be removed? Not always. Ask the family physician. If the child is in perfect health and there is plenty of room in the thoroughfare of the throat the doctor will tell you that a moderate enlargement of the tonsils will disappear soon after the age of twelve years. But if the child has frequent colds and tonsillitis every winter, the advice of the physician will probably be to have them removed.

Should adenoids be removed? The answer is the same. What is the condition of the child? It is a mistake to think that every child who breathes badly through the nose should be operated on.

THE HANDKERCHIEF TREATMENT.

Has the child a handkerchief? Did you ever train the child to use a handkerchief? Or is he driven to the surreptitious use of a coat sleeve, or has he a chronic sore nose? Don't you remember how your mother held a warm, clean, soft handkerchief to your nose and said to you encouragingly, "Oh, what a dirty nose—

now blow, blow hard." And you learned to keep your nose clean. It took you almost as long as it did to learn to keep your hands clean and not quite as long as it did to teach you to keep your neck and your ears above suspicion.

A BIG BREATH.

The routine use of breathing exercises and of general physical exercise of any kind is also a great help. Many children and adults too go for months without taking one great full breath of air such as will ventilate the entire lung space. The blocked nostril is rather a bad sign. The Tubercle Bacillus and most of our other foes flee from the face of a man or woman who uses all the air space of the lungs. All the Tubercle Bacillus wants is to be left alone in a dark corner where the air is stationary. Take a *deep breath, a big breath.*

MEDICAL INSPECTION HELPS.

Medical inspection of schools in England has already greatly helped in this matter. In Brighton Dr. Forbes reports that in the examination of 6,273 children, 22 per cent. were found to be mouth breathers in 1909. In 1910, only 13 per cent. were mouth breathers. This improvement has been made by taking seriously the education of the children in the proper use of the handkerchief and in routine breathing exercises. Handkerchiefs are made in the sewing classes and sold to the

children at a price of one cent or two cents. It is always found that any attention given to such matters does good. When the teachers take an interest in the presence of the handkerchief, the handkerchief comes by and by. If you want the handkerchief, ask for it. The demand created the supply.

TO CLEAN THE NOSE.

The hard and dry mucous that blocks the nose may be dissolved by oil or ointment, or more effectively still, by any warm alkaline solution, such as a teaspoonful of baking soda in a cup of hot water.

OPERATIVE TREATMENT.

When all this has been duly said and believed, it still remains true that the removal of enlarged tonsils or adenoids or both is a great boon to the child requiring it. No operation has had more brilliant results. About 99 per cent. of those so operated on improve greatly at once. It is not at all a serious or painful operation, and if it is necessary, it should be done as soon as possible. But like other skilled performances, this operation is not as easy as it looks and should be carefully done. The child needs special treatment (under the doctor's direction) for a few days afterwards and special supervision as to nasal respiration and general hygiene, in order to secure to the child the best kind of Canadian throat.

A NOBLE LIFE

Wouldst shape a noble life?
Then cast no backward glances toward
the past,
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born.
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
Each day will set its proper task.

—Goethe.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING IN THE
BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES OF THE WORLD

The End of the Gould Railway Dynasty

“ONE of the most significant phases of the present railroad situation is the extent to which the children of Jay Gould are losing control of the family properties,” writes Burton J. Hendrick in “The Passing of a Great Railroad Dynasty,” in *McClure's Magazine*. “Of the dozen railroad lines that make up what is commonly known as the Gould system, only one is now paying dividends. The backbone of the Gould financial power, the Missouri Pacific Railroad, has been running for several years under a heavy annual deficit, and last year did not earn all the interest on its bonds. Since 1908 five Gould railroads have gone into the hands of receivers. The family has given up control of the Manhattan elevated lines in New York City, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and of practically all of its railroads east of the Mississippi River. In financial circles George J. Gould, the family head, is commonly referred to as the ‘Sick Man of Wall Street,’ and already the great powers of that section are planning the dismemberment of such dominions as he still retains within his somewhat unsteady grasp.

All this is especially remarkable because the Goulds have shown the utmost tenacity in holding on to their railroad power. None of the great railroad families of America have exercised so complete and unified a control over a great railroad system. In his will, Jay Gould resorted to all possible expedients to assure this unquestioned domination. He left his fortune, generally estimated at \$75,000,000, as an intact whole in the hands of trustees. The trustees were his four eldest children: George, Edwin, Howard, and Helen. The

Goulds have done all in their power to carry out his intention in spirit and in fact. All four sons, George, Edwin, Howard, and Frank, personally assumed control of the family properties; they elected themselves and their representatives directors of the Missouri Pacific and other allied systems, parceled among each other the presidencies of affiliated lines, and jealously arrogated all the details of management.

And the railroad “empire” over which the Goulds for many years maintained this unquestioned supremacy was a wide and fruitful one. It extended from Detroit in the east to Ogden (Utah) in the west—from Chicago, Omaha, and Kansas City, to New Orleans and El Paso. There was hardly a great railroad “gateway,” or centre of traffic, which the Gould system did not reach. There it was—the Gould system, nineteen thousand miles of railway, the greatest single mileage ever controlled by any one railroad power. It comprised possibilities of development such as have opened upon the vision of no other American railway “magnate.” It was one of the few railroad systems west of the Mississippi River which had gone through the panic of the nineties without a receivership; and it was the one which, with the dawning of better times after the Spanish War, seemed destined to reap the heaviest harvest.

The Goulds are losing control of their ancestral domains because, like the Vanderbilts, they have attempted to do two incompatible things—live lives of idleness and luxury, and at the same time personally control great enterprises. Only one of Jay Gould's six children, Helen Miller,

a woman distinguished for philanthropy and patriotism, has aroused wide public esteem. Jay Gould, however, evidently entertained the highest opinion of the abilities of his eldest son. "My beloved son George," he says in his will, "having developed a remarkable business ability, and having for twelve years devoted himself entirely to my business, and during the past four years having taken entire charge of my affairs, I hereby fix the value of his services at \$5,000,000."

In addition to this honorarium, Jay Gould gave his son voting power upon the family estate, in case of a disagreement among the trustees, thus virtually making him the dictator. In 1892, when Jay Gould died, the opinion of Wall Street hardly indorsed the judgment of this remarkable will. George Gould was young—only twenty-eight—retiring in disposition, soft-voiced, unaggressive, and consequently not widely known. It was generally believed, however, that he was no idler, that he aspired to earn a reputation for himself, and that, in particular, he was ambitious of removing the stigma from the Gould name. The outside public probably knew him best for his romantic marriage to Miss Edith Kingdon, a charming New York actress of high personal character. There was a general disposition to "give the young chap a chance," a feeling heightened by the serious interest which he soon manifested in his railroad properties.

In these early days George Gould regularly made trips over his roads; he formed important and useful banking alliances in Wall Street; he took a prominent part in the reorganization of other lines, and even made large plans for the extension of his own interests. In 1899 or 1900 the financial district had revised its early estimate and had begun to look upon George Gould as the future dictator of the railroad situation. About this time, however, he began to manifest less promising traits. "Society," with all its distractions, now laid heavy claims upon his attention.

The sacred Knickerbocker portals, which had been closed to his father, opened wide to George Gould and his delightful family. He spent several millions on an elaborate country place at Lakewood, New Jersey. He leased hunting preserves in

England, and displayed a marked interest in horse-racing, dogs and polo. He spent a large part of his time on yachts, and the George Goulds began to be known as among the most lavish entertainers in New York. For the last few years the newspapers have been filled with stories of their country homes, their jewels, their dinners, their balls, their yachting trips, and their "coming-out parties." The entertainment that "introduced" the eldest daughter, Marjorie Gould, was an occasion of the utmost grandeur. According to the circumstantial newspaper accounts, several continents were ransacked to make the celebration an ostentatious success. America furnished banks of roses, England some five thousand orchids—solemnly appraised by the newspapers at one dollar each—the South Seas sent *Kentia* palms, while the southern part of France was levied upon for its choicest wines.

Undoubtedly, George Gould's inattention to business in recent years has been due, in no small part, to the fact that he is a good father; that he has wished to exercise and associate with his growing sons, and, being a rich man, has been able to choose between home life and office work. Unfortunately, he has always been extremely jealous of delegating his official power. He developed the habit of suddenly going to Europe and leaving nobody behind with authority to make a business move. If his subordinates assumed such authority during his absence, they frequently suffered the humiliation of having their ideas over-ruled. Gould, from the first, manifested the family characteristic of looking upon the Gould railroads as family perquisites. "Ramsey, can't I own my own property as I want to?" he once testily remarked to the president of the Wabash, who had entered a protest against certain of his acts.

Although nearly all of the so-called Gould railroads operated in the Western States, with their official headquarters at St. Louis, Chicago and Salt Lake City, the actual offices were always at 195 Broadway, at London, Paris, or wherever George Gould happened at the moment to be. He transacted important corporation business, not on the ground, but by cable and telegraph. This inevitably meant demoralization in the personnel. Strong, energetic,

ambitious men will not submit to dictation and irresponsibility of this sort, and consequently Gould's subordinates have not been the country's ablest railroad executives. His entourage developed into a petty court, constantly filled with jealousies, bickerings, and scandal-mongerings. Gould became surrounded with sycophants and flatterers, the general desire being not so much to further the interests of the Gould properties as to "stand well" with the head.

Had Gould been an aggressive, masterful person, he might, in spite of these somewhat demoralizing surroundings, have made his mark. On the contrary, his pre-eminent characteristic is indecision of character. He by no means lacks ability; he is capable of forming great, even grandiose plans; he is a good deal of a dreamer, but he lacks the physical force, the "nerve," to see his operations through. According to the Wall Street estimate, he is always saying one thing and doing another; the last persuasive talker who gets

his ear is generally regarded as the one who carries the day. Naturally suspicious, and never sure of himself, he labors under the impression that some one is trying to overreach him, that certain Wall Street interests are "out to get" him, and in every business deal he feels himself perpetually ambushed. In his early days Gould had excellent banking connections; in the last few years he has been unable to establish any permanent associations. He does business with one house to-day, with another to-morrow, and consequently he is on bad terms with practically all. In the last few years George Gould has been a solitary figure—the Hamlet of the railroad world: a man of paralyzed action, making no progress toward his goal, distrusted by all his associates, and even more distrustful of himself.

From this basis the article proceeds to describe how the Gould fortune has been dissipated, and the control of a great railway dynasty lost.

Big Business and the Bench

"**B**IG Business and the Bench," is the title of a series of articles by C. P.

Connolly, now running in *Everybody's Magazine* exposing "the part the railways play in corrupting the American courts." The subject is handled in a most vigorous manner, and the exposures are attracting no small attention. The American courts are brought prominently into the limelight. Actual cases are cited showing how the business interests dominate the bench. For example, "In the celebrated Narramore case," writes Mr. Connolly, "President Taft, while a judge on the Federal bench, laid down a humane doctrine, which, because of the way it has been neglected, condemned, flouted, battered, and outlawed, illustrates the contempt of the courts for the rights of the helpless. The case is clear and simple in its justice. The legislature of Ohio passed a law to compel all railways to fill or block their frogs and switches so as to prevent the feet of employes from being caught.

It made a violation of the law punishable by a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars. The railway companies ignored the law—first, because the fine was a matter of indifference to them; secondly, because they controlled the machinery which nominated judges and prosecuting attorneys.

"Narramore, a yard switchman in the employ of the Big Four Railroad, had his foot caught in an unblocked frog and was injured. Judge Taft held that the fact that the railway company violated the law in failing to block its frogs relieved Narramore from the assumption of risk which he would otherwise be compelled to assume.

"The Federal Court of Appeals overruled Judge Taft's decision. And the rule, almost universally, is that the workman, being aware of such a law, as he is presumed to be aware of it, knowing it is being violated, and yet continuing to work, becomes, equally with the corpora-

tion, a violator of the law, so far as his right to compensation is concerned. This is purely a refinement of reasoning in the interest of the corporation. If a brakeman fails to couple his cars speedily, without thought for his own safety, he receives a blast of profanity from his immediate superior, possibly his discharge. If he is injured in obeying orders, he finds himself outside the protection of the law.

"In Massachusetts, where a boy fourteen years of age was injured in a factory by unprotected machinery, the courts of that State held that it made no difference how dangerous was the place of employment, nor how safe it might be made, even at slight expense—the boy waived these considerations by accepting employment. If we follow this doctrine to its logical conclusion, any one, forced by necessity to work, might be compelled to work at machinery as dangerous as dynamite, which might, at slight cost, be made as harmless as thistle-down, yet have to accept the risk.

"I know of no more monstrous doctrine than this, nor one that is so apt to fire the hearts of the poor with rebellion against the courts. I have run across this decision time and again. It has spread its iniquity everywhere on the pages of our law-books.

"In Ohio they have a statute prohibiting the employment of minors in dangerous occupations; yet the courts held that where such a child was injured, the unlawful employment was not to be considered the proximate cause of the injury. Such decisions defy the higher law. They harden the heart and deaden the conscience of the poor.

"A peculiar case in Massachusetts was that of the brakeman who was evidently struck by ice hanging from a railway culvert, and thrown from his train. His body was found beside the track. If he had lived but the fraction of a minute after being struck, and had suffered pain, the brakeman himself would have had a cause of action against the railroad. Had his estate won such a suit, the damages would have accrued to his mother, who was his heir. But Massachusetts law decreed that a mother could recover nothing for the death of a son, though he might be her sole support. In this case the burden of proving that her son had lived after being

struck, was on the mother; but, of course, she could not prove this, and therefore the law assumed that the son was killed instantly, and the mother was unable to recover damages.

"How do we account for these decisions? Is it bribery? I am free to say that bribery, in the sense that we use that word, is not the rule, though I think that the number of times it occurs would, if they could be proved, shock the sense of the American people. I do not have particular reference to these decisions that I have just cited, because they are mere samples of the leanings of courts. I do say, however, that a more insidious form of bribery than that of the actual passing of money is practised almost universally.

"A leader of the Illinois bar was traveling one day on a train between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis with a judge of one of our Supreme Courts. As the conductor came along, the judge, busy with some other duty, handed his friend his pass-book, requesting him to search for the pass over the road on which they were traveling. The lawyer told the judge he was surprised to find him riding on a pass. The judge insisted that the giving of the pass was a mere courtesy, and entailed no obligations. His friend told him he was mistaken: that he would not be the recipient of the various passes in his pass-book unless the senders of them expected favors in return.

"A year or two later these two friends went into partnership. They accepted a case against a certain railroad. Promptly came a letter from one of the former judge's associates, then still on the Supreme Bench, stating that a high official of this railway had expressed his surprise that the former judge should have taken a case against the railway company after accepting its passes for years.

"In a very recent case in Montana, the Supreme Court of that State commented on the fact that State and county officials, from the highest to the lowest, had been for years furnished by the railway companies with passes, in open defiance of law.

"Federal Judge John W. Philips, of Kansas City, until his recent retirement from the bench, used to call for the direc-

tors' car on the Rock Island road, which was always turned over to him, cooks, porters and all. If he wanted to ship freight over that road, he did it without cost.

"If a poor suitor should send to a judge a sack of flour, or a knuckle of veal, undoubtedly the judge would publish that fact to the world, and properly make an

example of the litigant. But the railway company gives to judges passes and free rides in private cars, which they accept, not only without resentment, but with a smiling grace. The result is that the scales of law are always favorable to the private car, and against the sack of flour and knuckle of veal."

The Rise of the Silent Drama

THE moving picture show has come to stay. "The progress of the 'silent drama' has been on an unparalleled scale. In fact," writes Robert Grau, in 'The Moving Picture Show and the Living Drama' in the *American Review of Reviews*, "some of the developments in this field in the last few months have utterly amazed the prominent theatrical managers and producers. As recently as two years ago, these gentlemen were inclined to regard the moving picture as a temporary fad; but when such offerings came as the Kinemacolor pictures of the English Coronation festivities, and it was observed that the public willingly paid regular theatre prices to see the wondrous spectacle, they marveled. One of the foremost of these, William A. Brady, thus expressed himself: "If the manufacturer of a photo-play can afford to spend \$100,000 for a single offering on the screen, he has us beat many a mile, for that is just twice as much as it cost to produce Ben Hur, a play that has run twelve years." This enormous sum has, in fact, been spent on more than one film production. The "Dante's Inferno" pictures cost even more than this, while "The Fall of Troy," "The Crusaders," "Cinderella" and "A Tale of Two Cities" all cost from \$25,000 to \$75,000 each.

As illustrating the trend of the silent drama, it is significant that the Milano Film Company, of Italy, which evolved the "Dante's Inferno" pictures, now announce the completion of a photographic spectacle from Homer's "Odyssey." This immense production involved an expenditure of \$200,000, and was two years in preparation. It is comprised in three "reels,"

which means that there are about 3,000 feet of film, requiring a full hour to run. This photo-play, "The Return of Ulysses," was written by no less a distinguished personage than Jules Lemaitre, a member of the French Academy, and was reproduced by a company of well-known players. Thirty artists were engaged in producing the scenery and paraphernalia, while the *mise en scene* is said to have involved the services of over two thousand persons, including a score of players and pantomimists of established repute on the Italian stage. This series of film will be exhibited within two weeks, and to protect the producing company from piracy, the services of William J. Burns, the famous detective, have been secured. Perhaps the most serious competition to the living stage will result from the advent of the "full play" film producers. Heretofore the photo-play has been a brief affair averaging about twenty minutes to unfold. But in the United States and abroad the "special release" is coming forth with a vigorous impetus. Madame Rejane and the Parisian Company have rendered before the camera Sardou's "Madame Sans Gene" in its entirety, and New Yorkers will be enabled to view this spectacle at the same time that Bernhardt's "Camille" is presented, the two offerings being disposed of to exhibitors as a single five-reel production, constituting one entertainment.

In France and Italy, the picture play is being developed on a very high-class scale as to authors, actors and elaborateness of staging. The best plays are chosen, and eminent authors write the scenarios. Not only have Lemaitre and Sardou been en-

gaged in this work, but also Anatole France, Henry Lavedan and others. It is this activity abroad and the certainty that American film manufacturers will follow along similar lines that has caused the conversion of so many theatres into photo-playhouses. In Hartford, New Haven, and Bridgeport, three cities of the first grade, theatrically speaking, the one theatre in each still remaining to the theatrical syndicate is no longer available to the traveling companies. All three, on the same date (January 29, 1912), reverted to William Fox, the moving picture mag-

nate. Thus even Yale's own town will be denied to the Maude Adamses, the John Drews, and the players under the directions of Messrs. Frohman, Klaw and Erlanger, and their various allies.

The amazing thing about the cinematograph industry is that even the most expensive productions are seen for only a single day in the ten thousand or more picture theatres, the only exception to this rule being where the pictures are exhibited in vaudeville theatres as numbers on the programme. Here they are shown for at least a week and sometimes longer.

The Traffic in Titles

IT has been established beyond any shadow of doubt that knight-hoods, baronetcies, and peerages are sold by the two great political parties in England. If a man desire one of these "honors," he has only to approach diplomatically the political powers that be and pour a certain number of golden sovereigns into the party chest. In due time, unless something is known about the applicant which absolutely prohibits such a thing, his ambition is gratified. Such, at least, is the contention of Mr. James Douglas, who writes on "The Traffic in Titles," in *Pearson's Magazine*.

"The sale of honors," he says, "is like the sale of advowsons—a traffic not too widely advertised; but knight-hoods, baronetcies, and peerages are purchasable; and there is even a tariff for these titles. The price paid varies according to the status of the buyer. But the market price is approximately as follows:

"Knighthood	£15,000
Baronetcy	£30,000
Peerage	£100,000

"The cash is usually paid by instalments in the form of subscriptions to the secret party funds of the two great political parties.

"In the last ten years there have been no fewer than 96 new peers. Of these not more than 49 were the ordinary and normal rewards for public and political services. Of the remainder no few than 37 were bought peerages, while 10 may be

charitably classed as being doubtful. Thus we may compile a fairly accurate table of peerages created in the past eleven years:

"Earned Peerages	49
Bought Peerages	37
Doubtful	10
	—
	96

"Thus it appears that between forty and fifty per cent. of peerages are bought.

"The debasement of the honors conferred by the Sovereign upon his most illustrious servants is a very serious scandal. Every title acquired by indirect purchase is a slur upon every man who has acquired his title by service or by merit. The truth is that there is no governing idea in the bestowal of honors. A great administrator like the late Sir Robert Hart received a less reward than half-a-dozen obscure nonentities.

"The extent of the abuse may be exaggerated by the tongue of suspicion; it may, on the other hand, be underestimated. The point is that *nobody knows the truth*.

"What is the remedy?

"Publicity! *Publicity!* PUBLICITY!

"Let both parties publish their balance sheets. They can be compelled to do so by public opinion, acting upon candidates for the House of Commons. If every voter were to insist upon every candidate pledging himself to vote for a public audit of the secret funds, the system would be smashed."

Wife's Share of Husband's Income

HARPER'S BAZAR is running a discussion on the wife's share of the husband's income, and wives everywhere are giving their experiences. Here is a typical one:

My husband's salary is one hundred dollars a month and we have found that the only way to manage our expenses comfortably is to have an exact schedule of how the money is to be spent. Discussions and disagreements are not to our taste; we talked the question over and settled it as seemed best, and never have we departed from our arrangement.

Well do I know that my husband is more generous than most. He divides his salary between us, and with my half I pay for the food and my own clothes. Everything else he pays for. We divide our income as follows:

HUSBAND PAYS.	
Rent	\$22.00
Coal	5.00

Gas	1.00
Fire Insurance50
Benefit society	1.00
Pew rent	2.00
Personal expenses and clothes.	12.00

Total\$43.50

WIFE PAYS.

Food	\$35.00
Personal expenses and clothes.	12.00

Total\$47.00

This leaves me three dollars a month, and six dollars and a half of my husband's share is left. This we consider an emergency fund. It must cover an occasional doctor's or dentist's bill, all amusements, anything unforeseen that turns up; and they do turn up with surprising frequency. De do not interfere with each other's use of this money, and if there is anything left on the 31st of December it goes into its owner's savings bank account.

England's Social Revolution

ONE of the first measures passed by the Government in 1906 was the Workmen's Compensation Act. This act amended and consolidated the law as to compensation for injuries, extended its benefits to seamen, shipmasters, shop assistants, postmen, domestic servants, and to all employees with a smaller annual remuneration than \$1,250, awarded compensation for all injuries causing more than one week's incapacity, established a special scale of compensation for persons under twenty-one earning less than five dollars a week, and made provision for facilitating the computation of the amount due as compensation, for safeguarding workmen against oppressive agreements, for regulating the disbursement of the amounts payable to dependents of deceased workmen, and for enabling the services of medical referees to be more fully utilized. Another act, also passed in 1906, considerably

simplified and improved the system of reporting accidents in mines, quarries, factories and workshops. A third act of the same year, the Merchant Shipping Act, established for the first time a compulsory food scale on board ship, secured on all foreign-going ships the carrying of a certified cook, increased the space that must be given to the accommodation of the crew, imposed on foreign ships in British ports the same regulations as to load-line, life-saving appliances, grain cargoes, and unseaworthiness as are applicable to British ships, and prohibited the granting of any fresh pilotage certificates to aliens. A more recent act, passed in 1909, and called the Trade Boards Act, attacked the industrial and social evil of sweating. It set up for certain trades boards composed of representatives of employers and of workers in equal numbers, with official members appointed by the Board of Trade. The duty of the trade boards is to fix

minimum rates of wages for both time-work and piece-work in the following trades: (1) ready-made and bespoke wholesale tailoring; (2) cardboard-box making; (3) machine-made lace and net

finishing, and (4) ready-made blouse-making. The act provides also that other trades may from time to time be added to the list.—Sydney Brooks, in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Future Status of Women

WHILE I am indicating the broad features of the conception of the Great State as the opposite to Normal Social Life, it is necessary to point out the scope of our present ignorance and indecision upon those two closely correlated problems, the problem of family organization and the problem of women's freedom. In the Normal Social Life the position of women is easily defined. They are subordinated but important. The citizenship rests with the man, and the woman's relation to the community as a whole is through a man. But within that limitation her functions as mother, wife, and home-maker are cardinal. It is one of the entirely unforeseen consequences that have arisen from the decay of the Normal Social Life and its autonomous home that great numbers of women, while still subordinate, have become profoundly unimportant. They have ceased to a very large extent to bear children, they have dropped most of their home-making arts, they no longer nurse nor educate such children as they have, and they have taken on no new functions that compensate for these dwindling activities of the domestic interior. That sub-

jugation which is a vital condition of the Normal Social Life does not seem to be necessary to the Great State. It may or it may not be necessary. And here we enter upon the most difficult of all our problems. The whole spirit of the Great State is against any avoidable subjugation; but the whole spirit of that science which will animate the Great State forbids us to ignore woman's functional and temperamental differences. A new status has still to be invented for women, a Feminine Citizenship differing in certain respects from the normal masculine citizenship. Its conditions remain to be worked out. We have, indeed, to work out an entire new system of relations between men and women that will be free from servitude, aggression, provocation, or parasitism. The public endowment of motherhood as such may perhaps be the first broad suggestion of the quality of this new status. A new type of family, a mutual alliance in the place of a subjugation, is perhaps the most startling of all the conceptions which confront us directly we turn ourselves definitely toward the Great State.—*Harper's Magazine*.

A Manufacturer's Greatest Asset

MOST people still look upon Advertising as merely the self-interested effort of manufacturers to sell more goods. It is much *more* than that. It is a real distributive force, a definite factor in economic progress, and as such, bears as vital a relation to the people as railroads, newspapers and other quasi-public institu-

tions. It is a subject for laymen to understand and for legislators to take account of.

Advertising heretofore has been neglected by all but the men who make their living at it. The public is just beginning to understand that they, too, have an interest in it—just as they have awakened to the

fact that they have an interest in the packing industry, in railroad operation, in banking, etc.

Men's *traditional* interests—in their government, for instance, which causes them to become wildly excited over elections; in the defense of their country through armies and navies; in such things as tariffs; in the nation's policies at home and its diplomacy abroad—are being *supplemented* by an intelligent interest in the things that concern them more personally and intimately. They are becoming interested in such things as the purity foods, the honesty of fabrics and in general the integrity of the producing and distributing machinery that supplies all of us with practically everything that we eat, wear or use.

In all this change, Advertising has been the most potent factor. Quite aside from its importance as the educative and distributive force which has revolutionized our standards and modes of living by its introduction of new products, inventions and methods, it has had the tremendous

moral effect of *proving* that honesty pays better than anything else. It has proved, in fact, that a large and a profitable market cannot be built and *maintained* except upon integrity in the manufacture of goods and honesty in their presentation to the public.

Before the days of trade-marks and national advertising there was a chance for the unfair manufacturer and his unworthy product. There was no one to hold him to account and no method of tracing his goods to their source. Now his *fortune* is represented by his *trade-mark* and the *public's good-will* toward that trade-mark. His greatest asset is the public good-will, and the only way to secure or to hold it is by putting merit into his goods and honesty into his advertising.

That is the reason that nationally advertised goods are safe to buy—that is why business is cleaner than it ever was before—that is why the leading national magazines are carrying as vital a message in their advertising pages—perhaps a more vital one—than in their editorial sections. —James Howard Kehler, in *Smart Set*.

Figure Profits on Selling Price

"Let well enough alone," has a very comfortable sound, but there is nothing in it which enables a man to get ahead.

MOST retailers are satisfied with their methods. They think they are making money. But here is a letter which suggests a reason for the many failures among these same satisfied retailers. The story was told in a letter to the service department of a large manufacturer of store equipment.

This paper has often tried to point out the necessity for figuring profits on the selling price, but the story so strongly illustrates the point that we print it for what it is worth.

The retailer, whose name we cannot give because it might affect his credit, is in business in Indiana. He thought, until a week or so ago, that he was going to

make a good profit last year in addition to his salary, but he has discovered that he has actually lost \$1,125.

"I started the year," he said, "with \$1,100 in the bank and a stock inventory of \$3,450. Doing a cash business, I had no outstanding accounts and my accounts payable amounted to only \$550.

"My business for the year aggregated \$40,600. My stock inventory at the end of the year is \$3,250. My bank balance is \$600. Accounts payable, against me, aggregate \$975. I have drawn nothing from the business except my salary of \$100 a month.

"I found that my cost of doing business was 22 per cent., including my salary. I figured that I should make a profit of 10 per cent., and marked all my goods for that profit.

"I made my purchases carefully so that my stock did not pile up. I handled only

such goods as I was able to move and could make the 10 per cent. profit on.

"But I find my inventory *smaller*, my bank balance *smaller* and my debts *bigger* at the end of the year.

"I expected a profit above expenses of \$2,500. I thought I had that profit. But my year-end statement shows that I have *lost* \$1,125.

"Can you tell me the answer to this puzzle?"

His mistake was this: He took his cost of doing business and his profit from the *cost* price. He should have taken both from the *selling* price.

He has less money in the bank. He owes more. He has less stock. He has not made 10 per cent.—that is plain. Instead, he has lost the amount of the decrease in stock and cash and the amount of the increase in debts.

Why? The service department of the manufacturer to whom he wrote, figured out the problem for him. He thought he was adding 10 per cent. for profit, but in reality he did not add anything for profit.

Suppose an article cost him \$2.25. Suppose his cost of doing business was 22 per

cent., and it was desired to fix a price that would allow 10 per cent profit. He added 32 per cent. to the cost price of \$2.25, and *thought he was adding 10 per cent. for profit.*

He had estimated his cost of doing business, of course, as 22 per cent on his *gross* business, or on the selling price of the article. Instead of allowing 22 per cent. on the selling price for cost of doing business, he allowed 49.5 cents. Instead of allowing 10 per cent. on the selling price for profit, he allowed 22.5 cents. It really cost him almost 73 cents to sell the article.

Here is the difference: The article was sold for \$2.97, or probably \$3, when it had to be sold at \$3.31 to get 10 per cent profit. He needed a gross business of over \$50,000 on the same wholesale cost to make his 10 per cent. profit.

Prove the figures: 22 per cent. on \$3.31 is nearly 73 cents. 10 per cent on \$3.31 is a little over 33 cents. Adding 73 and 33 gives us \$1.06. Adding this to \$2.25 gives us \$3.31.

The whole problem hinges there: *Figure your percentages on the selling price.*

Creative Salesmanship

IN the realm of salesmanship few problems are of more vital interest than that of Creative Salesmanship. There are few authorities, too, who are more capable of dealing with it than E. St. Elmo Lewis. In the course of an address on the subject he recently made the following interesting observations.

I know so much more about the price of baby shoes than about the cost of production—so much more about the tariff than about what sort of an advertisement a woman will believe—so much more about the probable effect of the comet on the earth's orbit than about the kind of campaign that would increase your city's tax-roll by one hundred per cent.—that I am going to ask you to accent the word "creative" very strongly.

Selling is the ever-present problem of the commercial world. It is the pre-eminent

power of America—to sell, to create markets and solve the problems of distribution.

The American is a salesman because he has to make things happen.

The salesman is of two breeds—the man who waits for you to hand him an order and the man who takes one away from you.

The one is created by conditions—the other creates conditions. It is with the latter, as he appears in retail, wholesale and specialty businesses that we have to do.

I want to see where this power of creating business starts, how it can be acquired and what keeps it at top efficiency. I trust you will pardon me if I take some examples from places close at home.

I want you to think on these experiences and suggestions, with the hope that you will be able to find something helpful.

We are understanding that selling is our great and growing problem. Advertising is becoming more and more a profession where trained brains count—Salesmanship, more and more a profession where the finest qualities of human nature and the greatest skill have their chance.

Successful selling depends on three essential and fundamental things:

Getting the customer.

Selling him.

Keeping him.

The first is the advertising man's job.

The second is the Salesman's.

The last is both the Salesman's and his employer's.

The second and last I am chiefly concerned with, for these things are of the very essence of creative salesmanship.

Every business can stand just so much for its selling expense. Beyond that limit are trials and tribulations, sleepless nights for the Sales Manager, and falling hair for the Financial Manager.

We see a constant effort on the part of business men to bring this question of effective Salesmanship down to a business basis. That is, to a more careful selection of raw materials that it will pay to develop, and then a greater intelligence and experience in the developing process.

There are hundreds of men going up and down the land taking orders from people who are waiting for them to come and get the business. Those men fondly imagine they are salesmen, but it has been the experience of most that this kind of a salesman is the most difficult for managers to handle, and who are most likely to talk about salesmen "being born and not made."

Let us analyse the selling qualities in a man.

There are several fundamental elements that go to make up a Salesman:

1. The man must know and practice the law of appearances, which briefly put is, "put you best foot forward."

2. He must know what he knows, and have trained himself to adequately express his knowledge.

3. He must have a lot of things that "he won't do to get business," and have the moral backbone to let the competitor get business by fooling the customer.

4. He must want to learn all the time—

nothing should be "uninteresting" to him—and he must want the things that children know better than graybeards.

5. He must be willing to be taught how to strengthen his weaknesses.

6. He must maintain good health, good habits and never "break training."

7. He must know men as individuals.

8. He must know how to classify individuals into groups and thereby get the general viewpoint from which his house views his customers and its trade in his territory.

Salesmen must be trained in these things—made familiar with their own methods of thought and sources of action. They must be put through a regular course of training to get these things: they must *consciously* get them. To hand this educational matter out in a house organ, without method, without tests to see who has even read it, is to fool ourselves, and make a joke of the training process.

Enthusiasm is the steam—the force behind this knowledge. Knowledge has to do in turn with two other items, knowledge of men, and knowledge of the goods to be sold. Of these necessary things, the capacity for intelligent enthusiasm is the thing born in a man.

We are too prone to discount the value of enthusiasm. It is so easy to call it "hot air" and "wind-jamming."

Most of us admit the necessity of a knowledge of the goods, but we don't give our men a chance to get it, except in a way most wasteful to ourselves—by experimenting on our customers.

We expect a man to get his knowledge while selling. They don't get it. The policy has failed—and it is the one big selling mistake most of us make. We feel the full weight of the fault when competition forces us to have something besides an earnest desire and the energy with which to get the order.

The manufacturer will spend thousands of dollars and an unreckoned amount of time and energy and thought in developing an invention, but he thinks the salesmen who are to realize all the profit on that expenditure, can go out, without a working knowledge of what the invention will do, and sell it.

What chance has a "born Salesman" with such a product?

A department store spending \$200,000 a year for advertising, spent less than \$5,000 a year in sales training.

It used to be thought that the man who was well dressed, had a certain suavity of manner, and was able to tell more or less irreproachable stories, and lie the most consistently, was the "beau ideal" of the American Salesman. We used to think it necessary for a Salesman to know how to order a good dinner. We don't now concern ourselves with the dinners so much, but we concern ourselves more with the diner.

Business is getting a little more serious and certain. The scientific attitude towards buying and selling is calling for a revision of our outworn practices.

We are learning that the fundamental requirements of creative Salesmanship are the same, whether we are selling lemon-drops or machinery. We are hearing less and less of the cry, "Our business is different." We are coming to realize that our public remains much the same: we know now that the customer decides the sale, and that we have a part in that decision only in proportion as we know the customer.

Terrible Punishment of American Convicts

IN the *American Magazine*, Julian Leavitt, who has been studying prison life in the United States for years, begins a series of articles which ought to make a stir and lead to much-needed reforms. He found it as difficult to get actual information about prison life as to find out what was going on in the Bastille before the French revolution, but he kept on until he has unearthed the most extraordinary lot of facts and incidents and truthful pictures of life behind the bars. Following is an extract from his article, the facts for which came from official reports in Michigan:

"The strait-jacket, once a favorite in most prisons, but now rarely used, was also found at Marquette. It is an instrument well beloved by the more brutal keepers, I am told, for this atrocious reason: The internal organs of the body, as every student of anatomy knows, are packed as skilfully as only nature, with its millions of years of experience, can pack them. But if the body be encased in a strait-jacket and the straps jerked to the last notch, the delicate internal organs may be permanently displaced without leaving any external evidence.

"A milder form of punishment is the 'cuffing up' of men by their wrists with handcuffs and chains to a staple in the wall or to the upper bars of a cell gate in the 'bull pen,' a special punishment room. This was frequently used in Marquette.

"'It must be remembered,' says the minority report, already quoted, 'that the hands of every convict are drawn up to the same height. Such a position allows some men a chance to rest their arms somewhat on the cross bars, but it compels others to raise their hands above their heads, and subjects them to most extreme torture. Men have been chained continuously in this position for a period of fifteen days, only getting relief at night, when allowed to lie on their cots. The handcuffs are never removed. One can probably form some idea of what it must mean to wait on oneself in such a condition. . . .'

"One elderly man named Myers, of excellent conduct, a leader of the band, an eminent citizen in general, was strung up six days for failure to perform a task. George H. Hamilton, strung up for seventeen hours consecutively, lost the use of his left hand permanently. Earl A. Thompson, a bookkeeper before he went wrong, was unskilled as a machine operator. He could only finish thirty-six dozens of the forty which his task called for. He was strung up two days.

"They were punished for all manner of trivial offenses. One man was punished for using black thread instead of white, another for attempting to send a letter out of the prison against the rules, another for breaking needles (a frequent and unavoidable accident in overall manufacturing)."

Joseph Pulitzer's Newspaper Creed

MR. PULITZER contemplated the newspaper as in two parts only.

That which dealt with the news was one part, the editorial page the other. All the strictly business aspect he did not consider—not because it was unimportant but because the many centuries of experience have put business principles on an indisputable basis; and they are the same for all occupations,—and have no peculiar relation to any one; and none at all to the conception of the newspaper as he understood it. He said: "News is the life of a paper. Give me a news editor who has been well grounded, who has the foundations of accuracy, love of truth, and an instinct for the public service—and there will be no trouble about his gathering the news. * * * News is the very life of the paper—but what is life without character? Above knowledge, above news, above intelligence, the heart and soul of a paper lie in its moral sense, in its courage, its integrity, its humanity, its sympathy for the oppressed, its independence, its devotion to the public welfare, its anxiety to render public service. To think rightly, to think instantly, to think incessantly, to think intensely, to seize opportunities when others let them go by—this is the secret of success in journalism."

His conception, therefore, involved the points of the well-organized service—the

ever vigilant man at the head of it—and character and incorruptible integrity—as the controlling forces. He said: "I ought to confess that the editorial discussion of politics and public questions has ever been the matter of deepest personal interest to me."

And that indeed was his grand ideal of the newspaper press,—the phase in which it touched public concerns,—its obligation with regard to the national welfare through its influence upon the minds of the people. He held it to be a part of the machinery of a democratic state, "unofficial but vital," as Mr. Taft phrased it. He saw that this relation grew out of the fact that in an age when the obvious impulse is to spread education into every corner of every country, the newspaper is the most prevalent and most potent of all the educational forces—and most helpful, as it rallies the people in support of purity in politics.

He differed entirely with several distinguished men who have recently argued that the editorial page has in recent years lost its influence with the people. He believed that that opinion was derived from the observation of a few notorious cases—where influence was lost because of public contempt.—From "Mr. Pulitzer's Ideals for the Columbia School of Journalism," by G. W. Hosmer, M.D., in the *American Review of Reviews*.

Why Have Slums?

WHILE it may be true that we shall always have the poor with us in our cities, why need we have centres of vice and crime? It is a good work that church and charity organizations are doing in lifting the poor and maimed out of the gutter, but would it not be a wiser policy to abolish the gutter?

This is the age of preventive therapy in medical science. Ex-Chief Croker, of the New York Fire Department, has resigned to organize fire-prevention work.

George W. Perkins, trust magnate, has retired from J. P. Morgan & Co., to devote his time to the prevention of destructive competition in business. The church and the charitable institution must follow suit if they would hold their own and win in their fight.

Kansas City has begun her work in a business-like way. She has started in to wipe out her notorious "McClure Flats" by condemnation proceedings, as unworthy of her reputation and a lowering of the level of her decent citizenry. She

is doing this through an official Board of Public Welfare composed of five public-spirited citizens who serve without pay, and who have a fund of two hundred thousand dollars this year which to wage war on the slum.

Rochester has abolished her slums simply by providing something better for her poorer citizens, and by raising the standard of living without adding to its cost.

Cleveland has such an admirable building code that Berlin has just adopted it as her model in dealing with the housing problem.

Boston proposes to cut out her four million two hundred thousand dollar medical bill by the establishment of preventive clinics and publicity. Her slogan is "Boston—1915," and Louis D. Brandeis, efficiency expert, is leading the crusade.

The most notable fact in all this work is that it is being carried out by business men as a business proposition. Our cities have been recklessly and blindly commercial hitherto. Now they are counting the cost of neglect, and are planning for the future along preventive lines.

The slum must go. And it is going.
—Frederic B. Hodgins, in *Lippincott's*.

Superiority of American Physique

"ONE of the finest object lessons," writes Professor Meredith Cleese, in the *Strand*, "given to the British public on race perfection was on the occasion of the last Olympic games. Some dozen different countries sent picked representatives from the flower of their youth. On the opening day there was a grand parade of the nations before our late King Edward. The opinion was that the British contingent was by far the poorest specimen present, both in physique and deportment. As a matter of fact, the British section looked very much undersized. True, the British selection committee could have placed a much finer and more representative body on the field if they had chosen.

"I have examined and measured some hundreds of thousands of both sexes and of all classes. I am bound to admit that the average physical standard of the British race is decreasing in both height and general physique, while to my knowledge with one other nation—the American—it is increasing. The reason for this difference is not far to seek. In America those responsible for the welfare of that nation have fully recognized that the overcrowding of cities, the increased hustle and bustle for existence must eventually mean the physical degeneration of the race if something is not done to give the only true antidote—systematic physical exercise.

"Toward this end municipal authorities of all the larger cities have installed a

plentiful supply of gymnasia. For instance, in my last visit to the States, six years ago, I found that Boston (about the size of our Liverpool) had no fewer than six fully equipped physical training schools, each far larger than England's largest (army Aldershot), and, above all, the cost of tuition is practically nil. They are State aided, and they are always full. The feeders of these schools are the public elementary schools, where physical exercise is compulsory—and often. The results of about ten years of this State effort to stem the tide of degeneration is now being felt and seen. In another twenty-five years I unhesitatingly say that America will be the finest race. The same conditions exist in Sweden—hence the Swede's perfect physique, which was so marked at our Olympic gathering."

This estimate of the relative value of various types of physiques is the more interesting and valuable when it is recalled that Professor Cleese is a most competent judge. He began life as a soldier in the ranks in the British army and became one of its most distinguished physical instructors. For three years he devoted himself to a study of anatomy to perfect his knowledge of the parts of the human body and for many years specialized as an instructor in such exercises as will enable men and women to maintain their mental and physical health.

What the Scientific Socialist Wants

QUITE apart from the danger of unsympathetic and fatally irritating government, there can be little or no doubt that the method of making men officials for life is quite the worst way of getting official duties done. Officialdom is a species of incompetence. The rather priggish, timid, teachable, and well-behaved sort of boy who is attracted by the prospect of assured income and a pension to win his way into the civil service, and who then by varied assiduities rises to importance, is the last person to whom we would willingly intrust the vital interests of a nation. We want people who know about life at large, who will come to the public service seasoned by experience, not people who have specialized and acquired that sort of knowledge which is called, in much the same spirit of qualification as one speaks of German silver, Expert Knowledge. It is clear our public servants and officials must be so only for their periods of service. They must be taught by life, and not "trained" by pedagogues. In every continuing job there is a time when one is crude and blundering, a time, the best time, when one is full of the freshness and happiness of doing well, and a time when routine has largely replaced the stimulus of novelty. The Great State will, I feel convinced, regard changes in occupation as a proper circumstance in the life of every citizen; it will value a certain amateurishness in its service, and prefer it to the trite omniscience of the state official.

And since the Fabian Socialists have

created a wide-spread belief that in their projected state every man will be necessarily a public servant or a public pupil because the State will be the only employer and the only educator, it is necessary to point out that the Great State presupposes neither the one nor the other. It is a form of liberty, and not a form of enslavement. It agrees with the bolder forms of Socialism in supposing an initial proprietary independence in every citizen. The citizen is a shareholder in the State. Above that and after that he works if he chooses. But if he likes to live on his minimum and do nothing—though such a type of character is scarcely conceivable—he can. His earning is his own surplus. Above the basal economics of the Great State we assume with confidence there will be a huge surplus of free-spending upon extra-collective ends. Public organizations, for example, may distribute impartially, and possibly even print and make ink and paper for, the newspapers in the Great State, but they will certainly not own them. Only doctrine-driven men have ever ventured to think they would. Nor will the State control writers and artists, for example, nor the stage—though it may build and own theatres—the tailor, the dressmaker, the restaurant cook, an enormous multitude of other busy workers for preferences. In the Great State of the future, as in the life of the more prosperous classes of to-day, the great proportion of occupations and activities will be private and free.—H. G. Wells, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Chinaman is the Coming Jew

THE Chinaman, as the Jew, has discovered that where wealth is there also is power, and he is rapidly becoming wealthy, so that the position of the Jew as arbiter of the world's affairs is being threatened by the Chinaman. What cares he for import taxes, deprivation of

voting, social disabilities, and all the other restrictions to which he is subjected? He knows that dollars shall sweep them all away whenever he elects to exert their influence. When he sees Jews (and others) with seats in the British House of Lords that within recent years have been bought in every sense but the

technical sense; when he knows that to locate a provincial capital a legislature is bought in every sense, including the technical sense; when he realizes that a Montreal grafter will prefer a dollar from a Chinaman to ninety-nine cents from a Canadian—when he knows and remembers these things (and he does know and remember them), he smiles at acts of parliament to impede his movements and at the thousand and one petty annoyances concocted for his discomfort, as he would at the efforts of Mrs. Partington to set back the Pacific with a mop. The Chinaman is the coming Jew. If Canadians or Americans do not desire Chinamen within their gates, there is a method of ex-

cluding them less insulting than that which now obtains. If it be desired to keep Chinamen out of Canada or any other country, let no one employ them either here or elsewhere, and they will not come here or go there. If they are employed in any country, they are needed in that country. Chinamen will not come to Canada unless Canadians employ them. If, too, Canadians desire to employ them and are prevented from or harassed in employing them, it is a direct and unjustifiable interference with the boasted liberty of the Canadian subject.—William Trant, in the *North American Review*.

The Underworld of London

A DREADFUL, fearful Underworld. A Wilderness of Sin infested with crawling atomies as with vermin. A gloomy realm of festering unrest for which there is no peace, no hope, no relief, no salvation. A place of darkness, in which children awake in the night to grapple with the unclean thing. And that is what all the poor lost souls down there are doing, all night long and every night, but not by day, because there is no day in that foul Tophet. Down there it is all darkness and a nightmare of haunting forms and faces. Faces and forms made visible in the darkness by the phosphorescence of their own corruption. The old, old faces of little children. The hideous childishness of senility. They gibber at you as you pass, and flout and mock you in your dreams afterward, all dabbled with tears

and sweat and contorted with pain, yet bursting and swollen with evil mirth at the sight of one another's misery and suffering. They loom through the driving reek, pale, spectral, floating on the unclean wind that forever drifts through these malodorous stews of infamy in a never-ending succession of ogling death-masks. Women's faces drift along with these others, weeping with an infantile abandon, making an ugly mouth and letting the big glittering drops ooze from their sunken or rheumy eyes and trickle down their bloated or hollow cheeks. Young men's faces, perplexed and frowning, that should be gay or resolute.

The sky above that intorted maze of charnel-houses is red as if with the vital stream of life as it ebbs out with the dying day. Night comes down as if God frowned.—Edwin Pugh, in *Forum*.



HIS FACE.

Mary—Easy-going, is he?
 Alice—Goodness, yes! Half an hour from hat-rack to front door.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

"I ain't losing my faith in human nature," said Uncle Eben. "but I kain't he'p noticin' dat dere's allus a heap mo' aticles advertised 'Lost' dan dar is 'Found.'"

DRY WIT.

Motorist—"Shall I pass any hotel, on this road where I can get a little something to drink?"
 Tramp—"Hanged if I know, sir. I'm blamed sure I wouldn't."

THE COLLECTION BASKET.

The parson looks it o'er and frets,
 It puts him out of sorts
 To see how many times he gets
 A penny for his thoughts.

THEY ALL WEAR 'EM.

"Our eyes enable us to see,"
 Remarked the teacher wan.
 "And what are noses for?" said she.
 Replied the Boston child, aged three:
 "To keep our glasses on."

THE BIG-EYED BLONDE.

Such lustrous orbs you seldom see—
 I'm sure you'd call her ox-eyed;
 Such lustrous hair—but that, ah, me!
 I fear you'd call per-oxide.

TIT FOR TAT.

Mrs. Jenkins was standing before the mirror, arranging her thin hair, when her bald-headed husband entered the room.
 "Say, Em'ly," he began, "why don't you do your hair the way you used to?"
 "Why don't you?" retorted Mrs. Jenkins.

HAD NO CHOICE.

The young census man had just come in the front gate, and confronted "old Miss Susan," as her neighbors called her, with the pertinent and impertinent questions required by an inquiring government. Some of his queries aroused the spinster's wrath. Finally the young fellow became frustrated.

"Unmarried or single?" he asked.
 "Both," she snorted, "and I'd as soon be the one as the other!"

NO WONDER SHE BLUSHED.

Two of the University of Pennsylvania track runners passed a learned and preoccupied professor showing a young lady visitor through the "Gardens."

With a dainty shiver the girl remarked:
 "It's dreadfully cold—isn't it?—to be without stockings."
 The professor's mind turned for a moment from contemplation of the fourth dimension.
 "Then why did you leave them off?" he asked.

GOT HIS ANSWER.

According to Punch, it was an irascible lieutenant who called down the engineroom tube. "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?" he demanded. A pleasant voice from the engineroom responded, "Not at this end, sir."

O. HENRY'S RETORT TO EDITOR.

O. Henry had promised to write a story for one of the big magazines, but it failed to arrive after many requests. Finally the editor went to O. Henry's apartment and sent up a curt note: "If I don't have that story in twenty-four hours, I will come up and kick you down stairs. I always keep my promises."

O. Henry promptly sent back the note: "Dear Bill,—If I did all my work with my feet, I'd keep my promises, too."

A MINING SYNDICATE.

A young New Haven man, returning home from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about buying a silver mine for \$3,000. "I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes; but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company, and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for \$7,000."

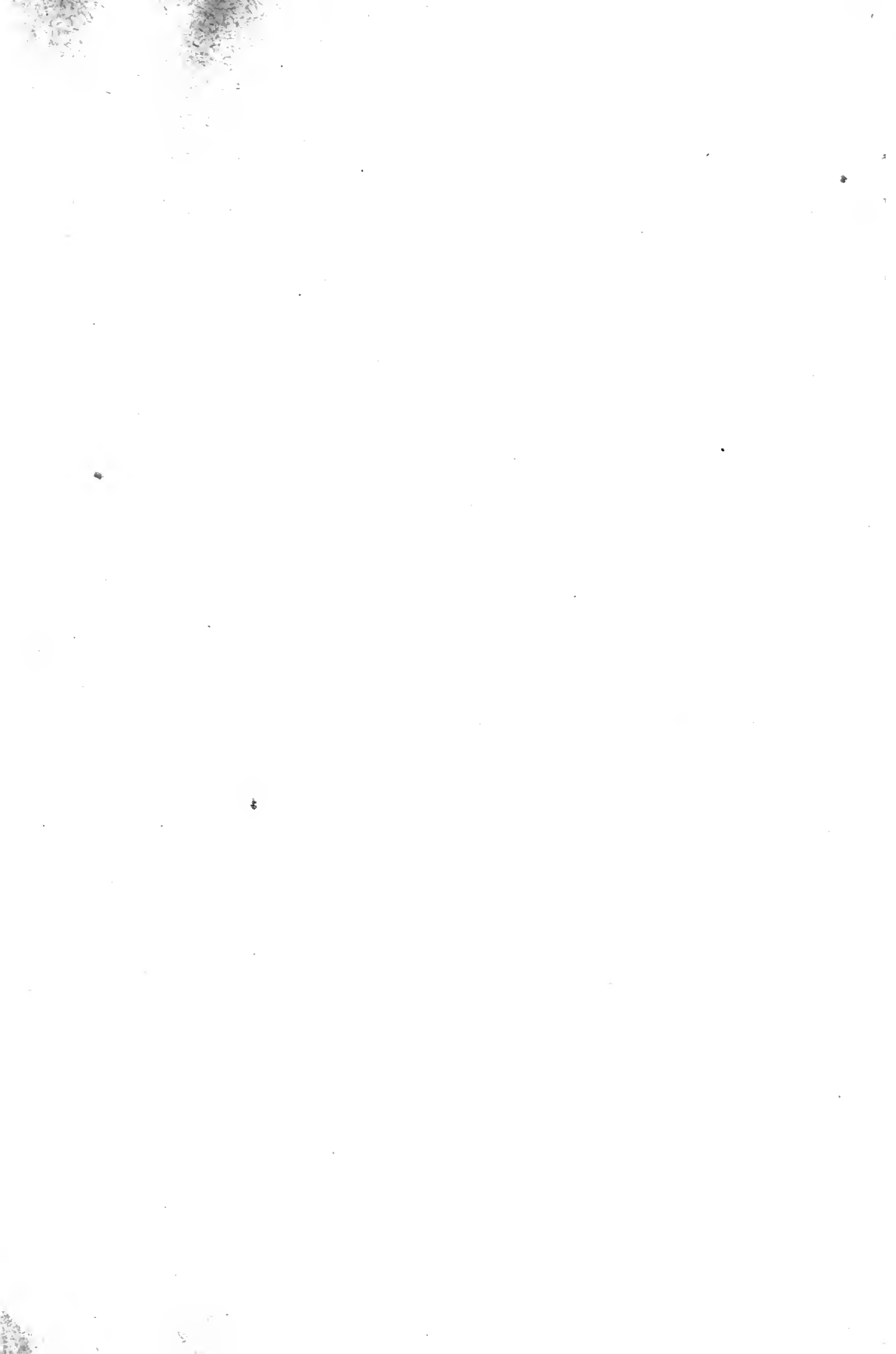
"X-you did," gasped the old man, as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."
 "I know you are," coolly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

A LONG WAY BACK.

A certain haunted house down in Georgia was held in terror by all the negroes in the vicinity, except Sam, who bravely declared that for two dollars he would sleep there all night. A purse was raised, and Sam was told to carry out his end of the bargain and to call in the morning for his money. When morning came no trace could be found of Sam; the house contained nothing but evidences of a hurried departure. A search party was organized, but without result. Finally, four days later, Sam, covered with mud, came slowly walking down the road. "Hi dere, nigger," yelled a bystander, "Where's yo' been the las' fo' days?" To which Sam curtly responded, "Ah's been comin' back."

ONE ON MR. BALFOUR.

As is well known, Mr. Balfour is an enthusiastic motorist, and here is the story of an incident which happened during one of his recent journeys. With him was a friend formerly in the House of Commons and now recorder of a certain city. The chauffeur was signalled by a Surrey constable to stop. Mr. Balfour was his own chauffeur. The constable insisted that the speed was over the limit. Mr. Balfour was sure it was not. "Well, look at your indicator." "Er—well, I haven't an indicator," said Mr. Balfour sweetly, "but," with emphasis, "I've got a recorder." As the policeman did not know what that might be, and fearing to show his own ignorance if a prosecution should follow, he withdrew his hand, and Mr. Balfour and the recorder, all smiles, continued their drive. The constable heard them laugh, and scratched his head in doubt, but it was too late to do anything.





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